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CRICKET MAKES LIFE WORTH LIVING.

There's a test match between NZ and England at the University Oval next to Logan Park, running from Wednesday to Sunday. Every Otago student should go.

That's why I'm not writing this editorial about politics, ticking "no religion" in the census, or meathead O-Week antics. Cricket is more important than any of them.

Cricket is the most unique, strategic sport in existence. Bowlers and batsmen are locked into an individual duel within a team sport, and each has unique weapons at his disposal.

Bowlers can try to injure or intimidate the batsman, or lure him into any number of possible traps. Each batsman has to balance attack and defence over the course of several hours, knowing that a single mistake will doom him to standing in the field for a day and a half.

No other sport allows you to enjoy the spectacle of an incompetent, terrified batsman, picked in the team for his bowling, attempting to survive two hours against a ruthless fast bowler in order to secure a draw for his team. If rugby stole this idea and required one team to replace their props with wingers in the scrum for the last ten minutes of every game, it would be an altogether more entertaining sport.

I'm not going to go all Macklemore and say "I was five years old when I got my first bat / I stepped outside / And I was like, Momma, this Slazenger right here, it's gonna make me fly." But that's pretty much what happened. In the end, you either love an activity or you don't, and if you do, it's often hard to articulate exactly why.

But even if you don't understand cricket, you will love the Dunedin game. The University Oval is a picturesque venue with an amazing atmosphere. There will be sun. There will be beer and wine. There will be drunken, middle-aged Englishmen singing loud, abusive songs. You can lie on the grass bank and watch the game.

Fine, I'll mention the census. Fuck the statisticians. Write "YOLO" as your religion, then embrace your newfound faith by spending a day at the Uni Oval.

– CALLUM FREDRIC





An artists' rendition of Hyde St Keg Party 2014 as commissioned by the DCC

Hyde Street's Future in Jeopardy

BY SAM MCCHESENEY, WITH REPORTING BY BELLA MACDONALD

YESTERDAY A RIP OPENED IN THE SPACE-TIME continuum, and *Critic* peered through a wormhole into the future. In this future, the 2013 Hyde Street Keg Party had been overtaken by meataxes. An influx of Christchurch bogans and the nihilism of the street's inhabitants had wreaked havoc: people swung from telephone wires and fell from the sky, a Rug Doctor-themed partygoer drowned in a Spongebob-themed girl's Bikini Bottom, and a group jumped so hard on a roof that the entire flat sank into the ground and awoke a slumbering dragon, which proceeded to rain fiery death on the Hobbit flat. Needless to say, the party was cancelled for 2014.

Fortunately, OUSA, the University of Otago, the Police, and the DCC are all stressing the message that, on a quantum level, the universe is essentially indeterminate, and that the universe *Critic* witnessed was just one of an almost infinite number of possible futures. Moreover, they

claimed, humans have free will and need not consider the future in strictly fatalist terms.

With this in mind, various ways to tame this year's upcoming Hyde Street Keg Party are being considered. The message from the DCC and the University has been that if the party matches 2012's level of mayhem then not only will future iterations be banned but a permanent North Dunedin-wide liquor ban is likely to be introduced, effectively spelling the end of Scarfie culture as we know it.

The event is scheduled to take place on Saturday 13 April, and OUSA has held a series of meetings with tenants, landlords, the DCC, emergency services and other key stakeholders to discuss ways to make the event safer. Last year's glass ban seems certain to be repeated, and various ways to limit the number of revellers are under consideration. Last year's event saw 5000 attendees; University Vice-Chancellor Harlene

Hayne is hoping to halve that figure, with OUSA President Francisco Hernandez citing an ideal limit of 2500–3500.

Safety

Last year's party ended up being extremely unsafe. 80 people with an average age of 19 years were admitted to Dunedin Hospital's emergency department. Of these, 11 had suffered head injuries, 28 had lacerations, 12 had fractures, 17 had soft-tissue injuries, and 15 were as tipsy as a gypsy.

Hayne recalls witnessing the carnage first-hand. "I saw students receive severe lacerations, I saw students fall off roofs. There was carnage literally spread from Hyde Street almost to the botanical gardens with students passed out because they'd had way too much to drink. They had no ID on them, we had no way of knowing who they were or where they belonged, so I was very, very concerned about the safety of the individual students."

Hayne's other main concern is the financial fallout from an event like Hyde Street. On top of the now-infamous footage of a roof caving in, last year's party was estimated to have cost the

taxpayer hundreds of thousands of clams, at around \$1 per clam. Hayne is clear that she does not consider the event to be worth such an exorbitant price. "We have to keep in mind that it's really just one day," she emphasised. "It's not like the students at Otago don't have multiple opportunities to have lots and lots of fun in many different ways."

Bogans

Of the nine people arrested at last year's event, only one was an Otago student. Two were University of Canterbury students, three were Dunedin non-students, and three were out-of-town non-students. Non-Otago students are widely considered to be responsible for much of the more extreme disruption, and one of the principal aims of residents, OUSA and the University has been to ensure that the party is restricted to students only.

Hayne believes that this will ensure that attendees are people who "have some sticking power to Dunedin and feel a bit of responsibility as citizens of this city, rather than people coming in from outside whose only goal for the day is apparently to wreak havoc."

Hernandez concurs, stating that Hyde Street is a "student event," and that restricting it to students has received strong support from residents. He also emphasised that the ability of residents to enjoy their own party should be a paramount concern. "The people at Hyde Street told us, 'we didn't actually have fun at our own party last year. We were too busy trying to police our own property, stopping people from having sex in our beds and breaking our shit to actually enjoy the party ourselves,'" he revealed.

Nonetheless, one of OUSA's proposed solutions, to allot 15 tickets per Hyde Street resident, has provoked a backlash from many students. On the party's Facebook event page, a post by Ryan Edgar gently criticising the 15 ticket allotment proposal received over 100 likes before being taken down. Edgar is a Hyde Street resident and one of the hosts of the event, and served on the OUSA Executive last year. Beneath this post, an angry comment by Alastair Lynn advocating "a very unpeaceful, violent, drunken riot" attracted around 30 likes. Alastair, you're really not helping.

Despite these objections, Hernandez believes the proposal is "only unpopular among people

who don't live on Hyde Street, or don't have any friends on Hyde Street." Nonetheless, he stresses that the proposal is just that, and OUSA is actively exploring other ways to limit numbers. *Critic* suggests a rain dance.

Scarfie Culture

With the closure of Gardies and the Bowler, the end of the Toga Party, the Undie 500 and the Cookathon, and the mooted closure of the Cook, many see the Hyde Street Keg Party as one of the last vestiges of a dying Scarfie culture in Dunedin. Hernandez agrees that Hyde Street is an important part of the Dunedin experience. "We're very much in favour of Hyde Street. We see it as a cultural institution that should be preserved. For that to happen, we need this Hyde Street to go well."

Hayne also sees the value of the event. "I was at Hyde Street all day last year and I do understand why the students like it," she confesses. "The costumes were fantastic, there was a great feeling on the street early in the day, the weather was beautiful, so it was a fantastic day. But things got really out of hand around lunchtime, and it shifted from being a fun occasion to being something that was really quite dangerous.

"If things are handled well and the residents of Hyde Street and the landlords on Hyde Street cooperate and ensure that everybody has a safe and fun time, I see that it's a great addition to the student culture here. If we have a repeat of last year then I think the Hyde Street party is over."

Liquor Ban

There are fears within OUSA and among the student body as a whole that any more mishaps at Hyde Street will not only see the event banned in future, but will see a permanent liquor ban imposed across North Dunedin. OUSA fought tooth and claw last year to stop a liquor ban being imposed. One of the DCC's main concerns at the time was the cost and danger of the Hyde Street party, and OUSA are fearful that any mishaps on Hyde Street this year will undo all their work.

Hernandez believes that this threat is exacerbated by 2013 being local body election year, and says that various "unprogressive" elements in Dunedin are "looking for an excuse" to step on students in order to gain political capital. "The message we've got from senior figures in the

University and the DCC is that if the Hyde Street party fucks up, the liquor ban is back on the table," Hernandez warned. "And by back on the table, I would go so far as to speculate that a liquor ban will be in place over north Dunedin by the end of the year."

When *Critic* asked DCC liquor licensing and projects officer Kevin Mechen whether he supported a liquor ban, Mechen had this to say: "It would depend on what one hopes to achieve. If the Council receives a request to consider it my job is to put it before the Councillors for them to decide. My report would put options based on the information I'm fed by the various parties. The options would have pros and cons stated and my recommendation would be based on what the various parties hope to achieve and whether or not they are likely to be achieved." So, in other words, yes. Yes he does.

Hayne also cautioned that "if the party gets out of hand again this year I will work very closely with the DCC, with the Police, with the emergency services in making sure that it does not happen again." According to Hayne, "there is absolutely no doubt that the carnage following Hyde Street would meet the criteria for a liquor ban," and warned that "this could literally put student culture around north Dunedin in very serious jeopardy. And that would be a shame."

Hernandez urges any students who are concerned about the future of Hyde Street to attend a meeting at Union Hall on Monday 4 March at noon. He stressed that while OUSA was not trying to take over the event and could not tell Hyde Street residents how to run the party, the organisation could provide the liaison, manpower and know-how needed to make the party safer.

Hernandez and Hayne both stress that the fate of the event rests with the residents and party-goers themselves. Only a responsible attitude by those attending will ensure the ongoing survival of the event.

"If it does go well, it will be a fantastic day. If it doesn't go well, it will be the last time the party is held," Hayne told *Critic*.

"I think the residents of Hyde Street need to ask themselves one question: do you want to be the Hyde Street that saves the party forever, or do you want to be the Hyde Street that kills it?"



Photos Courtesy Sam Clark (*Critic*), Abby Smith (*Critic*), Emily Hlavac Green (A&E Studios), Daniel Chew (Snapstar)

O-Week Induces O-Faces

BY CLAUDIA HERRON

ORIENTATION '13 HAS BEEN HAILED AS ONE of the best yet, with this year's batch of fizzed-up freshers much better behaved than the previous year. The week was jam-packed with successful events, including the never-tiresome Toga Party, perennial favourite Guy Cater, headlining act Macklemore & Ryan Lewis, and enough code to overwhelm even the biggest meathead in UniCol.

OUSA president Francisco Hernandez remarked that the entire week "couldn't have gone better," complimenting the excellent organisation and hard work of the OUSA events team. He also attributed the success to the fact that "people listened" to the message to act responsibly at O-Week events.

A major highlight of the week was Thursday night's headliners Macklemore & Ryan Lewis, who charmed a crowd of 5500 thrift shoppers at Forsyth Barr Stadium. Hernandez insisted that Otago's O-Week was "the best in the country" and gave a triumphant snigger to his UCSA counterparts who tried to claim they had secured Macklemore first. Dream on UCSA.

Campus Cop Max Holt also hailed the week as a success, remarking that the students were "well behaved and had great attitudes at parties around the North End." The female student population proved their moral worth with not one of their number arrested. *Critic* speculates that copious eyelash-batting and revealing togas may have been contributing factors. Of the nine

male Otago students arrested from Monday 18 to Monday 25 February, only two of them were formally charged, the other seven receiving pre-charge warnings. OUSA also reported no arrests made at any OUSA gigs, presumably because the police prefer NWA to Macklemore and stayed at home.

University of Otago Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne got amongst the spirit of the week by spending time with students at sports day, on the marae, as well as attending events at the stadium. "In my view, Orientation was a huge success. Overall the standard of behaviour was high and there were very few serious problems involving Otago students."

While nearly 60 noise complaints were received during 2012's OUSA-run events, this year's O-Week saw a record low of six complaints, presumably because everybody in the vicinity of the stadium had gone deaf after last year's Shihad gig.

ODT Invents 19 People

BY ZANE POCKOCK

THE OTAGO DAILY TIMES ARE AT IT AGAIN, THIS week falsely reporting on a meeting they didn't attend. The gathering in question was hosted last Tuesday afternoon at OUSA's Recreation Centre by the New Zealand Union of Students' Associations (NZUSA). It was a workshop designed to involve students in the "constitution discussion" recently launched by NZ's Constitutional Advisory Panel.

The ODT reported an attendance of 20 students at the event, but Critic was present and meticulously counted the entire audience, which consisted of one person. The attendee, who does not wish to be named, did however give a 20-minute monologue which easily made up for his lack of comrades. Critic suggests that when the ODT skips meetings in future, they get their statements from participants, not organisers.

OUSA president Francisco Hernandez has also been dragged into the fiasco, being quoted

in the ODT as saying that the discussion was "very worthwhile" and provided "some student perspective on the issues." Critic reminds El Presidenté that "one" does not equate to "some," and also notes our Dear Leader's sudden comment of "oh fuck! You're the media, aren't you?" when he arrived mid-meeting, spouting confidential details of the Hyde Street Keg Party "turning to shit."

The low turnout does not, however, undermine the campaign. Very few New Zealanders understand New Zealand's constitution. Unlike in America where the constitution is one legal document to protect the rights of its people, here we are protected by a mash-up of other pieces of law.

One of the questions raised was whether our lack of a single written constitution is a problem at all, let alone one which needs fixing. It was also noted that this is a much wider debate which encompasses the broad question of "how

you want our country to be run in the future," including issues such as the length of electoral terms, the voting age, and New Zealand's changing demographics.

"We need to get every opinion out in the open in order to start solving issues," one organiser told Critic. "'Agree to disagree' is nonsense." Critic was deeply impressed by this, and suggests that rabid opposition to respectful disagreement should be the guiding principle of any new constitution.

The event was held as part of NZUSA's Big Questions "tour," which is designed to give an opportunity for the "student voice" to be heard. Critic would like to point out that the quotation marks were actually NZUSA's, not ours, and came from the organisation's (presumably sarcastic) tumblr page. As for the nature of the meeting itself, it was acutely (and desperately) noted that a lot of the hoped-for discussion actually happens around the dinner table at home. Organisers now hope to target these debates in future. Critic is unsure what this entails, but it sounds terrifying.

The morning discussion on Superannuation was more widely attended.



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Psycho Nerd Goes on One-Man Killstreak

BY CLAUDIA HERRON

AN ONLINE GAMER HAS TRAGICALLY TURNED his fantasy "Guild Wars" game into a real-life "killed wars" game after losing a fantasy battle and allegedly killing his cyber rival. Police believe the attack was most likely motivated by the game the pair were playing prior to the incident. A dispute is said to have arisen from the game after which the enraged attacker drove a short distance to the victim's house in Half Moon Bay, Auckland, and then repeatedly stabbed him with an Orichalcum Dagger Blade. Medical experts say the deceased is "unlike" to respawn.

The NZ Herald has revealed the victim to be Henry Pan, a 24-year-old employee of the computer industry, but cannot reveal the name of the accused, 23. The Sunday Star-Times reported that the victim was a keen role-playing gamer

and enjoyed games such as Guild Wars and Oblivion, in which missions and quests are completed in fantasy worlds with swords and sorcery.

The death evokes an apparent link between the violence of video games and homicide. However, according to Christchurch-based clinical psychologist Craig Prince, it is difficult to attribute such links because "people are so complicated," and while video games could be a factor, "it's only one out of potentially many."

In the name of investigative journalism, or perhaps to unleash a virgin gamer's role-playing prowess, *Critic* attempted to unveil the mystery and joined "Game Planet" so as to trawl the forums for clues. Unfortunately, few specifics were found about the murder except a couple of

condolences from those who'd never met the victim but had clashed swords with him. There was also open debate about the tragedy in general.

One forum directly relating to the incident, "GW2 [Guild Wars II] implements IRL [In Real Life] permadeath," shredded the idea that there was a link between the violent killing and video games. Lamalord93 commented that "anyone that thinks games turn people into a murderer is a self centered and ignorant moron." Eldon Monarch suggested the two may have "account shared" and that the victim sabotaged the attacker's online stuff, because "something like that could trigger a violent reaction. I've seen death threats leveled in other MMORPG [Massively Multiplayer Online Role-Playing Games] before."

The man has appeared in court charged with murder, and given the gaming link New Zealand is likely to be in the international spotlight.



Roots Still Not Forgotten

BY SAM MCCHESENEY

DUNEDIN'S MOST FAMOUS ROOTS BAND, Six60, haven't forgotten their roots. In fact, these roots have been remembered so well, locked so tightly in Six60's collective temporal lobes, that they have announced a show in the little old town from whence they spawned. Six60 will rise up onto the stage at Union Hall on 20 April 2013 (or as they like to call it, Twenty4twenty13).

According to Six60's (presumably self-penned) Wikipedia page, they specialise in "extended singer/songwriter jams" with "dubstep bridges," in which "hard-rocking guitar work duels with synthetics and low-end bass over percussive rhythms."

If you were worrying that the melody would not shine through, fear not, because "in both voice and instrumentation melody shines through."

Six60 began in their flat at 660 Castle Street, hence the name. This permanent reminder of their roots may be one reason why the band is unlikely to forget their roots. *Critic* wonders whether the current tenants are aware of the illustrious history of the flat, and speculates that this could only boost their street cred.

When Six60 began, they "would not have dreamed of becoming such the powerhouse in

NZ music they are today." Still, they probably should have realised they were destined for greatness. After all, "[t]he fact that Six60 were students just like the majority of those around them proved the attraction, and combined with their ability to bring hugely energetic and entertaining performances in environments ranging from friends flats to the local pubs, Six60 were the voice youth wanted to begin calling their own."

Six60 tried to stem the tide of popularity for as long as possible – after all, it's important not to sell out and forget your roots – but "[o]nce word was out, Six60 tunes could be heard blaring out from university dorms around the country... The first true understanding to the band of how large their underground following had grown was realised when the band made their way to Palmerston North."

The band is full of praise for the city/town/hamlet: "Palmerston North is similar in many ways to Dunedin where the band started out; both cities have a large university campus nestled within minutes of the city centre and like Dunedin, Palmerston North is renowned for its drinking party culture and loosely behaving females." Hear that, females? You're "renowned"!

"Six60, worried if any patrons would turn up at all to their two scheduled gigs were blown away when both of the concerts were to the rafters sell outs. With 500+ Palmerston North students cramming into the 'Massey MUSA bar venue' on the Friday and again at 'The Royal' on the Saturday, Six60 responded by delivering two of the most energy fueled and electrifying performances of their underground reign. It is believed after the Friday gig the Six60 crew were in disbelief that Palmerston North's bars closed at 3:00 am, wanting to kick the party on the band headed across the road from where they were staying (The Royal) to Jaices apartment and continued partying until sunrise."

Cool story bro.

High School Implements Tuxedo Dress Code

BY DENNIS LARSON

DUNEDIN'S OWN KING'S HIGH SCHOOL HAS set up a class to teach Year 9 boys how to become gentlemen, based on a Texas course called The Gentlemen's Society.

According to the *Otago Daily Times*, the course will teach the boys "how to act like a sophisticated man," including dining etiquette, how to dress, and appropriate language. The newspaper's attempts to fish for a token negative comment from a University of Otago School of Education lecturer did not succeed, with the lecturer refusing to agree that course would "alienate" some pupils.

More controversial is the school's decision to set up its own chapter of the Bullingdon Club, an all-male Oxford University organisation known for its outrageous parties and traditional dress code. Dunedin's restaurants have particular cause for concern, as the Bullies' modus operandi is to dine out at a restaurant and drink heavily before wrecking the place and paying for the damage in full. As with the Bullingdon Club, *Critic* presumes the 13-year-old children will be relying on their wealthy land-owning parents to pick up the tab.

A senior teacher at the school, when spoken to by *Critic*, joked that the gentleman training class might inspire Otago Girls' High School to implement their own "ladies' class" to teach the girls "traditional values, like how to stay in the kitchen and cook." On a more serious note, he argued that the boys would "genuinely benefit from the course, they'll learn some values that will stand them in good stead later in life."



ELSEWHERE

Focusing on a series of nondescript, ambiguous and abstract situations, *Elsewhere* reflects on the ability of art to transport us into unknown physical and psychological realms. Includes work by Ronnie van Hout, Martin Creed, Sriwhana Spong, Christine Webster and Dane Mitchell.



Brendon McCullum



Ross Taylor



Mark Gillespie

VS



James Anderson



Kevin Pietersen



Alastair Cook

NEW ZEALAND

ENGLAND

Test Cricket in Dunedin

BY CALLUM FREDRIC

A THREE-TEST SERIES IN NEW ZEALAND IS RARER THAN A FIVE-DAY TEST against South Africa. The England series is the Black Caps' last chance to win some glory after a whitewash of a season, with just the one (admittedly epic) victory against Sri Lanka. The first test starts in Dunedin on Wednesday, at the University Oval next to Logan Park.

England are the favourites. NZ's home advantage won't be much of a factor since conditions in the motherland are very similar, favouring swing bowling. England's loyal and perma-drunk fans, the Barmy Army, may well outnumber the NZ fans in the Dunedin test.

The excellent bowling conditions in NZ and the weakness of the Black Caps' batting lineup means there's little chance of a draw in the series unless rain intervenes, so my advice is to throw down \$20 on a 2-1 win for England – NZ have a decent chance of sneaking a low-scoring win during the series, so long as they don't succumb to the delusion that any spinner is better than no spinner and pick Bruce Martin over a fourth pace bowler. He will get smoked.

The Critic Selection

ENGLAND

Alastair Cook (c), Nick Compton, Jonathan Trott, Kevin Pietersen, Ian Bell, Joe Root, Matt Prior (wk), Graeme Swann, Steven Finn, James Anderson, Graham Onions.

NEW ZEALAND

Hamish Rutherford, Peter Fulton, Kane Williamson, Ross Taylor, Brendon McCullum (c), Dean Brownlie, BJ Watling (wk), Trent Boult, Tim Southee, Mark Gillespie, Doug Bracewell.

Players to watch

ENGLAND

James Anderson – Anderson is a mesmerising swing bowler with the ability to move the ball sharply both ways at pace, making him a nightmare for batsmen. He tore NZ to shreds last time he was here, and will probably do so again. MySky the game and watch his wrist positioning again and again, it's a thing of true beauty.

Alastair Cook – Captain Cook has been unstoppable over the past few seasons, boosting his average to nearly 50. The guy has the concentration of an Aspergers-afflicted birdwatcher on Ritalin. Drunkenly yelling abuse from the meataxe eastern bank isn't going to faze him, so don't bother.

Kevin Pietersen – KP is an attacking batsman, style icon, and one of the four South African defectors in the English squad. He was rested for the ODI series, but has finally arrived to entertain the crowds with his switch-hitting and aggressive batting.

NEW ZEALAND

Mark Gillespie – Gillespie might not actually get selected for the first test, but leaving him out would be a huge mistake. Not only is he NZ's fastest bowler, but his variety, ability to swing the ball, and willingness to gamble in order to take wickets make him indispensable. He destroyed the South African lineup last year, and would pose a serious threat to England's top order.

Ross Taylor – Taylor scored a century against England in his ODI return in February, and he averages 50 against them in tests. If he can shelve the reckless shots, England could be entering a world of pain.

Brendon McCullum – McCullum is NZ's second-best batsman and, aside from Taylor and Kane Williamson, our only international-class batsman in the squad. He will be moving down to #5 after a poor run as opener, and we need him to cash in if NZ are to post some competitive scores.



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Ricki Herbert Can Fuck Off

BY GREG HALL

RICKI HERBERT QUIT HIS JOB LAST WEEK.

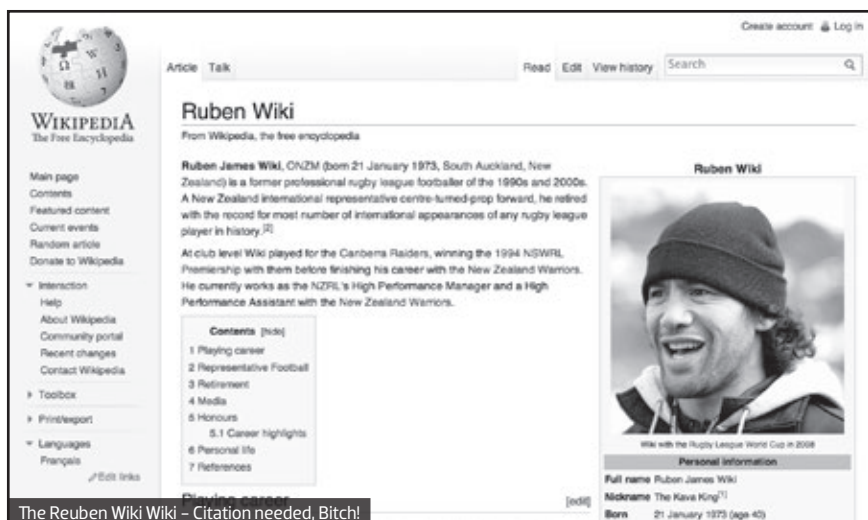
Herbert had been in charge of the Wellington Phoenix since 2007. In that time he had a meagre 53 wins out of 154 games, a win percentage of around 34%. The Phoenix are woeful, and have been since their inception. Now, this may seem to be bordering on slander (and yes I do want my own "I hate Gus Gawn" page), but hear me out. If you can honestly say you have watched a full game featuring a team Ricki Herbert oversees and not been tempted to see if there was a netball game on another channel, then 1) you don't know a thing about football, 2) you are in denial, oh, and 3) you're head mental.

Herbert coached the only professional side in New Zealand as well as the national team. A management student told me this is what is called the "agency problem." I told him that I didn't ask him and would he please stop looking into my cubicle. Whether or not Herbert benched All Whites players when they had a Phoenix game soon after is an argument for another time, but we all know that he did.

Chris Greenacre, who has been under Herbert's tutelage for just under a year, has been named interim manager for the rest of the season. Greenacre has said that he is too young to be considered for the job full-time, and that he owes a lot to Ricki for placing him under his wing. He added a special thank you to Ricki for sharing his rare cheeses with him. Greenacre declined to say what Herbert's favourite cheese was, but everybody knows he's a Gouda man.

Herbert has since accepted the position of technical football advisor with the Phoenix. Although nobody within the franchise was available to comment on what that exactly means, a Weta Workshop employee let slip that they had been commissioned to create a bronze statue of Herbert posing in the Mario Balotelli shirtless death-stare-flex goal celebration from Euro 2012.

The Phoenix played the Heart at Forsyth Barr on Sunday. With Herbert gone I hope some free-flowing football was on show. Both teams are rubbish but often when two shit teams collide it can provide an entertaining game.



Ruben Wiki Rims Rowdy Fan

BY JOHN BURTON

IF YOU WEREN'T AWARE, HISTORY WAS MADE ON 23 February. This may not help you narrow down the timeframe due to the haze of O-Week. It was the Saturday night. The Warriors came to town, their first ever visit to this delightful metropolis called Dunedin, and offered up our first taste of rugby league against the Brisbane Broncos. We, in turn, offered up their first experience of North Dunedin hospitality.

Although a pre-season fixture, a crowd of 15,000 gave this match the intensity of a semi-final. Some early fireworks from newcomer Todd Lowrie added to the excitement. A late shoulder charge on Broncos half Peter Wallace saw a scuffle break out within minutes of the opening siren, creating a buzz around the crowd that would rival that of a Highlanders versus Crusaders derby. Apart from Lowrie's blindside on Wallace, the first half lacked any real excitement apart from the ridiculous amount of tries the Broncos had disallowed. For those of you a bit too drunk to count, or too cool to attend a sporting event, there were a total of four tries disallowed by Mr. TMO. The fourth even brought a deep-throated chuckle from the very bland seventy-something year old man seated beside me. After 40 minutes of Broncos offense, Scarfie stomping and monotonous chants of "MA-NU, MA-NU, MA-NU," the boys in blue (the Warriors, who wore yet another different match strip), went ahead courtesy of Shaun Johnson's boot. 2-0 Warriors.

For many fans, this may have been an ideal time to leave, but the heroics of one young man

helped bring the crowd to life. Donning his best party suit, a young man evaded security and made his way onto the field just moments after the players had left the field. What added real spice to this man's entertaining foray into the world of track athletics was Ruben Wiki. The Kiwis legend only briefly hesitated before notching yet another infamous hit. He left the man briefly incapacitated. All credit must go to this troupier who quickly recovered to show off his nifty footwork, only to be caught short at the final hurdle.

Soon after half time, debutant Lachlan Maranta slid over to put the Broncos ahead. You wouldn't blame even the most faithful Warriors supporter for letting their head drop after the first half. But thankfully the Warriors responded. It might have been the appeal of celebrating in front of all you Scarfies, but Manu touched down after a brilliant grubber from Thomas Leuluai. This sparked a great patch of attacking play from the Warriors. Glen "Fish" Fisihi quickly capitalised on some sloppy loose ball, and Todd Lowrie barrelled his way over within the next 13 minutes. This essentially wrapped up the game, and ended a ten-match losing streak for the Warriors. Perhaps Dunedin should be the Warriors' new home? For whatever reason they came, it was a great way to cap off O-Week. Let us not forget our very own Super-Streaker-esque Scarfie. May he live out his life ban from Forsyth Barr in peace.

Note: if you or your mate was the streaker, email sports@critic.co.nz, we want to talk to you.

ANTH 105

Semester Two • 2013

Global and Local Cultures



**We will engage key debates in contemporary social anthropology including:
colonialism, free markets, violence, tourism, ethnicity,
nationalism, and the media.**

(Approved as an optional eighth paper for Health Sciences First Year Programme)

ARCH101

Human Origins and Civilisations

(was ANTH106)

Semester Two • 2013

COURSE DESCRIPTION:

A review of the archaeological evidence for the origins and cultural development of the human species from its earliest appearance up to and including the rise of early civilisations.





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Critic

BEST OF THE WEB

youtu.be/B53Q9LoPHQ0
(critic.co.nz/C101)

Critic has found the only reason to ever
watch a weather report. Youtube: "Sunrise:
Weatherman Grant Denyer passes
out on LIVE TV in stunt plane".
He was under 8Gs at the time.

360cities.net/london-photo-en
(critic.co.nz/C102)

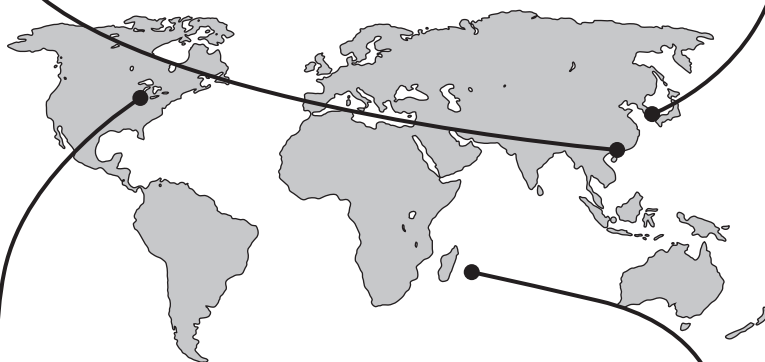
One of the world's largest 360 degree
panoramas is an 80 Gigapixel
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photo of London.

NEWS IN BRIEFS

WORLD WATCH

SEOUL, SOUTH KOREA | Headlining South Korea's Presidential Inauguration Ceremony, K-pop phenomenon Psy introduced his performance by saying, "I know this is a very formal event, but if you could please stand up and join me for the horse dance, it would be great." The entire 89,000-strong crowd obliged.

HONG KONG | Indian marathon runner Fauja Singh ended his 12 year running career with a 10K on Sunday. The catch: he started running at the age of 89. You do the maths.



MAURITIUS, INDIAN OCEAN | An ancient lost continent has been discovered, likely drowned during the continental breakup about 85 million years ago. Mauritius is more of a fuck-off mountain than an island.

DETROIT, USA | The city is in such poor financial shape that it could soon be taken over by a state-appointed 'manager', with its elected officials suspended.



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FAILIENT

THE WORST

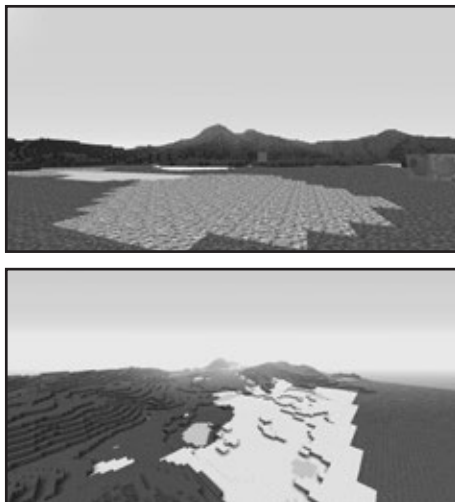
Fails of the Week from Wellington's Student Magazine

- 1) Salient published their first issue last week, and it set the tone perfectly for the year of sweet, sweet fails ahead. First up, the admission that "Dunedin is a city for students, while Wellington is a city for civil servants." Full marks for honesty, but you just crushed Wellington students' collective delusion of their city being hip and cosmopolitan as opposed to a small port town propped up by the Ministry of Fisheries and their alty subsidiaries.
- 2) The sole genuine, non-satirical advice feature in the magazine contained a tragic piece of pseudoscience that could spread the fail trail to students' academic careers. The article advises students to study in groups while drinking in a bar, because "the brain is more receptive to new information when ambient sound is present." *Critic's* pseudoscience team suggests that students could also study to nature CDs of babies crying – this activates the primal nurturing cortex of your brain, making you hyper-vigilant and firing on all cylinders.
- 3) An article about Gangnam Style fearlessly takes on John Key, Mitt Romney, and students from Eton, while praising Obama for successfully "pulling off" the dance. Edgy content like that is what makes student media great. Take that, military-industrial complex!
- 4) Salient's tweets to the Ridges paid off, with both Sally and Jaime taking time out from their glamorous lives to reply. The magazine published screenshots of both tweets, like a proud ten-year-old who gets quoted in the local community newspaper for a feel-good story about icecream and puts the clipping up on his wall. *Critic* will do the same if Jason Gunn or the Pak 'n Save guy ever get back to us.

TOTES RANDOM

DUNEDIN SUBREDDIT USER "Astrokiwi" has made a downloadable Minecraft world based on Dunedin and Mosgiel scenery, including Saddle Hill, Saint Clair, and the harbour. Astrokiwi moved to South Korea six years ago, and is apparently nostalgic for the rolling plains of Otago. A fellow Redditer "EastenNinja" chimed into the conversation, commenting: "wow! that's really clever."

Download it for yourself at
critic.co.nz/dunedinminecraft



FACTS & FIGURES



60% of the world's population doesn't have access to flushing toilets or adequate water-related sanitation.



The world's most expensive Starbucks drink will set you back a cool NZ\$56.75. The Quadrinoctuple Frap is a 40-shot, 1.5L drink boasting ingredients such as bananas, caramel, chocolate, vanilla and salt. PROTIP: Visit critic.co.nz/starbucks



America has started awarding the Distinguished Warfare Medal to so-called "cyber troops," or drone pilots. Mocked as "The Purple Buttocks," the medal ranks slightly above the Bronze Star, previously the fourth-highest combat award "for heroism and/or meritorious service in battle."



Last Sunday night, the Oscars were awarded for excellence in filmmaking. But few people realise that you never actually own an Oscar. Rather, you're given one on permanent loan and can't sell it to anyone without first offering to sell it back to the Academy... for \$1.



In the Middle Ages, law-breaking animals were tried in court rather than routinely put down. Such cases often involved a judge, two prosecutors, eight witnesses, and a defence attorney.



When two people kiss, they form one really long tube with an anus at each end.



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WHAT WE REALLY MEAN

WITH A CRITICAL AND CYNICAL EYE, INES SHENNAN ELABORATES ON HER DEEPLY-HELD CONCERN THAT MEDIA CAMPAIGNS RELY ON AND EXPLOIT SOCIAL NORMS IN ORDER TO ACHIEVE THEIR CORPORATE AGENDAS.

The ability of broad media campaigns to reinforce cultural hegemony is enormous and we must scrutinise the world of products, services and their accompanying brand aesthetics. What kind of societal ideals, vices and fears are the creators of these well-crafted messages tapping into? By continuing to manipulate these ideals, vices and fears, they construct an image of normality.

The wittiest media campaigns are those that make consumers forget they are unscrupulously hunted prey. The purpose, often through passive

and subliminal modes of engagement, is to create wants and needs, from which we purchase products and services. It is easy enough to take a well-crafted campaign and engage with it on a superficial level. It is something else entirely to break apart the narrative that so many of these advertisements buy into. One of the critical impacts of corporate media is to shape and maintain our everyday perceptions and reinforce cultural norms. An exploitation of societal norms only serves to solidify issues such as our shocking drinking culture, double standards when it comes to sex, and our weakness for modern technology. A failure to challenge these norms is a failure to change them.

RTDS, BABY

It is no secret that ready-to-drink beverages, commonly known as RTDs, are a bewitching alcoholic concoction for young drinkers. Promoters are careful not to breach legal standards in marketing them, but from an ethical standpoint a grey area exists. Sickly flavours such as passionfruit, raspberry, and whipped cupcake are lined up in perfect solidarity in bottle stores. Combine this with the associated taboo that makes alcohol "cool," and it is foolish not to question what the target market of these drinks really is. It is quite ignorant to claim that young, or even underage drinkers are not drawn in by the charm of these cheap products with their brightly-labelled bottles and cans, which are easily consumed and therefore dangerous. Access to alcohol is not difficult for underage drinkers once an older friend or sibling or trusty fake ID becomes part of the equation.

In a Select Committee address on the Alcohol Reform Bill late last year, Labour MP Maryan Street succinctly summed up the dangers of RTDs, dubbing them "the most flagrant attempt of the alcohol industry to lure young people by disguising what is otherwise the bitter flavour of alcohol, and an acquired taste, as a sweet drink." Street essentially observed that youth drinking culture is not a matter of fine liquor appreciation à la Ron Burgundy but one of getting drunk for the sake of it and using alcohol as a vehicle for having a good time. The ability to "hook in" young drinkers is critical – thus the need for candy-coloured, saccharine beverages.

Our culture has accepted alcohol as an effective social lubricant. It is easy to be drawn into the trap of accepting alcohol as just another ingredient to the recipe of having a choice time, bro. We applaud the ready consumption of alcohol, which is seen as the perfect antidote to our insecurities – in particular, the fear that our unaltered personalities are inadequate to interact with our peers.

One cannot ignore the power of targeted ad campaigns, from the rugged "Southern Man" of Speight's to James Bond-wannabe Heineken drinkers. Although RTDs are usually advertised in print, it is valuable to consider how pivotal the packaging and point-of-sale displays are. The RTD is a class of product that trades on the existing climate of alcohol acceptance and, paradoxically, the taboo of alcohol – making it all the more exciting to younger drinkers. Thus the clichéd criticism of the sinful Vodka Cruiser, which is artificial and magnetically appealing to its baby-faced consumers. The Cruiser's utterly offensive flavour offerings and unashamed tackiness is concerning in itself, let alone the way it fuels wider social problems.

WHAT WE REALLY MEAN:

#lol #otp #wastey #yolo

HOUSE OF DUREX

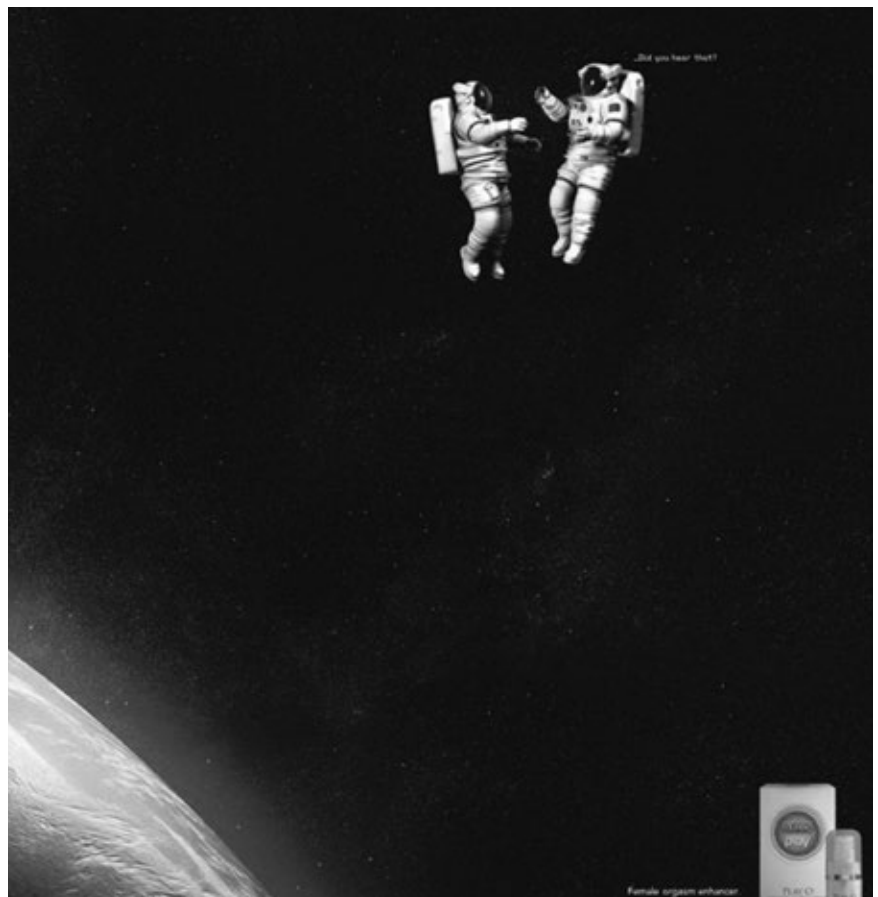
Durex ads have their ups and downs (you didn't think you were going to escape reading this without a bad pun, surely?). Their flagship products do of course serve a useful purpose in preventing unwanted spawn and undesirable infections with highly unfortunate names. However, Durex is a brand and a business, offering more than just rubbers. The creatives employed to generate brand recognition play their cards in a risqué fashion. For example, an advertisement for a magical orgasm-inducing gel – even the astronauts can hear this lass coming thousands, if not hundreds of thousands of kilometers away. Screw intimacy and privacy and just let everyone know that you're getting some, because everyone should be doing it.

But you also need their product to truly enjoy yourself. Playing on the eternal fear of rejection – we are social creatures after all – Durex has astutely wrapped up its message into a relatively humorous ad. Their product is so out of this world, every girl will be a screamer.

WHAT WE REALLY MEAN:

If you weren't already uncomfortable with your body in an overly-sexualised world, now you can feel liberated as space(wo)men listen to your cries of delight – better than being a cat lady, right?

**“FOR EXAMPLE, AN
ADVERTISEMENT FOR
A MAGICAL ORGASM-
INDUCING GEL – EVEN
THE ASTRONAUTS
CAN HEAR THIS LASS
COMING THOUSANDS,
IF NOT HUNDREDS
OF THOUSANDS OF
KILOMETERS AWAY.”**





THE APPLE ESTABLISHMENT

Apple's simple design aesthetic carries through the brand's entire range, from its products to its ad design, with succinct, catchy text and an appreciation of white space. This underpins campaigns dating right back to Apple's inception, with an ongoing focus on the product as the pinnacle selling point: it is pitched in such a way that it "just sells itself." However, it is not quite as simple as that.

The tool for depicting an utterly fresh brand is a constant influx of new products, or at least, updated versions (hello, iPhone 5). Consumerist culture values the acquisition of stuff, which ties in perfectly with the minimalist print, web and television commercials thrust upon us. Apple constantly pushes "the new." New ways of communicating with each other. New ideas. However, in Apple's "effortless" cool, there is an overwhelming confidence in its constantly fresh products. The sweet irony is that when a new model enters the market, older models become somewhat less hip.

Our society values the use of technology, and rightly so – but to a degree. We instantaneously communicate and acquire new ideas with ease. This is certainly useful, but it is equally important to question the role of technology and its omnipresent existence in our lives. Apple relies on our fetish for groundbreaking

“HOWEVER IN APPLE’S
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BECOME SOMEWHAT
LESS HIP.”

technology and the perceived inherent value in its products to propagate its message, such as in the above web ad, which self-assuredly claims the latest model to be "the biggest thing to happen to iPhone since iPhone."

Hidden beneath the clever copy is an outspoken confidence in the singular importance of the iPhone. Scared of losing touch with one another, we keenly buy into the Apple mantra (both literally and figuratively) at the expense of frequent face-to-face interactions. Actual interactions. Genuine interactions. So, tied up in Apple's new product releases and irresistible brand image, there is in fact a crucial dependence on our love of technology and our fear of not having it and losing touch with one another. Despite the apparent simplicity in their brand offering, all is not what it seems. Question the Apple monolith and the dedicated worship of its holy offerings.

WHAT WE REALLY MEAN:

If you want to be a real member of Western society in this technological age, the only way is Apple. It's a really unique brand. Which is why everybody buys into it. We're mainstream, but like, hip, you know?



V: POISON OF CHOICE

The V "Steal Your Share of \$100k" pseudo-robbery operation is an elaborately executed campaign. Intricately played out but toying with an otherwise straightforward idea, it is a notable example of the kinds of interactive campaigns waging wars against each other in the 21st century consumerist jungle that constantly seeks to surprise and shock its targets. You can interact on the online platform by "stealing" money in the hope of winning actual money from the final prize pool. The project glamorously encourages people to unleash their inner crim – in line with a culture that accepts and normalises criminal behaviour – but with a carefully-worded disclaimer in the fine print to legally distance themselves from any mavericks who interpret their instructions too literally.

Perhaps it is only a game, a cleverly fabricated battle in the competitive beverage world to project a message of V being illicit, cool and

**"PERHAPS IT IS ONLY
A GAME, A CLEVERLY
FABRICATED BATTLE
IN THE COMPETITIVE
BEVERAGE WORLD TO
PROJECT A MESSAGE OF V
BEING ILLICIT, COOL AND
DANGEROUS."**

dangerous. Street posters include catchphrases such as "Rob thy neighbor," a cheeky insult to traditional religious values to resonate with those oh-so-sinful non-religious types. One could argue it's all just a bit of fun, that it is not that provocative, that we have seen worse. But over time, if companies continue to present content which pushes the envelope in a media-dense landscape, soon the once-controversial will become unremarkable, requiring even more provocative content to make a point.

WHAT WE REALLY MEAN:

Drink V and you'll have the sudden ability to out-perform everyone else, wreak criminal havoc and play out your wildest clandestine fantasies.

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LEX. COFFEE COWBOY



For almost two decades Lex has been making strong, hot coffee at the University of Otago, currently in the East Lane of the Information Services building. Ines Shennan had a yarn with the man himself and extracted a goldmine of opinions, ranging from the political to the unusual personalities of his two Bengal cats.

Lex grew up in Dunedin, in North East Valley. His secondary education began at Kaikorai Valley College where he was a bit of a class clown. However, rather than being an attention-seeking manoeuvre, it was tactical. Supposedly, if you can make people smile, "you'll get away with anything." In his fourth form he was sent to John McGlashan, which he explains with a cackle, "can't you tell I had a private education?"

Lex's humility combined with his apparent wisdom on an array of topics is what makes him so fascinating to chat with. For 18 months he worked in Auckland on the Shortland Street set, on the lighting crew. Was it party central? Not exactly: although the stars were an easy ticket to attending various social functions, absolute chaos was not on the menu. Those in the public eye "can't be bad in public, there's too much to lose." The media industry was an eye-opener; though he was well-paid, he felt "owned" by his employers. Night shoots were not unusual and eventually the glamour of the industry wore thin amid the hard work and the egos of those around him.

So how did the career change come about? One day in Auckland, "I saw a guy behind a coffee cart. He wasn't sweating or thinking about anything. And I thought, that's the job for me." As easy as that. Lex read books to teach himself how to make good coffee, and says he was the first person to have Allpress coffee in the South Island. Back in 1994 when he started his new venture, coffee was bad. The demand for better quality products was only slowly met, a process which "happened all around me."

Certainly not one to shy away from an opinion, Lex threw some political commentary in the mix. Though he often pushes a left-wing agenda, he also equally appreciates some right-wingery. "I like the old leave-us-alone," Lex explains, criticising "nanny-state" policies and light-heartedly moaning about Labour "telling us what lightbulbs to use."

Despite this, Lex still advocates free tertiary education, stressing that as a country we should "spend every cent" on it and afterwards "pick

One day in Auckland, "I saw a guy behind a coffee cart. He wasn't sweating or thinking about anything. And I thought, that's the job for me."

up the mess, because the mess will always be there." He qualifies this by saying that "the world's always been full of people that need picking up." According to Lex, a lot of bright people miss out on a proper education because of their background, which he sees as unfair. He says tertiary education is too expensive now – so expensive, in fact, that the students "don't have the time to march down George Street about fees because they've got to learn." That's just how much pressure exists for students to do well in order to secure a job in today's competitive workforce, says this wise coffee guru.

Then come the hooligan stories.

He also likes proactive people. Marshmallows are available at Lex's coffee stand, though he doesn't consistently offer them to customers. Just ask for them. He likes that.

Well, kind of. Lex says he stopped drinking alcohol at 23 or 24. His criticisms of our boozy culture pop up when asked about student bars like the Cook. He used to frequent it when he was younger. He views the cheap off-licence liquor stores as a real problem, because people preload (a word which "didn't even exist a few years ago"), then become aggressive when they go to bars.

Having worked as a doorman, he is certainly qualified to comment on such drunken antics, and mused that it would be preferable if people "came in and got half pissed and abused every-one and beat each other then at the end of the night love you like a brother." Unfortunately, according to Lex, it happens the other way around, and that's where the trouble starts. Choosing not to drink certainly has its social woes; the Octagon becomes unbearable after 11pm, at which point "it's time to go home."

So, alcohol didn't act as the catalyst for any wild tales. When questioned about both marijuana and its synthetic versions, he lambasts the latter, firmly saying that "it's too strong, it's been manipulated, it's weird." Lex draws a comparison with coffee versus energy drink Mother, stating the latter is made "in the lab, of course it's worse for you."

Lex even provided an international perspective on drugs, excitedly explaining that the way to get "young girls off P in America is by handing out posters of someone who's been on it for 10 years." Supposedly this works to nail their meth habits, because "it works on pure vanity," rather than the threat of incarceration.

Asking about acid proved irresistible, with Lex sagely offering the information that it is a mind-altering substance that "intensifies your emotions, so if you're having a bad day you won't have a good time; if you're in a good mood it just intensifies your mood." Keep that piece of advice in mind, kiddies. Lex contends that acid has a crucial role in the creativity process, noting that the late Steve Jobs' flirtation with acid in the 1970s was crucial to his work for Apple.

Lex laments conservative-types, "because you know what you're going to get." He likes to "stop the Speedys and Joan Butchers of this world" and have a chat, because they are interesting. He likes eccentric people. He also likes proactive people. Marshmallows are available at Lex's coffee stand, though he doesn't consistently offer them to customers. Just ask for them. He likes that. "The ones that know, know to ask." It's a philosophy perhaps well-suited to other areas of life too.

In his spare time Lex just "potters around," doing a spot of fishing occasionally, near Moeraki (an hour's drive north of Dunedin), or hanging out with his two Bengal cats. Their names are Rimu and Matai, "but I might change them to Gareth and Morgan." Topical humour. Apparently the breed is quite unique – "some people put them on leashes. They're called 'dats.' They're very dog-like." Lex appreciates his moggies' independence, and slyly adds that though they'll walk up for a pat, "it's on their terms."

Lex has an opinion on anything and everything. Surprisingly, asking him for his favourite sandwich filling left him stumped. Um-ing and ah-ing, he finally quipped, "there's not many things I don't like."

THE LEXICON

"Went down to Briscoes to buy a toaster..."

– on his new haircut, self-styled with an electric shaver.

"All they do is wear out the carpet and vomit and become a nuisance"

– on people getting too drunk in bars.

"That's why the politicians have got us where we are, we're all standing in our little queues"

– on people's lack of proactiveness.

"The media feed on it, they're looking for the bad ... the badasses aren't students, they sneak in from Balclutha and they rark up and we blame the students"

– on the Hyde Street keg party.

"I think if we lived to 120 instead of 80 we wouldn't have to start driving until 26"

– on private transport.

"I think women's netball – at least you've got 3000 parents and children banging balloons together, sober, and then just going home"

– on an alternative national sport to rugby.

"I've just got the balls. I don't give a fuck. I like freaks"

– on his general approach to life.

"The world doesn't move without unreasonable people. Conservative people poo-poo them"

– on eccentricity.



the

THREE WORST THREESOMES

BY MADDY PHILLIPPS

The threesome demands respect. Like yoga pants it has the potential to go very, very well, or very, very badly. Unlike yoga pants, though, a bad threesome has the potential to induce trauma far more serious than the eyeball-searing sight of a sagging labia and cascades of dimpled flesh vacuum-packed into lycra/elastane blend, garnished with a cruelly ironic Nike tick on the left saddlebag. PTSD – Post-Threesome Stress Disorder – is a depressingly frequent postscript to the kind of threesome that TOTALLY would have seemed like a great idea at the time even if all the participants weren't high on ketamine.

Given PTSD's prevalence among the disadvantaged demographic that is middle-class students in their early twenties, it is a travesty that most of the public remain unaware of the terrible effects the disorder can have on both its sufferers and the genitalia closest to them. "Acceptable" diseases like breast cancer monopolise our charitable hearts and our annual donate-a-coin-to-get-that-person-on-the-street-corner-to-fuck-off budget, while innocent sluts like me endure memories of unwanted anal penetration and flaccid penises in silence.

But the injustice stops now. In an effort to raise awareness of the tragic, incurable condition that is PTSD, I offer you three cautionary threesome tales. If reading these saves just one innocent dick or vag from the trauma I must endure every single day, I might just forget my pain, if only for a moment.

THE ONE WITH THE PAWPAW

I really, really like Lucas' Pawpaw Ointment. Who wouldn't? The red tube contains a generous amount of the wonder salve, it's moisturising but never greasy, it's equally good on chapped lips, torn cuticles, and ingrown hairs in the pubic region, and the packaging is just rustic enough to make you forget that you are paying \$12.99 for what is effectively a tiny quantity of glorified

Vaseline. But I can enjoy this wonderful multi-tasker of a product no longer. After a trip to India a couple of years ago, the sight of that little red tube now sets off major dissociative episodes of PTSD which leave me crumpled on the floor of Albany St Pharmacy in the foetal position.

The genesis of the threesome was on a beach in Goa. After ingesting copious quantities of rum, Valium, and Ritalin with an Australian girl I had bonded with over our shared nymphomania, she and I began fingering each other and virtually scissoring as we slumped drunkenly in the sand. We decided it would be rude not to invite a penis to the party, and began scanning the group of people looking for possible candidates. Unfortunately, by this point several of the most eligible men had staggered off to pass out, and there were only two options left, one of which was homosexual. I asked him anyway but he politely declined, saying that I was "a honey" but vagina left his cock "softer than Justin Bieber's at the Bunny Ranch."

The last man staggering, then, was an Australian guy with sloping shoulders, a thick Perth mine accent and a disturbing penchant for fluoro Wayfarers. As we all staggered back to my beach shack, it became apparent that his misguided impression of his own amusingness was equal to Mike King's. Also like King, his ability to shill for the pork industry proved to be compromised. His dick remained utterly, utterly flaccid even when he disappeared from the shack for a few minutes and returned with some miraculously acquired

Viagra. I started to feel like the gay guy might have been the better option after all.

The girl and I were keen to admit defeat and default to a twosome, but instead of being a gentleman and leaving us to it, the Wayfarer wanker kept insisting that we blow him despite the fact that there wasn't enough room on his marshmallow-like penis for both of our mouths. For a good ten minutes the girl and I stared sympathetically at one another over his shrivelled-up dick, passing it listlessly between each other's mouths in a twisted version of that childhood game where you have to pass an orange to the next person without using your hands. Finally, in a bizarre attempt to rectify the situation, after much fiddling about with a little red tube he stuck two surprisingly well-lubricated fingers in my ass while I was distracted with my head buried in the girl's crotch.

"The great thing about Kiwi and Aussie girls," he crowed triumphantly, "is that they always have Lucas Pawpaw Ointment!" I extricated my face from between the girl's thighs and suddenly realised that, despite being stark naked, his fluorescent green wayfarers were still perched on his head like the feathers of a peacock in heat.

Goodbye, Favourite Lip Balm Of All Time. We had a good run, I guess.

THE ONE WITH THE EMOTIONAL AGONY

Freaks love me. Especially German freaks, as I found out when I lived in Berlin for a while. I don't know exactly what makes me irresistibly attractive to Teutonic weirdos, but stalky, obsessive, needy losers from the sylvan hills of the Rhineland flock to me like wanna-salts to the latest issue of Vice. Setting aside the guy I used to see selling newspapers in the train station who would cheerily inform me that "next time you be my victim, uh??" and the 5'3" Iraqi jockey, the most repellent was an insurance salesman who, in a moment of drunken weakness, I let squeeze my left boob on a dancefloor at 6am on a Sunday.

Unbelievably, despite my boobs' slight triangularity and resolute refusal to grow beyond a B cup, this unmemorable incident became the genesis of an infatuation Taylor Swift-like in its terrifying intensity. Henry texted me every 10 minutes for weeks until I finally relented and agreed to hang out with him and his friends for a night. When I arrived, Henry introduced me to his "best friend," who looked like a better-dressed Louis Theroux. This was a pleasantly jarring contrast to Henry, who looked like a worse-dressed Skinny P. Louis 2.0 offered me a seat. I inwardly sighed with relief that the couch was upholstered for optimum absorption of any imminent wet spots.

The night went well, except for the part where Henry attempted to kiss me repeatedly and I was so coked up that I told him the truth, which was that I would rather bang Louis 2.0 than him even if Louis had recently writhed around for hours in a pile of ripe durian fruits, and Henry started crying so I left. As I sat on the train and wondered just how bad durians actually smelled, and therefore whether I ought to have gone with a stronger analogy, I received a text:

"Louis Theroux is the only man in the world I have ever been able to see myself marrying, so to turn down the opportunity to bang his lookalike seemed like a pretty big call."

"Fuck: Yes or No?"

"No."

"Threesome with Louis?"

"Yes."

"Ok. My apartment. 7pm Friday."

In retrospect, the staccato texting should have indicated that it would be unwise to proceed any further, but Louis Theroux is the only man in the world I have ever been able to see myself marrying, so to turn down the opportunity to bang his lookalike seemed like a pretty big call. Unfortunately, the moment I arrived I realised that this threesome was going to be group sex as conceived by Dostoyevsky on a particularly downbuzz January evening in Petrograd. Henry's eyes were bottomless pools of pain, and as he kissed me he sobbed softly into my mouth, sending a sad trickle of phlegm sliding slowly down my oesophagus. I asked if he was everything was okay and he said yes, so I gave Louis a BJ while David sat hunched on the bare floorboards, the curvature of his spine and occasional strangled groans suggesting that everything was, in fact, not okay.

Unwilling to continue a threesome moonlighting as an anthology of pain, I went to the bathroom and discovered that I had suddenly "got my period." Henry said sadly, "you can still blow Louis if – if – if you want." He said this in the same tone a parent would use when offering themselves as a sacrifice to an axe murderer to spare their offspring from mutilation and eventual death. I opened my mouth to say something comforting, but Henry looked like he was about to spontaneously combust with abject agony, which was very off-putting, so I said "periods, lol."

Henry began to mewl like a newborn kitten. I waited for Louis to say something gently incisive yet empathetic, but he remained silent. Clearly Therouxian in appearance only. What a waste of time. I gathered my clothes and left the apartment. Henry's sobs, snorts and gasps followed me the entire way down the stairwell.

"We went outside, and I asked if I indeed expected to have a SURPRISE GINGER THREESOME. He replied in the affirmative."

I think it's safe to say that if the song that springs to mind when you think of a threesome is Radiohead's "No Surprises," a diagnosis of PTSD is pretty close to 100% accurate.

THE ONE THAT NEVER ACTUALLY HAPPENED

On a weekend trip to Wellington last year, I met an attractive mid-twenties YoPro type whose geek-chic child pred glasses, skinny navy Crane Brothers suits, and predilection for general debauchery made him the perfect candidate for a weekend away from cold, mould, and immature Tourism majors incapable of locating the clitoris. We had sex on the Friday night, and it seemed sensible to maximise utility by going back for seconds on the Saturday.

From now on, the only time I go back for seconds is for a particularly decadent flourless chocolate plum cake or similar. The guy invited me out with him and his ginger ex-flatmate only to ignore me for the entire evening. He spoke to me precisely twice all night – the first time to irritably mention that another girl sitting at our table was a model from Milan, as if I had fundamentally failed in my two-night-stand duties by being neither Italian nor working in the modelling industry, then to ask if I wanted to have sex in the toilets of the aptly named "El Horno."

The night was rapidly becoming duller than a BJ from a St. Margs girl, so when it was suggested that we go back to the ginger friend's house and do some lines I eagerly acquiesced. We sat down on the ginger's bed to do the drugs. I was okay with this. The YoPro started kissing me and taking off my clothes. I was kinda okay with this. Then suddenly both the boys were standing in front of me stark naked and the ethereally pale penis of the ginger was snarling at me from its scratchy thicket of autumnal pubes and it seemed I was expected to have a SURPRISE GINGER THREESOME.

I genuinely believe that there is no more terrifying phrase in the English language.

I hissed at the YoPro, "EXCUSE ME CAN I TALK TO YOU OUTSIDE FOR A MINUTE PLEASE." We went outside, and I asked if I was indeed expected to have a SURPRISE GINGER THREESOME. He replied in the affirmative.

"Did you consider maybe asking me how I felt about the idea, before I was, you know, being confronted by the albino corn snake of a younger, less funny Ron Howard lunging at me from eye level?"

"Well, I asked you earlier in the night if you'd had a threesome with two guys before, and you said yes."

"Oh, I'm sorry. It must have slipped my mind that having had a threesome before makes one contractually obligated to re-perform the act with any two penises that happen to appear

unsheathed in the same room as me. Even if one of those penises belongs to a man who probably moonlights as a Waitomo cave tour guide with no need for a headlamp."

Turns out that just as the removal of a benign breast lump can throw an otherwise healthy person for a loop, a threesome does not necessarily have to be completed to induce PTSD. The condition is so insidious that sometimes even the proposal of the threesome is enough to reverberate through the sufferer's life for days, months, or even years.

Ironically, I turned down a threesome in order to write this article. I had an eight-hour stopover in Sydney, and the girl from the Goa threesome wanted to share her latest penile discovery with me. She emailed me a picture of his dick, which was the same length and girth as her size-seven feet and seemed appealing enough, but when she sent through a link to Luke's Facebook profile, I knew I was going to have issues – the man was a bona fide ginger.

I vaguely promised that I'd do the threesome, but when I touched down in Sydney the PTSD returned with a vengeance. The presence of both the girl from Goa and the ginger hair was just too much – I knew that the moment I laid eyes on them the PTSD would resurface violently. So I said my flight had been delayed (perhaps the only time in the history of mankind the inherent unreliability of Jetstar has ever been useful to anyone), and sat in Sydney Kingsford Smith Airport and wrote this.

I knew it was the right choice when my uneasy demeanour led to me being singled out as a "person of interest" at the international transfers security check. I was not only forced to go through the body scanner, but also had to watch as a red-headed Australian Customs officer went through my carry-on while glaring at my sweaty, shaking form with intense suspicion. I wanted to say something to assuage his suspicions, but I couldn't. How could I possibly explain that I was in possession of no balloons of heroin, but rather a severe case of PTSD, which was deteriorating further with every minute I spent in his traumatically ginger-haired presence?

Love Online

CRITIC CREATED A FEMALE INTERNET DATING profile expecting a low standard of suitability. 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.



SUBJECT:
BE OUR TROPHY

Hi M

Stop, read the deatils at the least if will make you smile with Mischievous delite

Ok, yes I'm older a tad heavier than maybe your ideal man but tomorrow night I'm to experience my first ever bi experience with another guy abd wanting to make it memorible as been thinking about it for years. He's joining me at mine for a naked ps3 sesh where the winner decides who gets to do who to what.

Its to be mutual masturbation and oral for us. What you do on joinging is up to you but think it would be fun for you to come along - suck me off in competition let me decide who gives the best head and the winner is the one's who's ass I claim. Or vica versa - you could claim ours and with the aid of a few toys well.

So if your of an open mind. Off all day tomorrow if your'd like to get in some advanced practice

Mike

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LEFT OR RIGHT | ORGANIKISMNESS | TAOS
SOULWARE | JOHNNY HOOVES | RHYTHMONYX
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Angry Pig Farmers, Solitary Shags, Sticky Floors

BY CALLUM FREDRIC

CRITIC HASN'T RENEWED ITS SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ODT YET, PARTLY because we don't want to contribute 95 cents per day to extensive coverage of the Strath Taieri Collie Club's centennial trials in Middlemarch and obsessive campaigns against K2. So we stole a copy of Wednesday's ODT from Radio One and found enough unintentional hilarity in that single day's paper to sustain an entire column.

First up, Dave Cannan's column provides consistent fodder for "ODT Watch," and he doesn't disappoint this week, dedicating hundreds of words to the cataclysmic horror of the latest market day having a sticky floor.

Market spokesman David Humphrey, when contacted, said he apologised to those who had suffered from the sticky floor.

Meanwhile, NIMBYism apparently isn't confined to the upper classes:

PLANS for a single new house on the Otago Peninsula have prompted concerns about the area's rural ambience being eroded.

Pieter, Sandra and Gavin Bloem, who run a neighbouring pig farm, worried the development would set a precedent allowing other vacant sites near their farm to be developed.

It would be a tragedy if the idyllic sounds of pigs wallowing on the farm were drowned out by the hiss of an espresso machine.

ALTHOUGH duck itch researcher Dr Norman Davis' latest round of Lake Wanaka trials appear successful in showing bug repellants prevent the itchy rash, finding volunteers willing to be exposed to the parasite that causes it has proved a challenge.

Why would anyone turn down the opportunity to be infested with *Trichobilharzia longicauda* parasites in exchange for zero money?

Solitary spotted shag left behind

"It's sitting there all on its own but it'll probably fly off soon."

Probs.



St. Clair Salt Water Pool

BY PHOEBE HARROP

THE WINDSWEPT ESPLANADE OF St. Clair is the beach-du-jour default for Dunedin residents and new Scarfies alike.

Activities abound: marvel at the giant swathes of seaweed lazing about in piles on the sand, observe while the hardy Southern surfers navigate the waves in their foot-thick neoprene shells, or be quite tempted to ring the shark bell and send them fleeing back to shore.

While the weather is summery and the days longer than the sunny-day queue for ice cream at Rob Roy, you should get out of the ghetto to St. Clair's salt water pool.

The pool was built at the beach's southern end in the 1880s, and was restored to its current glory (complete with café, serving Allpress coffee) in 2001.

Run by the Dunedin City Council, this seaside swimming pool is like Moana Pool's hip and cool surfy cousin. While the air at Moana is practically viscous and seething with chlorine steam, the St. Clair pool is, by contrast, windswept, sun-struck and salty in both senses of the word.

Owing to the limited season that residents here call "summer" (and most of us call warmish), the saltwater pool is only open between 1 October and 31 March – even though the water itself is heated to a toasty 28°C.

With six lanes, a few pool toys and a true "family" atmosphere, don't expect hydrosides or high excitement; but lap up the laps and the opportunity to bask in some salty sunny goodness.

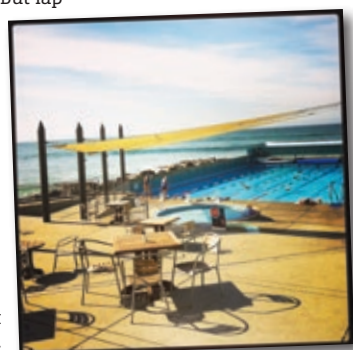
Like at its more famous Bondi beach counterpart, the waves of the Pacific occasionally crash over into the pool, contributing to some legitimate sand action on the pool floor, and a sense of maritime adventure. Enjoy.

Get there: catch the Normanby to St. Clair bus from outside Everyday Gourmet on George St (or various stops further along George St.): \$3.40 one way.

Do: take along your community services card to nab the \$3.10 concession, and get there before it shuts for winter hibernation.

Don't: forget to sunscreen up.

Eat: at the pool's café, or one along the Esplanade.





Green Acorn Café



BY M & G

3/5 COFFEE CUPS

YOU MAY KNOW GREEN ACORN AS THE CAFÉ YOU STARE AT MINDLESSLY whilst studying on the south side of Central Library, nestled alongside Sushi Station and Poppa's Pizza. G hadn't heard great things about the place so went in with extremely low expectations, but was pleasantly surprised. The elderly couple that run the joint make a mean sammy and the brekkie bagel is heavenly, but you have to be pretty desperate to shell out \$9.50 for it (course related costs?).

They use Vivace beans and serve their coffee in seductively silky takeaway cups, which can become an issue if you're wearing woollen gloves while sipping away on a frosty morning.

G ordered her usual soy flat white and M splashed out on a latte. M enjoyed his "velvety milk" but the flat white came out with a strange black film and the soy foam left much to be desired.

Green Acorn have many tables out the back if you want some privacy away from the prying eyes of the Central Library drones, although the tables were a little sticky. G was very tempted to ask the barista (whom she estimated to be aged 95+) what he wore to the coronation of Henry VIII or if he owned a first edition copy of *The Bible*. As he shakily tottered towards the table, G was searching for a medic alert bracelet and had the number for St John's ambulances already dialled.

M had a bit of a moment with his lush latte. After an extended period away from decent coffee over the summer, this Green Acorn brew restored his faith in Dunedin coffee. Let's just say it wasn't only the milk that was frothing in Green Acorn that day.

One enormous plus is that Green Acorn does \$2.90 coffees to Dream Band holders, this is probably the cheapest uni espresso you'll find and it ain't half bad.

Sometimes after hauling your ass to uni from your poyo flat all you want is a bit of a gourmet experience. Green Acorn is a good place to go for a break from the main campus without tugging too hard on the ball and chain of assignments that manacle you to the library. It's not the BEST place for coffee or food in Dunedin, and they'll charge you a pound of flesh for a bagel, but considering its location Green Acorn is pretty dece.

Location: Albany Street (opposite Otago Uni Central Library)

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How Rude!

BY GLITTER GRRL

A LOT OF WHY I WANTED TO DO THIS COLUMN HAD TO DO WITH ILLUMINATING words and phrases that can be problematic; words like "fag" and "bitch," that kind of thing. Over the past couple of weeks, though, I've noticed that it's sometimes the less outrageously vulgar insults that can pack more of a sting. That's why this week, I'm answering questions about how to inoffensively insult someone.

THIS GIRL'S SUCH A SLUT. WHAT A SLUTTY WHORE McSLIZZPANTS. HOW DO I POLITELY TELL HER SHE'S A SLUZZA WITHOUT BEING RUDE?

You don't. Sorry bud, but thinking you have any right to pass judgement over someone else's sex life is a class-A asshole move. So this girl's getting into her groove, yeah? Shut the hell up and let her do her thing. If you have a personal grievance, e.g. you are Taylor Swift and are displeased with your recent ex's new boo, I suggest finding a rhyme for "I've misplaced the blame again" instead. If your girlfriend's cheated on you, that sucks; I suggest commenting on the emotional effects of her behaviour, as it will probably have a more lasting sting.

SOME PEOPLE JUST LOOK SLUTTY THOUGH, CAN I CALL THEM TRASHY?

This has overtones of classism, which is really only still in vogue in Kensington and Beverly Hills. Instead of "trashy," try "vulgar" or "unflattering" instead. You're right, those sound clunky. How about "hawt mess"?

AM I ALLOWED TO SAY "THAT'S SO GAY" TO MY GAY FRIEND?

As a general rule I'm gonna go with no, because while your gay friend really is "so gay," using the phrase will train you into thinking it's okay to say all the time. Your friend may not mind (ask!), but phrases like this often feel like tiny gut daggers you forgot were inside you, which when uttered twist and remind you of how you're different. Some LGBTQ will speak up in these situations, but on the whole social stigma keeps us quiet. So yeah, don't say it.

YOU'VE CALLED PEOPLE ASSHOLES BEFORE, WHAT MAKES THAT OK?

"Asshole" is a favourite of mine because it doesn't refer to any cultural group, nor does it have gender-based connotations. Get creative with your insults!

Obviously, I'm not encouraging being nasty to people! However, I am a naturally mean person, and I know many of you out there are the same; together, we can work to popularise awesome insults, like "fuck-knuckle," which will be tailor-made for maximum PC burn.

In the end, though, the best advice on inoffensive insulting I can offer is the age-old, "I'm not angry, I'm just disappointed." That stuff cuts deep.



Open and Honest

BY DR. NICK

H I EVERYBODY!

So last week we talked about GPs and the importance of finding a good one. If you haven't gone out and done that yet, consider this column plussage, because we're gonna follow on from there today.

Underpinning what makes a doctor "good" is their relationship with you. As a patient I've come across some pretty rubbish doctors and the reason I didn't like them is usually that we were like a well-researched article and the words "Otago Daily Times" – we just never got on the same page.

Probably the biggest step to getting on the same page is trusting each other. You trust that your doctor is going to help you and that they know something about medicine and stuff. Your doctor trusts you to be honest with them and to try to commit to the treatment plan you agree upon.

In general, we're fairly rubbish when it comes to that "sticking to a treatment plan" part. If the ACME pill factory ever exploded, we could probably go door-to-door collecting enough unused antibiotics to tide us over till a new one was built.

Unfortunately, we are fairly good at being able to fudge the truth to avoid that whole "being honest" part too.

"No I haven't taken any illegal drugs," "Yes I exercise daily," "I was vacuuming naked when I tripped and fell ..."

I know those examples won't ring true with everybody, but like a leper's post-coital penis I hope the point is still there.

We're always going to want to stretch the truth when talking to a stranger with a stethoscope – but keep in mind the doctor's not there to judge, they're not legally allowed to gossip about it later and, frankly, they probably don't really find it that embarrassing.

Hell, I've spent less time out of diapers than most docs have been practicing but if you walked into my room and drop trou I doubt I'd bat an eyelid. So the doctor with twenty years' experience definitely won't find it risqué talking about funny smells from funny places.

So whether you've got bloody poo, you had unprotected sex with somebody whose name you don't know or you're feeling emotionally shattered and notice sounds that others don't, please don't let the risk of embarrassment prevent you from getting the help you need.

At the end of the day, trying to protect your dignity will just delay treatment and make things physically and emotionally worse. I'm not saying go give your doctor a list of all your fetishes, I'm just saying if you've got a burning pee-hole, it's better to just tell them where it's been.



4 March–10 March

BY JESSICA BROMELL

T HIS WEEK SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS ABOUNDS, AND A CULTURAL ICON IS BORN.

6 March, 1869: Dmitri Mendeleev presented the first periodic table to the Russian Chemical Society, which was particularly impressive because he'd left spaces for elements that apparently didn't exist. The relevant authorities scorned him for it, but he was right, and several elements were later discovered that fit perfectly into the table (everyone else had presumably just been jealous because they hadn't thought of it). Mendeleev's career was not free of scandal – the Russian Academy of Sciences wouldn't let him in because he was a bigamist, and he didn't get the Nobel Prize because he'd criticised the work of someone on the committee. He became internationally famous anyway, and did important work in physical chemistry and introduced the metric system to the Russian Empire. He was also involved in the creation of a law in Russia which stipulated that all vodka was to be produced at 40%, which is perhaps chemistry's true purpose.

10 March, 1876: In one of many technological milestones embroiled in patent-based controversy, Alexander Graham Bell made the first successful telephone call with the entirely forgettable phrase "Mr Watson, come here, I want to see you." Telephonic communication has spawned alleged brain cancer, telemarketers, and many an ill-advised break-up, but is probably still more efficient than Morse code. The telephone arrived in New Zealand surprisingly quickly, only a year or two after it was patented; the most recent noteworthy telephone-related news here occurred during the Tea Tape debacle, in which John Key gave his personal phone number to John Banks and had to change it after the tape was leaked. One suspects that the majority of the calls he received were not from National supporters.

9 March, 1959: The Barbie doll made its debut in the United States. It was one of the first products with a marketing strategy based on extensive television advertising; presumably this is how it became so widely recognised as to be called "a symbol of decadence to the perverted West," among other things. There are now more than 100,000 avid Barbie collectors, and according to its manufacturers three are sold every second. This popularity has continued despite some objections by concerned parents – one Barbie came with various temporary tattoos that apparently encouraged children to want real ones. Another said "math class is hard!" – as yet there has been no word on whether these have had any effect on the moral fibre or educational achievement of recent generations.



Dear Boy on the Piss

BY ELSIE STONE

CONSIDER THIS MY DEEP AND SINCERE APOLOGY FOR NOT WANTING TO have sex with you. I feel like such a frigid bitch because you got nothing in return for all the nice things you did for me last night.

Remember when I walked past your flat? You were outside with all your friends, playing your very loud and very cool, awesome music. I almost melted inside when you acknowledged me by raising your eyebrows and yelling "VAGINA!" I felt like I was living in my very own mini-plot from *Love Actually*.

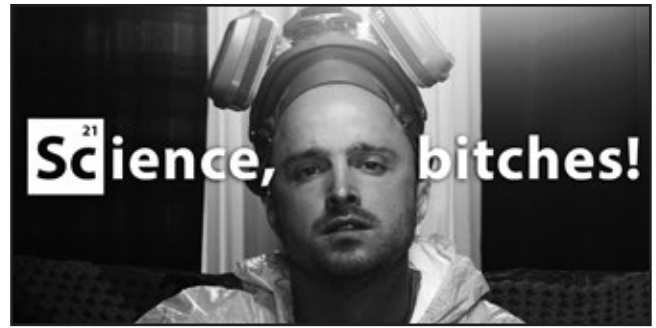
The mini-plot continued at the flat party we both went to. Thank you so much for dedicating your beer bong to me. I never thought a boy could do something so romantic whilst getting down on one knee.

Not to mention what you can do when you're standing on two feet! Patrick Swayze could learn a thing or two from the shapes you were cutting on the dance floor last night. I never did like grinding but everyone knows that hips don't lie and yours were telling such a delightful story. I honestly felt like I was in *Dirty Dancing* when you started to call me Baby. You sure do know how to make a girl swoon.

You took it to the next level with that kiss you gave me. I guess you were nervous which is why you missed and got saliva on my chin. It was OK though, because what with the chin spit and the sweat coming from the people dancing around us I was able to pretend we were in the rain-drenched kiss scene from *The Notebook*.

But in all honesty, Ryan Gosling pales in comparison to you. Only a true chivalrous knight such as yourself would display such perseverance during courtship. I take it as a real compliment that you would not take no as an answer. All my friends thought it was so cute when you left the bar with us and followed me home. Of course I needed protection from all the sexual predators out there.

That was when the frigid bitch in me came out to play (or not to play, I should say). You remind me of Gaz from *Geordie Shore* because of how much graft you put in and I just left you there, vomiting in my driveway. You were so right when you said I am a frigid bitch and a whore. Please forgive me, I'll be a good girl next time.



Crazy Copulations

BY BRYONY LEEKE

HUMAN BEINGS ARE CAPABLE OF SOME PRETTY WEIRD THINGS WHEN IT comes to sex, as attested by the sordid tales of sexual misadventure to be heard on the North Dunedin grapevine. But the sleazy stories you overheard at your Monday morning lecture are nothing compared to the crazy copulations that go on in the Animal Kingdom.

For example, there's the sea slug with the ejectable penis! *Chromodoris reticulata* detaches its penis after sex, and grows a new one in 24 hours. Scientists have named these "disposable penes." We wonder if this presents a safe-sex solution for this ejectopenile* slug – "disposable penes, just eject after use!"

Then there's the sex-changing clownfish. Clownfish start their lives as males, and have only one female in a group. If the female leaves or dies, the largest and most aggressive male turns into a female to replace her. Guys, that's like your lady-friend leaving your flat in the morning, and your burly, rugby-playing, beer-swilling flatmate morphing into a sexy lady to take her place. Also, Nemo – of *Finding Nemo* fame – is a clownfish, which sheds new light on the journey of self-discovery that Marlin takes when Nemo's mum dies. Ouch, right in the childhood.

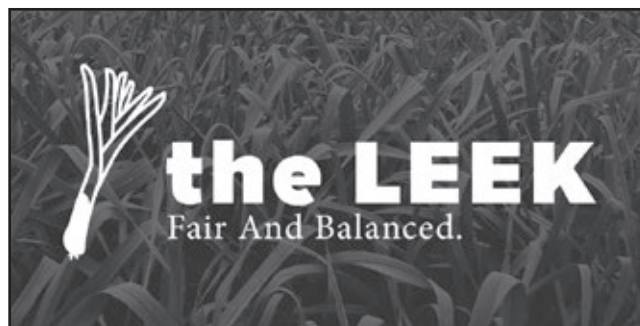
And did you know that penguins practice prostitution? Some research done by Otago (yay!) and Cambridge scientists found that Adélie penguins engage in prostitution as a method of securing the pebbles needed for nest-building. Some female penguins will lure single males with courtship rituals, mate with them, and then run off with the pebbles gathered by the male. While it seemed possible that the female penguins were using prostitution to scope out potential new mates, the research suggested that male penguins were having sex with the prostitutes solely for sexual satisfaction.

So now you know: whatever you're getting up to with that hottie from Monkey in the early hours of Sunday morning, it's probably nothing Nature didn't intend. If your penis is ejectable rather than erectable though – probs see Student Health about that.

Oh, and just FYI: Googling "crazy animal sex" whilst researching a column? Would not recommend. Especially not in the library. But we did it for science, bitches.

*Note: ejectopenile is not actually a scientific term. The authors of this column suggest that it is an awesome word that should be immediately accepted into the scientific lexicon.

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



YOLO is a thing, live with it (but only once)

BY ERMA DAG

ON TUESDAY 5 MARCH, MAKE YOLO YOUR OFFICIAL RELIGION IN THE NEW Zealand census, safe in the knowledge that you have sound philosophical reasons behind you.

YOLO is much more than just 2012's most annoying new catchphrase, the bane of A&Es nationwide or the butt of such ruthless deconstruction as the YouTube video "You only YOLO once." YOLO is a concept with a rich heritage, best exemplified by nineteenth-century German-ish thinker Friedrich Nietzsche.

If he were alive today, Nietzsche would probably be a blogger, a gamer, a heavy metal bassist, or one of those people who shoots up high schools. Back in the day, though, such wholesome diversions didn't exist, so Nietzsche occupied himself by writing some of the best, weirdest and most twisted philosophy ever dreamt up.

Strictly speaking, Nietzsche doesn't advocate YOLO, he advocates YOLAINOT: You Only Live An Infinite Number Of Times. His concept of the Eternal Recurrence states that your life, exactly as you lived it, will repeat itself forever. If you were an investment banker with five kids, you'll be an investment banker with five kids over and over and over for the rest of eternity. If you were Charles Manson, you'll be Charles Manson over and over until time stops. Nonetheless, this recurrence captures perfectly the spirit of YOLO.

Nietzsche loathed Christians, ascetics, weaklings and other members of the "herd." If you inhibit your natural instincts, blunt your desires, and direct your energies inward to guilt and self-loathing, this shows you to have the mentality of a slave. Everybody has a "will to power," and the aim of life is to embrace this will and live life on your own terms. Don't pin your hopes on reward in the afterlife, because there isn't one. Don't buy into the herd's bullshit, because it's peddled by charlatans who hate life. The "nobles" who embrace the will to power are humanity's true protagonists, hauling our species towards its superhuman ideal form, the terrible (and terribly misunderstood) *Übermensch*.

Nietzsche wasn't exactly a physicist, and as a theory of the universe the eternal recurrence is demonstrably rubbish. Rather, the eternal recurrence is a test, a kind of self-diagnosis of your outlook on life: if your life were to endlessly repeat, would you feel dread and an overwhelming sense of waste? Or would you be amped about life, embrace the will to power, revel in the time you have, cast off your metaphysical illusions and do it all? Fight, fuck, love, learn, grow; create your own story, your own values, your own life.

Fuck it, man, YOLAINOT.

Big Cats Restore Order to North Dunedin

BY CAMPBELL ECKLEIN

FOLLOWING A RASH OF BREAK-INS BY INTOXICATED STUDENTS AT THE Botanic Gardens over the past two weeks, Dunedin City Council officials have been forced to take extreme measures to put an end to these hijinks. The beautiful Botanic Gardens are open year-round to the public, but the gates are locked after nightfall to guard against the wandering homeless and unsupervised needle sharing.

Recently, however, some students with no social lives or prospects of ever getting laid have been vaulting over the fence after dark, proceeding to do God-knows-what in there. One perpetrator told police that he was only "trying to get closer to nature," which can probably be interpreted as "searching for hallucinogenic mushrooms." The solitary night-watchman, found tangled in the playground's swing set after one particularly rowdy evening, reported that he was unable to keep the onslaught of rebels at bay on his own.

Luckily, the long-standing "sister city" relationship between Dunedin and Shanghai, China, has finally proven useful—just last week, the DCC was able to secure a shipment of no less than 14 African wildcats—including lions, cheetahs and leopards. Normally, this would be quite an expensive acquisition, but through Shanghai's black market the entire deal only set them back \$34.50 plus shipping and handling (magnanimously discounted from \$35.00).

After two hours of intensive training, the DCC was satisfied that the cats would only "slightly maul" anyone they encountered. Since then, they have been released into the gardens every evening after closing, with the intention of warding off any trespassers. It was hoped that the news would get around quickly and people would stop entering the gardens illegally, but it seems that alcohol makes the students at Otago University believe themselves to be nearly invincible. Either that, or they assumed that it was just an elaborate hoax.

For the first few nights, the cats were occupied with stealthily depleting the Botanic Garden's exotic bird aviary, left with barely any time to hassle students. This came as a blow to the DCC, which, having purchased the birds legitimately, are now out hundreds of thousands of dollars. Once the cats had exhausted this food source, they turned their attention to the naughty nighttime nuisances. One lucky young man opted to stay and fight instead of running from the cats, earning himself a ride in a med-evac helicopter. Bet he'll do that again.

This time, word got out and the raids on the gardens have slowed to a "steady trickle," which according to the night watchman is "manageable." The DCC has now sent the cats back to where they were originally captured, just outside the village of Kamanjab, Namibia. That's in Africa.



CRITIC STILL DOESN'T HAVE A SPONSOR FOR THE INFAMOUS BLIND DATE COLUMN. IF YOU OWN a restaurant and want to gain publicity off the back of hilarious hookup attempts, hit us up at critic@critic.co.nz. If you want to go on a blind date, email your details to news@critic.co.nz. In the meantime, we gave a \$70 supermarket voucher to a student who came to us with an interesting, if slightly disturbing proposition. The results are below.

Lassie

HI. MY NAME IS KATE, AND I DIDN'T GO ON THE BLIND DATE. SO WHY AM I writing this? Well, the loose bitch who did go can't exactly write it for herself. Because she's actually a dog.

My flatmate has been doing the whole Scarfie thing for a while, living off two-minute noodles and flat charity. Basically we were all getting a bit sick of his bludging, so we decided to make him work for it. Giving him a hand up not a hand out. That kind of thing.

He's been talking for a while about wanting to "get with some bitches," so we rewarded his sexism and set him up with my dog. We were to sit in the corner, drinking, observing, and judging.

When we broke the news to him, he took it all in his stride. It probably helped that there was \$70 worth of food and wine on offer. When he looks back he'll realise how easily he can be bought – especially as things went pretty downhill from there.

Once we had him hooked into the whole "demeaning himself for cash" thing, the lols came thick and fast. We made him wait for his main – he hadn't eaten all day, the bum – until he'd tried his hand at some awkward date chat. The dog lapped it up, and I could see from her big, round eyes that she really found him sweet.

The awkwardness only increased as the date progressed. Every time he got comfortable, we'd ramp it up – soft petting, heavy petting, a bit of mouth action – then he dashed off "to give the dog a walk." Mmm-hmm, likely story.

When he returned the two were both flushed, bright-eyed and clearly having a whale of a time. The rest of us, meanwhile, were wasted. I'm not entirely sure what happened next – all I know is we lightened our wallets substantially and witnessed the two disappear into a room together.

When I woke up the next morning, I realised I had officially lost all respect for my dog. What a slut.

Timmy

MY FLATMATES ARE ASSHOLES. I GOT HOME FROM UNI ON WEDNESDAY and was told they had signed me up for a blind date that night. With Kate's dog. In the flat. Not an ideal situation, but there was \$70 worth of free food and wine for us, and the dog wasn't exactly going to take much of a share. I haven't got course-related costs yet and I literally have no money. So I shelved my pride and sat down at the meticulously laid out table opposite the dog while my flatmates sat in the corner with drinks in hand, laughing their asses off. How did my life come to this?

The flatties had gone all out, giving me a plate of garlic bread as an entrée, and pouring me some wine. I ignored the dog and ate the food, intending to dine and dash. But Kate told me they wouldn't give me the main course until I had "made an attempt at conversation." This was a bizarre request, but everyone talks to their dog occasionally, so I muttered a few things like "who's a good dog then" and "what did you get up to today?", obviously with no reply.

The main arrived, and it was home-made pasta and meatballs – pretty decent given that I've been living on two minute noodles since the start of O-Week. Halfway through the meal, the flatmates offered me an extra \$20 if I would "recreate the spaghetti scene from Lady and the Tramp." Now before you judge me, who hasn't had a dog lick their face before? It's not the end of the world. As we met in the middle, her nose was wet and ticklish – not altogether unpleasant.

After the meal, I decided to take the dog for a walk – it was my turn anyway, and I figured I may as well do the "date" thing properly. We ran along the beach and I threw some sticks, great fun was had by all involved. But when I got home, my flatmates were eight beers deep and being very liberal with their wallets. A further \$20 convinced me to let the dog sleep at the end of my bed. Then I opened the door to my room and found a jar of peanut butter with a \$50 note taped to the lid.

I started the date balls deep in debt but with no dog issues. I ended the night in precisely the opposite situation.



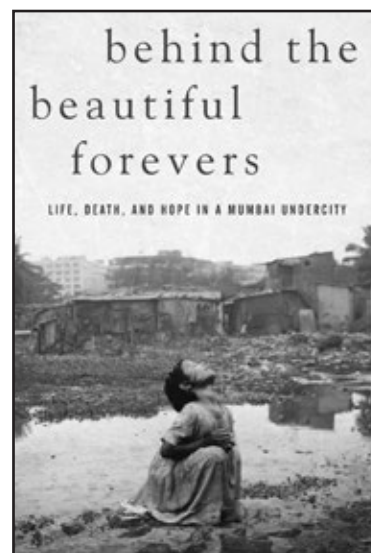
www.wallstreetmall.biz



Behind the Beautiful Forevers: Life, Death, and Hope in a Mumbai Undercity

by Katherine Boo

REVIEWED BY DOMINIC TAY



EVERY YEAR, MORE THAN 30 MILLION PASSENGERS FLY INTO MUMBAI'S CHHATRAPATI Shivaji International Airport. If you landed here at any time between 1991 and 2011, you'll probably remember your journey out of the international terminal, past rows of luxury hotels, and into the heart of Mumbai. You mightn't remember the slum town of Annawadi, population 3000. Once hidden in the hotels' shadows, behind concrete billboards marked "Beautiful Forever," Annawadi is no longer there, pulled down in an airport redevelopment. But while the makeshift shelters have long been turned to scrap, the Annawadians live on in Katherine Boo's first book, *Behind the Beautiful Forevers: Life, Death, and Hope in a Mumbai Undercity* – a book which sheds a dazzling light on one of Mumbai's dirty little secrets.

Boo, a Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist from New York, is known for her portrayals of poverty and disadvantage in America. While most journalistic writing can be divided broadly into categories of "narrative" and "investigative," Boo's work sits finely in the middle. *Behind the Beautiful Forevers* is testament to this. Boo has crafted a beautifully woven narrative around the slum-dwellers of Annawadi and isn't afraid to tell it how it is. Her skill as a documentarian and innate ability to detect human drama ensure that this tale of poverty and corruption is neither understated nor overblown.

It isn't apparent in the book itself (unless you read the endnotes or Wikipedia article), but Boo is writing as a relative newcomer to India. Born

and raised in the States but married to an Indian, Boo is open in acknowledging her faults. She cannot speak the languages, she's new to the culture, and she is clearly, obviously white. Upon moving to India, Boo found a lack of material addressing her questions about what she perceived as a juxtaposition between wealth and poverty. She resolved to answer these questions

"Each character is so believable it seems disingenuous to call them characters. Indeed, this book is not a work of fiction and its characters are real people. Through incredibly accurate portrayals, Boo gets us to care about every member of the impoverished community."

on her own. Although an outsider in Indian slum communities (and was treated as such by her interview subjects for the first couple of months of the three years she spent researching this book), Boo brings a distinct advantage in her experience reporting on disadvantage in America. She knows exactly what stories to look for and how to get them.

These stories depict the lives of Annawadi's residents. From Abdul the garbage trader ("not that that was the term passersby used for Abdul; some called him garbage, and left it at that") to Fatima the One Leg, to Asha the wannabe slumlord. Each character is so believable it seems disingenuous to call them characters. Indeed, this book is not a work of fiction and its characters are real people. Through incredibly accurate

portrayals, Boo gets us to care about every member of the impoverished community. It is through their eyes, not Boo's, that we gain access to Annawadi; it is their expert, blunt insight that graces the pages. "Everything around us is roses," a child told Boo, "and we're the shit in between." There are heroes and villains in Annawadi, and everyone knows their place – but

this doesn't stop them trying to rise above it and make something of themselves. The contrast of these remarkable people against the wider backdrop of a hustling, bustling, modern city – a city with no time for them – is truly humbling.

The book's subtitle – "life, death, and hope" – is also an ever-present reminder of an Annawadi day. Boo works through these themes in order: we are first introduced to the set of characters and their daily struggle for existence, death and loss make this more of a challenge, until finally all that remains is hope. In a corrupt society like that of underclass India, hope is often the only thing that those less fortunate than others can cling to. And – as readers of Pope and viewers of Freeman will know – hope springs eternal. Especially when you're the shit in between roses.



Crysis 3

DEVELOPED BY CRYTEK AND PUBLISHED BY EA

8/10

LAST WEEK'S ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE PlayStation 4 has the gaming community asking what the future for our medium holds. What stories are to be told? How they will look? How they will play? I ask, why wait for the future when it is happening now? The release of Crysis 3, the third installment in the Crysis series by developer Crytek, demonstrates many of the attributes that people have been hoping to see from the PlayStation 4.

The release of Crysis in 2007 marked a new age for graphical capabilities. People were astounded by the impressive graphics the Cryengine achieved and ever since visuals have been a cornerstone of the series. Crysis 3 is no exception. With a week full of trailers for next-generation games, Crysis 3 could stand beside any of them visually.

Following the events of Crysis 2, players once again find themselves filling the shoes of nano-suit-adorned badass Prophet. New York City is also once again the setting for the game. However take the dilapidation of the last game and multiply it by a thousand. The streets have collapsed into water- and weed-filled swamps

bordered by the hollowed out skeletons of the buildings of New York. The settings you explore are varied but always beautiful and interesting.

Crysis 3 once again has players battling both Cell agents and the dreaded alien Ceph. The story is simple but the pacing fast, which keeps the story engaging. Phases of the game often climax in set moments, which are like cut scenes in which the player is still an active participant, even if it is just operating the camera. These set moments are beautifully crafted and often act either to expand the story or as much-appreciated character development. Players can also contribute to story development through optional side missions, which reveal information about characters, enemies and the world itself.

Though the game is a first person shooter it embraces the growing trend of diverging combat options. The three main ways to approach combat situations are through assault, stealth or hacking. Though these three combat styles are present in many first person shooters, Crytek have included an upgrade system, which allows

players to augment the game to their preferred play style. In this way you can turn yourself into an unstoppable tank, an undetectable ninja or the world's most badass nerd. However, the upgrades are also part of a loadout system, so you can transition between any three of these proficiencies at anytime. This makes any combat situation an awesome mix of firing madly, slitting throats from the shadows and turning your enemies' own turrets against them.

The game also includes a multiplayer mode. However, unlike the campaign the multiplayer has the look and feel of a last-minute addition. The main problem with the multiplayer is the overpowered nature of the player themselves. The nanosuit which each player wears allow them to use abilities such as increased armor or a stealth cloak. These abilities mean that opponents are either invisible or near invulnerable. On top of that any player can do a dive bomb after jumping which if aimed correctly is an instant kill. The multiplayer maps and gameplay themselves are cool; all of the problems come from issues of balancing skills and damage.

Overall, Crysis 3 is a very nice conclusion to a series that has pushed the boundaries of what could be achieved in our current generation. No doubt Crytek will continue making games and improving the Cryengine in the quickly approaching next generation. I look forward to seeing what they accomplish next.

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Atoms For Peace – AMOK

Terrific, if not quite triumphant, debut from Thom Yorke-led supergroup.

4/5

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE NOT ALREADY aware, I am an enormous Radiohead junkie. At any given moment you can probably catch me listening to them, forcing them onto the unfortunate folk around me, or possibly fantasising about one of the members. But as unhealthy as my addiction to Thom Yorke and his music is, I don't consider everything the man touches to be a masterpiece. It may pain me to say it, but *Amok*, the debut record from Yorke's latest project Atoms For Peace, is not a masterpiece.

Lord knows I wish it was, golly does it come close, and by all rights it really bloody should be. Look at any of its components individually – the crystalline production, the masterful songwriting, the incendiary artwork, any of its nine stunning songs – and your jaw may well drop. But as a whole, *Amok* feels like less than the sum of its parts. More on that later.

Atoms For Peace consists of Yorke, longtime Radiohead producer Nigel Godrich, Red Hot Chili Peppers bassist Flea, and percussionist

extraordinaires Maura Refosco and Joey Waronker. Legend has it that Amok evolved out of the band getting wasted one night in LA, listening to a gratuitous amount of Fela Kuti, and then jamming till the morning light. The decision to listen to some seminal Afrobeat amidst all the debauchery was an interesting one, and Kuti's influence certainly made it onto the record, most noticeably on skittering ethnic opener "Before Your Very Eyes." This track does a great job of establishing Amok's dense, painstakingly-constructed electronic rock sound, all shuffling layers of percussion and rigid guitar-and-bass grooves.

Though all of the band members maintain a strong presence (fans of Flea's acrobatic basslines are especially in for a treat), Amok is without a doubt a Thom Yorke-dominated affair. His unmistakable voice is the focal point of each song, covering every last beat, blip and riff in a thin layer of frost. On some songs his voice floats eerily above all the robotic chattering, on others (see the phenomenal title track) his words are shredded and strewn amongst it. The juxtaposition of his reverbed falsetto with such angular,

incessantly busy grooves creates a sound that is at once cavernous and claustrophobic.

Like much of Yorke's latter-day output, Amok is concave rather than convex; it focuses on crafting rich and detailed sonic spaces for the listener to get lost in, rather than outwardly grabbing their attention with aggression or hooks. It does occasionally rise to boiling point, like on the nimble "Judge, Jury & Executioner," but for the most part Amok is set to "simmer."

So why, considering the calibre of its constituents, does Amok not add up to a masterpiece? Try as I might, I couldn't really tell you. Perhaps there isn't enough variation in style or density between the songs, or perhaps it sits a little too close to other works in Yorke's discography; call it a glossier version of his solo effort *The Eraser*, a tighter *King Of Limbs*, even a busier *In Rainbows*. But even if it isn't the most diverse or groundbreaking album in existence, Amok is still a hell of a great record. At its very best, namely on second track "Default," it's as good as anything Yorke has ever done.



Alizarin Lizard

Do You Just Want Me To Watch You?

BY LISA CRAW

3.5/5

IF YOU LIVE IN DUNEDIN AND YOU'VE NEVER heard Alizarin Lizard, shame on you. Alizarin are one of the best current New Zealand bands, though are perhaps more occupied with crazed 42-date tours than they are with self-promotion. This, their second full-length album, is classic Lizard, filled with psychedelic guitars and self-deprecating lyrics. The main single "Hipster" is a masterpiece, and the best place to start if you're a newbie.

There is definitely pop involved, particularly in the third song "Meal," filled with catchy lyrics and head-bobbable riffs. But this comes after the swirling psychedelic tidbit "Mushroom," as the band bends genres quickly

enough to prevent any chance of boredom. Later on there are smatterings of funk and a bit of straightforward story-telling lyricism in "Forty," about a forty-year-old rooting an eighteen-year-old, which despite its narrative still manages to be strangely catchy.

The album is similar in tone to the last, which is generally a point against for a band. However, each song is different and lovable in itself, so it could be called shuffle-friendly. I'd highly recommend the first album as a preamble to this one, which is really a supplement to the rest of their releases.

Even better, go and see them live and witness the glory first-hand!

1 RADIO ONE 91FM EVENT GUIDE

WEDNESDAY 6th MARCH

ReFuel | Strange Harvest, Opposite Sex and Not From Space. Free entry from 9pm.

Dunedin Musos' Club, 12a Manse St
Tragedy (Portland, OR) - Formed in 2000 and born from the ashes of influential modern hardcore bands His Hero is Gone, and Deathtreat. 7.30pm. E-tickets on sale at Cosmic, www.cosmicticketing.co.nz or from Undertheradar.

FRIDAY 8th MARCH

Chick's Hotel | David Kilgour and the Heavy Eights - Weekend Residency w./ Scattered Brains Of The Lovely Union. \$15 from 9pm. Chick's bus leaves Cumberland St at 8.30pm, Uni Library at 8.35pm, returns at 1am, and is free w./ Radio One card or \$5 per way without.

Sammy's | Jeez Jorge - Doors from 9pm, band on 10pm till late. No cover charge, drinks specials all night.

SATURDAY 9th MARCH

Regent Theatre | Wellington International Ukulele Orchestra and James Hill New Zealand Tour - Presale tickets \$59 +bf from ticketdirect.co.nz and the Regent Box Office, or just \$50 from the Regent Box Office with your Radio One card.

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Safe Haven

Director: Lasse Hallström

BY ROSIE HOWELLS

3.5/5

STRAIGHT OFF THE BAT, YOU SHOULD KNOW I'M not built for "Soul-Searching-Romance." I didn't even enjoy *The Holiday*, which I

understand essentially makes me *The Tin Man*, or *Kim Jong Il*, or something. So I was a little worried to hear that *Safe Haven's* writer Nicholas Sparks is also responsible for such titles as *A Walk To Remember*, *Dear John*, *Nights of Rodanthe*, *The Last Song* and the holy grail itself, *The Notebook*.

Safe Haven is very much of the same tone of Spark's previous work: Katie (Julianne Hough) is a mysterious young woman who arrives in a quaint seaside town to start new life. This new life turns out to be making out a lot with Alex (Josh Duhamel), a hot widower with attractive children. That is, however, until her dark past comes back to haunt her ...

To me, *Safe Haven* was three different films. For the first hour it was a romance, solidly working its way through every cliché of the genre: sunsets, spontaneously getting caught in the rain, pashing up against trees, etc. etc. It even

replicated *The Notebook's* iconic paddle boat scene, thinking that if they replaced the boat with a canoe no-one would notice. I noticed. Then all of a sudden, I was watching a thriller, which is where the film saved itself. There was an impressive twist, a genuinely scary villain and even a little violence – next to *A Walk To Remember*, *Safe Haven* looks like *Django Unchained*.

But for the last two minutes, the film – without giving too much away – turned supernatural, in probably the most bizarre and unintentionally hilarious climax to the story possible. At this point the girl next to me aggressively hissed "what?!" at the screen, and I have to agree with her sentiments, the ending is bananas. But as I forewarned, this genre just ain't my jam. I'm sure there are those who wouldn't mind seeing two beautiful people getting a second chance at love to a soundtrack of soft acoustic guitars. But even if you are that way inclined, I'd wait for the DVD.



Beautiful Creatures

Director: Richard LaGravenese

BY SM MORGAN

2.5/5

BEAUTIFUL CREATURES IS A SUPERNATURAL fantasy, adapted from a book, which jumps right into things six months before the lead's, Lena's, birthday. On her birthday her powers will be claimed for either the "light" (good) or "dark" (evil) depending on the judgement of her "true nature," which will induce her to act in a good or evil manner for the rest of her days. (Boys have the "will" to choose – don't even get me started.) Lena is brought to a small

hick town, in the middle of the Bible-belt South, by her wealthy town-founder-descendent uncle and catches the eye of the popular jock, who fancies himself intelligent and well-read, and who dreams of leaving town as soon as possible. They fall in love, he finds out the truth of her "Caster" nature and vows to prevent her turning dark, which it turns out is mostly predetermined due to a matriarch predecessor's curse and has nothing to do with one's "true nature" after all. Yep.

The movie isn't terrible, but lacks a lot of background – for example, Lena's powers are growing, are out of her control, and she is apparently going to be the strongest Caster in recent memory; yet there is no mention of training or practicing control. Perhaps this talent too

magically appears on the sweet 16th. A pleasant diversion appears in the guise of Lena's slutty Siren cousin, who wears a pair of sunglasses to die for, and the local seer-slash-supernatural-librarian who holds creepy séances in the swamp and mothers the motherless Ethan. Glorious Southern accents abound.

The movie is a sufficient distraction should you be a fantasy (read: magic) fan, and it contains enough humor to redeem it slightly. At one point Lena's evil mother possesses a Bible fanatic (the brilliant Emma Thompson) to speak with the uncle, and asks him "which species would miss mortals" should they kills us all off. I could think of five straight up, and will leave you with a clue for one: it rhymes with "cubic mice."



The Sweeney

Director: Nick Love

BY KATHLEEN HANNA

2/5

HAD A REAL PROBLEM WITH THIS FILM, MORE SO than any other crime film I've seen. The tag-line for *The Sweeney* is "act like a criminal to catch a criminal." It's not the moral ambiguity of that I have a problem with. Hell, all movies should be morally ambiguous up to a point, especially those in which the plot involves one guy having to kill all the other guys, usually the guys who do sneery things with their mouths or the guys with accents. (*The Sweeney* is set in London and everybody is a bit slack-jawed and everybody has a different accent, so eligibility for violent death is largely determined on other bases, for instance how effete the person's hair is.) My problem is the opposite – it's morally unambiguous.

Unambiguously fascist.

Mostly the film involves Ray Winstone grimacing and punching people in the face. His character, Jack Regan, heads up the Flying Squad, which sounds like a violent circus troupe but is actually

the division of the Metropolitan Police that deals with armed robberies. One day a routine robbery ends in a random murder, and Ray, sorry Jack, must track down the culprits using only some hi-tech computers and surveillance technology and a few brick bats.

The dialogue is well-written, even if most of it pretty much goes:

Police Inspector Wearing Suit: Hey Jack, stop brutalising people.

Jack: Fuck off. [Punches him]

Throughout, the movie tells us that Jack is the good guy, that he's the one who gets things done, that the suit upstairs is out of touch, jealous, impotent and, in a particularly unnecessary but sadly predictable touch, not manly enough (the evidence for this is that Jack fucks the suit's wife). When the suit calls Jack a "dinosaur," I couldn't help agreeing, even though we're not supposed to agree with the suit because he has effete hair and does that sneery thing with his mouth.

At the beginning, Jack is already a blundering, brutal arsehole. But he at least has some redeeming features. These features slowly disappear over the course of the film; when his world is, or

at least ought to be, torn apart, his callous and mechanical reaction basically outs him as a psychopath. A nihilistic rampage of violence and death ensues – and although we've lost sight of what Jack's fighting for, the film takes us along anyway and expects us to share in his brutal orgy of destruction, as though Jack can just say "fuck you" to the emptiness of his existence, punch it in the face, and move on. And, as the film contends, he can. But hey, Jack is all good because he Kills Bad Guys, and Killing Bad Guys is the point of characters like Jack.

The Sweeney's soullessness could compare to *Get Carter*, were it not for the fact that this soullessness is, I suspect, unintentional. Moreover, Jack, unlike Carter, works for the *fucking* government and we're supposed to grunt and roar with approval as he bludgeons his way through the malevolent thugs of the underworld.

The film is almost redeemed by one spectacular set piece, which almost compares to the heist scene in *Heat* and alone was worth the price of admission, especially when you consider that I was reviewing this film for *Critic* and got in for free. In every other respect, though, *Heat* leaves *The Sweeney*, with its cartoon ideology, seventies mentality and one-dimensional characters, in the dust.

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University Book Shop

LETTER OF THE WEEK

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

Your biting retorts are bruising in the best possible way.

Dear Critic,

It's not secret that in my time I have banged more than a few magazines. But I feel 100% comfortable saying that yes, you are the best I ever had. Better even than that gang bang I had with Salient, Caclin and Craccum a while back.

Seriously, when I suck your pages till they're standing to attention and you tease me by forcing me to read a couple of Zentech ads before plunging your rock-hard erudition so deep into my irises you hit bottom it's so good all I can do is arch my back and scream and say your name over and over again as I beg you not to stop what you're doing, not now and not ever. Then I cum so hard my whole body is tingling and you pull out and make me taste the very essence of myself that you so brilliantly skewered with your razor-sharp social commentary then you pat my head and stroke my hair and call me your good girl....

Critic...Critic...Oh MY GOD, CRITIC!!!

Missing you,
Latent Good Girl
xxxxx

Passive, yet aggressive!

Dear freshers who are not aware of library courtesy,

Since my death glares are obviously not working on you; please do not talk in the library, please do not shift tables so you can sit around with your friends and giggle over your papers or lecturers or whatever you are talking about. The library is supposed to be a quiet study area

(notice the cute little signs around the place). A good idea would be to move outside or to the link if you wish to chat.

from an angry fourth year student.

Bagpipes are basically just woodwind car alarms

To the cunt who plays his "fagpipes" at Knox. Fuck up cunt. I'm trying to score and your Celtic rhythms are making me soft.

Cheers, moit'.

We'll get our ethnic reporters on the case immediately

Why are all the articles written by sheltered white girls who are now "lyke totez slumming it" and such?

love from me xx

Keep watching those HBO crime dramas brah

Heya Maddy,

Though I'm probably not as substance-tially experienced as you and thus may not be as down-with-the-lingo, I'm pretty sure "crack" refers not to meth but crack cocaine, the smokable freebase form of coke. So not only are you likely wrong, but it's an affront to New Zealand. As far as I know, we're the only country in the world to use the name "P" to describe our beautiful crystal. It's an as intrinsic a part of kiwiana as stubbies, jandals and the Foursquare man. We should be proud of our slang, not using incorrect Americanisms. You're as bad as the people who say "it's Toosday tomorrow" and insist on playing beer pong at flat warmings.

Otherwise, keep on rocking in the free world,
A fellow hedonist

Treatygate is so 2012

I have heard Ansell speak on radio and TVNZ. What is the problem?

He has the courage to tell the truth and stands up for all New Zealanders. The most racist are those that are quick to accuse him of being racist. All the health, prison, suicide statistics prove that the path to tribalism supported by Palmer & Son and the disgraced Fraudster ex Attorney General Douglas Graham is the wrong path.

We must have a meaningful honest and fair Constitution or just waste time. The treaty was for all New Zealanders and saved those tribes that survived the musket (Maori) wars from certain annihilation.

Tribalism is nepotistic, male dominated,

archaic, elitsist and plain Stupid.

We have had 200 years of integration and it is Orwellian to start dividing people up by race.

I have Maori in my family, have attended many Maraes but frankly was embarrassed by the deceit and lack of thought and clear speech at my last attendance.

Money is the main goal with threats of violence all to freely made.

I will not support any return to Tribalism.

Our partisan Parliament has to get the Constitution to be Democratic and move all of our people forward.

John Davy [abridged – Editor]

Printing this letter required 1,000 litres of squid ink

It was exciting to see an increase of recycling bins around campus during O-week, it's good to have options when disposing rubbish. I hope that all students will take the opportunity to embrace the future of recycling on campus. Now if only we could be a over the counter, water bottle free campus. This would cut down on the amount of plastic in the waste stream.

Campus greenie

It's not Dunedin, it's you.

Hi Critic,

Is it just me or is dinners getting more boring by the year?

Yours in boredom,
Paul

Hand-delivered to the Critic office

Greetings citizens,

Ask any alien in any universe about us and they will say chaos reigns, each area has its own regional flag of identity. So in order to avoid confusion, the planet known as Mother Earth shall now fly a new flag symbolising Earth's global identity.

The universal flag of enlightenment, made from hemp, will have a white background with a green hemp leaf in the middle. When order replaces chaos, all citizens shall rejoice make love and get stoned, cease consuming fossil fuel, and embark on a programme of sustainable management instead of planet suicide.

Both our actions and inactions determine the future of Mother Earth, and all citizens have a duty of care. So free yourself, free the holy herb, and free Mother Earth.

– Paul Anthony Galligan

All they want is tits out for the boys. Simple, honest folk.

I am writing to you in regards to the recent suggestions put forward by the OUSA about the next Hyde St party. Obviously like the hundreds of other hot blooded scarflies I am fucking ropable. 15 tickets per resident? that's some bullshit right there.

As a second year that went as a young Health Sci last year, I got one of my first impressions on the scarfie culture from Hyde St. That impression was of an inclusive, friendly bunch of students who didn't give a fuck if you were in their back yard wasted trying to cause some mayhem, all they wanted was for you to do a keg stand and encourage the lady you were with to get her tits out for the boys. The whole idea of a ticketing system in which people are picked to go to the party undermines this impression.

I understand that it was just an idea put forward by the OUSA and that the argument for number reductions is reasonable, but poor effort from the administration coming up with that fucking rippa of an idea.

Regardless, I'll probably just jump the fence anyway...

Cheers for reading, Josh [abridged – Editor]

Spam of the week

All men have fantasized about Asian women.

Exotic and refined, throughout time Asian women have been regarded for their unique beauty, prized as extraordinary lovers and treasured for their practicality.

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Your words cut deep, Saxon. – 4 stars

fuck uz cunts r homo. i read ur shit b4 and it was full of boring ass words and shit, die plz faggots.

– Saxon Bruce



LETTERS POLICY

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

Notices

ROWING CLUB NEEDS COXSWAINS!!

If you know anyone of that short stature that possibly likes yelling at people and are available on the 26th – 28th of April, PLEASE contact Glen Sinclair on 0274769377 or glen@ourc.org.nz. Or Kirsty Thompson on 0274999097 or kirsty_thompson@hotmail.co.nz

The Matagouri Club Exec would like to extend a welcome to all undergraduate health science students in the professional programs of Medicine, Nursing, Dentistry, Physiotherapy, Pharmacy and Dietetics. Especially those interested in rural health. A meeting for new members is being held on Tuesday 5th March from 1-2pm at G30 in the Hunter Centre.



Career Development Centre
Te Pokapū Umanga

2013 Accounting, Law & Finance Expo



Thursday 7 March | 11:00am – 2:00pm
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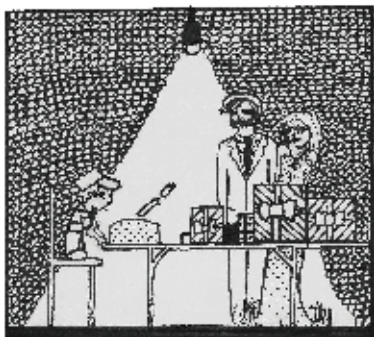
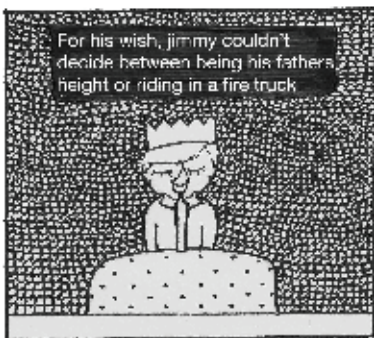
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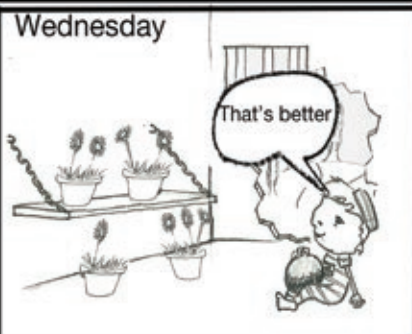
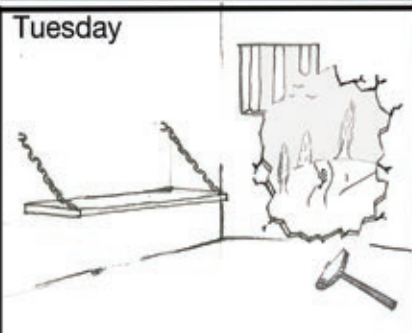
Comics



DO YOU HAVE IDEAS FOR A
COMIC?!?
OR WOULD YOU LIKE TO
ILLUSTRATE
SOMEOMONE ELSE'S IDEA?
MAYBE YOU CAN EVEN DO
BOTH

If you want to do a one off comic
or a weekly strip then contact Critic

THIS WEEK'S COMIC
IS BY EDMUND SMITH
AND DRAWN BY
EMILY JHONSTONE



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Capping Show 2013 – AUDITIONS!

Get yourself on stage and writing some of the funniest jokes our scarfie population will ever hear! Be a part of the World's 2nd longest running Capping Review which is full of epic singing, some kind of dancing, and the funniest sketches and videos made by our very own Otago students. It's a great way to get some experience and meet a bunch of new mates who will literally be so funny you smash your face on the ground, in the best possible way.

Auditions are open and held in the Union Hall on Monday 4th, Tuesday 5th and Wednesday 6th of March at 7pm. Be there promptly!



What's on at the OUSA Recreation Centre?

Course Enrolments for Semester One.

Along with the old faves we now have a whole lot of new courses including blogging, contemporary dance, creative writing, outdoor first aid, drawing, music technology, k-pop dance, herbal medicine making and many more.

Enrol online at ousa.org.nz/recreation/

Upcoming tournaments and events

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

OUSA Grants – \$\$\$ for Clubs, Societies and individuals

Did you know every year OUSA provides Clubs and students with grants totalling \$50,000?! You didn't?! There are 6 grants rounds during the year and to ensure OUSA distributes appropriately you need to tell your story. So here's your chance for funding through OUSA. The first grants round is closing soon, 4pm Thursday 14th March to be exact, so don't delay email CDO today!! cdo@ousa.org.nz and make an appointment.

UNI GAMES
DUNEDIN 2013
22 – 24 April

Represent Team Otago!
Badminton, Basketball, Bowls, Cricket, Debating, Handball, Hockey, Netball, Rugby 7's, Soccer, Touch, Ultimate and Volleyball

Contact cdo@ousa.org.nz to register your interest

ousa
otago uni students' association

UniGames 2013 brought to you by OUSA

UniGames 2013

UniGames is coming to Dunedin, commencing Monday 22 April 2013. Think you can handle the fierce rivalry of Touch, Ultimate, Volleyball and Lawn Bowls? What about Badminton, Handball, Netball and Soccer... Bring it on you say? Maybe Basketball, Cricket, Debating and Hockey is more your thing, either way register your interest and become a member of Team Otago in 2013.

Email cdo@ousa.org.nz and we can get you on the road to greatness and maybe, just maybe a little socialising.



President's Column

Let me get right into it.

The Hyde Street Keg Party is awesome. It's part of the scarfie culture that makes Otago Uni different from Vic, Palmy or Auckland Uni. Without sick parties like the Hyde, Otago Uni wouldn't be what it is today. That's why I'm so keen on making sure that OUSA facilitates a safer Hyde street.

Last year we barely fought off the liquor ban so that the Hyde Street Keg Party could continue. One of the reasons why the Liquor ban was fought off is that we said that students could organise events and parties responsibly. If shit goes wrong on Hyde Street, the Liquor ban will happen. If the liquor ban happens – the scarfie culture of being able to yarn to your mates outside your flat with beers will die. I don't want that to happen. No one does.

So we all need to ensure that the Hyde Street Keg Party is as safe as it can be. We consulted proactively with the residents of Hyde from last year and this year, we've talked to the cops, the hospital, first aid professionals, a the Uni and the DCC. Everything that we know tells us that Hyde Street had too many people last year which made it an unsafe event. The crowd was so thick in some places that some injured people couldn't get the help they needed until much later. It was a miracle that no one was more badly injured or worse.

We need to reduce the numbers to about 3000. The current idea that's being proposed is to give each resident of Hyde a number of invitations to invite their mates with. There's been a lot of backlash to that idea since not everyone has mates on Hyde. A few people have suggested just selling tickets to the event directly. There's a lot of good ideas around and I want to hear them.

I want you to be part of the conversation about Hyde Street. Come to the Union Hall at noon today (Monday 4th of March) with some ideas and questions. Tell us what you think.

In Service,

Francisco Hernandez

Francisco Hernandez
OUSA President



Enjoy your night...



... without regret

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