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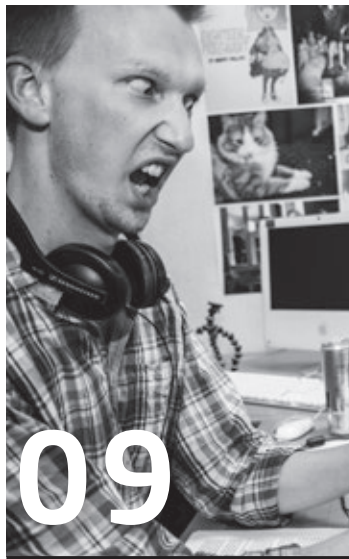
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Editorial #1

AT MY WORK CHRISTMAS PARTY, I FOUND OUT that the previous summer a guy had been fired for ordering a \$200 Wagyu steak on the company tab.

Wagyu cattle enjoy a standard of living far superior to that of the average Otago student. Massaged daily, plied with beer and sake, and fed only the very finest corn, these elite cows have expensive tastes – and the costs of enabling their extravagant lifestyle are inevitably passed on to the consumer.

Everyone else at the restaurant ordered classy yet more reasonably-priced dishes, like ricotta-stuffed zucchini flowers and sea bass cheeks at \$40 per main. But one hubristic law intern was seeking a dining experience less ordinary. And so it was that he made the fateful decision to order the Wagyu steak.

His managing partner didn't say anything at the time, and the staff party continued well into the night. Unfortunately for the intern, the partner was distinctly unimpressed, and the young aspiring lawyer was the only intern not to get offered a grad job with the firm.

Although he is gone, the legend of the Wagyu Steak Guy, as he likes to be remembered, lives on in the elevators, break room, and Auckland's many after-work YoPro hangouts.

I often wonder about that infamous steak. Did the thrill of the forbidden imbue the meat with unparalleled flavour? Would the intern have changed his order had he known that the steak, delicious though it undoubtedly was, would cost him his job? Or was it a calculated, rational decision to squeeze every cent out of his employer, made in full knowledge of the consequences that would follow?

As it turns out, the Wagyu Steak Guy got offered a job with a law firm seven storeys beneath in the same building the very next year. His decision to order the steak was entirely vindicated, and his boldness sets a shining example for others who may follow in his wake.

Critic in 2013 will be guided by the teachings of the Wagyu Steak Guy. When the time comes to decide between prudence and audacity, Critic will opt for the latter. From a smorgasbord of potential features, we will choose the exquisitely marbled meat of a passionate extended diatribe over rump steak-esque neutrality every time.

At times, we may be censured. Bridges may be burned, activist groups may be mocked, and crack may be smoked purely to provide an entertaining gonzo feature. We will be neither fair nor balanced, and we will not attempt to hold OUSA to account, because we don't care.

Choose Life. Choose Critic. Choose Wagyu.

– CALLUM FREDRIC



OUSA Cook-ing up a deal?

BY CLAUDIA HERRON AND SAM MCCHESENEY

UNCERTAINTY SURROUNDS THE FUTURE OF beloved student pub The Captain Cook Tavern, with DB Breweries' lease of the bar due to run out on 29 June. The current sub-lessees, the Cook Brothers, have indicated that they do not intend to renew while OUSA have denied any bid to pick up the lease. However, Critic can exclusively reveal that discussions between OUSA and the University on purchasing the lease have already taken place.

Noel Kennedy, one of the three directors of Orari Street Properties Investments Ltd, the company that owns the premises, told the Otago Daily Times that "we will be fighting to make sure [the Cook's closure] never happens under our watch." While nothing had been "finalised," various parties were being spoken to about taking over the lease.

Critic can confirm that senior figures from both OUSA and the University met over the summer to discuss the possibility of purchasing the Cook and turning it into a student-run pub and venue. At the time, both parties were in support of the plan. However, further developments as well as the details of any eventual deal have been kept firmly under wraps.

University figures have remained tight-lipped about any potential involvement in picking up

the Cook's lease. Critic asked Vice-Chancellor Professor Harlene Hayne for her views on the University acquiring control of the Cook, and received a generic statement indicating absolutely nothing of use except the blatantly obvious. "The University appreciates the importance of the Cook to our student community. We would be delighted to see it continue as a pub under responsible host management."

Critic sought further comment but met its match in Prof. Hayne's secretary, who displayed the kind of cheerfully malevolent stonewalling usually reserved for diabolical freemasons and fascist French bureaucrats.

Undeterred, Critic then spoke to figures within OUSA. OUSA Communications Manager Alasdair Johnston told Critic that "the OUSA Executive has at this stage not heard any motions regarding the purchase of a pub."

Last year's Executive was notorious for bringing motions only once the issue in question had been thoroughly settled behind the scenes. Therefore, the absence of any motion about purchasing the Cook may in fact signify very little.

Critic then asked OUSA President Francisco Hernandez whether a Cook Revival Campaign would be pitched to the Executive. Hernandez took as

vague a position as possible and indicated that he would "follow the will of the student body." Critic would like to point out that this is basically his job description.

Hernandez acknowledged, however, that the broad sentiment from students was in favour of retaining the Cook, and encouraged students to start a referendum in order to "suggest a stance" that OUSA might be able to take. "We hope the next stage for the Captain Cook will see it continue to be a solid student-focused venue providing a safe and fun place for students to gather."

Cook Brothers Director Richard McLeod reasoned that a site as huge as the Cook was no longer viable given the changing climate and culture of student drinking. "Historically, [the Cook] was successful but the market has changed a lot and we're now left with a rental for a market from five or six years ago." While McLeod maintained that he was keen to see the Cook continue he could not "see it continuing in its current shape or form."

When asked what the loss of their namesake would mean for the Cook Brothers Brand, McLeod was confident that there was "enough momentum now" with their other ventures that would counteract any damage to the brand. He acknowledged that although the Cook Brothers have tried to "come up with a solution," they had "failed."

The latest uncertainty over the Cook's future comes after the closure of the other two of North Dunedin's traditional "big three" pubs. The Bowling Green Tavern (the Bowler) closed in 2009 and the Gardens Tavern (Gardies) closed in 2010. Both were purchased by the University and converted into drab pits of despair. Rumours have also been swirling around the potential closure of Crawford Street venue Sammy's. However, Sammy's recently announced its "2013 re-launch party," indicating that its future may be relatively secure.

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Proctor approves of arm-breaking as form of punishment

BY BELLA MACDONALD

TWO UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO STUDENTS HAD A disarming start to their O-Week after falling off the roof of their flat, each breaking an arm. The incidents were subsequently leaked to the *Otago Daily Times*, humiliating the pair.

The pair had been drinking a few beers when one of them fell off the roof. The other then reached for his cellphone and slipped, knocking himself unconscious. One of the pair told *Critic*,

"I didn't think I was going to fall off but I did."

Like most victims of such accidents, the two broken-armed boys paid a visit to the Proctor. He agreed they had punished themselves enough by breaking their arms, and no further punishment would be given. However, the names of the boys were then given to the ODT by OUSA, which somehow misunderstood the difference between *Critic* and the ODT.

The article, titled "Students' O-Week warning: Dumb & Dumber," was published in the ODT on 14 February. The article implied that putting the story to print was the punishment served by the Proctor and that the public embarrassment would deter other students from similar armful practices. Due to the country's lack of real news the story also went national, being printed in the *NZ Herald* and the *Southland Times*.

The Proctor has since contacted the boys to apologise, and explained that the details were leaked to the ODT in error. At the time of writing, OUSA also intended to apologise to the boys in person. OUSA President Francisco Hernandez believed that while it was "good to make people aware of issues," this "should be done with regard to the dignity of the individuals."

Clearly the public humiliation was not enough to protect other students from arm: on Thursday 14 February, a student was taken to hospital after falling from the second storey of a Castle Street flat on Sunday night.



Student Culture Is Fucked

BY ZANE POCKOCK with reporting by Tristan Keillor and Max Callister-Baker

CASTLE STREET HAS OFFICIALLY BECOME LAME following the completed transformation of the former Gardens Tavern ("Gardies") into a \$3.3 million University-owned and operated student study centre. The building, located at the north end of Castle Street, was a much-loved and notorious student night spot which the University bought and closed in June 2010.

When *Critic* explored Castle Street on the nights of Friday 15 February and Saturday 16 February, historically infamous nights for misbehaviour as the University's second-year Marketing cohort arrives for the year, we found it to be completely dead except for one big flat party on Friday and a few more on Saturday.

Despite their close proximity to Friday night's only party, one Castle Street flat *Critic* visited had instead opted for a night of dubstep-induced sleep deprivation, the previous night having left the residents "too fucked to venture

out of the house." When asked to comment on the antics of the previous night, the flat of four described it as "so fun," "loose as," and "I'm about to spew."

Despite the boring scene, Tuesday 19 February did see four non-students arrested for burning couches on Castle Street. This comes as no surprise to *Critic*, having spoken to a group of non-students cruising up and down the quiet street three nights earlier because they "have a car and thought [they] could come and find some trouble."

In a further sign of this year's student complacency, residents at Knox College have been recorded in the *Otago Daily Times* as being "happy" with the recent changes to their home, perhaps the only time in history residents at the hall have ever been content. *Critic* also points out the irony of the new Knox Master's first name being "Selwyn".



Zombie spotted at Toga Party

BY BELLA MACDONALD

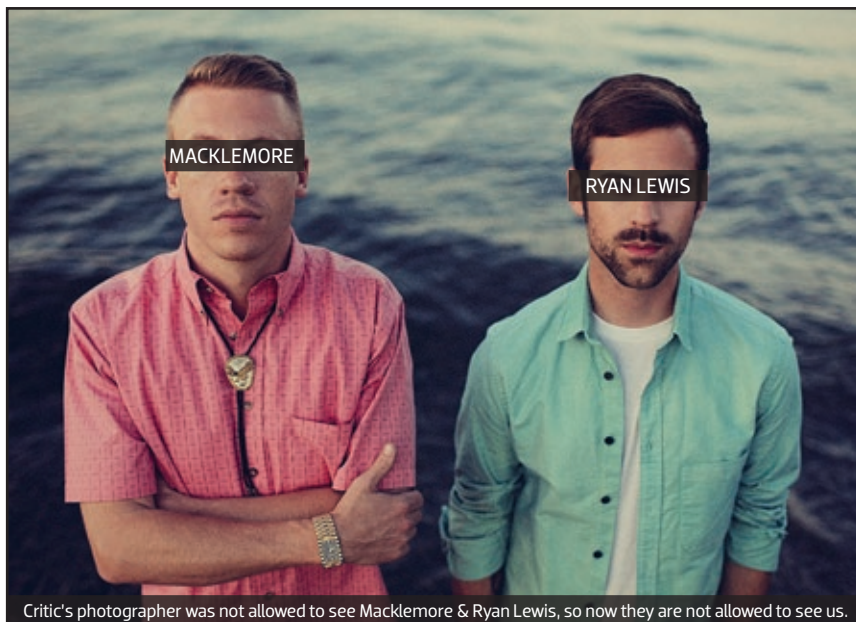
O -WEEK EVENTS WERE IN FULL FLIGHT THIS week with 3000 freshers attending Forsyth Barr stadium to take part in the infamous Toga Party on Tuesday night.

DJs Swaren Veygal and 50Cal announced that it was, in fact, the biggest toga party in the world, to which the ear-piercing freshers shrieked with delight.

The evening went very well and OUSA President Francisco Hernandez was "definitely happy" at how the evening was panning out. The "Are You Okay?" team was also out in strength, and sent an overly indulged partygoer home at 8:15pm (the event started at 8).

Most students to whom *Critic* spoke declared that they were "having the time of their life" and that it was "fucking epic." But a group of students who were being responsible and had decided to sober-rave (without the raving) admitted the music was a bit hard to dance to sober. *Critic* suggested that they had made a fatal error.

While the majority sported plain white sheets, some creativity with outfit choices evident. One student made it clear they were in for a big night by wearing hospital sheets while another wore a twister mat. *Critic* was unsure how the game was going to be played but can assume things would have gotten rather interesting.



Critic's photographer was not allowed to see Macklemore & Ryan Lewis, so now they are not allowed to see us.

"Thank you for letting me come here and dry hump your women!"

BY CLAUDIA HERRON

THESE WERE THE WORDS NOT OF A LABRADOR on heat, but Macklemore as he headlined Orientation 2013 at Forsyth Barr Stadium alongside Ryan Lewis. After 20 weeks charting on the Billboard 100, with hit song "Thrift Shop" peaking at #1, Macklemore proved the ultimate crowd-puller with the 5000-strong gig selling out well before anyone expected.

While Butterflies' fur collection undoubtedly took its biggest hammering since Grandma was riding the peace train, "Thrift Shop" ensured that the collection of \$20 bills in pockets exceeded even that of your friendly O-Week pinga dealer.

Flowing smoothly between songs with a bit of sweet talk and sentimental blab for the crowd, the fresher inferno rejoiced at Macklemore's proclamation that "you guys might be the craziest crowd we have ever ever EVER seen!" That could have had something to do with the

average age being dramatically weighed down by the 7:1 ratio of girls to guys, the entire roll of Queen's High School being in attendance, or the drunken stupor of legions of Scarfies whose Hyde Street roofs can't hold them.

After a successful set, the encore saw Macklemore don a black wig reminiscent of Kiss for no apparent reason, and the crowd "lose its shit" when the only song anyone really knew, "Thrift Shop," came on for a second time. "This is fucking awesome," indeed.

Summer Thieves, Max Dad-E, and Homebrew warmed up the stage for the headliners, with the event finishing up around midnight, but the real treat of the evening was the "fuck John Key" number chanted stadium wide. *Critic* expects this crowd-pleaser will finally surpass Macklemore in the NZ charts in the coming weeks.

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Students ticketed off about lack of tickets

BY SAM MCCHESENEY

DESPITE SNARING ARGUABLY THE TWO BIGGEST acts ever to play O-Week in Macklemore & Ryan Lewis and Netsky LIVE!, OUSA have once again demonstrated their uncanny ability to look a bit thick. Many students were irritated that Netsky tickets were only available to students who purchased a Superpass, with a smaller and considerably less justified number annoyed at missing out on Macklemore tickets.

While those complaining about missing out on Macklemore can probably be filed under "lazy and self-righteous," the Netsky issue has proven more controversial. As this article went to print, an indignant post on OUSA's Facebook page by Otago student Reuben Molnar had attracted 753 likes, despite Molnar's appalling grammar. The gist of the post was that it was unreasonable to expect students to buy a \$155 Superpass in order to see Netsky, given that most Netsky fans within the student body are second-year or above and therefore unlikely to get value for money from a Superpass.

Among the comments beneath the post, many of which were written by people with names like

"Dad-fingers" and "Crump" (DnB FTW OMG), are two detailed responses from OUSA, which were signed by President Francisco Hernandez. Critic speculates that most students would have seen the two comments, which together totalled 1151 words, and thought "TL;DR." The first response stated that OUSA had been advised that 1500 was the maximum number of people who would want to see Netsky, and that therefore it made sense to bundle the concert together with the Superpasses (of which only 1500 were for sale). Financial and logistical considerations meant that it was not considered feasible to move the concert to the Forsyth Barr Stadium, for which at least 3000 tickets would need to be sold.

"Netsky wasn't a Hail Mary pass. It was a last-minute addition to add value to the Superpass."

The comment continued: "OUSA also wanted to ensure our super pass provided the indisputably best value of any orientation in New Zealand ... that's why we bundled Netsky into the super pass."

A cursory glance at the ticket prices shows that the aggregate price of every O-Week event, at \$140, falls short of the price of the Superpass. Sources within OUSA have informed Critic that the price of the Superpass was set midway through last year, and was based on bloated and unrealistic ticket prices for the Toga Party and the Comedy Show, among other events. By the time these prices had been revised downward, the price of the Superpass had already been built into OUSA's contract with Macklemore and could not be easily changed. Therefore signing Netsky and bundling him into the Superpass was necessary in order for the Superpass not to be a blatant rip-off.

So was Netsky a panic addition? Hernandez denies this. "Netsky wasn't a Hail Mary pass. It was a last-minute addition to add value to the Superpass," he told Critic, inadvertently doing nothing to dispel the impression that signing Netsky was, in fact, a Hail Mary pass.

Hernandez also distanced himself from the pricing decisions that gave rise to the problems. "I was consulted about the pricing of tickets, but I wasn't actively part of the discussion," he said. "I wasn't President at the time the decision was made ... I think the bulk of these decisions were made in the Edgar era, and I just inherited the planning processes."

Hernandez emphasised, however, that his predecessor deserved praise for O-Week's successes. "This has been a fantastic Orientation so far. There have been a lot of students responding positively to all the acts, and I think the credit can be attributed to the previous administration."

When pressed as to whether this meant he would be giving all the glory to last year's Executive, Hernandez backpedalled a little. "The planning work was done under the previous administration," he explained. "But the work work was done under the current one."

Oh, Fran.

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OUSA launches fair trade campaign

BY SAM MCCHESENEY

OUSA PUSHED ITS NEW FAIR TRADE MESSAGE at Tent City on Thursday. The policy, which has been approved by the student body and the University Council, aims to bring predominantly fair trade products to the already laughably overpriced campus shelves.

The smell of freshly-roasted Rwandan coffee beans and bespoke Guadeloupe chocolate bars was even enough to lure Vice-Chancellor Professor Harlene Hayne away from the clutches of her tyrannical secretary and down to the Museum Reserve, where she chatted to the *Otago Daily Times* and slyly evaded the ace news hound whom *Critic* had sent to the scene.

Critic was instead cornered by Dunedin City Councillor Teresa Stevenson, who encouraged students to buy fair trade before vowing to kidnap a *Critic* reporter and take him or her on a tour of the Greggs factory – a threat oddly reminiscent of the scene in *Red Dragon* in which Philip Seymour Hoffman is glued to a wheelchair and lectured before being set on fire.

Critic hit campus to gain students' views on the new policy. "Fair trade is the biggest sham since the moon landing," one respondent fumed. "When you buy fair trade, you're subsidising Farmer Joe at the expense of Farmer Jim down the road. And the knowledge of the moral wrong you're committing by enabling the scam makes the coffee taste burned and bitter."



This struggling Mexican farmer was overjoyed to hear of OUSA's new fair trade policy.



This is a bandwagon. Get on it.

Politicians jump on the O-Week bandwagon

BY SAM MCCHESENEY

DURING O-WEEK, MANY THINGS APPEAR IN the otherwise calm streets of Dunedin – short shorts, drunken bellows, vomit, cheery reps bearing vouchers that sound great when sensually pressed into your palm but actually promise nothing more than \$1 off a kilo of tomatoes at the farmers' market. The seasoned student deftly dodges these perils, shrugging them off with the kind of savvy that only this most brutal of environments can teach.

But this year another menace stalks beneath Dunedin's velvety skies. This new threat targets not the lone strays as would a regular thief or violent psychopath, but seeks out the ambitious prey: the tastemakers, the large crowds, the twin media juggernauts of *Critic* and *Radio One*. That's right, people: this year the politicians are in town.

But politics is a serious business, and New Zealand politicians are serious people, people who take what they do seriously, take themselves seriously, speak in serious tones about serious things with serious words, and want us all to know how serious is this business of theirs that they undertake with such seriousness.

But enough of this frivolity. Let's get serious.

Grant Robertson, the probably-next-leader-of-Labour-but-shhh-don't-mention-it, was in town to discuss funding for Polytechnics. For the purposes of Being Visible, Robertson swung by the *Critic* office. Dunedin North MP David Clark came along for the ride, playing Robin to Grant's Batman.

Apropos of slightly more, but still not much, was Green MP Holly Walker's visit. An ex-*Critic* editor and the second-youngest MP in Parliament, Walker came by to shoot the breeze, slam patriarchy and cast a beady eye over Nietzsche-spouting editorial debutant Callum Fredric.

Three Dunedin-based MPs also found their way onto these pages, requiring only a minimum of coaxing before leaping into view like Tracy Flick in a focus group. Napoleonic National MP Michael Woodhouse is interviewed on page 22, Green MP and co-leader Metiria Turei discusses mud-wrestling and shoot/shag/marry on page 23, and Clark finally gets his day in the sun, basking in the glory that is page 24.

Sport stops you getting fat, look it up.

THE SPORTS PAGES ARE BACK FOR ANOTHER year. One more year of denying the indie kids their ultimate goal of reserving Critic for unreadable niche comic strips, reviews of bands you never heard of and articles they plagiarised off Vice. Luckily, in 2013 we once again have an editor who loves his sports. This is good news and we should enjoy it while it lasts. Soon enough the editor's chair will be filled with some feminist hippie who doesn't even watch UFC.

Last year I realised there's a shitload of students at Otago University who do awesome things in sport that we never hear about. University is nothing like high school; at no time will you be forced to sit in a hall and clap for people and teams that you don't care about. Unfortunately, this means that many athletes achieving really awesome things slip under the radar. This year we are going to try to put as many sporting Scarfies, past and present, on these pages. We will give them a little bit of the recognition they deserve.

As you read this, Dunedin is halfway through the best sporting lineup the city has seen in decades. I hope you showed up to the Highlanders and Warriors games or intend to head to the cricket,

the Phoenix or the All Whites. You definitely won't be seeing that kind of variety for a while. Once the cricket test is over and the All Whites have played next month, the Highlanders will pretty much be it for genuine professional sport for the rest of the year. We better hope they live up to the hype.

Many students, especially girls, give up organised sport once they leave high school. It's true that not playing sport on Saturday leaves more time for getting on the piss, fair enough, but sports do have something going for them. They stop you getting fat. If you are new to Dunedin,

don't doubt me on this one. You will get fat. Some will get fatter than others but nobody is exempt. So, sign up for something at the OUSA Recreation Centre (formally Clubs and Socs) or join one of the local clubs scattered around the city. Sport is guaranteed to ward off the fresher five.

If you know someone whom you think is good enough at their sport or interesting enough to appear on these pages, send an email to sports@critic.co.nz and they might get Critic famous (it's not real fame). If you want to write sporting words there is also room for more contributors – especially girls, **we need more girls**.



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College Sports Day Occurs

BY HAYDEN MCGREGOR

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NEWS IN BRIEFS

WORLD WATCH

TEXAS, UNITED STATES | A Texas mother had an unforgettable Valentine's Day after giving birth to two sets of identical twin boys. The four brothers were delivered at the Women's Hospital of Texas against 70 million to one odds.

CHELTYABINSK, RUSSIA | In Soviet Russia, space explores you. Rocks from the recent meteor explosion over the Ural Mountains are expected to reach higher prices than gold, and thousands of people called Boris are hunting for them all over the area.

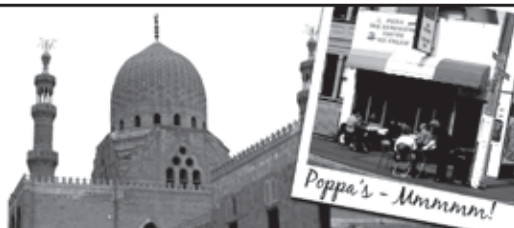


THE WORLD | Cyber terrorists "Anonymous" hacked the Burger King Twitter account, switched its name to McDonald's, and gained 30% more followers in the meantime.



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FAILIENT

THE WORST

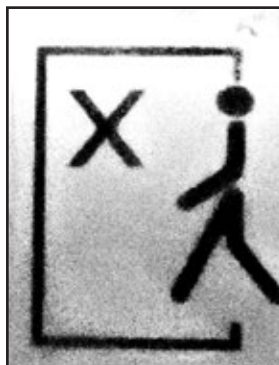
Fails of the Week from Wellington's Student Magazine

- 1) Tweet to Labour MP Grant Robertson: "Come visit us next time you're on campus. If you tweet in advance we'll make you a cake!" Criticise the man's policies if you must, but jokes about his weight are below the bulging, straining belt.
- 2) Tweet: "We're putting together a guide for first years of the best restaurants in Wellington, what are your top picks?" So far, so good. But the tweet was sent to Sally and Jaime Ridge. Then again, the Auckland-based Ridges are no less woefully unqualified to review Wellington restaurants than they are to successfully complete any of life's other simple tasks.
- 3) The failed attempts to make #babelient into a thing. Sorry guys, but no. #failedmeme
- 4) This is more of an ongoing fail for Salient, but they have no money. Their sub-editor gets paid for five hours a week, and the rest of the painstaking replacement of semicolons with em dashes is done by volunteers with truly sad lives.
- 5) Sellout of the week: "FREE STUFF: Kapai are giving away free wraps to students in the Alan MacDiarmid Building." Here's a hint from your financial betters: giving away ad space for free may have some kind of connection to fail #4.

TOTES RANDOM

PROCTOR ENFORCES DEATH BY HANGING FOR AFTER-HOURS TRESPASSING

MOST STUDENTS HAVE TRIED TO SNEAK INTO AN Otago Uni building late at night, either for a convenient coma location when no taxis are forthcoming, or simply for the romance of hanging in the hallowed halls of the Quad building. At most university campuses, an attempt to swipe a student ID after hours would be met with the electronic equivalent of a simple "no." But at Otago, should you have the hubris to attempt this heinous crime, an ominous descending chromatic "game over, man" scale will sound, and an image of a stick figure hanging from a noose will flash on the screen alongside a forbidding "X." Dark.



FACTS & FIGURES



There are more than 5 vacant homes for every homeless person in the United States



Under ideal conditions bamboo can grow up to one meter every 24 hours



New Zealand was the last major land mass to be populated (with the exception of the polar regions)

North Korea is the only country in the world where marijuana is legal. It is not even classified as a drug.



Octopuses* have an arm that serves as both a tongue and penis (or octopodes - look it up)



Vegetarians are statistically more likely to enjoy giving oral sex.



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CRACK?

BY MADDY PHILLIPPS



But has this all been a big mistake? Have we written off the underdog too early? Sure, crack doesn't have the glamour of coke, the lovey-dovey-omfgness of MDMA, or the inimitable Edinburgian bleakness of heroin. But it is locally made and distributed, so every time you buy a gram, you're showing everyone that you Buy New Zealand Made. And ultimately it's just speed – if you've taken a few pingers you're certain to have unknowingly consumed it. So why has P/crack/meth/gear been so demonised in the media that any harried stuff.co.nz reader could be forgiven for thinking that a single hit will see them, too, immediately moving to Pipiroa and ordering a samurai sword on Ebay? This alarmist conception of meth is ridiculous (and therefore perfect Stuff Nation fodder), but admittedly ye olde cracke does have a disturbing tendency to, like, ruin lives and shit.

WHEREFORE ART THOU, CRACKEO?

whom I maintain contact only to ensure I am not completely friendless on my occasional visits back to Auckland." The general reaction was to look at me with the disgusted expression they normally reserve for non-Caucasians and say "ew, what the fuck is wrong with you? Oh, by the way, did you hear about that awesome new MDMA that's just come in from Holland?"

“I strongly believe that, like semen and vag juice, drugs can only be truly understood when you have personally consumed them.”

Yes, I created an account on NZDating.

THE ALTERNATIVE CRACKHEAD

He collected me in his cyan-blue, painstakingly restored 1996 Mazda Rotary Blahwhatever, which was apparently a treasured possession but to me looked like a noisy and embarrassingly gaudy pile of junk. The man himself resembled an underfed North American Elk. Papery skin with a dusting of caramel-coloured lanugo stretched over each limb, unimpeded by any suggestion of fat or muscle. His thinness was horribly emphasised by his outfit: baggy blue argyle boardshorts, heart-rendingly counterfeit "Versace" wraparound sunglasses, and an oversized DC T-shirt with a burn mark on it from an earlier smoking session. Earlier that day he had texted me saying he was "smoking his breakfast :)" – I couldn't help but feel that a protein shake would have been the wiser choice.

We parked up on a gravel road between paddocks. As we headed to the bottom of the road, we passed a corpulent older man in a suit sitting ostensibly alone in the driver's seat. The sweaty pobbling of his neck fat suggested that oral pleasure was being administered by one of Manukau's finest streetwalkers. I reflected that, technically, the only difference between Sherlii or whoever and myself was that I was being paid in crack. Genuine crack whore.

James relished every methamphetamine-related question I had for him, at one point describing in detail how a couple of trips to Mitre 10 Mega for some rubber tubing could even allow one to smoke while driving. As someone who for many years drove straight through stop signs and red lights to avoid hill starts, I sensed I was not quite up to this advanced level of multi-tasking, but still. The more you know.

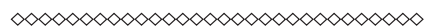
“My muscles were so weak I could barely stand up. Still, I felt that it was totally worth it, if only because I weighed myself in the morning and I was down two full kilos of hydration, general colon contents, and sanity.”



So I sat in the crappy sedan and smoked crack on the outskirts of Mangere. It was pure scum. It was fucking great. James's product seemed infinitely superior to the Elk's. Every hit was deliciously tingly but strangely relaxing at the same time. As I rolled the silky smoke around my mouth I realised with grim resignation that I actually really liked this drug. I liked P, meth, crack, whatever, and I liked it a lot. I grabbed James and blew smoke into his mouth and we binged in the back seat of the car.

I am reluctant to add this final part of the story, but in the interests of completeness, I drove home blasting NWA and Dr Dre to nurture both my God-given and drug-induced megalomania. The moment I got home I was overwhelmed with the urge to clean my room. It is now spotless. The transition from vaguely functional person to neurotic tweaker has been a swift one.

THE AFTERMATH



I wrote most of this article from 7-9am the day after the crack bender. I had my last hit at 4am. I had not slept, obviously. Unidentifiable power ballads were playing tortuously quietly in every corner of the room, and shadow people ducked in and out of the curtains. My muscles were so weak I could barely stand up. Still, I felt that it was totally worth it, if only because I weighed myself in the morning and I was down two full kilos of hydration, general colon contents, and sanity.

It is now three days later. I still can't eat, I can barely sleep, and I am more irritable than a pre-UMAT Health Sci. My mental and physical desolation is so complete that I would attend a self-righteous-to-the-point-of-implosion

Dunedin Feminist Collective meeting if it would deliver me from this state. And at this point, there's only one thing capable of blasting away this Chris Kahui of comedowns in a cashmere-soft cloud of white smoke.

This is the real problem with crack. When you're so physically dilapidated that even Lionel Hutz couldn't slap a "For Sale" sign on you and call you rustic, it's too tempting to redose just to get through the day. Then again that night, then again the next morning, then you've been up for four days and attempting to execute a poorly-conceived scheme to rob your local Bendon Outlet.

Even setting aside the potential of finding yourself standing in a tangled mess of Elle Macpherson Intimates lingerie, wielding a bolt cutter at the terrified Bendon bra fitter as she opens the till, crack has other unpleasant side effects. When you're on it everything you're doing is Important and Interesting, kinda like you're granted a direct portal into Brooke Howard-Smith's mind for the duration of the hit. Unfortunately, immediately subsequent normal levels of megalomania resume, and you realise just how banal the same activities actually were.

While I was high the conversation with James seemed genuinely compelling, or at least engaging enough to invite James's penis inside to make it a three-way repartee. Now I can barely remember a single snippet of the discussion that didn't in some way pertain to crack. Personality-wise, James was about as evolved as a freshly aborted zygote – presumably he had some sort of job or something, but his extra-curricular interests were limited entirely to gear. Even his features were indistinct, as if obscured by a permanent pall of freshly exhaled vapour.

But crack is also really fun, in that special sweaty, dilated-pupillary way. And smoking it is like inhaling liquefied chinchilla. And it turns people into total fucking kinky freaks. And the paraphernalia are kind of fun and ritualistic. And it has the potential to get rid of the Fresher Five in a single bender. And if you exercise a little bit of sense and sleep and eat you will not find yourself creating "puff and play" accounts on NZDating at 3am on a Wednesday. Um, probably. Just be careful. I am reluctant to admit it, but it probably is quite addictive. As I write this a few days later, I find myself constantly distracted by thoughts of how all this work would be so much easier if I just had a little bit of crack.

Michael Woodhouse

Michael Woodhouse is a Dunedin North-based National MP.

Interviewed by Brittany Mann

So it has been about a year since you last chatted to Critic and I understand you've undergone some professional changes. You're now a minister, congratulations.

Thank you. So when I spoke to Critic a year ago I was relatively new in the role of senior government and in the reshuffle the Prime Minister announced two weeks ago, I was promoted to a minister outside cabinet with responsibilities for Immigration, Veterans' Affairs, and Associate Minister of Transport.

Is it really important to you to have a visible presence on the campus?

Yeah, very much so. It's such a big part of the Dunedin North electorate, which is the one that I stood in at the last two elections. But what was also more important to me was the issue of the political engagement of our young. I've been working really hard to boost the numbers and profile of the Young Nats on campus in the South and in Otago in particular.

Do you think the media coverage of students is generally fair or do you think we get an unnecessarily rough deal?

I think you get a slightly rough deal but I think there are things that students can do for themselves that could bring some balance to that.

You voted to keep the drinking age at 18, from what I understand?

I did yes! That was a great change of mind, by the way, I was going to go for split age ...

What was the reason for the change of heart?

We were getting lobbied like crazy and you know lobbying works if it's done well, and in the end it was really, where is the problem, what are the things that make this a problem, and will raising

the off-licence age to 20 be the solution? And the simple answer at the end of the day was "no."

What worries me at the moment is the pendulum is swinging too far the other way! There's too many people out there who are saying alcohol is a drug and we shouldn't be doing it, they're saying "oh, I like a glass of wine" but actually they're prohibitionists in my view. We're denormalising alcohol and I think that's a mistake.



Is it weird driving around in a car with your face on it?

During the campaign it had my face on it, now it only has my name on it. But it's blue and it has got the National logos on it ... yeah it is a bit weird, actually.

Who do you think would win in a mud wrestling competition between David Clark and Metiria Turei?

I think Dave would be quite nimble but Metiria would be quite clever – she would corner him if he wasn't careful – so I'll call it a draw.

That's very diplomatic of you. Do you plan on voting for or against legalising gay marriage?

Well I voted against it at first reading. And it had nothing to do with the moral argument. In fact it was quite the opposite – I'm a libertarian at heart.

The reason I voted against it is because I'm very concerned about unintended consequences in the passing of this bill for the freedoms of other people to hold a different belief and to act on that belief, and I don't think those issues have been explored enough.

The difficulty I have is that you get lumped in with the crazies and the haters, and I can tell you I've had some very spiteful emails in favour of the bill, calling me a homophobe and a bigot. And I've had about 2,000 emails from people saying good on you for sticking up for the sanctity of marriage. Well, I don't want to be either of those two things.

If you were on a desert island with Rodney Hide, Helen Clark and David Lange, and you had to shoot one of them, shag one of them, and marry one of them, which would you pick and why?

Oh my God.

It's hard. It's a hard question.

I would marry Rodney but it would be platonic. 'Cause he's actually the best conversationalist. I would ... shoot Helen Clark and then shoot myself before the shag.

I feel it takes a certain type of person who's comfortable with answering that question so I really appreciate that.

That's quite all right. I hate the question though, Brittany.



Metiria Turei

Metiria Turei is a Dunedin North-based Green MP and co-leader of the Green Party.

Interviewed by Brittany Mann

With regard to your portfolios, what are your plans for the year ahead?

We will continue to take a strong position, and that was a major priority for us last year: holding the government to account. I'm particularly focused at the moment on Hekia Parata and the issues around education as well in that respect, because she's been such a terrible minister.

What issues do you consider to be the biggest ones facing students and what would the Greens aim to do about this?

Well there's two things, really. One is the threat to the education system and its quality and the second is the threat to students' ability to engage. We've seen a persistent dumbing-down of the education system and a constant taking of resources from students in the last few years.

At the same time, students are increasingly having to put up with higher costs – higher rent costs, higher food costs. In Dunedin, there can be quite a negative meme about students as well, which I think is really unfortunate given the importance of the University, the Polytech, and students to the local economy and to the vibrancy of the city.

Since elections take place at the end of the year when students have generally gone home, does that impact of any sense of responsibility you

might or might not feel towards the perennial residents of Dunedin?

It's a bit different perhaps with the Greens because we know so much of our vote comes from those who are aged 18 to 25. So for us when we're targeting our election resources, we have to target the universities and places where that age group gathers.

And I think that one the reason why under a National government we have elections late is precisely because the Left does tend to do better out of younger voters, so by shifting the election date to around exam time or after universities have closed down, it is actually really tricky to campaign.

Last year the House voted to keep the drinking age at 18. Thoughts?

I was completely for keeping it at 18. I understand that there is a scientific argument and a public health argument, but the other argument was the human rights one, which is, should people who we class as adults be constrained in this particular way? Is it justified? And alongside that, what else could be done to reduce the harms?

Taking away the human rights of those eighteen year olds shouldn't be our first step. It should be our first step to constrain the industry, managing

advertising and dealing with adult drinking culture which has an impact on young people.

Who would you bet on in a mud wrestling competition between David Clark and Michael Woodhouse?

I'm thinking that maybe Michael Woodhouse would probably play dirtier, 'cause David Clark is a really nice guy ...

And he has the Presbyterian minister background. He's probably an advocate of nonviolence.

Michael's a little guy, but he's quite, you know, boofy. He's quite stocky. He might just have it over David.

Would you like to see the young anarchist movement become more prominent in New Zealand or do you think it's had its day?

I would, I think that analysis is still legit, what interested me when I was involved with it when I was younger was that it was a pākehā analysis of pākehā power. Having an anarchist analysis is really important because what that analysis often does is shift the focus away from the power of the state and the state machinery to the power of community.

If you were stuck on a desert island with Rodney Hide, David Lange and Helen Clark, and you had to shoot one, shag one and marry one, who would it be and why?

That means I don't have to marry the one I shag, that's interesting.

No, it could be a platonic marriage. Michael Woodhouse said he would "platonically marry" Rodney Hide. Which I suppose shouldn't have surprised me as much as it did.

Did he? He would marry Rodney Hide?

I hope that doesn't colour your answer.

Ah. I'd shag Helen. And I would shoot Rodney. But he's alive, I can't say that. I would put Rodney down humanely, humanely! And yeah nah I could hang out with David Lange. I probably would quite enjoy hanging out with him.

David Clark

David Clark is the Labour MP for Dunedin North.

Interviewed by Brittany Mann

You're a keen cyclist and a proponent of road safety. Would you like to see more students on bikes, and how would you propose to encourage this?

I certainly would. One of the best ways to achieve that is through having cycle lanes and commuter options that are safer and promote healthy and cheap transport. I'd also like to see the continuing development of recreation opportunities for cyclists.

David Shearer was recently endorsed as leader of the Labour Party. What has he got that previous leaders lacked that you think will see him become New Zealand's next Prime Minister?

I think that David is a strong leader, and that's important. He's got a pretty impressive history behind him leading the UN rebuild efforts in Iraq that has seen him in some very difficult conflict situations. He has a vision for a hands-on approach to managing the economy that resonates with New Zealanders who at present are very concerned about job losses and the failure of the government to grow the economy.

What are you planning to work on in Parliament in 2013?

My Holidays Bill comes up for its second reading next month most likely, I'm keen to see that through and into law because it will give Waitangi Day and Anzac Day the full recognition that other holidays have, and they're of growing importance to the identity and history of New Zealanders.

In my current portfolio of tax, I want to continue to encourage a tax crackdown on multinationals who are avoiding paying their fair share. I propose to keep the pressure on Peter Dunne; last year he said there was no problem and talked about legitimate tax avoidance. He said New Zealand's transfer pricing rules were up

to date. This year he's already saying there's a problem and has a report from the OECD which says that all Western countries need to update their transfer pricing rules.

What was the funniest student prank you saw while you were the Warden of Selwyn?

I particularly enjoyed waking up one April Fool's day to discover my vehicle wrapped in a large bow in the middle of the student quadrangle as I looked out the window making my muesli. It had magically appeared some distance from where I parked it and was arranged ready for my reception.

What are the biggest issues facing students right now and what would Labour aim to do about it?

One of the biggest issues facing students right now is debt and access to education. Labour has said that all young New Zealanders should be earning or learning, and that means things like paying the dole to employers to take on unemployed people, and making sure that student loans and allowances are adequate, as well as reviewing the restrictions that have been placed on access by National.

What are your thoughts on the Alcohol Reform Bill? Last year the House voted to keep the drinking age at 18.

I voted for split age. I think that in Dunedin, the laws and expectations on publicans are a lot stricter than they used to be and the problem with access to cheap alcohol is at the wholesaler level where unscrupulous merchants take money and wave the problems goodbye at the door. The Captain Cook did a survey and found that the majority of patrons no longer buy drinks, so effectively they're supervising someone else's problem.

The problem of alcohol is wider than simply a student problem, so I don't buy the argument that students shouldn't be able to drink from age 18. But drinking ought to be done responsibly in the home or in a supervised environment. Also, the science around alcohol and brain development tells us it's an issue we need to address.

Who would you bet on in a mud wrestling competition between Metiria Turei and Michael Woodhouse?

That question requires a witty response which is not forthcoming, I think that's my answer.

Is it important to you to be a really visible presence around Dunedin, particularly regarding students?

Yes. My office is deliberately on the way from the campuses at Polytech and the Uni on the way that students walk into town.

Shoot, shag or marry – Rodney Hide, David Lange, Helen Clark?

This is a painful exercise. I think I'll just stick with no. In fact "No. Please no."





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- Teri (post-graduate student)



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#HASHTAG



#Pride #Prejudice #Hashtag @Critic

By Loulou Callister-Baker

Where the fuck is the city? I whispered to myself as the airplane landed in a patchwork of green and yellow fields. *Were we still in New Zealand? How much more land can there be south of the Bombay hills? Was Kim Jong-un actually the world's sexiest man?* Questions filled my head. While I panicked and scavenged my Miu Miu carry-on for a Valium or five, no one else seemed worried. One big-breasted pigeon, wrapped in a turquoise North Face fleece, even attempted conversation with me. I stared hard outside the window, ignoring her.

I followed the crowd down the airplane stairs. A prevailing stench of manure and hay overwhelmed me. A tall, blond haired boy behind me laughed at my coughing. How embarrassment. I walked quickly along the faded, blue line that led to the airport's sliding doors. Goosebumps deformed my tan as a chill wind swept across the tarmac. I wasn't in Omaha anymore.

Inside the airport was a sign welcoming travellers to Dunedin. Dominating the sign was a scene of smacked-up purple Cadbury workers in a world made of chocolate. I wasn't sure if it meant the drugs were good here and like everyone was Maori, or the whole thing was some cynical joke about what you can't find in Dunedin. However, I still took a quick selfie in front of the sign for my Instagram

#gpoy #scarfie #girl #hot.

PING
Mum: r u ok? I miss u.

PING
Mum: don't 4get to give ur friends the lamingtons I bought u.

Me: aww what lamingtons? U r trying to make me fat!!

PING
Mum: the ones from Freds, I picked them up this morning! I put them in ur suitcase. Talk soon darling – it's mah-jong night w the girls. YOLO.

Woosh

Like being the third girl to turn up at a party in the same Ruby dress, this Dunedin experience already seemed a disaster. I felt worse than the time Mum got filmed flashing her boobs at a Rod Stewart concert. I contemplated catching the next flight home. Perhaps things had changed since Dad went here.

I walked over to the chubby man holding a white-board with my misspelt name scrawled on it. Sensing my hesitancy, he assured me I was in the right place, where apparently even the drivers were white. I followed his directions to the shuttle and waited for the last people – one of whom was the tall blond who had laughed at me before.

“Goosebumps deformed my tan as a chill wind swept across the tarmac. I wasn't in Omaha anymore.”

“Her avoidance somehow created a sexualised awkwardness between us and I too began avoiding her thigh.”

Although the shuttle was filled, nobody talked for most of the trip except the blond and his friend. My ears perked up when I heard him say he had been skiing chutes in Aspen, Colorado for the holiday break. I made a mental note to suss him out when either he or I got out of the shuttle.

The two plebeians in my row avoided all eye contact, and the large person next to me spent the entire time squeezing in her right thigh to avoid it touching me. Her avoidance somehow created a sexualised awkwardness between us and I too began avoiding her thigh. Five minutes into the journey, a girl at the back of the shuttle exploded in great sobs. I was sure the fatty next to me used the wailing as a cover to let out a toxic smell. Her personal miasma merged with the manure stench that had flooded through the air conditioning. A cough sounded, then everything went painfully silent. My attention drifted to some cows in a passing field. Instagram beckoned **#cows #moo #field #scarfie #calfie**.

Sarah: BABE! WHERE THE FUCK R U. OMG. I HAVE LINDAUER 4 u! Mum & Dad bought it 4 us Dunedin girls!!! Haha the boys are doing scrumpy hands. OMG 7 day bender time.

Me: Aww - heavy dose of FOMO! Ur parents r such beauties. BTW high pleb count on the shuttle! Ew! I think I'm nearly there lol. Cya hun! Xoxoxox

The shuttle got closer to a line of buildings similar to the strips of state houses back home. **Was this it? Was this the home of the blue and yellow Scarfies?** A bead of perspiration formed on my forehead. The shuttle approached a large, white homage to the Hollywood sign. It read “Mosgiel.” **Wait - what was Mosgiel even? A fertiliser or something?**

Further along the journey, the shuttle drove through a large residential area that spread down the hill ending in a large pool of suburbs. The houses lining the road had little brick walls and buzz cut lawns that closely resembled my last French Landing Strip wax. Each home was a replica of my distant uncle's home in Hamilton.

Harry: Come 2 britomart.

Me: Oh my gosh u dick I'm in dunedin!

Harry: Fucking ay. Haha my bad. have fun X

A few seconds later my phone went again.

Karen Walker Text Alert: 2013 Summer Sales in all Auckland stores. Up to 30% off the Hi There line and 15% off Mainline and Runaway lines.

The KW alert made me realise the worst – I had seen no Karen Walker stores as we drove down the main (and only) shopping street. In disbelief, I pinched a wad of fat from the girl's muffin top beside me. She looked at me with wide-eyed panic and pulled her Kathmandu jacket over her waist – squirming like a huhu grub in a sleeping bag. I don't think she registered the controversy. There was no Karen Walker, not even a mere Kate Sylvester or Suprette. I would have to live online. **Did Dunedin even have internet?** Oh Lord, I would probably need a landline. Before I knew it I'd be wearing red Mary Janes, wondering whether my husband would buy me a Hoover for Christmas.

“I felt like Uptown Girl and her backstreet Billy Joel - society said no but the electricity between Aspen/farmer boy and I said something stunningly different.”

What the fuck was I doing here anyway? I know basically nobody, the place has shit weather and I basically chose all my papers with my eyes closed. Maybe I should have taken up that job at The Department Store. Fuuuuck. The wailer at the back of the shuttle started up again. I felt like joining her.

≡PING≡

Dad: Hi honey. How is Dunedin? Ur mother is worried about u. Also she wants to know if u have given ur friends the lamingtons.

Me: it's ok. im not sure if I see what u saw in it :(I miss u guys. Xoxo

≡PING≡

Dad: Don't worry u will love it. It just takes some time. Call me if u need me ok darling?

≡Woosh≡

Impossibly quickly, we left Dunedin's shopping centre. It was dark now. Slowly I noticed that the street names all seemed familiar. I thought about my trip to Scotland a few years ago and suddenly realised Dunedin's street names were the same as Edinburgh's – the similarity went right down to placement of the streets themselves. *Thank goodness irony is in*, I thought as I pushed my black, lenseless glasses further up my nose. I pulled my phone up to my face for another quick Instagram. **#salty #gb #ilove1D #harrystyles** After passing a range of fast food places (um – where was my “Little and Friday” or “Sabatos”?), the shuttle

turned at a set of traffic lights and proceeded to drive up the hill. We pulled into a driveway towards a towering complex of brick buildings with intermittently lit rooms, strangely akin to Hogwarts. There were two of us left now – me and Aspen boy. When Aspen boy didn't get up to leave, I realised it was my stop. I tumbled out of the shuttle and stood watching the driver retrieve my luggage. In the boot was Aspen boy's luggage: an enormous box of (presumably homemade) cheese rolls – how naff – and a nondescript black bag with a small, disappointing Kathmandu label. I realised I had been holding my breath, hoping for this boy to be christened with some sort of status. Then I read the address tag attached to his bag – “Wanaka.”

As the driver tugged at my suitcases, Aspen boy turned South Island boy got out to help. A warm wave passed through me and ended deep in my groin as his hand accidentally touched mine. I asked him if he was wearing a Burberry coat – he wasn't sure, it was just something his dad gave him. His naivety had me smitten. I felt like Uptown Girl and her backstreet Billy Joel – society said no but the electricity between Aspen/farmer boy and I said something stunningly different.

As I wheeled my suitcases across the concrete square with the surrounding brick buildings and picnic tables, I clutched my iPhone, which now held Trev's number, to my chest. I didn't really get Avril Lavigne's Sk8er Boi song when I was a tween. But now I totally got it. I'm not going to have any problem with his baggy clothes. And maybe that's the difference between pride and prejudice? LOL JK, Marketing 101 here I come.

The Coolest Otago Uni Papers You've Never Heard Of

by Zane Pocock

It's lucky that you're allowed to change subjects within the first two weeks of study. If you suddenly realise that no one really becomes a doctor, or that LAWS101 is a waste of time, check out Critic's guide to setting up an interesting and varied six-paper year that will make you both a master of trivia and totally unemployable.

S01



PSYC403

(Adult Psychopathology)

Only 10 people a year are trusted with the immense power of this paper, and Critic speculates it is typically restricted to Austrians with child dungeons.

The course covers advanced topics in abnormal adult psychology, and looks specifically at the features, development and causes of mental disorder.

Richard Linscott, the course co-ordinator, says that "use of a problem-based teaching format sees students assume much of the teaching and learning responsibilities in the course, as well as making decisions about internal assessment arrangements and exam content." Sounds ideal, so long as your classmates aren't latent psychopaths.

Linscott continues with students' opinions of the paper. "Members of the 2012 cohort were asked to provide three adjectives each and replied (un-censored): bizarre, fascinating, interactive, stimulating, collaborative, unique, hard work, eye-opening, thought-provoking, unusual, self-directed, helpful, insightful, engaging, and socially-sensitive. Students go on from PSYC403 to undertake postgraduate training in clinical psychology."



ANTH424

(The Anthropology of Evil)

Cyril Schafer, lecturer for ANTH424, says the course "provides a cross-cultural and historical investigation of beliefs and activities seen as manifestations of evil in the world ... exploring and analysing the social construction of evil and the facilitation of organised human cruelty and wickedness," no doubt using CHEM191 as a case study.

Schafer describes the first part of the course as "problematising the concept of evil and examining contemporary definitional debates surrounding the use of this term."

The second section of the course "explores recent representations of evil in the media and popular culture, before critically analysing four important figures associated with evil, transgression, and death in western history (cannibals, Satan, witches and vampires)."

Finally, the course considers the social organisation of evil and narratives of surviving it. This section begins by briefly examining genocide and state-sanctioned violence, before exploring charisma and leadership.

“...there are people who deliberately seek painful experiences through body piercing, body suspensions and other body modifications like scarification. Or those who read *Critic*.”



MSMX704

(Introduction to Pain)

Bronwyn Thompson, course coordinator for Introduction to Pain, said "it's great to see *Critic* covering the most interesting topic of Pain, because it's my favourite topic." At this point we knew we were onto something great.

"Pain is absolutely vital to life," she continued. "People born without pain die very young, people who lose sensation in extremities (from leprosy) develop severe injuries to their bodies because they can't tell when they're harming themselves, and people post-spinal cord injury need to be taught to check their body for injury from pressure because they can't detect when this is happening."

"At the same time, people with amputations can end up with pain in the parts of the limb they no longer possess, people with spinal cord injury can have terrible pain below the level of their spinal trauma (where they have no other sensations), and of course, there are people who deliberately seek painful experiences through body piercing, body suspensions and other body modifications like scarification. Or those who read *Critic*."

Burn. *Critic* suggests that Thompson actually meant Salient here.

"The questions this course can answer are – can you tell if someone is faking pain? Is pain without injury psychosomatic (imaginary)? Or are people who have this kind of pain just mad? Why are psychologists so interested in pain? Why are there more people looking for treatment for back pain when physically demanding work is reducing? Is pain all in the brain, the tissues, or is it 'somewhere else,' maybe 'an emergent biopsychosocial phenomenon'?"

Looks like a solid paper to us, although *Critic* speculates the practicals may well be worth missing unless you're an emo or "cut for Bieber."

S02



NAUT101

(Nautical Studies 1)

In which you are not taught by a Professor, but by a seasoned Naval Captain.

The course guide describes this paper as "a theoretical and practical introduction to nautical studies. Students will gain an understanding of maritime law and regulations, in-shore navigation, and maritime communications. Practical issues such as health and safety at sea, and seamanship will also be covered."

In the spirit of openness and honesty, *Critic* does advise prospective students that practical classes begin at 8am on Saturday. Fortunately, it is explicitly open to students of Theology, so if you like the next three papers you will be well on your way to becoming an 1860s missionary.



RELX216

(Zen Buddhism)

Also known as "Relax 101," this exists as an extramural paper, encouraging laziness and lots of pot consumption on Wellington's Cuba Street. Focusing on the history, doctrines and practices of Chan Buddhism in China and Zen Buddhism in Japan, the scope of the paper ranges from meditation and koan to an analysis of the reinvention and recreation of Zen tradition in the West.

Ben Schonthal, Lecturer in Buddhism, thinks "the paper will interest and engage students from a variety of academic disciplines both because of the fascinating subject material ("what is the sound of one hand clapping?") and because of the attention to Zen in its historical, political, and social contexts ("is there a link between Zen and WWII Japanese militarism?").



RELS217

(Religion, Science
and Magic)

The only prerequisite for this course is attendance at Knox College, as it is taught exclusively by the School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

It kicks off the semester with contemporary debates around creationism, alternative medicine (sorry Steve Jobs) and witchcraft (Wicca), examining the relationships between modern sciences and the worlds of Kabbalah (an esoteric religion), alchemy (elixir of life, philosopher's stones, turning shit into gold, etc.), and the

"apocalyptic religion from which they emerged." Greg Dawes, Associate Professor of Philosophy and Religion, told us "when people talk about 'magic' today, what they generally mean is stage magic, mere sleight of hand. This can be mysterious, but only in the sense that we cannot see how we are being deceived. We know there is some trick involved. Few people today take seriously magic in its original sense, as the attempt to bring about tangible effects by invoking occult powers. But it was not always so. Five hundred years ago, European intellectuals took magic very seriously indeed. Many claimed to be able to practice magic, although they insisted that their magic was 'natural' rather than 'demonic'.

"The paper does demand that students read some sixteenth and seventeenth-century texts, which can be difficult because their authors inhabited a very different world from ours. But that's also what makes them interesting.

"Students who take this course will learn about the origins of modern science and about the shifting boundaries between religion and magic. They will even be introduced to some ancient Roman spells, although they are not encouraged to try them out."

TO PONDER FOR NEXT YEAR:



RELS215

(Ecstasy, Trance
and Possession)

This religious paper presumably focuses on doing ecstasy and using the ensuing trance-like state to escape trial for possession. Critic speculates that the course coordinator, Erica Baffelli, was unable to get diversion when tried late last year, and hence why the paper is "unlikely" to be offered again, even following her release from her likely incarceration in the Milton Hilton.

HONOURABLE MENTION:



LAWS475

(Understanding Judges)

Despite contributing a full 15 points to the Bachelor of Laws degree, Understanding Judges makes primary school Social Studies look like quantum theory. This Summer School paper takes place in Auckland, and theoretically comprises three intensive weekends of discussion-led teaching. In reality, 10% of the grade is a group presentation, for which students receive credit even if they "can't make it on the day." 40% is a 1000-word paper, and the remaining 50% is a one-hour exam. Questions are provided in advance, and students can bring in pre-written answers, meaning that the exam is effectively a one-hour handwriting test. However, for genial and ever-empathetic lecturer Richard Cornes, this examination policy is still a little rigorous, so there is also the option of writing your own question and answering it.

A Critic staff member who took the paper in 2013 assures us that she never collected the course materials, has no understanding of judges whatsoever, and spent a sum total of six hours working on the paper, including the one-hour final exam. When asked what she had learned from LAWS475, she replied that she had been forced to undertake stringent Wikipedia research on Krusty the Clown quotes to add the requisite "originality and creativity" to her pre-prepared exam answer.

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Love is Blind

Critic's infamous Blind Date column is back for another year of shutdowns, hilariously mismatched pairs, and the occasional hookup. Each week, we lure two singletons to a bar and ply them with alcohol and food (in that order), then wait for their reports to arrive in our inbox. If this sounds like you, email news@critic.co.nz. Remember, it's still less desperate than internet dating.

Jasmine

AFTER A PHYSICAL BRAWL FOR MY PHONE, MY SLUT FACE FRIEND SIGNED me up for what she promised would be a foolproof way to end my dry spell. After finding out that my man for the night was a Saudi male model, I figured in the worst case scenario I'd get a free dinner and to neck a bottle of wine on Critic, and in the best case scenario somewhere down the road I might end up a princess in a far-off land.

It was a pretty last-minute ordeal, so after getting work covered and my cat waxed in preparation, I was good to go. I threw back a couple of vodka lemonades and arrived shortly after seven to find an Aladdin lookalike patiently waiting to show me a whole new world. After a bit of awkward eye contact I joined him at the table and I went straight for the wine, feeling boozy already, drinking two to his one.

There was some good chat over the sweet sounds of Norah Jones, but the guy was not lighting my fire. It wasn't until he revealed how much he loved washing dishes – so much so that he doesn't let anyone help him – that I thought this guy could be for me.

As the SavB progressed to Chardonnay and Norah progressed to the Beegees, I knew it was heading downhill. However, the more we drank the more chatty he became and the less I had to work to keep the conversation boat afloat.

Like a true gentleman, he settled the bill and we were off into the night.

We reached a crossroad. A decision had to be made. I bitched out.

After quick goodbyes I ran off to join my friends for some rowdy fun. Tuesday night of O-Week is not a night to be wasted.

#YOLO and with that in mind, I knew I didn't want to spend my "once" living with him.

Aladdin

SOMETIMES IT'S HARD BEING REALLY REALLY REALLY RIDICULOUSLY good-looking, and despite being a model I find it difficult to meet girls. Not only are they intimidated by my looks (ladies, it's okay – Dunedin's a small place, I can't be too picky); but I also need to hide my carnal exploits from my parents back in Saudi, who routinely stone and/or behead adulterers.

But I'm a great guy, who understands the frustrations of the average Dunedinette. The pool of virile males in this village is laughably small, and it can take an age to scope a viable young buck from the pool of lolling Neanderthals. Since most adopt the plebeian mode of dress, one can never be too sure what lurks beneath the ubiquitous puffer jacket and jeans: perhaps a vigorous specimen of manhood, his hard, toned form eliciting trembles of hormonal desire; perhaps a pliable, fleshy bovine sprouting hair that prickles your naked body as he grasps your thighs with sleazy abandon.

Nonetheless, I volunteered for the blind date with some apprehension. There was a significant risk of my being set up with the scrapings from the bottom of Dunedin's dating barrel, some fat mewling spawn ejected from the bowels of the decadent West.

The big night came. I smoked some hashish, uploaded a few more selfies to Facebook, pleased myself, and caught a taxi to some horrible pleb restaurant to meet my companion. By the grace of Allah she was an exquisite princess, the kind of girl you would take back to your harem, impregnate with multiple offspring and confine to a life of menial household chores.

Due to my model's diet I was unable to consume more than modest amounts of the restaurant's offerings. I distracted my alluring date with intermittent cries of "look over there, a stray camel!" and so was able to stash surplus food inside my trousers. By the end of the date, however, this had generated a suspicious aroma and a spreading, greasy stain on my crotch. She stole a glance in the direction of my manhood, bid me adieu, and vanished into the night.



A Warm Welcome to All

BY ELSIE STONE

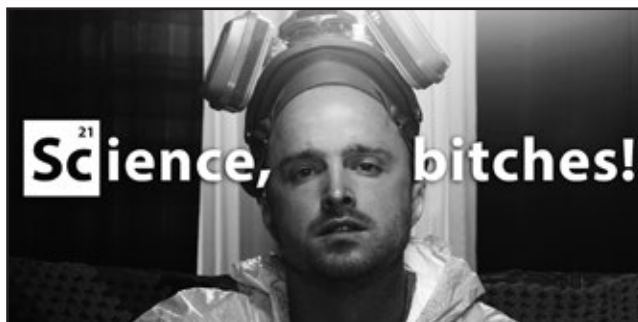
WELCOME TO ANOTHER YEAR IN OUR OWN LITTLE RAT-INFESTED CORNER of Paradise, where carpets are stained orange from the spilled Cindy's of years past and it's best to just walk on by if you see a strange woman taking a poo on someone else's car. As our sticky pavements begin to fill with hordes of pimply high-school nerds hoping to turn everything around in 2013, I thought I would kick off the year by helpfully pointing out all the ways in which they make themselves look like fucking idiots.

The worst example has to be the overly friendly/excited fresher, who insists on walking into everyone's room and introducing themselves on the first day. They probably say "like" a lot. You can also spot them because they will get up early in the morning and go on trips to the Cadbury factory instead of staying in bed with a hangover like normal people. I can't tell if we have 1) no real reason at all or 2) every reason in the world for hating you, Overly Excited Fresher, but we just do. Stop being yourself.

Inevitably we will also all encounter a fucking idiot (or two) who has drunk way, way too much. Aforementioned nerds, take heed: getting trolleyed on the first night of O-Week and pooing yourselves in the shower will not make people like you. In Dunedin you never live down the "shit" that you do. It does not make you cool, it just makes you weird. Also, you've now ruined that shower cubicle for the entire floor. Please be embarrassed for yourself, and stop what you're doing.

Lastly, there is the once-popped-and-now-cannot-stop fresher. We understand why you are doing what you are doing, because sex is nice. The problem is not "what," but "how." Your mating habits are as dirty as those dance floors in the middle of which you grind. I feel like I could get chlamydia just from looking at you. Please, put your boobies away and keep your hands where others can see them. Just because you're a Big Kid Now does not mean you can completely throw away decorum. Suggestion: don't do it in the Monkey Bar toilets. And maybe talk to each other first.

Avoid these three things and you will be fine. Just remember that the people around you are only pretending to be grown up – actually they're just as underdeveloped and uncool as you are. This is going to be a very good year for you, so don't fuck it up.



The Hangover Cure

BY ELSIE JACOBSON

CONGRATULATIONS, YOU'VE SURVIVED O-WEEK! BUT THIS IS DUNEDIN, and the year has only just begun. So for your liver's sake, I'm going to tell you the most important thing you should know about hangovers. They are not friends with Panadol, and the two should never, ever hang out.

When you drink, your liver makes a bunch of enzymes that break down the alcohol in your bloodstream, so you don't die. Thanks, liver! So during a big night, your body is busy making a whole lot of enzymes to break down that box of SoGos you drank. Unfortunately, one of these enzymes is also really good at turning paracetamol into a toxin that is seriously bad for your liver. Once that enzyme is finished with the booze, it'll hang around for a while – and turn any anti-hangover Panadol that you take into poison.

"But hangovers are devil spawn!" I hear you cry. "There's someone using my brain as a punching bag and my stomach no longer wants to hang out with the rest of my body. How do I make it stop?" Well, science is here to save you. We all know to drink your body weight in water and snooze until noon. This is because drinking makes you super dehydrated and partying into the wee hours is not conducive to a lot of sleep, both things that are guaranteed to make you feel like ass on toast.

But the thing that makes you dash for the toilet is aldehydes. Alcohol metabolism is a two-step process: alcohol --> aldehydes --> acetate. Alcohol makes you feel drunk (duh), acetate is totally harmless, but aldehydes mess you up. B vitamins are needed to turn aldehydes into acetate, so down some Berocca or slap a bit of Vegemite on your toast (hopefully Marmite soon, for those of you with good taste). Eggs are also great at getting rid of aldehydes, and it's a good idea to get some protein in your system – so a bacon and egg sandwich is a scientifically proven hangover cure!

So instead of taking a Panadol and curling up beside the toilet swearing never to drink again, why not science away your hangover? Have a Berocca in a giant glass of water with a bacon and egg sandwich, and you'll be ready to rage it up at Monkey in no time. And if you take a painkiller, please let it be ibuprofen (Nurofen). That's science, bitches.

Science, Bitches! is written by members of the Science Community of Otago (SciCo).

Love Online

Critic created a female internet dating profile expecting a low standard of suavity. But not even we could be prepared for the barrage of sheer ineptitude that followed, each new suitor representing a new nadir in the evolution of mankind.

This column is a word-for-word transcript of an actual message received by Critic's online dating profile. You can't make this shit up.

HEY THERE, AM DAVE!

Looking at your profile in general made me realise.. this Lady isnt some random woman one typically finds here.. she is one with much more charm.. elegance and fines.. and the least i can do is try my best to introduce myself.. hoping i get a chance to interact with her more.. and get a chance to know her better!! so well here is my attempt!!

I aint one of those typical creepy one's who in their very first message to you would ask you to marry them or things they would like to do to you when you meet for a date!!

Well i joined this website.. actually to be able to find some good friends with a broader set of mind.. open to talk and in the process to explore and learn a thing or two about my ownself, and if nothing else be able to cherish a friendship.

I write the Culinary section of a Travel Magazine.. sounds fancy.. but trust me it isnt!!

I am here to find people with a good head on their shoulder.. someone who is selfmotivated and honest and be able to interact with them!

As mentioned on my profile! i am straight forward.. honest and unfortunately a person without a filter between my head and my mouth.. i some how fail to be able to speak politically correctly. (not sure if the grammar came out right here).

i am keen on being friends.. be able to converse with them.. and let see how things go..

Well, reading more about you, I really admire the way you think, and i mean it, its not something i say often!

All in all.. i am a simple bloke.. looking for smart people to be friends with.. and if you are keen to be one.. id be glad.. if you replied! i just really wanna get to know you better...!! and id appreciate a chance to that!! And in return i would love to be able to keep you stimulated intellectually. And if i crossed a line in anyway, i apologise

Hoping to hear from you soon!
Regard!!

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A new year of the oddity

BY SAM MCCHESENEY

WELCOME BACK TO "ODT WATCH," IN WHICH WE TRACK THE MORE notable stories peddled by the illustrious Independent Voice of the South. The Otago Daily Times is home to some of the country's most provincial, prudish, and puntastically-titled news items. This year got off to a great start: despite only having two copies to peruse, we found more zingers than we could hope to cram into these lines. Here are but the crème de la crème:

A dash of français adds class to any publication, n'est-ce pas? Unfortunately, as anybody who has taken Year 9 French will know, this headline should read "Joie de vivre à Paris." Quelle fail.

Joie de vivre dans Paris

It's probably not legit to talk about an openly gay MP "dishing out some sausage," even though that's exactly what he's doing. Still, this can be filed in the "gratuitous and cringeworthy use of a token Māori word in a random and inane context" folder.



Food for thought . . . Labour deputy leader and tertiary spokesman Grant Robertson dishes up some more kai at Otago Polytechnic yesterday. PHOTO: PETER MCINTOSH

In the same week that a Critic journalist goes undercover as a crack whore, the Otago Daily Times turns its boundary-pushing gonzo talents to ... mobility scooters. Don't worry ODT, you'll catch up one day ♥

Scooting into life as a moving target

Mobility scooters have been given a bad rap lately. Reporter **Shawn McAvinue** slipped on a high-visibility vest yesterday and tried to find out why.

Sisters vie for A&P show bacon and egg pie glory

Oh, ODT. You just make it too easy, don't you?



Sandfly Bay

BY PHOEBE HARROP

UNBEKNOWNST TO MOST SCARFIES of the fresher variety, there exists a magical, unexplored and exotic land outside the heady confines of the North Dunedin student ghetto.



You may not believe me, but south of the Octagon, north of Knox, and uphill beyond the Bog, a world of possibilities awaits the curious adventurer. This column plans on taking you, young grasshopper, and you, older student who needs to get out more, on a weekly armchair tour of greater Dunedin's highlights. Pretty pictures with salty filters will make all excursions look 1) fun and 2) hipster.

This week we head over the hills and (somewhat) far away to sexy and secluded Sandfly Bay, on the Otago Peninsula's eastern coast.

Home to a giant sand dune that's excellent on the way down and something of a tax on the way up, Sandfly Bay is popular with surfers, smelly sea lions, and backpack-sporting tourists. But on a typical noncommittally cloudy Dunedin day, you're likely to find the place more or less deserted.

Once down on the beach, observe the wave-bitten headlands at each end, head up into the tussock-covered smaller sand dunes, and check out the trail of rocks sticking out of the surf. The biggest one is Lion's Head Rock, which does indeed look vaguely like a lion's head made out of rock. Enjoy.

Do: frolic down the sand dune.

Don't: swim, unless you like frozen extremities and negotiating deadly rips.

Eat: a picnic, Sandfly Bay ain't got no Two-Four.





St David Café



BY M AND G

2/5 COFFEE CUPS

JUST INSIDE THE OAMARU STONE TOMB THAT IS ST DAVID'S LECTURE THEATRE is where we spent the majority of our time as freshers, the ideal procrastination centre. You can sit in the cheap silver outdoor chairs with a weak coffee and people watch, use the uni internet or browse St David's Café's extensive collection of Woman's Weekly and New Idea. This café is prime people-watching real estate and often the first stepping stone for freshers finding their feet in the Dunedin caffeine scene. The fiery ginger that runs the show will lure you in with her loyalty cards and fast-paced early morning yarns. Before you know it, you're a transaction down and waiting an eternity for your coffee.

Be prepared to line up and be harassed as to whether you want food from the cabinet, which is largely average, although they do a godly pre-lecture, post-thirsty-Thursday satay pie.

The biggest plus about St David's is the top notch coffee card system, free size upgrade on your fifth coffee and free coffee of your choice on your tenth coffee. When they say free coffee they mean ANY coffee, so once a week G would use this opportunity to order a large triple-shot-soy-caramel-hazelnut-mocha. Everything tastes better when it's free. The lady in charge, or Reba, as G christened her, once observed that G "drinks coffee like the eye-talians do" and suggested she would be a macchiato girl. This has been the only barista banter G had been able to squeeze out of the woman after two semesters of going to that café every single day. Poor form, Reba. 25% of the time G had to return undrinkable coffees and demand a new one at St David's cafe. We don't like those odds.

M was once desperate before an exam and asked for a double espresso shot to get him through the HUBS192 exam in first year, served with COLD water so he could just knock it back like a shot of the day at Starters. Their negligence resulted in a blistered mouth and the expulsion of their scalding liquid all over the counter. My bad.

The actual coffee is pretty av; orb coffee beans and glacial preparation time. The single shot standard for all coffees is simply criminal. Points for their prime location and coffee card system; there's nothing like being able to snag a cuppa Joe while studying in the science library without leaving the building on a rainy day. Student disclaimer: be prepared to order a mocha and get a latte with chocolate on top and no fucks given on the side.

Location: St David Lecture Theatre Complex



How To Make Friends and Not Infect People

BY GLITTER GRRL

H EY THERE, NEW AND RETURNING SCARFIES! I WELCOME YOU TO MY PATCH of rainbows and equality! I'm here to give counsel on everything LGBTQ and feminism. Many of you will have just left home or moved in with a flat of strangers; or maybe you're just starting the year afresh, rising like Madonna, reborn from the ashes of her previous incarnation. Life changes can be nerve-racking, especially for those of us who aren't traditional society's ideal. I hope the advice here will help!

How do I come out to my hall/flat?

First of all, I want to put it out there that you have no obligation to do this. Your personal life is not public property. That being said, many of you will see the move to uni as a chance to be an uninhibited free spirit, and that's awesome. There's no script written for this occasion. You could sit your friends down for a deep and meaningful, drunkenly blurt it out, or just let people figure you out for themselves. You will always have support, even if one or two people aren't cool with it. This is a big place, so there will be plenty of people who'll think you're just fab!

Is there a club or community where I can find people like me?

UniQ and Queer Support are organisations with their contact deets plastered all around campus. They're absolutely fabulous and caring. Whichever colour flag you fly, don't be afraid to check 'em out.

On the top floor of the Union Building, OUSA provides both a women's room and a parents' room. You can go these places for a safe, quiet space and to spend time with your children on campus.

What if people get violent toward me because of my sexuality or gender?

Any attack or prejudice you experience, physical or verbal, can be taken up with the Proctor or Campus Watch. Alternatively, you can talk to your RA or dean. The Uni wants its students to feel safe in their environment. Oh, and those blue lights you see around campus at night? Those are emergency phones. Use them in emergencies. Protip: don't harass people. It takes less energy to not be an asshole, y'know?

One last tip: beware the fresher flu! Keep your vitamin levels up, as the inevitable outbreak of sniffles can be attributed to the hot and sweaty germfest that is a Monkey Bar makeout sesh. Rumours and Queer Support usually have condoms available; use them! And ladies: you can find guides online for turning a condom into a dental dam, too!



Find a GP

BY DR. NICK

HI EVERYBODY!

For many of you, this is your first year of University. Welcome – you'll love it here! For some of you, this is your last year of University. Welcome back! Savour these moments – what a blast the past three or four years have been! For a few of you, like me, this is your sixth year of University. Good god, why the fuck are we still here?

Regardless of your age, and whether you came here to "Take Your Place in the World," "Get Over It," or because "You Are Dunedin," there's one thing you have to learn here at uni, and that is how to look after your health.

Your university years are like nothing you have experienced so far (unless, of course, this is your second degree). They're a time during which you will repeatedly abuse your liver, stay up later than you ever thought possible, and put your eyesight to the ultimate test trying to decipher the tiny writing on your "one side of A4" cheat sheet.

In this column I'm going to try to tackle some of the big health issues facing people our age (unless, of course, you're one of those strange "mature students"), but there's one issue that I want to tackle straight away: General Practitioners.

I reckon being a GP is the easiest job in medicine. Nod and smile and avoid pissing off the practice nurses and you can coast through your day and be home in time for tea. The hardest job in medicine, however, is being a good GP. A true GP deals with everything from childhood vaccinations to palliative care, and finds a way to help each and every one of their patients. A good GP is like a Unicol girl's virginity after O-Week – a rare and delicate little flower that should be treasured.

There's a lot of choice in Dunedin's GP market, so I'd encourage you to let Adam Smith's invisible hands pull you off to one of them. Student Health is a great place to start, as they specialise in the health of students – funny that.

At the end of the day, you're gonna be here in Scarfieville for a while, so you should find a doc you like early. Whether it's Cumbie Conjunctivitis in first year, inhaling that strange black mould in your second year flat, or acquiring the pretentious stick you apparently need surgically inserted into your ass to become a post-grad, there's always gonna be a need for a good local quack. So find one and get in touch early.



25 February — 3 March

BY JESSICA BROMELL

KIA ORA AND WELCOME TO "THE MORE THINGS CHANGE," A SOJOURN INTO the coming week's news per the annals of history. Formative moments of today's affairs and milestones of the human race will abound, as well as a few things from which people have hopefully learned by now. If nothing else you might pick up some choice anecdotes, giving you the illusory air of a university education. So without further ado, this week in history:

February 28, 1815: Napoleon arrived back in France after escaping exile on the island of Elba, having been sent there for being "the sole obstacle to the restoration of peace in Europe." Along with that catchy title, he'd been allowed to keep calling himself Emperor. You'd think most people might have been okay with hanging out on some island for a while to boss people around and let Europe get on with it. But Napoleon had bigger plans: he proceeded to gather his army and pit them against two others at the Battle of Waterloo, which has been widely regarded as a bad idea. (I was defeated, you won the war, etc.) All he could do after that was uphold the timeless French tradition of surrendering to the British and be sent back into exile. They didn't let him keep his title the second time.

February 25, 1836: In a step forward for the Industrial Revolution and the age-old institution of ripping off other people's ideas, Samuel Colt was granted a US patent for the Colt revolver. He never claimed to have actually invented it, only improved the previous design with the use of interchangeable parts (Critic does not endorse trying this excuse with a suspicious university assignment). Colt still died one of the richest men in America, and his company is in business to this day. Goes to show that you can do quite a lot with just a healthy dose of inspiration and an assembly line, even if you spent ten years using your company's money to get potential clients drunk so you could sell them more guns.

February 28, 1954: The first colour TV sets became available for sale to the general public. One model was sold in New York for the equivalent of US\$11,200, which is the rumoured cost of breathing in New York today. TV has generally been a triumph of modern technology, except for drawbacks like alleged negative effects on children's brain development and the arguable descent of society into mindless addiction, and the fact that we still can't send chocolate through a TV set like in Charlie and the Chocolate Factory. That's the real tragedy.



This column contains spoilers. Spoilers about time travel!

BY ERMA DAG

IN THE CLASSIC 1985 FILM *BACK TO THE FUTURE*, MARTY MCFLY TRAVELS BACK to 1955 and accidentally interferes with the mishap that brought his parents together. With his mother suddenly lusting after his Calvin Klein-clad hiney instead, Marty spends the remainder of the film trying to bring his parents together, and it is strongly implied that his existence depends on it.

But does it? At the end of the film, Marty not only gets his parents together, he teaches them self-respect; travelling back to 1985, he wakes up in his bed and finds the next morning that his house is suddenly nicer, his parents and family are successful, and the high school bully is outside cleaning the family car. But if this is now Marty's life, he would have changed when he first altered his parents' timeline. He would now have a new upbringing and a new personality, and he would know about these changes because he would remember them happening. In fact, these changes to Marty's backstory may have even altered the chain of events that brought him back in time in the first place, creating a time travel paradox.

The only viable explanation for *Back to the Future* comes from the Many-Worlds Interpretation of quantum mechanics, a prominent theory in physics and philosophy. The MWI posits that whenever a particle randomly decays, a new universe is formed for every possible outcome of that decaying process. This means that there is a separate, parallel universe for every possible quantum outcome. Marty hasn't travelled back in time in his own universe – he has jumped into a parallel universe more or less identical to how his own was 30 years previously.

Unfortunately, this takes most of the drama out of *Back to the Future*. Marty doesn't have to unite his parents because they aren't really his parents – they're just clones who inhabit a parallel universe. Similarly, when Marty travels to a dystopian version of his present in *Back to the Future II*, he doesn't have to try to "fix" it – he can just say "well this universe is shit, let's go find a better one."

The real mystery of *Back to the Future* is this: whose bed does Marty wake up in at the end? It can't be his (see above). Yet it belongs to someone called Marty, who is the son of the clones of Marty's parents, who has a clone version of Marty's girlfriend, and who has just mysteriously disappeared and vacated his bed. What the fuck happened to him? Did Doc figure out the paradox, and abduct clone-Marty before he caused a scene? Did Marty eat him? What? WHAT?!



Unicol Girls Strike Again: Macklemore Forced to play BFFs

BY CAMPBELL ECKLEIN

KAS HANGOVERS WORE ON AND STI RATES SOARED, A SLIGHTLY SINISTER twist emerged during an otherwise sensational O-Week. Acclaimed rapper Macklemore, age 29, met with an unfortunate fate following his sold-out concert at Dunedin's Forsyth Barr Stadium on Thursday night. Macklemore rapped the high-waisted shorts off throngs of exuberant students before he and his crew hit the after party, at which they "danced and cried and laughed and had a really really really good time." At around two in the morning, Macklemore disappeared and was not seen again that night.

The next day, a distraught Ryan Lewis filed a missing persons report when his buddy failed to show up at their hotel for the continental breakfast. With few leads, investigators had no choice but to interrogate the staff of every Salvation Army store within a ten-kilometer radius, to no avail. Fortunately, Dunedin's K-9 squad was able to track the scent of Macklemore's fur fox-skin, and he was finally found late Friday afternoon locked in a Unicol dorm room. It was revealed that he had been kidnapped the previous night by a group of four girls when he stepped outside to call his "mom."

The girls, all freshers and all heavily intoxicated, had allegedly held him captive and brushed his hair while forcing him to look at Instagram photos of their cats, before regaling him with long, meandering stories about their unoriginal O-Week antics until they all fell asleep. When police found him, he was huddled under a desk, bound and gagged with makeshift restraints fashioned out of girl's underwear and strips of soiled bed sheets left over from the Toga Party. He was rocking gently back and forth, humming softly to himself and repeating "OMG ... like ... totally ..." over and over in hushed tones. Macklemore claims that he was unable to escape or call for help because his phone had been confiscated, and the only other thing he had in his pocket was a twenty-dollar bill.

The hip-hop hotshot was incredibly relieved to have been rescued. It is reported that although traumatised, Macklemore feels partly to blame for this incident. He stated that it might not have happened had he not bragged about his love of shopping in one of his most popular songs, as this may have led the girls to believe that they had something in common with him. He therefore declined to press charges, making a hurried departure for his next concert in Auckland that night. As Critic went to print, the four girls involved were unavailable for comment.



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My Bloody Valentine m b v

4.5/5

22 years since *Loveless*, My Bloody Valentine are back. m b v is well worth the wait.

HOW DO YOU FOLLOW UP A GENRE-DEFINING masterpiece? My Bloody Valentine's Kevin Shields has spent the last two decades pondering that very question. Since its release in 1991, the band's magnum opus *Loveless* has established itself as not only the definitive shoegaze album, but as one of the most culturally significant records of the last 30 years. *Loveless'* legendary status and the length of time it took Shields to release any follow-up material meant that the announcement

of new album m b v quickly stirred the music blogosphere into a state of delirious, anticipatory frenzy. As Shields must be well aware, expectations were always going to be high.

Those expecting m b v to come hurtling through their speakers will be disappointed. Where *Loveless* thundered to life with "Only Shallow," m b v's opener "She Found Now" slowly and gracefully builds into one of the most tender, ambient songs the band has ever written. The trademark droning guitar and androgynous vocals are a welcoming start to the album, like seeing a friend for the first time in years.

Although the first few tracks of m b v could have comfortably fit on its predecessor, surprises come thick and fast as the album progresses. By the time the upbeat and infectious "New You" kicks in, the band has ventured into truly unfamiliar territory. The final four songs are both the weirdest and best on the album – "Nothing Is" is the same blood-boiling riff repeated for four minutes of pure adrenaline, whilst closer "Wonder 2" is a dizzying whirlwind of blurry pop and (gasp) Aphex Twin-style beats.

It may not achieve the same transcendence-through-noise or offer the same sonic onslaught as *Loveless* does, but m b v is ultimately a more diverse and personal album. Subdued, sensual and addictive, m b v is likely as beautiful a record as the band will ever make. Hats off, Kevin.



Tomahawk Oddfellows

4/5

Odd indeed.

ALTERNATIVE METAL SUPERGROUP TOMAHAWK are back with their first album in six years. Instead of picking up where the Native American-inspired Anonymous left off, the Mike Patton-led band of misfits have taken the Tomahawk sound back to its very roots, producing something truly unique. As the smirk-inducing cover might suggest, vehemence and grit has been traded in for a Melvins-like breed of eccentricity. In other words, *Oddfellows* often sounds like it's taking the piss. Whether this is a positive or a negative will vary from listener to listener.

The tracks on *Oddfellows* can be easily divided into two categories – the pulverising rock tunes and the spookier, more subdued jazz-slash-lounge numbers. As exhilarating as songs like "South Paw" and the stomping title track are, *Oddfellows'* quieter moments have more personality. Brain-damaged ballad "I.O.U." genuinely tugs at the heartstrings, whilst "Rise Up Dirty Waters" and "I Can Almost See Them" whisk the listener away to that same eerie Twin Peaks place Patton conjured on Mr. Bungle's second album, *Disco Volante*.

Despite the frequent changes in genre and volume, *Oddfellows* sustains a palpable identity throughout. It doesn't have the gnash of Tomahawk's eponymous debut, the polish of Mit Gas, or the hypnosis of Anonymous, but it makes up for that with its diversity and unsettling atmosphere.

All in all, *Oddfellows* is a thrilling and colourful addition to Tomahawk's discography, even if it doesn't quite reach the heights of their best work.



Trick Mammoth

Dunedin Band Profile

TRICK MAMMOTH IS A DUNEDIN POP TRIO consisting of Adrian Ng (songwriting and vocals), Millie Lovelock (guitar and vocals), and Sam Valentine (drums).

Enigmatic frontman Adrian describes their sound as "lo-fi music with a 90s guitar-pop edge." He has been writing solo material under the Trick Mammoth name for some time now, but has "always written with a band in mind."

Though Trick Mammoth are a young group, forming a mere four months ago, they already have big plans for the future.

Adrian: "We're going to go and record with Ian (Henderson, of Fishrider Records) in his basement in two or three weeks. That'll be the debut album. Though it'll still be really lo-fi, we want it to sound as good as possible."

Sam: "I guess we shouldn't say too much about it, but there's definitely a loose plan to release a CD and a vinyl of the album soon, which would be great."

Although the band has only performed live a handful of times, they plan to do a nationwide tour to promote their debut album. A collection of Adrian's Trick Mammoth demos can be found at trickmammoth.bandcamp.com.

RADIO ONE 91FM 1 EVENT GUIDE

WEDNESDAY 27th FEBRUARY

ReFuel | Dinosaur Sanctuary, The Death and the Maiden, Kane Strang, and Space Bats, Attack! Free entry from 9pm.

FRIDAY 1st MARCH

ReFuel | Popstrangers Antipodes Album Release w./ Two Cartoons & Males. \$10 or \$5 with Student ID from 9pm.

Queens | The Futurians, Snapper, Space Dust, LSD Fundraiser - 9pm - \$10.

SATURDAY 2nd MARCH

18 Forth St | Ghetto Blaster featuring Summer Thieves, Sonic Ted, Maine Coons, Mansweat, TLA, and more. Free entry from 3.30pm.

Dunedin Botanic Garden Soundshell
March Hare - A day of free music at The Dunedin Botanic Garden Bandstand. Noon till 7pm if the weather's decent, if real crappy it's a no show. Featuring Kapa Haka, Olabelle, Michael Morley, Richard Wallis, King Leo and Mike Frost, Swampy, D and 5-Pint, Matt Langley, Opposite Sex, The Futurians, Snapper, Alastair Galbraith, and Spacedust. Kind funding from Dunedin City Creative Communities.

Chick's Hotel | Mike Frost & King Leo Blues night. \$10 from 9pm.

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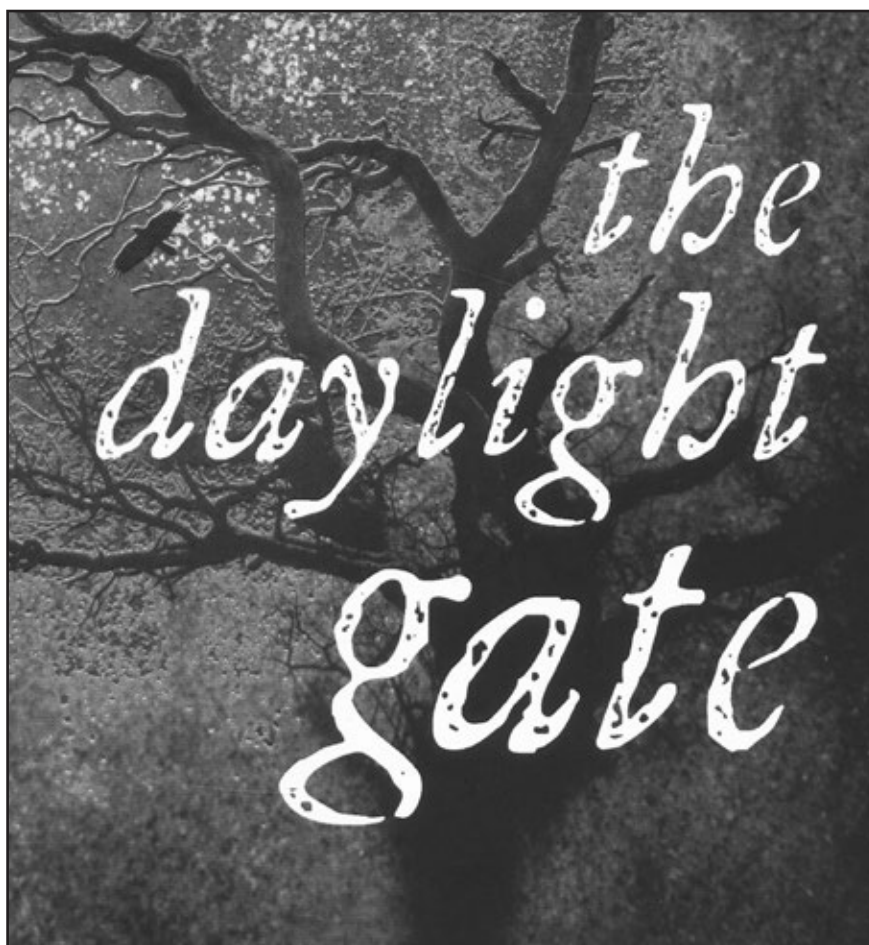
The Daylight Gate

BY THOMAS THOMSON

JEANETTE WINTERSON'S *The Daylight Gate* is a fictionalised re-telling of the events leading up to the Pendle Witch Trials of 1612. Set in Lancashire, a county then fabled for its wildness and strangeness, a stronghold of both Catholicism and witchcraft, the book describes an England feverish with paranoia and suspicion. The King at the time, the deeply Protestant James I, encouraged the denouncement of both Catholics and witches alike, going so far as to publish his own writings on witchcraft and personally attend the trials of accused witches.

The *Daylight Gate* is a product of the recent resurrection of Hammer Horror, the production company made famous by its Gothic horror films released in the 50s, 60s and 70s. Known for films like *The Curse of Frankenstein* (1957) and *Dracula* (1958) as well as its penchant for helpless virgins, swamps of gelatinous-looking blood and ear-splitting screams, Hammer isn't exactly what you would describe as literary, but in 2011 the company launched a publishing imprint in conjunction with Random House. Surprisingly, the books that have come out of this union are not the flimsy, embossed paper-backs you might expect. As well as publishing novelisations of its classic films, Hammer Books has recruited well-respected authors to write a series of novellas under the Hammer brand, with *The Daylight Gate* being one of the first of these to emerge.

As Winterson notes in her introduction, the story she tells "follows the historical account of the witch trials and the religious background – but with necessary speculations and inventions." These include a cameo by an "owlish" Shakespeare, the sale of souls to the Devil and a bewitched head, glowing green and speaking in riddles. In this book magic is not there to speculate about, it's a given. There is no fooling around with an "unreliable narrator," so often a feature of literary ghost stories; instead Winterson makes sure that the paranormal is a refreshingly indisputable part of the book.



Written in terse, blunt sentences, the book unblinkingly portrays the squalid reality of life in Jacobean Britain. Disease, disfigurement, neglect, rape, illness, torture and decay riddle the book but are never glorified nor vilified, instead being simply presented as the reality of the characters. One of the main sources of information about the Pendle witch trials is *The Wonderfull Discoverie of Witches in the Countie of Lancaster* (1613), an account written by Thomas Potts, a court clerk – and here an amusingly pompous character – which Winterson nods to with her tight use of a linear, reportage-style of prose.

The novella centres on the character of Alice Nutter and her curious entanglement with the local witches. Nutter is somewhat of an anomaly for her time. She rides astride horses instead of side-saddle, enjoys falconry and dresses in rich, magenta robes. Single, strangely ageless and in charge of her own fortune she is naturally viewed with suspicion by the local men. And her past is equally as peculiar, including a partnership with the alchemist John Dee, a relationship with a Catholic fugitive and a deep, romantic bond with a woman called Elizabeth

Southern, whose chase after riches and excess concluded with the sale of her soul to the Devil. Nutter's inexplicable protection of the shabby, ravaged women – the pitiable witches of the story – brings this dark history of hers into the foreground, ultimately implicating her in charges of sorcery and Devil-worship.

The book is visceral, disturbing and as evocative as the clatter of a crow alighting in a tree or the shriek of rusty hinges. But reading it, I couldn't help but feel as though there was simply too much there. Winterson does an admirable job of cramming Shakespeare, the Gunpowder Plot, Britain's most notorious witch trial, alchemy and deals with the Devil into a book that wraps everything up at under 200 pages but it means the characters are nearly always at arm's length, and the dialogue is occasionally bland. This is a book to read for its well-realised Gothic sensibility rather than for a character study. And I suppose Winterson is just continuing what Hammer does best: startling her audience with a depraved, surreal encounter, rendered in vivid colours, and then quietly letting the curtains close.



Aliens: Colonial Marines

Developed by Gearbox Studios & Published by Sega

2/5

FOR THOSE OF YOU WAITING FOR AN EXCITING new game to play after the dry months since pre-Christmas releases, *Aliens: Colonial Marines* is not for you.

The gaming industry has once again started the year in controversy. Last year we endured the disaster that was the ending of BioWare's otherwise magnificent *Mass Effect 3*. This year we have been subjected to yet another blight on the face of the *Aliens* franchise in the form of *Aliens: Colonial Marines*.

Like many other fanboys, I had been waiting with bated breath for a game that was promoted as being the very first canon *Alien* game, and boy did we hold our breath for a long time as the game was announced almost seven years ago.

The campaign follows the events of *Aliens* after Ripley, Newt, Hicks and Bishop have jettisoned away from the moon LV-426 and are returning to earth. You play a marine who is part of the military unit responding to the distress signal sent by Ripley. And that's about all I remember of the story. I spent the next six hours running around the monochromatic steel corridors shooting at

what can only be described as alien fodder.

"But hey Baz? How can you describe *Aliens* as fodder? In all of the films the *Aliens* are famous for being almost invulnerable, bar attacks by airlocks and rocket jets." Good observation Baz. In the dumbest move in development history, it was decided that this "canon" game would instead have fans of the series defend themselves against waves of aliens as tough as your grandmother's hips.

But hey, if the aliens are going to be inaccurate, why not the story too? I won't ruin the specifics of the story for any soul sorry enough to still want to play it, but you remember I mentioned Hicks and Bishop flying to earth with Ripley? Well consistency be damned, the teams at Sega and Gearbox have brought them back in the most inconsistent bit of fan service in the history of the world.

It's a sad addition for developer Gearbox, which has enjoyed much recent critical and commercial success with last year's *Borderlands 2* and was starting to gain a very respectable reputation. However, a suspiciously timed statement by an

"ex" Gearbox employee was leaked two days after the game was released, admitting that development had been outsourced to other developers, essentially absolving Gearbox of responsibility for the game.

Conveniently, the statement said that Gearbox's primary involvement in the game's development was the multiplayer mode, which is the liferaft in this sinking ship of a game. All five multiplayer modes, which include Team Deathmatch, Domination, and Capture the Flag variations, as well as a survival mode, have you assigned as either an Alien or a marine competing against the other. This is a fresh change to the multiplayer experience, giving players a very different playing style depending on which team they play on.

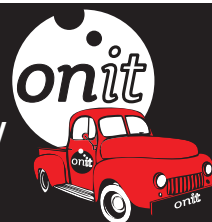
The Marine involves pretty standard first person shooting; however, playing as the Alien is a fun new challenge as you try to figure out the best ways to stalk and climb, and attack your prey. Unfortunately, despite the intrigue of this new playing style, the matchmaking and levelling system is so lacklustre that there is little invitation to extended play.

If you're looking to experience more of the Alien universe I would recommend *Aliens vs. Predators* before I would recommend this campaign, but if you're keen to try a new multiplayer style in an industry flooded by first person shooters, it's worth a rent.

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Hitchcock

Director: Sacha Gervasi

BY FINN BULMAN

4/5

A MOVIE ABOUT THE MAKING OF A MOVIE. Sure, it may have been done before, but *Hitchcock* pulls it off wonderfully.

The story follows the life of famous film director Alfred Hitchcock, or "Hitch," as he goes about creating one of the greatest horror films of all time, *Psycho*. He is met with resistance at every turn by the rather prudish film authorities of the time, but his persistence helps to bring a new level of acceptable violence and sexuality to the film industry. *Hitchcock* also revolves around the deteriorating relationship of Hitch with wife Alma who, despite unwavering faith in and support of her husband, sparks his jealousy as she works on a separate project with her charming though seemingly talentless friend Whitfield Cook.

Anthony Hopkins, as the great man Alfred Hitchcock, pulls off the prosthetic stomach as if



he's done it before. Although the wobbling jowls and gravelly voice threatened to irritate, I found myself empathising more and more with Hitch. A scene in which he elicits the screams of the first audience of *Psycho* had me grinning at his sheer delight and triumph. We also get to see below the surface into Hitch's sometimes morbid and troubled mind as he is visited by visions of the killer on whom *Psycho* is based and suffers something of a breakdown.

Being a feminist at heart, I enjoyed the strength, wit and take-no-bullshit attitude brought to Alma Reville (Hitch's wife) by Helen

Mirren. She is as much the protagonist as Hitchcock himself: a smart, talented woman who goes to such lengths as mortgaging the house to provide independent funding for the film. She also works tirelessly on the screenplay, production and, when the first cut falls flat, the re-editing that made *Psycho* into a box-office smash hit.

Hitchcock is neither an action thriller nor a laugh-a-minute comedy, but an interesting and entertaining biopic with some great performances from its leads. Now all that's left to do is for me to summon the courage to watch *Psycho*...



Movie 43

Director: Various

BY JOSIE COCHRANE

2.5/5

I HAD ZERO HOPES FOR THIS MOVIE BEFORE VIEWING, based largely on the film editor's opening email to me: "Review Movie 43 – apparently one of the worst films of all time. Go on, I dare you."

A dare is a dare of course! Even with my low hopes, my first text when I left the movie was "Well mum, I think I should quit uni and go into script writing if *Movie 43* can get made!" Three people also walked out of the movie in the first 15 minutes.

Movie 43 is a series of 13 short comedy skits framed around a washed-up scriptwriter as he pitches his ideas to a producer. It is hated by nearly every film critic out there, and rightly so, but if you are not easily offended there are a few laughs. The opening scene of Davis (Hugh Jackman) and Beth (Kate Winslet) on a blind date is promising enough. However, when Davis removes his scarf to reveal testicles hanging

from his chin, you do start to wonder where this movie is going. As it turns out, mostly downhill! As usual, Anna Faris and Emma Stone were very entertaining in their respective scenes, and an advertisement on how we should not abuse our day-to-day machines because it hurts the little children working inside them was amusing, but still did not set the bar very high for an ensemble comedy.

If there were not so many Hollywood stars, it is doubtful that *Movie 43* would have had a theatrical release, but the cast do give it some hope. So long as you are not easily offended, and can enjoy a movie that has no direct point, then this movie does have a few outrageously disturbing moments you have to see to believe, including discovering what the iBabe is! It does not deserve to be a box office hit though, so wait until the \$1 rentals are out.



ALL CINEMAS FULLY LICENSED
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A Good Day to Die Hard

Director: John Moore

2.5/5

BY CHRISTINE EDWARDS



SO JOHN MCCLANE IS BACK, AND THIS TIME he's wreaking havoc in a completely new place: Russia. As always, this *Die Hard* is about a badass cop who seems to be in the wrong place at the wrong time and, to make things right, goes in guns blazing and kicks the bad guy's arse. This newest instalment, though, comes with a twist: John's son, Jack, is all grown up and following in his daddy's shoes by fighting the villain.

Though this movie follows that *Die Hard* formula of Awesome, it misses the mark and is a bit disappointing. The aged John we see in this film is very much just an old Bruce Willis. He can still pull off the tough guy, but it feels as though five films to the series might be a couple too many – in all honesty, they should have stopped after the third.

Another less enjoyable feature of the film

is the character relationship between John McClane and his son (Jai Courtney). Talk about daddy issues. From the moment John and his son meet up, the tension is unmistakable – but you don't really feel the need to know why. Yet director John Moore lays it on thick for the entire length of the film. Every line between the two could be swapped for things like, "oh, daddy doesn't love me," or "you never hugged me when I was younger." At one point, after an impressive action scene, the film is brought to a standstill by a soppy father-son moment so sickly sweet it would give you a cavity if it hadn't put you to sleep.

However, this film redeems itself somewhat with an amazing car chase (which involved the coolest truck that destroyed everything in its path) and explosions.

Anna Karenina

Director: Joe Wright

BY SAM MCCHESENEY

3.5/5

PATRIARCHY SUCKS MAD D.

From the creators of *Pride and Prejudice* (2005) comes one of the best-looking films since, well, *Pride and Prejudice*. Adapted from Tolstoy's novel, which was recently named the greatest ever by Time magazine, *Anna Karenina* stars Keira Knightley and ... that guy from *Kick-Ass*.

The film tells the story of the eponymous Russian aristocrat (Knightley), who is married to a prominent politician (Jude Law) but embarks on an affair with Count Vronsky (Aaron Taylor-Johnson), a dashing cavalryman whose method of seduction is to follow Anna around and stare at her until she agrees to sleep with him. And yes, you read that correctly: Jude Law plays the boring, unattractive husband and *Kick-Ass* the dreamy stranger. Oh Jude, how times have changed.

There is very little chemistry between



Knightley and Taylor-Johnson. The latter's Count Vronsky is a highly unlikeable character, a horribly effete cad who spends most of the film's first half lurking and smouldering, swishing his hands about and drawing seductively from a perpetually lit cigarette. An intensely homoerotic dance with a horse merely reinforces the suspicion that something might be fundamentally wrong with their relationship. Knightley on the other hand is fantastic, anchoring the film amid Joe Wright's directorial frippery.

Wright's signature long tracking shots are on display again, and some are a marvel of camerawork and choreography. The costumes

and set design (which gives the look of a "filmed play") are, to use a rather hackneyed term for which there are unfortunately very few substitutes, sumptuous. However, the film's substance doesn't match its undoubted style. The script is a bit weak and doesn't tie the novel's themes together as strongly as it could, and the character of the Count goes almost completely undeveloped; for some reason, male characters seem to be a recurring problem in Wright's films.

On the whole, though, the film is well worth seeing; but be quick, its theatrical run is almost over.

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Letter of the week

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

Who is this mysterious Eagle of whom you speak?

Dear Callum Fredric,

I went through law school with you, so as a fellow legal-eagle, I have taken the liberty of writing to wish you good luck for the year. I know that your political stance may ruffle a few feathers about Critic's predominantly left-wing audience. But don't forget, you are aviary talented man. Although editorial responsibility may seem like a birden, your past contributions to Critic indicate you should pass with flying colours; red, white and blue ones, perhaps.

Yours,

Tu eras Aquila Libertatis

Godwin's Law invoked in first letter of the year.

Hi Critic,

I'm sure you've received plenty of emails regarding OUSA, the evil dictators, and i have to say I'm on this bandwagon. Hitler Hernandez, has really fucked up this time. I pay money for student services every year, yet an event which is run by an organisation i help fund, was opened up to the public to buy tickets, so students, who the concert is designed for, can't go. Also deciding to throw net sky into a packaged aimed at freshers, who most likely have never heard of him before. Oh and they are now sold out too. Students are now left with the option to make their own O week, or buy a ticket for over \$200, 4 times the retail, off trade me. I hope Francisco Hernandez has a really shitty O week, and gets

spewed on by violently drunk students who drowned their sorrows with large amounts of spirits. See you at the bottom.

Yours sincerely

Royal fucked off fourth year.

They award PhDs to people who can't spell "Critic"?

Dear critic,

as one of the very hard-working PhD students whose workspace is right next to the verandah/walkway above the main cafe in the union building, I would humbly request that people remember we have really serious deadlines, and to take their loud and very distracting conversations and phone calls elsewhere, thanking you very much for your compassion, Maria.

Walter Plinge vs. Dennis Larson

Dear Callum

Thank fuck that Stockman dickhead is gone aye? Couldn't even spell giddyay properly (gyday? Seriously?). The way that mysogonistic, narcissistic, racist bastard carried on about himself I wouldn't be surprised if he put himself up for pope.

But anyway, I have my doubts about you too mate. You're a wily little fucker aren't you? Ex Young Nats President, right wing columnist, law student; yeah we know what you're all about. I've got my eye on you Fredric. Try and privatise critic and I'll defenestrate you out of that bullshit OUSA ivory tower myself.

Watch yourself

Walter P

Consider them screwed.

Tamariki,

Hope your Monday morning is going well. If I had one piece of advice, I would say screw the crew. And do not drink out of the Leith. My friend did that and got scurvy.

Rep your lanyard.

Gracias

Joekin JC

Just signed a lease at 640 Cumby Street brah

Oh hey Critic!

Good to see you again! Didn't realise you were back here this year. Where are you flatting? Oh yeah, cool, I'm up near the Octagon this year, so fucking over the Castle St ghetto. How long have you got to go till you're done? Ha, nice. I hate you, my degree is, like, never going to end. What papers are you doing? Oh, sweet, my friend did that couple of years ago, meant to be easier than Maori 101. Anyway, got to head, meeting my flatmate in town in 5 to sort the flat account. See you at Hyde, if not before!

Catch ya,

Achingly Standard First Semester Small Talk.

Salient? More like Failient.

Dear Critic

Best of luck for your first 'magazine'. We look forward to our contributor list increasing when everyone at Otago decides to write for us instead.

Hope no one burns your office this O-Week,

Salient

You're not. From Critic.

Macklemore was awesome.

From Troy.

Spam of the Week

Hi Friend,

Hope everything goes well with you in the new year. We appreciate to attach our latest items for your reference. For more styles, feel free to click our website for searching. Please inform that we would periodically keep sending you our new slippers. Kindly let us know if it may probably troubled you. We value your any feedback and early attention.

Yours Faithfully,

Jamie

Fujian Putian Best Co.,Ltd.

889 RenMin Road,Hanjiang District

Cover letter of the week

Dear Critic,

I am writing to apply for the position of Patsy Letter Writer. I believe that I have the skills and experience necessary to sycophantically praise your publication each and every week without reusing adjectives like "excellent" or "transcendent." With the average issue being 48 pages, there's always going to be something for me to draw a positive from, whether it's a defamatory comment that doesn't cause as much reputational damage as it could have, or a music review granting a flash-in-the-pan local garage band exposure far greater than they expected or deserved. I look forward to hearing from you.

Kind regards,
Michelle Fawn

The IP address of this email has been traced to somewhere within the Critic office

Dear Critic,

I would like to congratulate you on surviving last year. It can't have been easy to get through second semester with such an incompetent news editor. Thank fuck that useless bastard has been shipped off upstairs – hopefully he'll just stick to things like "strategic direction" and "pornographic research" and leave the hands-on "writing" stuff to more talented individuals.

Yours Sincerely,
Still Bitter About Not Getting The Job

LETTERS POLICY

Letters should be 200 words or less. Deadline is Thursday at 5pm. Send letters to critic@critic.co.nz, post them to P.O. 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.

Notices

Otago Uni Hockey Club Trials

Men: Saturday 9 March 1-3pm

Women: Sunday 10 March 1-3pm

At the turf on Harbour Terrace.

Be 30 min early.

Bring a black & a white shirt.

Under 18? Did you know you are entitled to receive FREE dental care every year until your 18th birthday?

To find the dentists providing FREE care in Dunedin call 0800 TALK TEETH (0800 825 583) (press 2) or 0800 Oral Health – 0800 672 543 (free from cell phones).



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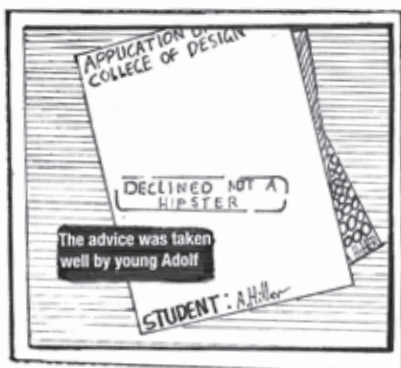
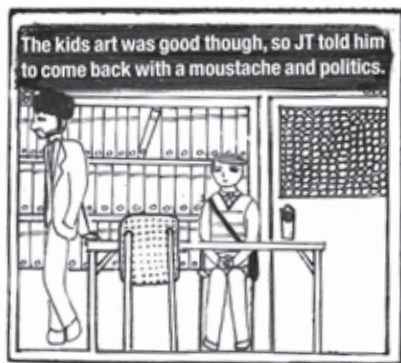
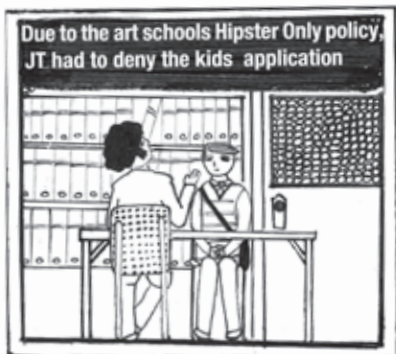
This Monday!

OUSA Market Day

Monday 25 February
10-4pm
Link Courtyard
Stall holder info at ousa.org.nz

ousa
otago uni students' association

BYES!



For more fun, find The Childrens Book of Misery on Facbook

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Flat already broken?

If your flat already has stuff going wrong, the shower isn't working or the roof is leaking then check out your Orientation Magazine for an easy to fill out 14 Day Notice to send to your landlord if they aren't returning your calls and sorting the issues out. It's easy to find online as well, just search 14 Day Notice or find the form here dbh.govt.nz/pub-sorting-out-problems

Of course if your flat is having issues between yourselves then maybe you need to visit OUSA Student Support for a chat!



President's Column

KIA ORA AND A WARM WELCOME TO YOU!

To any returning students, welcome back. To any new ones, welcome to the best University in New Zealand.

I'm Fran and I've got the honour of serving you as the Otago University Students' Association President for this year. Our mission is to provide students with the ultimate student experience by providing welfare, recreation, events and political representation. If you ever need a hand or have any ideas on how to do anything better, I implore you to get in touch.

Some of the ideas I have of improving OUSA this year revolve around theme of "Three Fs." Food - providing food on campus cheaply and healthily, Flats - upgrading the shit flats in Dunedin to make them livable and Facilities - improving OUSA's buildings to bring them into the 21st century.

By the time this column has been published, O'week will have been finished. I'd like to extend a warm thanks to everyone who took part in the craziness of Orientation. Our hard-working and competent staff, the enthusiastic and always energetic volunteers and finally the ordinary students who had fun and didn't go too far. I also want to thank the University, the DCC and the members of the Public for being so warmly welcoming to Dunedin's newest citizens. We inject a lot of vibrancy and life into this city so it's good to see people being so appreciative.

Let's be good to the city back. Get involved and volunteer. Don't take things too far. Listen to the inner voice in your head that tells you to hold back.

Enjoy your week. Get in touch if you have any questions or comments.

Cheers,

Francisco Hernandez

Francisco Hernandez, OUSA President 2013



What's happening at the OUSA, Recreation Centre? (previously Clubs and Socs)

Enrolments are now open for the semester one recreation programme. Along with the old favs we now have blogging, contemporary dance, creative writing, outdoor first aid, drawing, music technology, k-pop dance, herbal medicine making and many more.

Upcoming tournaments and events

Coming up in March we have our Mini Golf, laser tag and photo competitions along with another pizza quiz night. Head online for more info.

Don't forget there's FREE Squash Court and Sauna for a fortnight with your SuperPass!

Squash Court - Available 7 days, Bookings on the hour Weekdays 9.00am - 9.00pm, Weekends 10.00am - 7.00pm, 19th Feb - 2nd March.

Sauna - Available Weekdays only, Bookings on the hour 10.00am - 4.00pm, 19th Feb - 2nd March.

Bookings essential - Drop into the Clubs and Societies Centre or Phone 03 479 5960. For anything Recreation related jump on to ousa.org.nz/recreation/





Another night. Wasted.

Know your limit, think about
how much you drink.

If you would like to talk to someone about your drinking please call or email
Practice Nurse Chris Griffiths in confidence at Student Health Services

03 479 8463
chris.griffiths@otago.ac.nz