

Critic

Est. 1925

Issue 03 | March 11, 2013 | critic.co.nz







2014 FIFA WORLD CUP BRAZIL™ OCEANIA QUALIFIER

TicketDirect
TICKETS ON SALE NOW

STUDENTS JUST \$15
MITRE 10 MEGA STAND:
GENERAL ADMISSION STUDENT ZONE!
* Plus booking fee. Prices increase on game day

New Zealand
v New Caledonia
7.35pm Friday 22nd March
Forsyth Barr Stadium, Dunedin

PITCH YOUR COUCH

AND WIN THE BEST SEAT IN THE HOUSE!

Check out  AllWhites and be in to WIN!
Terms and conditions apply



Your Premier Computer Store



**Specialising in laptop repairs,
smartphone repairs and
gaming hardware**



BRING IN YOUR RADIO ONE CARD AND RECEIVE:

- 5% off parts & peripherals
- 20% off repairs
- free pickup & delivery on all repairs (Within Dunedin Area)

 **FIND US ON FACEBOOK! SEARCH 'GLI RETAIL'**
All-round one-stop information technology shop
Open 7 days, and late nights on Thursdays & Fridays



20 manse street, dunedin • ph 03 477-3368 • www.gli.co.nz • sales@gli.co.nz

SPACE

*a talking group for queer
and questioning students
at Otago University*

Every Tuesday during the semester, 3.00-4.00pm
OUSA Student Support Centre back room
Guided by two facilitators, one male and one female

Contact q.support@ousa.org.nz
for more information

ousa
otago uni **students'** association

EDITOR
CALLUM FREDRIC

DEPUTY & SUB EDITOR
SAM MCCHESNEY

TECHNICAL EDITOR
SAM CLARK

DESIGNER
DAN BLACKBALL

FEATURE WRITER
MADDY PHILLIPPS

NEWS TEAM
SAM MCCHESNEY, ZANE POCKOCK,
CLAUDIA HERRON, BELLA MACDONALD

SECTION EDITORS
SAM MCCHESNEY, BASTI MENKES,
BAZ McDONALD, JOSEF ALTON,
GUS GAWN

CONTRIBUTORS
GREG HALL, MARCUS ELLISON,
MATTY STROLLER, M & G,
GLITTER GRRL, DR. NICK.,
JESSICA BROMELL, ERMA DAG,
CAMPBELL ECKLEIN, LUCY HUNTER,
JONNY MAHON-HEAP, TIM LINDSAY,
JOSIE COCHRANE, JORDAN TAYLOR,
PHEBE HARROP, ELISIE STONE,
ELISE JACOMBSON, TRISTAN KEILLOR

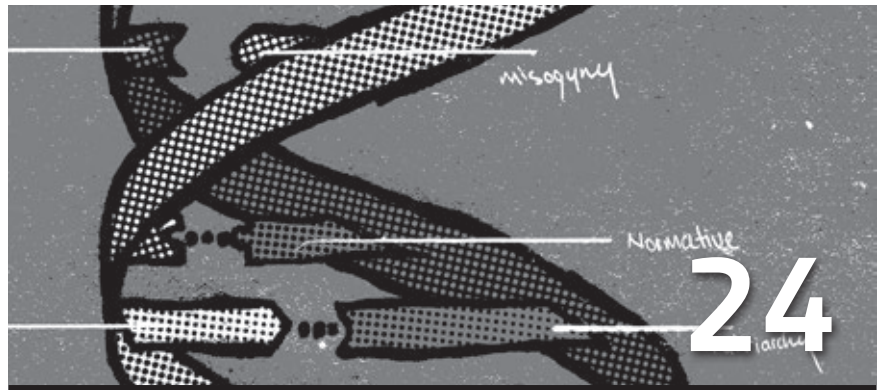


AD SALES
TAMA WALKER, TIM COUCH,
GUS GAWN, JOSH HANNIGAN

planetmedia.co.nz
sales@planetmedia.co.nz

Critic

Issue 03 | March 11, 2013 | critic.co.nz

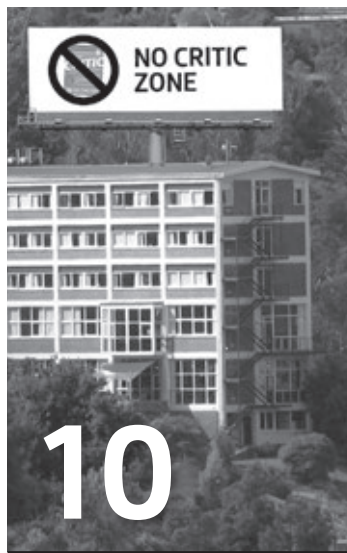


NEWS

06 | More Details on Hyde St emerge

09 | Crazy Gunman Terrorises Wealthy Dunedin Suburb

10 | Aquinas Loses Critic Privileges



FEATURES

16 | Two Straight White Males Talk Politics

Sam McChesney asks two hardcore politicians the hard questions about race, envy, and how they formed their beliefs.

20 | The Critic Legal High Review

Matty Stroller tries five legal highs with his devoutly Muslim Pakistani friend. For the love of journalism.

24 | Sequencing the Feminazi Genome

Maddy Phillipps exposes the rampant groupthink and buzzword usage that characterise Feminazism. But she's probably just brainwashed by the patriarchy.

REGULAR STUFF

06-10	News
12-13	Sports
16-27	Features
28-33	Columns
34-39	Culture
40-41	Letters

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

P.O. Box 1436, Dunedin | (03) 479 5335 | critic@critic.co.nz | critic.co.nz

SAVE ON STUDENT AIRFARES GET AN ISIC CARD

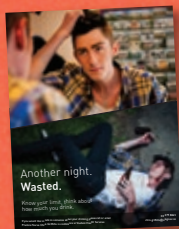


After some sweet deals on student airfares?
Buy your International Student Identity Card from us or if
you've got one already bring it in to get exclusive discounts.



Student Airfares our speciality • No fees

342 George Street • Ph 477 3464 • Email escapethenet@gmail.com



Critic

Est. 1925



CRITIC IS SEEKING AN AD DESIGNER!
WORK WITH A GREAT TEAM IN NZ'S PREMIER STUDENT MAGAZINE.
UP TO 10 HOURS PAID WORK PER WEEK, WITH FLEXIBLE WORK HOURS.
GREAT EXPERIENCE, AND A CHANCE TO BUILD UP A
PORTFOLIO OF WORK WHILE EARNING SOME CASH.
MUST BE HIGHLY PROFICIENT WITH ADOBE ILLUSTRATOR AND PHOTOSHOP.

SEND YOUR CV, COVER LETTER, AND EXAMPLES OF YOUR WORK TO CRITIC@CRITIC.CO.NZ



EXCHANGE WEEK

18-22 March 2013

Monday 18 March 10am-3pm

EXCHANGE FAIR

The Link, Information Services Building

Tuesday 19 March – Friday 22 March

REGION FOCUSED SEMINARS

Room B07, Basement, Archway West Building

See full programme:

Otago Global Student Exchange



www.otago.ac.nz/study/studentexchange

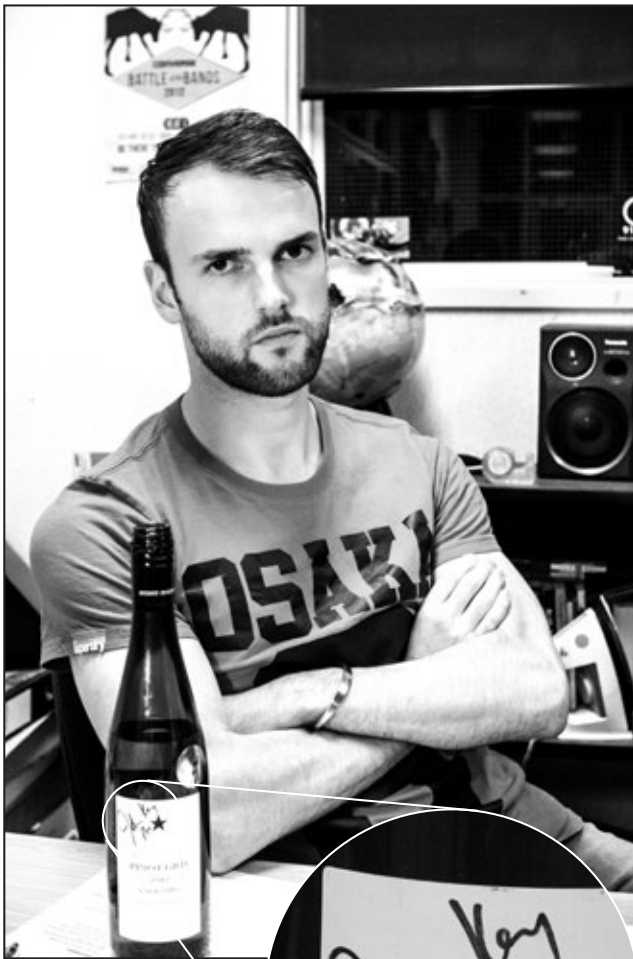
OTAGO GLOBAL

Take the opportunity
to study overseas as
part of your Otago
qualification!

Scholarships and
Grants available!



OTAGO GLOBAL



DEAR JOHN KEY,

You probably don't know me, John.

I'm not like you, you see. I'm not the sort of person you generally hang out with. I'm not a rich, pinstripe suit-wearing banker or a slick corporate lobbyist.

I'm just a regular guy, John. The sort of guy your government fucked over with its policies of the last four years.

So that's why I'm writing you this overwrought letter, John. Because I don't like the direction you're taking my country. And I don't like you.

You must be wondering why I keep ending sentences with your name, John. You see, in my mind, it indicates that I'm speaking to you in a condescending, reproving manner. It makes me feel like I'm positioning myself on the moral high ground. It makes me feel assertive and righteous, John.

These sorts of letters are a common trope in most western countries, John. Most leaders, including Obama, have to deal with a dozen or so per year. But because there exists a thing called a "Dear John letter", which Wikipedia defines as "a letter written to a husband or boyfriend by his spouse or significant other to inform him their relationship is over," I feel even more clever and smug when I write your name, John.

And have no illusions about the fact that our relationship is indeed over, John. Despite passionately opposing your party since before you entered Parliament, I totally kept an open mind about your government. But the policies you implemented, such as increasing student loan repayments from 10% to 12%, were worse than I could have imagined. So yes, John, you and I are over.

I know you were an investment banker, John. So it's not surprising that you can only see the bottom line, and not the more subtle human element, of the decisions you make. And that's why you're selling our assets, John. Flogging off the family silver that my forefathers took such pride in. Giving it all away to the Chinese.

You're also not keen on the idea of a universal student allowance, are you John? You say it's "unaffordable". There's that trademark focus on the dollar bills again. I could lecture you about "People Before Profit", John. But you probably wouldn't listen.

So thanks for the wine, John. But no thanks for the policies. And the majority of the nation is going to say a resounding "no thanks" to your government in 2014.

Enjoy your last two years in power, John. And enjoy trying to sleep at night knowing what you've done to our country.

— CALLUM FREDRIC

Callum Fredric
 Critic Editor



More details on Hyde St emerge

BY SAM MCCHESENEY

OUSA HAS PROVIDED MORE DETAILS ON THE format of this year's Hyde Street party, with numbers likely to be capped at 3500 and ticket allocations given to residents. The decisions come after a public meeting on Monday and a stakeholders' meeting on Wednesday. Meanwhile, the Otago Daily Times's coverage of the event remains as hilarious as ever.

According to an OUSA spokesman, "the tenants are really keen to limit the numbers" from the estimated 5000 who showed up last year. Such a turnout created a severe safety risk as emergency services were unable to reach students stuck in the middle of the crowd. OUSA acknowledged that a tradeoff was needed to reach the figure of 3500. "For us the numbers thing was the hardest, because the emergency services were saying 2000-2500, residents and students just want a mean party, so we kind of need to meet in the middle." *Critic* speculates that the DCC, which yearns to kill the event deader than Hugo Chavez, would be thrilled to learn that safety concerns are being "met in the middle."

Hyde Street tenants are to receive a ticket allocation, estimated to be between 10 and 15 per tenant, to share with their friends. Residents of adjacent streets may also receive invitations to the event, although nothing has yet been finalised. The remainder of the tickets will be sold to Otago students in their second year or above for

"somewhere between \$2 and \$5," with the proceeds going towards health and safety costs. First-years can attend if they live on Hyde Street or are given an allocated ticket, but OUSA noted that the event "has traditionally been for third-years and above, and that's what we want to go back to." So fuck off, freshers.

In order to prevent scalping and to minimise the ability of non-Otago students to hijack the event, ticket-holders will receive wristbands with their name and emergency contact details. This will make it easier for organisers to spot gatecrashers and for emergency services to deal with injured or comatose partygoers. University of Otago

"The attempts by event organisers to limit attendance to Otago students have been welcomed."

Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne told *Critic* last week that "carnage" from last year's party had spread almost to the botanical gardens, and that passed-out students "had no ID on them, so we had no way of knowing who they were or where they belonged."

The attempts by event organisers to limit attendance to Otago students have been welcomed. Hayne noted that many non-students seem to attend for the sole purpose of "wreaking havoc,"



A typical Otago student is arrested and led away by police

and OUSA stressed the importance of keeping "outsiders" away. These sentiments were shared by the students to whom *Critic* spoke. "I don't like all these outsiders coming in and changing things," one said. "We got a nice little town here and these non-Dunedin folks gotta go back to where they belong."

For once, though, the rednecks seem to be right, as most of last year's disturbances were caused by non-Otago students. While the *ODT* has been stubbornly reporting that 15 were arrested at last year's party, OUSA assures *Critic* that the correct number is 10, with only one of those an Otago student. In the aftermath of last year's party the *ODT* were citing 18 arrests, neatly demonstrating their philosophy of "if in doubt, exaggerate" in relation to student antics. *Critic* did the math, and calculated that at this rate the *ODT* should be reporting the correct figure by late 2014.

Last year *Critic* questioned the enforceability of the glass ban OUSA had announced for the event, given that the street was a public space. This year, however, it appears that the police intend to close off the street for the day, which will make the glass ban and the ticketing limits fully enforceable.

The event's ground rules took shape after two meetings last week hosted by OUSA. The first was a public meeting in Union Hall in which students were invited to share their opinions. It was reported in the *ODT* as "quiet," possibly because only six people attended or (more likely) because the *ODT* didn't actually go and therefore couldn't hear it from their insulated, labyrinthine lair. OUSA claimed that the low attendance outed those who had been complaining online about some of the propositions, including the ticket allocation, as "trolls."

Given the overall pointlessness of the Monday meeting, *Critic* assumes that most of the real decisions were made at the stakeholders' meeting on Wednesday, which was closed to the press. *Critic's* attempts to sneak in anyway were to no avail, and our intrepid reporter was escorted away from the Clocktower building by taser-wielding heavies wearing "Are You Okay?" T-shirts. Since *Critic* can only speculate about the wonders that occurred inside, and because speculation is pretty much *Critic's* stock in trade, *Critic* speculates that the meeting involved dim lighting, large digital maps of the world and shark tanks into which dissenters were ruthlessly cast by cackling OUSA masterminds.

Every vote counts! (except abstain)

BY STAFF REPORTER

OUSA LOVES BY-ELECTIONS, AND HOLDS THEM all the time. This week they're treating us to a delicious double-header, with both the Welfare and Postgraduate positions up for grabs. The candidates are Golda Matthias, Keir Russell and Ruby Sycamore-Smith. Golda and Ruby are duking it out for Welfare Officer, while Keir will be battling the dreaded No Confidence for Postgraduate Rep. *Critic* predicts

that the usual beauty-contest approach to voting will be have to be thrown out in this election – as you can see below, all three candidates are extremely good-looking. Let the candidates' lush pledges and sultry policies guide your choices instead.

Voting opens at 9am on Tuesday 12 March and closes at 4pm on Thursday 14 March. Go to voting.ousa.org.nz to get yo' democracy on.

Welfare Rep Candidates



Golda Matthias

Nominated By: Bert Holmes | Seconded By: Michaela Hunter

HHEY, FELLOW STUDENTS! I'D LIKE TO BE YOUR WELFARE OFFICER. Together, we can avoid the dreaded liquor ban many believe would be an ineffective way to combat drink-related injury. Being punished year-round for an event that with careful planning could go smoothly is a road few of us want to go down. And I would like events weeks like Women's Week and Sexual Awareness Week (did anyone notice that last week?) to be more fun, widely-attended and visible. At these times, campus should be alive with activity, not unawares. Hold Welfare to the Golda Standard: Golda Matthias for Welfare.



Ruby Sycamore-Smith

Nominated By: Amy Holmes | Seconded By: Sasha Barrett

KIA ORA, MY NAME IS RUBY SYCAMORE-SMITH AND I AM RUNNING FOR Welfare Rep! I'm in my third year of study toward a BA in Communications with a minor in Marketing. I'm passionate about communication and love meeting new people. In my welfare position I hope that we are able to change the "Scarfie" lifestyle, and ensure that students feel supported and safe. One of the big targets is flats – we don't need to be freezing to death with gaping holes in the walls. Vote for me to target these flats, let's make your time in Dunedin unbelievable.

Post-Graduate Rep Candidate



Keir Russell

Nominated By: Tama Braithwaite-Westoby | Seconded By: Jeffrey Fitting

KIA ORA, I'M KEIR RUSSELL AND I AM RUNNING FOR THE POST-GRAD Officer position of your student executive. I am currently in my sixth year of study doing my Master's of Entrepreneurship after completing a BSc in Zoology and BA(Hons) in Anthropology. I hope to bring a fresh voice for the student council on behalf of the post-graduates – though after five full-on years at Otago Uni, I hope I can help represent all student voices.



Polytech battles Uni for fair trade glory

BY BELLA MACDONALD

YET AGAIN, OTAGO POLYTECHNIC HAS MADE a dismal attempt to compete with the University of Otago. Only a few weeks after the Uni publicised its Fair Trade Campaign to become the first fully accredited fair trade tertiary institution in New Zealand, the Polytech announced their participation.

In what is sure to become a nasty and

potentially violent rivalry between the campuses for first place, the Polytech's Sustainability Director Jean Tilleyshort denied any intention to one-up the University, claiming that the University's involvement "did not affect our decision to join."

However, OUSA President Francisco Hernandez begged to differ. "I think that the Polytech was

influenced by the University's campaign to become a Fair Trade University," stated Hernandez.

"I don't think the Uni wants to be beaten by the Polytech in becoming the first Fair Trade tertiary institution in NZ, but at the same time, I can see both of them working together."

Otago University Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne admitted "when the project was originally raised with me, the idea was that both the University and the Polytech would join in with the city in this effort."

While Hernandez hoped that University would be fully accredited by 2015, Tilleyshort was vague, with no indication of a set time frame.

"The key step needed at present is to get student support," said Tilleyshort. "We already use Fair Trade products and suppliers in many parts of the Polytechnic, so we know we can meet staff and students needs while meeting the goals of Fair Trade."

Tilleyshort also stated that it was a "powerful message that the University and the Polytechnic support the Council in their drive to make the city a Fair Trade city, so we were intending to publicise this jointly with the city to reinforce that we are all doing this together." Critic understands that this is colloquially known as "piggybacking."

800 people found dead!

BY CLAUDIA HERRON

IN WHAT SOUNDS LIKE THE PLOT OF *TOMB RAIDER III*, a German archaeologist has uncovered a mass of unmarked graves revealing almost 800 long-decaying bodies. Dr Hans-Dieter Bader of Archaeology Solutions Ltd took to Central Otago with his fluxgate gradiometer and hand-held GPS unit to reveal the bodies, which date to before 1900, after walking over more than 25sq km of cemetery ground in the area in May last year.

Dr Bader has over 25 years' experience covering all aspects of New Zealand archaeology. His fluxgate gradiometer, which he may or may

not have stolen from a Star Trek set, measures magnetic variations in the earth by penetrating the ground with radar to rapidly search for disturbed areas of earth, from which potential unmarked graves can be identified.

Critic initially assumed the finding to indicate either an alien invasion, an early exploratory committee of the Peoples Temple, or an extremely large Brazilian nightclub. However, a report of Dr Bader's findings claims that unmarked graves are commonly found in "cemeteries located in settler or first generation landscapes." The report goes on to say that establishing

ethnic, cultural and religious foundations of New Zealand meant this was a "period of mobility, impermanence and change." Critic happily reminisces on a time when "pop her on the heap" was an acceptable method of body disposal, and is now preoccupied with securing a viable plot of land in which to discard previous editors.

The project was instigated after a 2010 Central Otago District Council-produced document revealed that unmarked gravesites were present at the majority of cemeteries in the district, and that such sites could not be used for burials and therefore presented operational issues.

The report is to be presented to the district's community boards, after which the administrators of each cemetery may decide how to proceed with the information.

ARCHWAY SHOP
GROUND FLOOR ISB LINK

Spend \$50 or more* and go in the monthly draw to fly a plane (with an instructor) thanks to the Otago Aero Club.

*TO ENTER WRITE YOUR EMAIL ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER ON THE BACK OF YOUR RECEIPT AND GIVE TO ARCHWAY SHOP STAFF

Crazed Gunman Terrorises Wealthy Dunedin Suburb

BY CALLUM FREDRIC, WITH REPORTING BY SAM CLARK

AT AROUND 9PM ON WEDNESDAY 6 MARCH, police and the Armed Offenders Squad were called out to a Tolcarne Avenue address in Maori Hill, where a man had apparently holed himself up in his house with his gun collection after a domestic incident.

When *Critic* arrived at the property at 10pm after a tipoff, the three roads leading to the gunman's property were cordoned off by armed police, with cordons on Baxter Street, Drivers Road, and both ends of Grendon Street.

Around a dozen police vehicles attended the scene, including a special ops van. At least twelve police officers were in attendance, many of whom were armed, along with four fully-equipped Armed Offenders Squad members armed with assault rifles.

A police negotiation team attempted to reason with the man via a loudhailer, urging him to turn on the lights and exit the house with his hands clearly visible. The man's name was clearly audible, but *Critic* has declined to publish it due

to being a media organisation with integrity and class.

After several minutes of attempted negotiation, *Critic* heard several loud cracking sounds from the property around 100 metres away from the police cordon, possibly from a taser or other weapon.

Critic spoke to a neighbour of the gunman, who described him as "a bit of a recluse" who had been living in the house for the past five years. The gunman's wife and children had initially been present in the house during the disturbance, but were able to leave the house without suffering injury. The gunman was later arrested.

Police at the scene referred *Critic's* enquiries to the Senior Sergeant on duty at the Dunedin Central police station, but no information on the incident was forthcoming.

Critic suggests that in future, the man who was arrested should commit his crimes in the more appropriate suburb of Pine Hill.



OUSA to spend approximately \$30k

BY ZANE POCKOCK

IN A MEETING HELD EARLY LAST WEEK, OUSA announced they are "looking at the possibility" of developing applications for iOS, Android and Windows smartphones at an estimated upper-end cost of \$30,000.

The app would likely include features such as "bumping" smartphones to exchange timetables, OUSA-based push notifications, digital copies of *Critic*, exam and lecture timetabling, and University maps.

OUSA hopes that in the not-too-distant future, "things like diaries could become as useless as the Yellow Pages," the project manager told *Critic*.

"We're seeing if we can make an app of value to students," he said. The ball will likely get rolling "more towards the middle of the year ... because we may as well make a good app if we do one."

OUSA is also hoping to develop a responsive website which auto-fits to different screens.

The University of Canterbury Students' Association (OUSA) already have an app. The creatively-named "UCSA App" allows students to view their timetable on- or off-line, read the local student magazine *Canta*, and "show it off, gain loads of friends, live happily ever after."

Critic hopes OUSA, at the very least, has a slightly more creative marketing department.

The UCSA App has also shown the risk of these ventures not quite working. One app user took to Facebook to say "hey, an app, nifty. Love the UI design and colour scheme. Assets are pretty low-res and nasty looking on a 720p screen, though, and it doesn't respond to the Android back button correctly, but good effort for an initial release."

If the upper-end cost of the OUSA app is reached, *Critic* advises students to take a year off, learn how to code, and develop a weekly app for a year before retiring.

Far from being set in stone, OUSA is "keen to hear from students" about the idea. Feel free to contact matt.tucker@ousa.org.nz if you have any feedback.

Aquinas Loses *Critic* Privileges

BY BELLA MACDONALD

FOLLOWING AN ATTEMPT TO SEPARATE THEMSELVES FURTHER FROM SOCIETY, AQUINAS

College has been punished for hiding their weekly delivery of *Critic* magazines in a corner of the building's foyer.

The box of magazines, which was delivered on Monday 25 February, was shunned and hidden out of sight for an entire week. It remained there unopened until the following Monday.

A *Critic* source commented on the incident, stating that "the flagrant disrespect shown to the beautiful box of *Critic* magazines by the denizens of Aquinas is unsurprising coming from a bunch of second-tier rejects who couldn't even get accepted into UniCol." The source then considered that "those hill-dwelling hicks probably can't even read."

As a consequence of Aquinas's inability to complete the simple task of opening the box and

putting the magazines in the display stand, they have lost their *Critic* privileges. *Critic's* editor, Callum Fredric, who was deeply offended by the incident, did not take this decision lightly.

During an emotional press conference, Fredric said, "I felt shocked and appalled. We spent hours hand-dyeing and stapling 5000 copies of the first issue, and to find out that our hands have been permanently stained red for nothing was a cruel blow indeed."

"Much like Jesus, I hope they learn from their punishment and come back as better people," added Fredric. "Just as every fresher writes Aquinas last on their list of preferred halls, so too does *Critic* after this unforgivable display of impudence."

A resident of Aquinas told *Critic* they had "no idea about what went on, but obviously someone fucked up."



This is the last box of *Critics* Aquinas will ever see.

On Thursday 7 March, *Critic* once again inspected Aquinas and found that very few copies of Issue #2 had been taken from the box, which had once again been expertly concealed. *Critic* hopes Aquinas's staff enjoyed their little joke while it lasted, because it will be a cold day in hell before the college plays host to these pages again.

Panesar becomes Commerce Meathead

BY CLAUDIA HERRON

ENGLAND INTERNATIONAL CRICKETER MONTY Panesar made a test appearance of a different kind by taking time out from his hectic training schedule to sit a two-hour exam at the Otago School of Business last Monday. Panesar is studying towards a Masters of Business Administration in Sport at Loughborough University and, while in New Zealand, has kept up with his studies by having his lectures recorded and transmitted to him.

MBA Admissions and Student Development Manager, Susan Steer, told *Critic* that Loughborough University had approached the University of Otago to arrange for Panesar to sit

the exam prior to the test match. The University "were happy to assist" by offering him space and an examiner.

In a press release from Loughborough University, Panesar remarked that the Sports MBA programme at Loughborough had given him "great insight into the challenges of sports management." He also remarked that he could continue to balance playing cricket professionally and studying because of the "flexibility" of the course. Critic likened this to the great insight PE students receive from their degrees and the flexible future job prospects they have, such as becoming a PE teacher and ... becoming a PE teacher.

The *Daily Telegraph's* Derek Pringle, a former England international all-rounder, interviewed Panesar on his studies abroad. Panesar remarked that the extra letters to his name helped "to keep the brain ticking over." He also appeared "cagey" when interviewed, no doubt wondering how commentators would deal with the name "Panesarmba" in future matches. While Pringle did commend Panesar for his studiousness, he also questioned whether completing a Master's was consistent with the time demands of cricket. *Critic* would remind Pringle that Cs do, in fact, get degrees.

Panesar also took to Twitter as @Montyp713 to say that he had "just finished mba exam knocked me for six guys..." Despite finding the test difficult, *Critic* suspects that the chances of Panesar getting compassionate consideration for being Sikh were slim.



EUROPE RETURN FROM \$1799 STUDENT/UNDER 26

SAVE UP TO 25% ON EUROPE TOURS

COME AND SEE THE TEAM AT STA TRAVEL TODAY!

207a George Street (inside Starbucks)

P: 03 474 0146 E: dunedin@statravel.co.nz



Terms and conditions apply, ask in-store for details



CRITIC'S INFAMOUS BLIND DATE COLUMN IS BACK FOR ANOTHER YEAR OF SHUTDOWNS, hilariously mismatched pairs, and the occasional hookup. Each week, we lure two singletons to a bar and ply them with alcohol and food (in that order), then wait for their reports to arrive in our inbox. If this sounds like you, email news@critic.co.nz or FB message us. This week, Angus Restaurant/Moon Bar played host to two lovebirds.

Gus Gawn's friend

MY FLATMATE ROPED ME IN TO GOING ON A BLIND DATE. HE TOLD ME there was supposed to be a group of us – instead, it was just the "date" and me. Thanks Gus.

I arrived early; the only one in the restaurant, hoping my date wasn't going to stand me up. She arrived, escorted to the table by Hayley, my new favourite waitress at Angus Restaurant. A couple of bottles of Merlot down and the banter was flowing – golf, tennis, travelling – we covered it all while I downed a steak, brownie and my date's cheesecake. I got a bit suspicious when I heard an acoustic song about "pop that pussy" playing in the restaurant and we took that as our cue to get more drinks.

We headed through to Moon Bar where my date gave me a "money shot" and the bartender gave us a free jagerbomb. Then we headed to the Terraces where her flatmates met us, and I found out they had actually been watching the date the whole time – subtle. They let us be, after questioning me avidly, and we headed back to hers.

What happened next is a bit of a blur. Until the morning, when she was giving me a morning glory gobby, and my cock started spurring blood. Nice torn banjo string. She was stressing and checked out if there was anything we could do, apparently no sex or masturbation for a week – hello blue balls. We fell asleep again as my hangover sunk in, and woke up feeling slightly better, and risky. By risky, I mean, I let her give me a handy – why not! We chatted for a bit and then I headed home, not before leaving her my number though.

ANGUS
RESTAURANT • BAR
DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND

Gus Gawn's friend's date

IF I HAD BEEN TOLD MY "DATE" WAS A FRIEND OF GUS GAWN'S, I WOULDN'T have bothered going. Alas, it is 2013, "The Year of the Slut" as my flatmates and I have so coherently put it, the year to say "yes" to as many ridiculous opportunities we are presented with. So when Callum approached me about two hours before I was required to be date-ready, I obviously was required to say "yes" ... and then freaked the fuck out about who it could be, what to wear and the state my "fairy" was in, downed some wine and made my merry way to Moon Bar.

On arrival, I couldn't help but stare only at my date – probably because we were the only ones in the restaurant. Naturally, I followed flat rule number 1 – "quiz before the jizz." I think he was quite old, as he mentioned things I didn't know about – like what the fuck is Gardies? We got to know one another pretty well, indulged in some fine cuisine, a few cheeky bottles of Merlot and capped our stint off at Moon Bar with a money shot from the blonde at the bar. At this stage, my flatmates were inconspicuously behind the bar DJ-ing with hits such as "Sexual Healing," "Let's Get It On" and "Truly Madly Deeply" whilst also dimming the lights – unbeknownst to my date who was marvelling over the Savage Garden choice.

We then headed into the Octagon and found a bit of a golden oldie post-cricket party at the Terraces – my date fitted in with his Jeremy Clarkson jeans and cunt hunter shoes. We necked back some Coronas before heading back to mine. And this is where it gets juicy (and bloody) ... We had a drunken fumble, waking up to condom wrappers lying beside me when I woke up, when round two occurred and injury one was had – torn banjo string – oops! Blood on the sheets showing it was the Bloody Mary watching over us instead of the Virgin Mary last night. In a stressed haste we Googled for solutions which said "no sex for a week," we had a sleep, woke up again and he was keen for a cheeky handy – which we risked #yolo. It was midday before he left, after leaving me his number.



An artist's rendition of the fun everyone would be having if they showed up.

Apathetic students don't show up to Phoenix game

BY GREG HALL

AFTER AN EVENTFUL WEEK THAT FEATURED the resignation of long-time coach Ricki Herbert and a midweek loss to the Newcastle Jets, the Wellington Phoenix rallied and came away with a 1-0 victory against Melbourne in our own backyard. Jeremy Brockie scored the only goal in the fixture, which was the second consecutive victory at Forsyth Barr Stadium for the Phoenix.

The Phoenix dominated the game and should have been three or four up by half time, but were hindered by the woodwork twice. They came out with a vigour that has not been seen all season. The Heart hardly threatened the Phoenix goal, and were run ragged by the ever-consistent Paul Ifill and Leo Bertos, who looked a different player on the wing. The second half lacked the intensity of the first and Wellington looked complacent as the time ticked away. Substitute Louis Fenton had the chance to put the game to bed but missed a sitter by blazing it over the bar. It is fair to say

the scoreline didn't do justice to the Phoenix performance; they should have beaten the lacklustre Heart by considerably more. Lack of shrewdness in the final third and in front of goal will be a key area to address for interim coach Chris Greenacre in the remaining games.

Although Forsyth Barr is a successful venue in terms of victories for the Phoenix, it's probably the last time the team will journey down to the Deep South. An extremely disappointing attendance (unofficial reports put it just over 3000) will freeze any ideas of returning. So who or what is to blame for this nightmare of a turnout? Take your pick. Firstly, the marketing was virtually non-existent with the exception of a few spray-painted stencils on the footpath outside the University.

Secondly, it was always going to be a huge effort to get a crowd considering the performances of the Phoenix this season. In 2011,

when they first came to Dunedin, they were in the middle of a reasonably successful season in which they finished fourth in the table. This time there was no novelty. A Sunday afternoon game in a city with over 20,000 students is imprudent to say the least. The biggest issue is to do with the apathy of the public and of the student population. A preseason game in 2011 saw around 15,000 spectators, so the appeal is there. A turnout of 3000 people is beyond disappointing. The Phoenix may suck now but they hopefully won't suck next season, or the season after that. So in essence, the city's failure to turn up to a game now has ruined the chances of seeing a superior Phoenix side down here in the future.

Luckily, Dunedin has a second chance to show that they do want professional football to be played in the best stadium in the country. On 22 March the All Whites play New Caledonia. A win or a draw in this game will award Ricki Herbert's team the Oceania place in the intercontinental playoff against a CONCACAF (North and Central American) nation in November.

So if you want to see the All Whites at the World Cup in Brazil next year, or if you want to see more sport played down in Dunedin, make the effort.



Green Tights for St. Patricks Day

Green Fabric, Skirts, Scrunchies, Hats, Ties, Shorts etc.

The Dolls House (Next to Modaks) 335 George St

Usual Hours: 11-5:30 • Sat 10-1.00 • Ph 477-7076

Open St Patricks Day (Sun. 17) 11- 4.00





Nuts! Out! For the Girls! (Nuts Out for the girls)

BY MARCUS ELLISON

THE ART OF STREAKING HOLDS A CURIOUS place in New Zealand sporting culture. On the one hand very few people will go on record condoning the act. Broadcasters have gone as far as to pretend it doesn't happen. They would rather cut to abstract shots of close-up grass than give a streaker the prize of appearing on air. If commentators even dare to mention a streaker on air, they describe the nudist as "some idiot" or "a lunatic."

On the other hand the general public commonly celebrates streakers. The "offender" becomes a hero to their mates and the rest of the crowd. I have been to hundreds of sports events and at no time have I heard a streaker get booed. Often the loudest roar of the night is reserved for these bold naturalists.

From Will Ferrell streaking through the quad to that hot chick who got her tits out at the Queenstown Sevens that year, streakers are celebrated by Joe Blow. It's a victimless crime that appeals to our wonderful New Zealand sensibility of being "outrageous" just so long as nobody gets hurt.

When *Critic* added a note at the bottom of John

Burton's wonderful piece on the league last week calling for the streaker from the Warriors game to get in touch, we didn't hold out much hope. But when Tuesday rolled around, a happy little surprise was sitting in my inbox.

So, ladies and gentleman, boys and girls, the name of the streaker photographed at the Warriors game with Ruben Wiki's nose in his butt (commonly referred to as a sooty bear) is ... Phillip Puckey of Auckland.

Critic was able to have a quick chat with Phillip to ask him what it's like having a naked cuddle with Ruben Wiki.

Turns out Phil isn't even a student:

"I'm having a wee bit of a holiday while working for my old man in Auckland. I'm going to apply for the navy dive course in a bit. I was in Dunedin visiting a few mates."

Motivation?

"I decided five minutes before half time that it was going to happen. My mates just said that they bet I wouldn't. I've got one mate who's always been a bit of a bad influence on me."

The plan?

"I don't know how the idea came about but I was all for it. Before half time we wandered down under the Zoo. There is a tunnel which is unmanned, it's the perfect entry point. I stripped down, had my undies in my hand, gave my clothes and my phone to my mate and I was off. The Zoo were all cheering me on and I just went for it."

Then what?

"I did alright until Ruben Wiki nailed me. He passed me on to a couple of other security guards. I managed to wriggle away from those guys and made another bit of a run for it. I managed to step one security guard and make it to the fence but they got me again. He [Ruben Wiki] hits hard. I'm still pretty sore now to be honest. I was full of adrenaline so it didn't hurt at the time, but he got me, he got me good."

Getting caught?

"I think a couple of the security guards were angry. When they got me I was still really naked and I'd dropped my pants just before the fence. I asked them for my shorts back but only one of them wanted to give them back to me. The police thought it was a big joke. They were really good about it."

"I got put in the holding cells till about midnight. While I was walking back to my mates' house a couple of people recognised me from the game and were handing me beers and stuff as I walked past. I was a temporary celebrity."

Grabaseat have since been in touch with Philip and proposed a re-match with Wiki at the next Warriors home game. At the time of going to print this was unconfirmed. As yet Marc Ellis has not been in touch about paying the fine, and *Critic* could not reach him for comment. Philip Puckey is banned from Forsyth Barr Stadium for two years, and faces a court appearance this week and a likely fine.

Well done to Ben Thomas who receives a finder's badge.



Stirling Sports is going Green for St Patricks Day
Call in and check out their green T-shirts on special

Meridian Centre, George Street, Dunedin 9016 | 03-470 1605 | stirlingsports.co.nz

BEST OF THE WEB

everyfuckingwebsite.com

The Name says it all



critic.co.nz/hepburn

youtu.be/SFw8NjZF-Qk

Despite her being dead for 20 years, Audrey Hepburn appears in a UK chocolate advertisement thanks to CGI. It's creepily lifelike.

critic.co.nz/hipster

youtu.be/KabOfnbS4TQ

Taking the piss, or maybe not: Artisanal Pencil Sharpening.

critic.co.nz/nutter

digg.tumblr.com/post/44140741698/

Someone has finally invented a machine which separates Oreo cookies from their cream.

critic.co.nz/goodshit

buzzfeed.com/emotly/my-life-as-a-professional-cannabis-baker

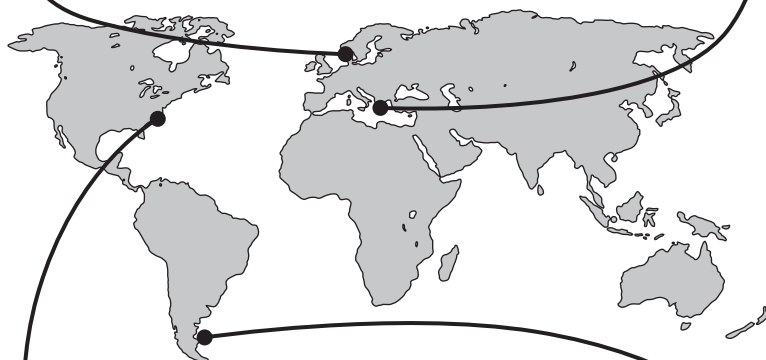
Buzzfeed has an excellent photo essay and interview with a "Professional Cannabis Baker"

NEWS IN BRIEFS

WORLD WATCH

ATHENS, GREECE | In Ancient Athens, the world's first democracy, there was a practice called ostracism whereby there was an annual vote on the politician they thought was most destructive to the democratic process. The winner was banished from Athens for 10 years, presumably to Invercargill.

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN | Police in Stockholm were surprised two weeks ago to find that a man they had arrested for buying sex from a prostitute was the prosecutor to whom they had to report the crime. Critic was surprised (read: disappointed) to find that prostitution's still illegal in Sweden.



ARGENTINA | A 22 year old woman has married her twin sister's killer. The honeymoon, however, will have to wait until the man finishes his 13 year prison sentence.

NORTH CAROLINA, USA | Researchers at Duke University have successfully wired the brains of two rats together, allowing the signals from one rat's brain to help the other solve a problem for the first time. What's more, the rats were separated by thousands of kilometers: one in Brazil and one in North Carolina.



Across the road from the Library
Open all day
74 Albany St - Ph: 477 0598

Lunchtime Pizza
plus coffee or 600ml coke
\$12.50



FAILIENT

THE WORST

Fails of the Week from Wellington's Student Magazine

1) We're pretty sure Salient didn't receive many letters this week and resorted to writing to themselves for the second time since Valentine's Day. So they wrote a letter ripping out Otago for being "preoccupied with burning couches." Despite this, the allure of immolated furniture was enough for Salient to write a news report on a single couch being burned in Wellington. Stick to your protest marches guys, couch fires are our thing.

2) "As for David Cunliffe, the man is a Harvard educated economist who better yet, can string a coherent sentence together." Maybe he can, albeit while putting on a faux-Polynesian accent when speaking at the Avondale Markets, but your comma usage indicates that you cannot.

3) Overly paranoid disclaimer of the week: "Now before I start I want to be clear about something: the following article refers to consensual and adult pornography. It is in no way meant to encourage or condone any viewing of sexual behaviour which is illegal. When accessed via legal and consensual avenues, pornography can provide a societal good. Be sure any pornography you watch falls within the bounds of consent and the law." Critic also wants to be clear that despite ripping out Salient every week, we don't support razing Wellington to the ground and salting the earth so that no crops will ever grow there again. Just FYI.

4) "I actually just saw a guy walking through Uni, he's the biggest creep. He loves skinny girls and he gets them in the spas and he just wants to stare at their vaginas, and I was like that is so weird."

Indeed.

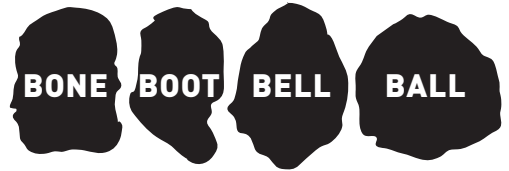
TOTES RANDOM

WARRINGTON IS A SMALL TOWN (population 400) on the outskirts of Dunedin, and has a single claim to fame - the "flying saucer" house at 13 Park Road. The house is one of fewer than 100 prefabricated "Futuro" houses that were designed by a Finnish architect and built in the late 1960s with the aim of being "the home of the future". Futuro houses are just four metres high and eight metres in diameter, and are made up of fiberglass-reinforced polyester plastic.

The Futuro house in Warrington was spotted on Trademe as recently as 2012, with an asking rate of \$150 per week.



FACTS & FIGURES



McDonald's has four distinct shapes of Chicken McNuggets. The 'Ball', 'Bell', 'Bone' and 'Boot' shapes are named after their closest resemblance. Critic wonders what they call those burnt mutant McNuggets.



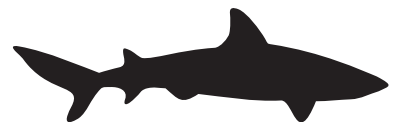
In 1978 there were 89 breweries in America. At the beginning of 2013 there are 2,336 with a new one opening every day.



After adjusting for inflation, airline ticket prices have fallen by 50% in the last 30 years. Don't believe us? critic.co.nz/surprising



The Tooth Fairy is currently buying teeth at an average of NZ\$2.93 per unit, an increase of 15% from last year.



100 million sharks are killed around the world every year, primarily for shark fin soup, which puts some species at risk of extinction within decades. In comparison, fewer than 20 people are killed by sharks every year.



TIL YKK not only makes 90% of the world's zippers, but they produce the whole process. By smelting their own brass, building the zipper-making machines and making the boxes they ship in, they're a rare example of full vertical integration.



TWO STRAIGHT WHITE MALES TALK POLITICS

POLITICAL TALK IS 99% BULLSHIT. NOBODY EVER TELLS THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT THEIR POLITICAL VIEWS, FOR FEAR OF DAMAGING THEIR REPUTATION OR BEING LABELLED AN "EXTREMIST". SAM MCCHESENEY TRACKED DOWN TWO HARDCORE POLITICOS FROM BOTH ENDS OF THE SPECTRUM, PROMISED THEM TOTAL ANONYMITY, AND ASKED THEM THE HARD QUESTIONS THAT WOULD NORMALLY BE DEFLECTED. WHAT FOLLOWS IS AN EXTRACT FROM THEIR FULL AND FRANK DISCUSSION.

So when did you first develop your political views and how?

LEFTIE: My parents would be my single biggest influence, and they've always been an influence, so I'm not entirely sure exactly when my views developed, because it's kind of hard to separate out being left-wing by default because that's what your parents are to actually understanding what that means and why you hold their beliefs.

So your parents – what are their backgrounds in politics?

L: My mum was a hippie. Both my parents were in the Values Party, which was one of the parties that went into the Alliance. And now they're both quite staunch Green voters.

What do you think they did to influence you – was it books they left lying around, or comments they might have made?

L: Dinner table conversations mostly. We still have them whenever I go back, we'll usually sit around the table for about an hour after every meal talking. And it invariably came back to politics.

RIGHTIE: My parents were both classic centre-left Labour voters, living in a rich suburb that swung to the left. There was a big community feeling, where they'd have these dinner parties with rich friends where everybody was centre-left. I think they were called "trendy lefties" at the time. Champagne socialists.

So when you were at school, did you hang out with people who shared your beliefs?

L: I didn't really talk politics with most of my friends. But there were a couple of friends in particular who helped me define my beliefs because I just argued with them all the time. There was one friend at high school who was a hawk and centre-right, and I'd have a lot

of conversations with him about the war in Iraq and issues like that. He's now a bona fide gun nut.

There was another girl in my class at school who gave a speech strongly against euthanasia. And I remember just getting fucking angry during this speech because it was just bullshit, and wanting to stand up and argue with her the whole time. And then just going away afterwards and seething, and thinking up all the ways she was wrong and full of shit. Often my beliefs were formed by people pissing me off, followed by me winning hypothetical arguments against them in my head. [laughs]

So where did you go from there, did you read books, or talk to people from the left?

L: Not really ... by the time I came to uni I was still quite politically naive and suggestible. By the end of first year I was convinced I was a Marxist because of some lectures I'd been to and some readings I'd done. By the time I did a full-on Marxist paper in second year I realised just how one-eyed it all was.

For a while I just got fucking pissed off at the NORML people and at the ISO, because they were just so fucking stupid, and making everybody on the left look bad. So I just kind of thought, "if this is the left, I want to distance myself from it." I became more of a diehard rationalist, and less tolerant, although that's softened now. I think learning some basic economics was a factor as well, it helped me see through a lot of the hard left's bullshit. Even though I've kind of recanted on a lot of that as well, because I think a lot of economic theory is bullshit too.

Can you see anything happening in your life that would dislodge your left-wing beliefs?

L: I do wonder at all these stories of people getting more conservative in their old age, and I look at that and think "shit, is that going to be

me?" And when I look at that I do really hope that it's not me, because a lot of my identity is tied up with my political beliefs, and if it does reach that situation where I fundamentally change my political beliefs down the line, then I'd be a different person. So it is quite a scary proposition, because it's like, "fuck, I might turn into this person that nowadays I'd severely dislike."

I have a real problem with people saying that, "oh, I was left-wing when I was younger but then I grew up and got a bit more experience of the world." That kind of thing pisses me off because it's so fucking patronising. And those people who say those kinds of things, a lot of the time they don't actually get any more life experiences, they just enter into a work environment and stay there for thirty years.

R: I think you're right about the identity thing, that your political beliefs are a big part of who you are. I think friend groups are important too, if you've got friends who are involved in the same causes as you then you have that common ground with them. But if you change it kind of cuts you off from them in quite a strong way.

What about you [Rightie], when did you begin to develop your beliefs?

R: The first time I had any reason whatsoever for supporting National was this column I read by Don Brash about Working For Families and how it was creating bad incentives. I put that column up on my wall, and began to grow quite an admiration for Don Brash. And then when he made the Orewa speech, about a year later, I totally agreed with that as well.

By the time he made that speech, I'd developed a quite strong opposition to what I saw as Maori privilege. I went to an ultra-liberal high school, so there were probably even more special

By the time he made that speech, I'd developed a quite strong opposition to what I saw as Maori privilege. I went to an ultra-liberal high school, so there were probably even more special Maori programmes than at other schools.

In third and fourth form we were forced to watch all these really suspect videos about things like Treaty claims. Some of them were just ludicrous. I guess once I was about fifteen I felt like I'd been duped, and that we'd all been indoctrinated in a systematic fashion, and I began to regret all the fawning essays I'd written because I felt like they'd been preying on our young minds. And there were a bunch of programmes in my school as well, where Maori students would get taken away on snowboarding trips, all paid for, because it would "build leadership" or something. So when the Orewa speech happened that really cemented my political beliefs and from that point I was very much a National, right-wing man.

L: I guess my school didn't have the sort of overt indoctrination that you describe. Our primary school was kind of like, "whatever, we'll just teach you the same eight Maori words every year and the same stuff about the Treaty every year, and we'll just assume you'll have forgotten about it by the time we come around to teaching it again the next year."

R: In my school the Maori students were almost segregated for the first couple of years, because they had this room called the whanau room, and all the third and fourth formers would just spend all their time there. There were quite a few Maori students who I met later and realised we'd been at the same school at the same time, but never met each other.

So do you think your parents ultimately didn't have much influence on your political beliefs?

R: No, I don't think they did in the end. I think for some people there's definitely an element of rebellion against their parents, so people with really left-wing parents sometimes might be like, "screw you, damn hippies, I'm going to be a right-wing square." I don't think that was a big factor for me though.

Do you or other left-wingers secretly yearn to be accepted by the working classes?

L: I don't know about others, but I personally don't, at all. And a lot of my friends think the same way – one of my friends says that she's "down with the working class cause, but not down with the working class. So I think we support that in an abstract sense but we don't really have many friends who are working class.

R: But do you know the kind of person I'm talking about? I mean, [name redacted], the wealthy Marxist. He probably wishes he wasn't private

ON PARENTAL INFLUENCE:

LEFTIE: MY PARENTS WOULD BE MY SINGLE BIGGEST INFLUENCE.

RIGHTIE: I THINK FOR SOME PEOPLE THERE'S DEFINITELY AN ELEMENT OF REBELLION AGAINST THEIR PARENTS. SO PEOPLE WITH REALLY LEFT-WING PARENTS SOMETIMES MIGHT BE LIKE, 'SCREW YOU, DAMN HIPPIES. I'M GOING TO BE A RIGHT-WING SQUARE.' I DON'T THINK THAT WAS A BIG FACTOR FOR ME THOUGH.

school-educated, wishes he was raised in a coal mine and had street cred, and wants to be accepted by the working class, but obviously that will never happen.

L: With [redacted], a lot of it's probably ego, or a grandiose sense of self worth. He doesn't regret his background so much as he regrets the fact that he isn't going to be this great leader of the working class, because he doesn't have that back story. So all he can be is this ivory tower Marxist who slums it out of some romantic ideological bullshit reason, and will never be a true leader of the cause, which I think is what he really wants to be.

Do you believe that left-wingers are motivated by envy?

R: I think some definitely are, no question. The ones who have a passionate hatred for the rich, certainly.

L: I think the reason most left-wingers hate the "tall poppy syndrome" rhetoric and the "politics of envy" rhetoric is that it's just accurate enough to stick, but also inaccurate enough to enrage us. So the envy might be there, but I think most people feel it doesn't actually influence their beliefs. It's more that once the view has been settled that these people are my ideological opponents, you just kind of throw anything that will stick at them. And it quickly devolves into, "they're greedy bastards, they've got no empathy for anybody, fuck John Key, fuck all the rich people," and that's where the appearance of envy comes up.

R: Maybe, but I do think that envy is a huge motivating factor for humanity. Right-wingers have a lot of envy too, I'm sure.

L: The way I see it is that left-wingers' thing is more just rooting for the underdog. And once you start rooting for the underdog all the time, most of the time the underdog loses, that's why he's the underdog. And so you can end up just getting fucking pissed off all the time, and a lot of the time that means left-wingers can just be horrible people to be around, really annoying and shrill.

It's kind of a weird world in which if you care too much you can easily turn into this sullen misanthropic person.

R: I'm not so sure, I became way more detached and chilled out about politics after I started befriending a wider group of people including more left-wingers, and once you start to humanise some left-wingers and realise they're not all monsters, you start to be less shrill about politics in general. That could be a white male thing – maybe it's harder for women if they feel oppressed by patriarchy to let go. Because certainly if things are affecting you personally it's a lot easier to get riled up about them. Things that affect me personally, I do get way more riled up about.

Do right-wingers genuinely care about the poor?

R: I used to. But then I became far more cynical about it and started believing that the majority of beneficiaries were just abusing the system. But I do think I'm in the minority for right-wingers, because some of them have at least some sympathy even if they also kind of hate beneficiaries, and then there are some that actually passionately believe that flat taxes will lead the poor out, and give them an opportunity to rise to greatness.

L: Do you believe that?

R: I don't know. I think it's better for their mentality, and stops them being useless and lazy and being paid hundreds of dollars for being so, which is probably not good for your development as a person. I think people in a right-wing society will grow to become more intelligent and motivated. But I think materially they'd be worse off. But I think some people genuinely do believe that poor people would be better off.

Do you think you would be better off had you been non-white?

R: Ooh, interesting! Yeah ... generally I do. I mean, it's hard to separate it – would I be the same but with different ancestors, or would different things have happened in my life? But generally, I think, yes – you get free scholarships, you get money, you can join the ethnic industry which exists in every country. Maybe I'm underestimating the amount of racism that people face, but I'm not so sure. What about you?

L: No, I'm very glad I was born white!

R: What if you were born 1/32nd Maori? Would you want that?

L: Yep, for the scholarships. But I'd still be white, though, that's the point. It's not a question of having a token amount of Maori blood so that I can claim scholarships, it's being identifiably white, rather than being identifiably Maori, or Pacific Island, or Asian.

R: I've always really hated the idea that because I'm white, male, straight, rich, whatever, it means I can't comment on anything. And those identity politics type people hate it when it's turned around against them. Like Helen Clark was always told that she couldn't comment on motherhood and raising children because she didn't have any. Do you think she should have shut up and not commented?

L: I don't think it's a situation of being unqualified to comment, I just think it's a case of having to listen.

R: Well, everything I've said I could get signed off word for word by someone who ticks all the right boxes. Like Thomas Sowell, the African American conservative economist. Or a woman, I could get it signed off by a right-wing woman.

L: That's not the point though, because it's not just getting someone who ticks the boxes to say it for you to insulate yourself from criticism. It's a question of understanding, and there is always a gap. For instance, I'm not going to know what it's like to be whistled at by construction workers; or I'm not going to know what it feels like when somebody says 'that's so gay,' and it makes me clench up; or I'm not going to know how it feels when someone says the n-word.

R: But realistically, that feeling could be anywhere on the scale of extremely hurtful for some people to not hurtful at all. To a certain extent I'm sure some people are genuinely affected by this stuff. But there are the ones who just make it their life's mission to talk about how oppressed they are, and you can't automatically agree with it just because it's their experience and not yours. Because getting offended makes people feel morally superior. Being offended puts you in a really powerful position.

L: Not necessarily. It depends who's being offended. Because I think if a Christian got offended and talked about how offended they were, that Christian isn't going to be in a powerful position at all, because most people will say, 'shut up, you easily-offended Christian moron, fuck off.'

R: People want to be offended, though. When Hone Harawira said "white motherfuckers,"

it was pretty hard for a white person to get really offended by it. But there were so many people really trying to get offended by it, and really trying to claim that they felt horribly violated as a white person to have these slanderous words spoken. Because being offended gives you the moral high ground.

Do you think it's a random occurrence that you turned out the way you did politically, and that it could have gone either way?

L: No, I think with my upbringing it was always very likely that I'd turn out left-wing.

R: I find it interesting to think that if I'd been influenced by someone at a different time, I could have gone a different way. I don't really think that either ideology is "correct" in any real way. What do you think?

L: Well, personally I think that socialism, or the variants of socialism I'm attracted to, draw on a wider range of experiences. I think that libertarianism for instance reflects a narrower outlook and set of interests than the more progressive forms of socialism – the variants that came along when people started to realise that the Soviet Union was actually a bit shit, and started looking for something better.

R: I really tried throughout uni to be open-minded when reading left-wing things, but there's only so far you can go. Even if you open your mind as much as you possibly can, you can't really shut out the bias. So I'd always be reading it in a slightly sceptical way, because I just fundamentally wouldn't agree with some of the things the writers would take for granted, like that patriarchy existed or that capitalism was inherently exploitative.

I think everyone likes their ideology so much and it's a big part of who they are, so they don't want to think of the possibility that maybe it's just a random piece of chance that led them to it. You don't want to think that maybe if you'd just walked down a different road one day and bumped into some charismatic person, you could have a totally different outlook.

The Critic Legal High Review

By **Matty Stroller**

YESTERDAY AFTERNOON I WAS SURPRISED by an unusual proposition from Critic: consume and review five different types of legal highs over the course of a night. After two minutes of mental deliberation – involving some ninja-like backwards rationalising my way out of prior commitments – I decided that in the name of student journalism and personal curiosity, I would accept.

Personally, I have had some past experience with legal highs; it would be even more irresponsible to take five different types in the course of a night if you had none. My opinion of them is lukewarm.

The legal high market has come under increasing scrutiny in recent years thanks to the tireless efforts of well-known fun-police members, United Future and the Otago Daily Times, and I agree that legal highs should be subject to the same regulatory standards as other legal drugs like alcohol and tobacco. Legal highs also tend to encounter hostility at both ends of the square circle spectrum: the anti-drug public loathes them for obvious reasons, and much of the pro-drug crowd scorn them as less cool alternatives to their illegal favourites.

Anyway, armed with the Critic credit card, your humble Editor and I headed into Cosmic to

select my legal drugs of choice for the evening. Ten minutes, \$110, and some great customer service later, we walked out ready to begin. Our selection encompassed a range of legal uppers and downers, complete with predictably hippie-friendly labels such as Mr Trippy and Dr. Feelgood – the kind of stuff that occupies a special place in Peter Dunne's most horrific, panic attack-inducing nightmares. Feeling a little anxious that the evening could degenerate into my own personal nightmare, I parted with the Critic staff and embarked into the "wilderness" to complete my mission.

Dr. Feelgood

I decided it might not be the most prudent idea to sit alone at my flat with only the ramblings of my legal high-addled brain to entertain me (potentially giving the ODT another headline to froth at the mouth over in the process), so I recruited/convincing a friend – a devout Muslim from Pakistan – to help me out with the serious task of consumption. Hey, it's all part of the assimilation process man. First up on the agenda was Dr. Feelgood, which didn't come with any real description apart from what you can infer from the name itself. After swallowing two pills with a healthy swig of goon (glass of water for my Muslim friend), I waited to start feeling good.

And then waited some more.

Our environment could have not been any more conducive to feeling good – sitting on a sweet balcony in the late afternoon sun, people-watching, and talking general smack to the backdrop of some of North Dunedin's more lush landscapes. But half an hour later we still weren't feeling good. And then the placebo chat fired up. Anyone who has taken drugs knows that if the placebo chat has to happen in the first place, things aren't going to get all Fear and Loathing anytime soon.

Maybe we were being impatient? An hour and a half later, we still did not feel particularly good, nor did we feel particularly bad, but



instead very similar to how we had felt before. In other words, minus a few irregular organ pains and some increased perspiration, we were about as fucking sober as Peter Dunne at any given Sunday service.

Then slowly but surely things began to change – a bit anyway. The balcony's surroundings started to look a lot more vibrant, the barbeque reggae humming away in the background became a little more enjoyable, and conversation took a decisive turn toward the classic deep and meaningful. We were finally starting to feel good. A discernible something beyond placebo had changed – it was not great, it was certainly not "look at the fucking size of your pupils" euphoric, but it was something, and we were happy with that.

DR. FEELGOOD: 2.5/5

PUFF: No edgy paranoia, no major decline in cognitive processes, no unwanted auditory hallucinations, just a pleasantly benign feeling of general contentedness.

Puff (Super Strength)

Next up we tried "Puff," a synthetic cannabis product. Much like its counterpart Dr. Feelgood, Puff's packaging contained little to no detail about the product itself. In fact, the only information on the package rather ominously stated that Puff was "not for human consumption" at all. Dismissing the statement as a legal disclaimer (and who in their fucking right mind would pay \$20 for a small bag of "super strength incense"?), we lay back on the balcony and roasted half a dozen big creamy legal bills.

Relative to how disgustingly putrid legal highs can taste, Puff was surprisingly bearable. And the effects that followed were surprisingly enjoyable. No edgy paranoia, no major decline in cognitive processes, no unwanted auditory hallucinations, just a pleasantly

benign feeling of general contentedness. Admittedly I was few wines down and the sun was still blaring, but Puff did not render me the unintelligible vegetable I feared it would – and as some of its more infamous relatives are known to do.

A few more 10-second hold-downs later, and with the good – yet slightly up to fuck – Dr. Feelgood still on our side, we watched the sun go down in a big haze of perfectly legal smoke. Shit started to get a bit hippy on it after that. Our conversation seamlessly leapfrogged from potential Master's topics to metaphysics and cosmic oneness; the kind of conversations you actively cringe at whilst having, but can't help yourself because in the broadest wishy-washy philosophical way it all seems so right and true at the time, and also because you're high as fuck. Not bad Puff, not bad.

PUFF: 2.5/5



Mr Trippy



Mr Trippy has some character, I'll give him that. By far the most descriptive of the bunch, our expectations were raised after reading that Mr Trippy is "herbal snuff for the adventurous, seasoned space cadet." I was reasonably sure we qualified.

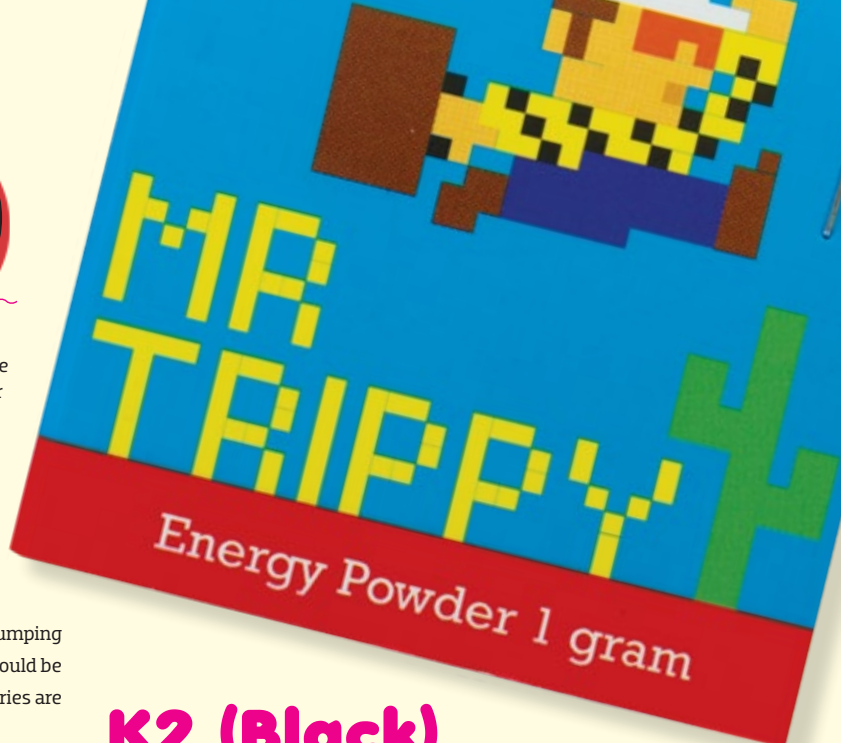
After investigating the contents of the baggie, far from the sinister, chemically white powder I was expecting, Mr Trippy smelt and looked like it would be quite at home in Gregg's impressively large range of herbs and spices. My Pakistani companion had begun cooking a curry, and for a brief moment, we seriously considered dumping half the contents in as a flavour enhancer. I then realised that A) it would be a waste of potentially "good" drugs, and B) my Pakistani friend's curries are generally fucking average at best.

Multiple rails later, our noses and throats burned with the sweet hybrid scent of fennel and coriander. Our noses promptly began to leak large amounts of shitty brown liquid – a terrible look if you're rocking out of the Pop toilets at 5.30am looking to pull – and we decided to axe the curry idea, have a few more Puff bills, and go for a walk.

An hour passed, and by North Dunedin/North East Valley standards things didn't feel too socially unacceptable for a Tuesday afternoon as we idly strolled around without purpose. The time constraints on our mission, and the necessary amount of consumption overlap this entailed, were starting to take their toll. Each high's distinct effects had morphed into something else. In the battle between the uppers and downers, the downers were definitely prevailing.

Mr Trippy had added something to the mix. We returned to find my flatmate at home, who made the telling observation that "we kind of looked like we were on drugs, but kind of didn't." This captures the essence of many legal highs. They're okay, but not great. Head down the legal rabbit hole with realistic expectations and you may be pleasantly surprised; expect a mind-blowing psychedelic experience and you're doomed for disappointment. Maybe Mr Kind of Trippy For a While would have been a more appropriate label, if not the best marketing tactic.

MR TRIPPY: 3/5



K2 (Black)

In saying that, a short time later things began to go south for my dear Pakistani friend. Unsettled and jittery, he engaged in a series of nonsensical polemics about god knows what. What had I done? I had pushed my poor, semi-pious friend off the deep end. The "devil's fingers" were apparently "probing" his brain. Regretting my earlier use of peer pressure, I attempted to comfort him, with little success. Maybe Peter Dunne was right. A whole bunch of psycho-babble and what sounded like a renouncement of his faith later, my friend made a swift, unannounced exit.

Just in time too. I was ready to get into the serious shit: K2 Black. I was apprehensive – given what I'd read in the ODT, I was a little concerned that at best I'd suffer only a minor psychotic episode, and at worst, would rob the Night 'n Day Regent with whatever weapon I could find around the flat. Half a bag later, it was patently apparent that my fears were unwarranted. Instead, I became a catatonic piece of furniture, huddled in the corner, with a dumb grin plastered on my face. I was climbing the mountain all right.

Almost uncomfortably high, I embarked on a YouTube tangent which somehow (I blame the K2) resulted in me watching "Best of X-factor auditions" clips in the early hours of the morning. I think I even got a bit teary at one stage. Powerful stuff. In my state of heightened emotion, my thoughts turned to my poor, poor – hopefully still sane – friend. Almost at that moment, I received a reassuring message from him containing several lolcat pics. My mind was instantly at ease and everything was all right.

K2 (BLACK): 5/5



Lion's Tail



Lion's Tail was marketed to us as having the most subtle effects out of our selection, so I decided it was futile to try any after several hours of being legally high, and that it would be best to wait until the morning. Sleep did not come easy. I suspect Dr. Feelgood's lingering stimulant effects came back to haunt me in a big way. And when morning came, after a few hours' sleep at most, my weary brain couldn't bear the thought of any more legal highs. In sum, I failed to review Lion's Tail. My bad, head down to Cosmic and buy some yourself.

LION'S TAIL: N/A



K2: Half a bag later, it was patently apparent that my fears were unwarranted. Instead, I became a catatonic piece of furniture, huddled in the corner, with a dumb grin plastered on my face.

Conclusion

Legal highs are to "real" drugs what every other television show is to *The Wire*, what that 6/10 chick from the *Break* is to that girl you've had a crush on for two years, what tourism is to finance, you get the picture.

When good old reliable "Chad" from *South D* isn't texting you back, legal highs are worth taking for a whirl. Don't expect that "knee-melting, lick your best friend's face" or the classic "where does the couch end and I begin" type high. But shit can still get a little crazy. And they can be a lot of fun. As a lesser – yet worthy – alternative to their illicit cousins, legal highs are all right with me. Admittedly some legal highs are an absolute scam, but the market is awash with a plethora of different types that claim to do a plethora of different things. With the legislative noose potentially tightening around the market later in the year, do yourself a favour – providing you're that way inclined and don't suffer from major mental health issues – head down to Cosmic and get amongst, bring an ethnic friend to the party if you want, it's all in the name of good fun.

THE BEST
LEGAL HIGHS
IN THE WORLD

COSMIC

355 GEORGE ST / 03 479 2949
WWW.COSMICNZ.CO.NZ



progressivism

regressivism

narrative

Jezebel

misogyny

Normative

Patriarchy

sexism

offended

propagation

sequencing the feminazi genome

BY MADDY PHILLIPPS

In 1869, DNA was discovered. In 1953, the first correct double-helix model of DNA structure was proposed. In 2012, the existence of the Higgs Boson was proved. But this year comes a scientific breakthrough of far greater complexity and more global significance than any of them. Finally, in 2013, the Feminazi genome has been sequenced.

TECHNICALLY, I AM A FEMINIST. THIS IS AN ADMISSION

I make reluctantly, because the meaning of the word "feminist" has been grossly distorted, perhaps irreversibly.

The original meaning is just "someone who believes in equality between men and women." It's basic. It's sound. Even those of TradeMe message board-level intellect can understand it. But the modern, self-described feminist is generally a humourless, misandric, petty, bitter bitch. She has seized upon "feminist" ideology both to validate absolutely any resentment she bears towards humanity as a whole, and because she is incapable of independently working out a perception of the world that is not informed by mindless zealotry. She is best described as a "Feminazi," yet still identifies as "feminist," in a move reminiscent of the Nazi Party's usage of the benign-sounding title "National Socialist Party" to legitimise the militant fascism lurking within. Most tellingly, she would write off everything I just said as lies I had been fed my entire life by the patriarchy,

probably complete with a detailed etymology of the word "bitch."

If the Feminazis were content to hang out solely within the confines of the Gender Studies dept, braying buzzwords like "approach," "normative," and "subtle objectification" at one another while idly braiding their pubic hair, I wouldn't give them a second thought. Unfortunately, the mainstream media are both well aware of the warlike nature of the Feminazis and keen for page views, and so they insist on publishing their absolutist drivel, confident in the knowledge that thousands of Feminazis worldwide will not only comment on the article but also link it to the rest of their Feminazi friends with too much time on their hands. It's reached the point where I can no longer breathlessly check the Guardian's "Life and Style" section for a delicious new Yotam Ottolenghi recipe (um, after reading the entire "World" section, obv) without having my eyeballs raped by articles with titles like "Feminists can be sexy and funny – but it's anger that changes the world." Well, actually,

no. General anger with no clear agenda does absolutely nothing except continue to trash the reputation of feminism to the rest of the world, i.e. those of us who like to imbibe a little perspective in the mornings along with our long blacks. Emotions are not evidence.

[I'm sorry for using the word "raped" in that previous paragraph, by the way. It was so inappropriately flippant. As someone who has actually been raped, I totally understand the offence that must have caused to all the Feminazis who have never come close to being raped but who hunt down and flay alive anyone who dares to utter the sacred four-letter word in a context that does not align precisely with their personal views on the definition, prevalence, and appropriate punitive measures of the act.]

The sad result is that feminazism and feminism have become so conflated in the minds of the Volk that a complete exposé of the Feminazi is necessary. Therefore, Critic presents to you the first step in defeating the Feminazis, and

reclaiming feminism for the somewhat sensible masses: sequencing the Feminazi genome. This is a project so terrifying that it has defeated Hawking, Higgs, and the entire staff of CERN, mainly because it comprises the suicidal-thought-inducing prospect of reading through the Dunedin Feminist Collective Facebook page and Jezebel comments at length. So Critic's brave reporter went where no sensible woman has gone before, and sacrificed herself to the altar of illogical arguments, misused buzzwords, and privileged white-girl pique. I am your Watson and my vagina is your Crick. Take my hand as we examine the answers together. Hold on tight – this is going to be a scary, scary ride.

CHROMOSOME 1: JEZEBEL

Jezebel, aka the Feminazi bible, is an online magazine owned by Gawker, which describes itself as "Celebrity, Sex, Fashion for Women – Without Airbrushing." This is the most blatant case of false advertising since the Law Faculty took out an ad in Critic describing LAWS101 as a "general interest paper" that is "useful for every student." Jezebel engages in just as much airbrushing as Vogue or Harper's, it just uses an ideological airbrush instead of the Photoshop kind.

This roiling, seething sea of third-wave feminist rage is built on a simple stylistic formula. Let's take a sample passage from Feminazi-in-Chief Lindy West's approximately five millionth article about the fact that she is both fat and a woman, wittily and provocatively titled "Hello, Fellow Gym-Goers, Look at My Fat Butt":

"...See? 'Kay. So, for yeeeeeeears, before I shackled up with an artist and signed a really expensive (but totally worth it) lease, I used to go to the gym every day. I worked out with a personal trainer. I went to classes. I showered in public. And it was really, really fucking difficult – but not for the reasons you might think.

The more I exercised, the more I loved it. I felt strong and lean, I had tons of energy, I slept like a brick. But my body didn't look much different. You'd still see me on the street and read "fat person." And as a fat person, going to the gym is doubly challenging.



Feminazi-in-Chief Lindy West prepares to write an actual article entitled "Taste Test: I Took a Candy Corn Oreo and Put It in My Mouth". Sample text: "YOU SEE, SURLY TEENAGER, I NEED THEM FOR MY MOUTH TO MAKE THE CRYING STOP." Google it.

There's the basic challenge we all face – of getting the fuck out of bed, finding a clean sports bra, physically moving your body toward a place where a man will yell at you until you do enough lunges (IT DEFIES ALL EVOLUTIONARY LOGIC) – but for fat people, there's an even more intimidating challenge on top of that.

It's entering a building where you know that every person inside is working toward the singular goal of not becoming you."

As a normal person, you probably read that and found it neither illuminating nor funny. However, in the unique gap in the space-time continuum that is occupied by Jez, in which normal rules of logic and humour no longer apply, that passage was a paragon of savage wit. After an exhaustive (and exhausting) trawl through the archives, Critic can confirm that for something to

be considered funny/incisive by the readers of Jezebel, the following elements must be present:

- An overly-familiar, patronising tone
- Excessive use of italics and all caps
- Multiple exclamation marks where a single one would suffice – or even, god forbid, a simple full stop
- A title which is apparently rendered humorous by the fact that each word is capitalised, despite the fact that said title is in no way inherently funny
- Regular attempts at melodramatic, feigned poignancy via unnecessary line breaks
- Constant usage of the word "fucking," to reinforce the fact that the author is RISING UP AGAINST THE PATRIARCHY (see, all caps!!! And just then, three exclamation marks instead of one!!! Totes hilar!!!)
- An overwhelming sense of general rage.

You may think that these sound like the stylistic quirks of an earnest 15-year-old who is attempting to infuse her essay on why the tuck shop should put steak and cheese pies back on the menu with an illogical sense of grandiosity. You would be completely right.

CHROMOSOME 2: BUZZWORDS

The Feminazi approach to debate reminds me of the legal approach to disclosure of documents. Law firms are renowned for hiding the relevant evidence in a huge pile of miscellaneous documents, and hoping it gets missed by the poorly-paid summer clerk who has been assigned to sort through the affidavits. Similarly, in Feminazi Jezmany, the state-sanctioned approach to winning arguments is unleashing a torrent of random buzzwords in the general direction of their foe, in the hope that their quarry will end up so adrift in a sea of nominalisations that they'll get confused and forfeit the point to the Feminazis by default.

If you're fresh out of ideas for drinking games, try reading through the Jez comments and taking a shot each time you encounter a word ending in -ation. Classics include "stigmatisation,"

"rationalisation," "patronisation," "propagation," "interpretation," and "sexualisation." Still, rest assured that almost no innocent verb out there has gone unmolested in the Feminazis' ruthless pursuit of meaningless discursive victory. Reading any given comment is a one-way ticket to, uh, hospitalisation. Only those with a death wish would play this game while reading the entire comments section on a post. Though the sweet embrace of the crypt would no doubt come as a blessed respite from the agony of acute buzzwordisation.

CHROMOSOME 3: COLLECTIVES

Via the wonderful medium for catty judgment of others that is Facebook, I have recently familiarised myself with a gorgeous but incredibly dim girl who is going out with a guy I sort of know. The girl has a food blog. It reads like it was written by caged gibbons given daily exercise in a room that was empty save for a MacBook Pro. Charmingly yet depressingly, the girl has titled her blog "The Kitchen Collective," presumably in the hope that throwing that "Collective" in there will legitimise her attempts at normal human functionality in the adult world.

One can only assume that a similar thought process led to the creation of the "Dunedin Feminist Collective" and "Wellington Young Feminists Collective." Like Pretty-but-Dumb's food blog, these organisations serve absolutely no useful function other than providing a convenient sunshade between swirling self-aggrandisement and the harsh light of reality. The Dunedin Collective's Facebook page is a blissful oasis where Feminazi vitriol can flourish undisturbed by the dark predatory forces of Reason and A Sense of Humour. The comments read as if they were composed by howler monkeys scrupulously trained to sling buzzwords at one another in addition to shit, with the occasional use of totes quirky slang like "dudettes" in a weak attempt to remember what it feels like to have a sense of humour (the sound of a Feminazi laughing is eerily similar to the sound of one hand clapping). Just as the

noble howler monkey enjoys picking fleas out of its friends' pelts, members of the Dunedin Collective take great pleasure in homing in on particular "-ation" words in their fellow Feminazis' contributions, using each buzzword as a convenient springboard for a fresh wave of 200-word comments saying precisely nothing. Critic speculates that the Collective could engage in a passionate 300-comment Facebook-based discourse on the finer points of the lima bean harvest if the vaguely ovarian nature of the beans' appearance was pointed out to one of their members.

**"notably, the
very fact that
I am writing
this article
will inevitably
be attributed
to patriarchal
indoctrination."**

CHROMOSOME 4: INDEPENDENT THOUGHT

Do you ever feel like you're not sure if you ACTUALLY want to do something, or if it's just society making you think you want to? It's a difficult – some might say impossible – question to answer, but look at that! – the Feminazis have answered it. In Feminazi Jezmany, if your desire falls within the provisions of Feminazi law, it is 100% legit/empowering. However, if what you want to do or believe does not align precisely with Feminazi ideology, it is indisputably a product of your lifelong absorption of patriarchal bullshit. You are the Patriarchy's mouthpiece. Your decisions are not your own. You are bad

and you should feel bad. Notably, the very fact that I am writing this article will inevitably be attributed to patriarchal indoctrination.

THE MISSING CHROMOSOME: BASIC COMMON SENSE

The final Feminazi chromosome is defined by its absence. It is, of course, Common Sense, also known as Perspective.

CONCLUSION

The extensive browsing of online Feminazi rhetoric required by this article made me apoplectic with rage. For those few days, it was as if Lindy West's dyspeptic spleen had been transplanted into my abdomen. Despite my crippling buzzwordisation I selflessly continued my research, determined to expose the rank ideological necrosis that lies at the heart of Feminazism. Ironically, the research that was necessary to bring down the Feminazis ended up thrusting me unwillingly into their emotional space of unrelenting indignation.

Being that angry all the time wasn't pleasant. The last time I can remember feeling so overwhelmed by pure visceral rage was when I spent two hours on the phone with a Vodafone Customer Services Representative, who informed me that my Naked Broadband package was on "indefinite hold" until "the service ticket was completed," and when I asked if she could try to speed up the process coolly replied that her "hands were tied." And it is not a good thing if your religion/ideology/life's work is based on an emotional reaction as facile as that which follows a lengthy argument with Tuanikore from the Vodafone Fixed Line and Broadband Hotline. You can't mix the personal with the political to the extent the Feminazis do and expect people to take your movement seriously. Feminazis, just stop it. We have your DNA. The game is up. You have two options: calm the fuck down and get a little perspective, or acknowledge that you're as self-defeating to the cause of feminism as invading Russia in the winter.



Drugs Aren't Cool; They're Fun

BY ELSIE STONE

THIS WEEK, WHILST WAITING IN THE DEPRESSINGLY LONG UNIPRINT LINE, I had the misfortune of overhearing a conversation between two self-professed "buzzy cunts" as they loudly tried to outdo each other with stories of their drug-fuelled escapades from the weekend. The thing that struck me about these two was that they seemed so proud of themselves. I couldn't understand why, because they were obviously both fucking retarded.

There seems to be a rife misconception that talking about how many drugs you do makes you badass. Actually, it makes you the opposite of badass. The reason that badasses are so badass is because they do all this badass shit without ever seeming to realise how badass they actually are. That's why Bruce Willis walks away from all those explosions and that all-round badassery without even batting an eye.

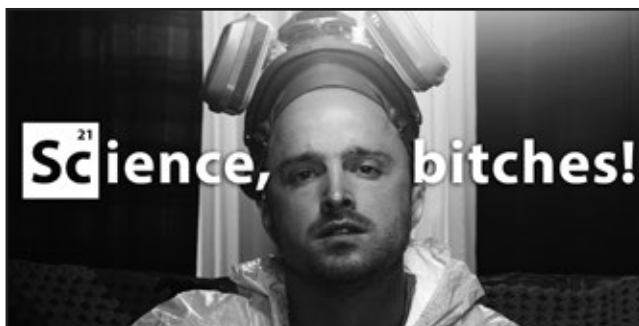
People who try to brag about how many drugs they do, don't look badass. They look like idiots. You don't deserve to have an awesome drug-fucked night if you think that the fact that you did makes you somehow a better person than everyone else. Bruce Willis never goes home and tells everyone about how many baddies he killed that day.

The mere fact that people think doing drugs gives them bragging rights is evidence of the fact that they shouldn't be doing drugs at all. This is because they have obviously misunderstood a fundamental concept: drugs don't make you cool.

Think of people on a bad trip: they are twitchy, anxious, and more often than not, they will probably piss themselves (think Mel Gibson, that time in the airport). Also, they are usually fucking annoying to hang out with. Those people in the "after" photos from the "Meth, Not Even Once" campaign don't seem very cool either.

As Charlie Sheen would probably tell us, drugs are fucking awesome. But as Lindsay Lohan most definitely shows us, drugs don't make you fucking awesome. People seem to think that they can take a pill or smoke a bong and suddenly become much cooler, deeper, more interesting and more fun. This isn't true – so why the fuck are they going around talking about doing drugs as if it makes them hot shit?

People won't respect you just because you hold rainbow cards and regularly green out on the couch. This is Dunedin, it's as easy to score an ounce as it is to score a pash at Metro. We can buy kava from sausage sizzles that pop up on street corners at midnight. What the fuck are all you "buzzy cunts" so fucking proud of?



"I'm not crying..."

BY ELSIE JACOBSON

"... I'VE JUST BEEN CUTTING ONIONS. I'M MAKING A LASAGNE ... FOR ONE ..." As the Flight of the Conchords song goes. But why? Why do onions make you bawl like Mufasa just died, and how can you make it stop? Science, bitches, has the answer.

Onions have little packets of enzymes inside each cell. These are totally harmless on their own, but when the packet is broken they mix with other things in the cell, which turns them into a gas. The process is pretty similar to when you break the tube inside a glowstick – two formerly boring substances mix together and the reaction glows for hours! Fun, right? The problem is, we break millions of onion cells – and enzyme packets – with one slice of an onion. And instead of glowing, the gas made by those enzymes then reacts with the closest source of water to make sulfuric acid. And usually the closest source of water is our eyes. And sulfuric acid burns like hell, making us cry.

This is a pretty clever defence mechanism if you think about it; if you're a wild animal looking for a feed and just biting an onion blinds you, no way will you eat one again. But cooking makes it all harmless again, and delicious! Yay! However, that still leaves us with the problem of chopping the raw onions in the first place. Don't worry guys, we've got your back!

1) Put that onion in the fridge. If you did high school chemistry, or tried to get out of bed on a chilly Dunedin morning, you'll know that reactions are slowed down by the cold. This won't stop the tears, but less gas will be produced so you won't cry like a little bitch quite as much.

2) Put water everywhere – if your chopping board, knife, onion and cheeks are damp, the nearest water will be there and not your eyes! Woohoo! The sulfuric acid will still be made but it's a tiny amount that can't do any damage unless you then put it on a sensitive membraneous surface. And by that, I mean your eyes. Seriously, don't.

3) If you're that desperate, just wear some bloody ski goggles. You'll look pretty damn silly, but it works.

Suck it, onions – that's science, bitches.

P.S. We were going to write this column about vitamins and minerals, but onions were way cooler. Basically, eat your greens (and other colourful veges) and you won't get scurvy/rickets/night blindness. And if you're feeling tired, get your iron levels checked.

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



Quality is not going to affect Tuesday's ODT

BY CALLUM FREDRIC

ON TUESDAY, THE DAY BEFORE THE DUNEDIN CRICKET TEST WAS DUE TO start, the ODT decided to tempt fate.

it appears rain is not going to affect the first test between the Black Caps and England at the University Oval to any great degree.

Rain washed out the entire first day of the test. As this column went to print on Wednesday night, the exact magnitude of the ODT's fuckup was yet to be determined.

And now, two angry old people massively overreacting to things.

The killing machine purring in your lap

Any notion that cats need "outdoor time" flies in the face of reality.

Drinking at wheel: it's legal, say police

"It's like saying you're allowed to drive carrying a handgun as long as you're not shooting anyone.

Apparently King's High School's "gentleman training class" (as covered in last week's *Critic*) wasn't enough to teach the little punks some empathy. Now, Dunedin children as young as thirteen will be starved, forced into arranged marriages, and have their parents poisoned to death. Until they learn.

Pupils to get taste of Third World life

EATING once a day, if you are lucky, being forced into marriage before you reach your teens and being orphaned as disease wipes out your parents — it's a life New Zealand children struggle to fathom.

Otago school pupils are being given a taste of life in Third World countries this week, as part of Purple Cake Day (March 8).

Finally, we've long since given up on exposing individual terrible puns in the ODT. It's just too easy. But starting and ending an article with a cringe earns Adrian Seconi a spot in this week's column:

By ADRIAN SECONI

THE long and the short of it is, England fast bowler Steven Finn has cut the length of his run-up because he believes it will be beneficial.

Despite that, you might say he does not feel short of a gallop.



The Ross Creek Reservoir

BY PHOEBE HARROP

THE HEADY EXPLOITS OF O-WEEK are now a hazy memory, lectures aren't preliminary any more, and the icy charms of a Dunedin autumn have well and truly arrived here in the student ghetto. You may think it's time to curl up in a ball, survive exclusively on mi goreng and milo, and await the release of *Game of Thrones* Season Three.

WRONG! Now is the best time to get out of the ghetto and see some more of Dunedin's charming surrounds, whatever the weather. It might even be time to work off some of the O-Week alcohol calories, particularly if you are also living in a hall and are thus facing the devilish temptation of the all-you-can-eat-all-the-time toast/dessert/chocolate milk combo.

Undoubtedly North Dunedin's fave spot for those who love to go bush (in the tramping sense, obv) is the Ross Creek reservoir. Venture uphill beyond the Woodhaugh Dairy along Malvern Street and onto a well-marked path that winds through simply splendid native bush. After a quad-warming climb and a minimally exciting bridge crossing, you'll reach the reservoir.

Until last year this man-made lake was brimming with water and occasionally prone to dramatic overflows down into the Leith River. However, the reservoir no longer actually acts as a source of municipal drinking water, and has been left to the local duck population: more reeds, a lower water levels and a higher likelihood of contracting "duck itch" after swimming are the net result.

As you get more adventurous and willing to stray beyond the reservoir-side track, you might discover 1) the waterfall; 2) a rocky cairn; 3) the steeper-than-prices-at-The-Campus-Shop Pineapple Track; and 4) the back of the Balmacewen golf course which leads out to suburban Maori Hill. Will the fun ever stop?! Enjoy.

Get there: walk from Malvern St (bottom entrance) or Cannington Rd (top entrance).

Do: pop those sneakers on.

Don't: swim, unless you're after some casual cercarial dermatitis to spice up that Student Health consult.

Eat: a takeaway picnic from Woodhaugh Dairy (cnr George and Malvern) or Delicacy Café (Highgate, Maori Hill).





Allpress



BY M AND G

4/5 COFFEE CUPS

ON THE WEIRD LITTLE ROAD OPPOSITE SUPER LIQUOR CENTRAL AND THE Hunter Centre sits Allpress, the headquarters of Allpress beans. Not only do they serve a brilliant bitter brew, they roast their own beans on site. Fresh.

Prepare yourself to be served by ice queens who scorn all students that aren't wearing meadowlark jewellery or button-down shirts. This café caters more to older clientele – you're likely to see lecturers and professors sipping away at trim lattes and marking some poor freshers' essays. Allpress is also popular with highly-strung law girls drenched in Karen Walker and Stolen Girlfriends Club who knock back the bitter Allpress beans to ease their morning dump.

As you enter the doors of Allpress, try your best to hide your interior design boner when exposed to the wood and polished concrete erotica. M is a huge fan of their long blacks as they give you the espresso shot in the mug accompanied by hot water. You get to choose how long your black is.

For the home baristas, Allpress also sells single origin beans for you' personal grind. The coffee is pretty damn good if you're into strong coffee with a bite. We give them points for serving double shot standards and triple shot larges, but beware that if you order a triple shot coffee they may serve it to you in a large takeaway cup, whether you wanted all that extra milk or not.

G was unimpressed that they did not have cinnamon for her cappuccino, and that they charged one whole dollar for soymilk. One dollar. They are basically making a profit from the lactose intolerant population. Maybe that's how they can afford all their nice wooden trim? They make delicious gourmet sandwiches with ingredients like provolone and artichokes, without inflating the price too much. We recommend the "country" or the "BAH-guette."

They do serve an extremely hot coffee, so this can be an issue if you just want some caffeine to knock back before a lab (stick to snorting instant coffee). Allpress also strangely lacks the option of sweetener – whether this is because they hate diabetics or just don't support the weight watchers movement ... I don't know.

Allpress doesn't rely on the coffee card system for their customer return. The baristas reward their clientele by slowly defrosting their frosty service. This is oddly enticing for local patrons. M has been victim to the "treat them mean, keep them keen" regime that Allpress seems to have going on.

Be warned, if you are a fresher, pleb, or lacking on the personality front, you'll burst into flames when crossing the threshold of Allpress.



The Comfort Zone

BY GLITTER GRRL

HEY KIDS! BY NOW, YOU'VE PROBABLY GOT TO KNOW YOUR NEIGHBOURS AND classmates a bit better, made some new friends (and/or enemies), and experimented with alternative lifestyle choices, such as substance abuse or wearing long pants in summer. You might have spotted a few of Dunedin's less mainstream inhabitants, and are wondering how to approach any interactions with these people, lest you get something wrong and have My Chemical Romance lyrics graffitied all over your belongings.

I can't tell if a guy on my floor is gay or not, how do I find out? Can I ask?

I'm guessing it's his mannerisms and clothing that make you unsure, something like that? Well, I can tell you, as someone who has witnessed gays in checked shirts, beards, and strip clubs, that these signs are not perfect indicators. Being asked brings forth an "I'm not gonna submit to one of your comfy little boxes, maaan" monologue from me, and I'm perfectly comfortable with discussing my sexuality; your average first year floormate may take it a little more to heart. On the other hand, he might be totes cool with the question. I guess I can't help but point out that you probably want to know in order to satisfy your curiosity and comfort level, not his. Until science brings us a for real real gaydar gadget, you may have to suffer the mental torture of not knowing another person's secret.

There are all these androgynous people wandering around, how do I tell if they're a girl or a boy?

Holy shit! You mean wandering around with pants and short hairdos? Like it ain't no thang? How dare they! I'mma tell you a secret here: they could be neither! Whaaat? I know. "But how do I address them?" I hear you cry, ever concerned about correct pronoun use. Try "they," or just using their name. That, or follow them until you overhear their friends refer to them. You can try out some of them new-fangled neutral pronouns, too: "ze"/"xe" etc.

My trusty mating ritual of seizing a girl's rear got me slapped the other night! WTF? Dunedin's nightlife is so violent!

Ah, yes, some ladies may not appreciate violations of their personal space, it's true. While this may have worked for you in the past, and I'm sure it never has, you may find the odd girl will let you know her feelings, like you expressed yours, through a physical gesture. Maybe start flirting with her face first, next time!

You're welcome for this week's handy tips on how to realise it's your own fault you're uncomfortable, not theirs.



By Dr. Nick

BY DR. NICK

H I EVERYBODY!

A wise old man (who happens to be my boss so I should probably go back and replace "old" with something less pejorative) once posed the question, "how do you boil a live frog?" Allegedly it's by slowly turning the heat up.

As my wise, devilishly handsome, and incredibly youthful employer went on to explain, a live frog will jump out of the pot if you throw it into boiling water. If, however, you put it in cold water and slowly warm it up, it will get used to the ever increasing temperature and stay there until it finally croaks (in the non-frog definition of the word).

Now I'm no frogologist so I'm unsure if this tale is true, but the underlying metaphor remains like that knob rash you came home with last week: stress affects us in different ways depending on how it hits us.

Like the frog thrown in a bubbling pot, we're great at reacting to big stressors. Our bodies push the whole fight/flight/deer-in-headlights sympathetic nervous response and we spring out of the pot. We don't always handle big stress in a healthy manner (jumping out of the pot only to land in the toaster) but as long as we've got our metaphorical frog legs attached we'll do something about it. So when an exam comes up, or there's sickness in the family, or your employer calls you after reading your latest column, you'll generally jump somewhere.

However, give us a load of little stressors over a long period and we'll let them build up without reacting till it's too late. Like the One Direction song of the same name, the Little Things annoy us ever-so-slightly, unnoticeably chipping away at our fortitude every time they rear their ugly, autotuned selves until suddenly it's 90 degrees and our half-boiled legs can't get us out.

If you're feeling the little stressors build up, try to do something about them. Take some time out for yourself, talk it out with somebody (friends, family, OUSA support centre, GPs ...) and try to address the cause.

If your floor is too noisy then talk to your RA about that, if your flatmate isn't pulling his weight then talk to him earlier rather than yelling at him later, and if you're feeling homesick then pull an ET and get on the blower to home.

It's easier taking on little things than big ones. If you don't address the little things as they crop up you'll find yourself at breaking point pretty smartly. Keep an eye on your pot's temperature and don't be afraid to jump when it's still luke-warm.



11 March – 17 March

BY JESSICA BROMELL

T HIS WEEK, THE INTERNET'S ASCENT HITS A MILESTONE, AND SCIENTISTS continue to claim each other's ideas.

12 March, 1894: In the small and otherwise unassuming city of Vicksburg, Mississippi, Coca-Cola was bottled and sold for the first time. It had originally enjoyed a career as a coca wine, and then as a medicinal elixir after it was made non-alcoholic due to Prohibition, reportedly used to treat ailments like headache, nausea, and morphine addiction. Called "habit-forming" and "deleterious" for its caffeine content, it is now one of the most recognisably advertised products in the world, and is available everywhere except Cuba and North Korea. The Coca-Cola Company is even known to change its traditional red-themed advertising to fit into any niche: there is an Argentinian football club called Boca Juniors whose rivals, River Plate, play in red and white, and so the stadium in La Boca is one of only a few places in the world where Coke is advertised in black and silver. (I walked through La Boca with someone who was wearing a red-and-white scarf, and we only got out intact because we were obviously tourists. They take these things very seriously.)

14 March, 1942: Penicillin was first used to successfully save a patient's life, which was not bad for a drug that Alexander Fleming discovered by accident when he left a Petri dish open. Other scientists had previously noticed the antibacterial properties of some moulds, but it was luck and terrible lab procedure that got Fleming the Nobel Prize in the end. Penicillin was the first effective treatment available for syphilis, among other things, and some US researchers proceeded to do some incredibly unethical experiments with it. One of these was conducted in Guatemala because it wouldn't have been allowed in the States, and another was apparently done for "the glory of science," which Fleming probably did not have in mind when he left a staphylococcal plate culture out.

15 March, 1985: The now-defunct Symbolics Computer Corporation registered the first ever domain name, symbolics.com. The website now consists of an extensive infographic about the Internet, which claims that the domain changed hands for an "undisclosed sum." This suggests that it was either enough to be on the list of the most expensive domain names ever, or it was a tiny amount in comparison and the investors just want to keep up a sense of mystery. Given that the two most expensive domains sold for \$16 million and \$14 million (insure.com and sex.com, respectively), the latter may be likely. The domain name has since given rise to such phenomena as domain hacking and typosquatting, which are about as nefarious as they sound.



Plato is not amused by your shitty meme

BY ERMA DAG

IN CASE YOU HAVE NOT YET HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO WATCH IT, HARLEM SHAKE is a new worldwide video meme which is TOTES FUNNY OMG. The meme is a series of 30-second clips. Each begins with one person dancing alone (and badly) to an electronic tune. This person is surrounded by people who, instead of doing something logical like calling the police, driving stakes through the dancer's feet, or devising elaborate plans to bury the dancer alive, are ignoring him/her. Evil flourishes while good men do nothing.

When the bass drops, at around the 15-second mark, the video cuts to everybody dancing in "crazy" ways. Almost invariably, one person thrusts his hips repeatedly in the air, in a move that can only be described as "trying to pop a helium balloon with my pin-shaped appendage." One person rubs some sort of fabric on his/her genitalia. People wear "strange" costumes. LOL.

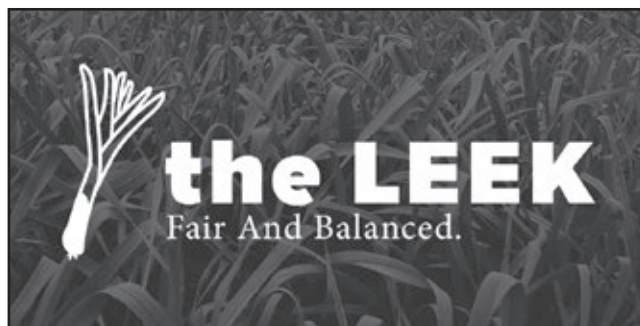
Harlem Shake is one of the most repetitive, unfunny, annoying, prole memes ever. It requires zero originality (which, admittedly, is approximately 0.01 less originality than most memes). On YouTube, there are numerous Harlem Shake "best of" compilations. The people behind these compilations should be broken on the wheel for crimes against the English language; "best" is not an adjective that can EVER be validly applied to Harlem Shake. There is no variation between clips save in location, putting it on an artistic par with shitting outside the toilet bowl (totes subversive!). One of my colleagues proposed a Harlem Shake in the office. I ate his liver with some fava beans and a nice Chianti.

To understand this meme, let's have a look at fourth-century BC Athenian philosopher Plato. (In case you hadn't noticed, this is a column on philosophy and pop culture. Yep.) Depending who you ask, Plato was either a proto-feminist, a communist, or the father of totalitarianism. Most people agree that he was probably the greatest philosopher of all time – so, more than a match for the nunces behind Harlem Shake, then.

In Plato's book *Republic*, he outlines his blueprint for an ideal society. In this society, some forms of artistic expression are harmful to the harmony of society and the proper development of humanity. The rulers of the Republic therefore need to suppress certain musical genres and styles of dance. Only this will allow people to properly flourish.

Plato was absolutely right. Harlem Shake is a travesty, representing a new nadir in human creativity and a new zenith in our ability to abuse the freedom our lax taskmasters afford us. First "Gangnam Style," and now this.

It needs to stop.



Business as Usual for Lottery Winners

BY CAMPBELL ECKLEIN

AN IMPULSE BUY AT THE END OF A FLAT SHOPPING TRIP AT SOUTH Dunedin's Pak 'n' Save has left four lucky second-year commerce boys reeling as their Lotto Powerball ticket landed them \$20 million last week.

The blokes decided to split the cost of a Powerball ticket after one fellow noticed that his flatmate was wearing his shirt inside out (supposedly an omen of good fortune). The flatmate in question later admitted that it was a purposeful move to get a few more days' use out of the "clean side" of his shirt.

Currently residing in a five-bedroom flat on Clyde Street, the freshly minted millionaires wish to remain anonymous, but generously agreed to give us an interview. As commerce students, they feel that sharing some of their financial plans may help set a good example for those less fortunate students who live week-to-week on the paltry StudyLink living costs, should they ever come into a stupidly huge sum of money.

When asked how they intend to spend their winnings, there were some interesting – and frankly disturbing – ideas thrown around during our conversation. All avid gamers, the young bucks have planned an elaborate red card in which they will "rent South Dunedin" for a real-life game of *Grand Theft Auto*. One informed us that he wants to hire a team of road workers to "flatten Clyde Street" so that he'll no longer have to walk up a hill to get home from uni. Another went straight out and bought a plasma TV for his bedroom, as well as six shipping crates of DoBros that he now keeps padlocked in their sad excuse for a backyard. The (undiagnosed) megalomaniac of the group wants to purchase a really big safe, fill it with cash and swim around naked inside it.

When asked whether they intended to make any charitable donations or gifts to close friends and family, the resounding response was "fuck nah!" When we enquired after the other flatmate who wasn't present for the fateful grocery run (and therefore had no part in the winnings), they claimed to have zero sympathy for him – although they acknowledged that he "must be gutted," they stated that it "serves him right cos he steals our food." As previously mentioned, the guys are all at the 200-level of a BCom, and told us that they plan to finish their degrees despite their recent windfall, reasoning that they have "already spent three years on this shit, so another four couldn't hurt." When Critic went to print, the boys were still attempting to calculate how to evenly split the \$20 million four ways.

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.

OK MAY I SAY YOU ARE VERY PRETTY WITH SEXY EYES hope you like it

Ok picture this

We are playing doubles at tennis you are my partner you are at the net in a short skirt and tiny white panties its a very hot humid day and we have been playing for hours we finally win after a lob that they did was put away by u after having to reach high in the air for it showing off more of your white panties which had riding up your arse showing off more of your creamy white arse cheeks.

We shake their hands and head off to the bar at the tennis club for a few drinks. Your look so hot there sitting on the bar stool with the sweat still on you and your tennis skirt ridding up your thighs. I come back with the drinks and from behind you I drop an ice cube down your front you squeal as the coldness slides down your cleavage.

I can see the out line of your sports bra from the sweat and your nipples are standing out like beacons to guide a weary traveller home. The sun streams in through the window sending dancing fairies through your hair it is at this stage I decide I have to have you there and now.

I take your by the hand and led you to the changing rooms I turn on the shower and you start to remove your tennis gear I say leave them on and we step into the shower. The water cascades over your top outlining more of your sports bra I reach over and peel off your top exposing your midriff I kneel down and gently kiss you from the top of your skirt to your belly button slowly doing little figure of eights around it. I work my way up to your hardened nipples poking through your bra and I gently bite them through the material. I stand up and work my hands around to your back to release your breasts from their prison. The bra drops to the floor revelling my prize my lips met your right nipple as I caress your left nipple with my fingers.

[From here, the transcript rapidly goes downhill. If *Critic* won't publish it, you know it's beyond the bounds of acceptability.]



A stylish Allpress coffee canister is yours for free

With every 250g bag of single origin or blend of coffee purchased. Visit Allpress Dunedin Roastery, 12 Emily Siedeberg Place.

Available until 31st March 2013.

The Plague

by Albert Camus

REVIEWED BY LUCY HUNTER

RATS ARE DYING. ARRIVING HOME ONE NIGHT, Dr Bernard Rieux witnesses a sick rat rupturing and spurting blood from its mouth. Soon thousands are dead, burning in piles in the streets. Dr Rieux acknowledges the dead rats with intrigue. Then his door-porter dies of a peculiar fever, with a terrible thirst and excruciating swellings at his throat, armpits and groin. It takes the loss of another 30 citizens before Rieux finally allows himself to diagnose bubonic plague, and declare an epidemic.

The small French Algerian town of Oran is closed off, with nobody allowed to enter or leave, and the epidemic escalates. People consume alcohol and peppermints, lock themselves in their houses, pray, and spit on and shoot cats and dogs, believing this will ward off the plague. But the microbe is indiscriminate, infecting the young, the careful and the godly alike. Authorities struggle to deal with the rising death count, and funerals become more and more hasty, until they are barely more than a signature on paper.

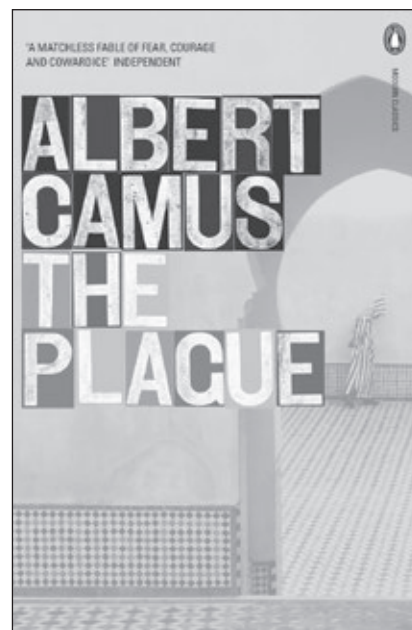
The Plague is a story about the reaction of a small group of men to the horrors of a seemingly unbeatable pestilence. Dr Castel frantically tries to manufacture a vaccine, while Dr Rieux spends long days treating the plague's hopeless victims. He lances buboes, administers serums and then tears patients from their families to be sent to makeshift infirmaries, where the vast majority die. People flock to the church where Father Paneloux preaches hell and damnation to sinners, believing the plague to be a

punishment from God. But after watching a young boy die a prolonged and tortuous death, Paneloux admits that he must either deny God or accept evil against innocents.

Plague is portrayed as ever-present – sometimes dormant, but never absent. It is compared to the evil which can erupt unexpectedly in humans – from individual cruelties to grand-scale evils, such as fascism. Dr Rieux's friend Tarrou remembers the horror of realising his father, a judge, was sentencing people to death by guillotine. He says: "Yes, I've been ashamed ever since; I have realised that we all have plague."

Written in the wake of World War II, the book alludes to the experiences of French citizens under Nazi occupation. Camus says: "I wish to express through the plague the suffocation which we have all suffered, and the atmosphere and threat and exile in which we have lived." There are direct references to France under German occupation, such as a strict curfew, a shortage of electricity, stockpiling of scarce goods, and vast quarantine

camps in the city. Citizens are slow to realise the magnitude of the danger they are in, because they do not believe in the pestilence, just as people did not believe that Germany, whom the French had defeated just 20 years earlier, could take over their country. People's attitudes change from denial to a kind of acceptance, and they watch loved ones carried off with a grim complacency.



Repetition heightens the sense of claustrophobia. While the doctor treats endless patients who are doomed to death, a journalist plays his only record over and over again, a novelist writes and rewrites the opening sentence to his book, and the cinemas run the same films again and again. An old asthma patient who has spent the last 25 years in bed marks time between meals by methodically transferring dried peas from one pot to another. All the while ambulances ferry bodies to mass graves, returning to pick up the next load, back and forward over the abandoned streets. The dead rats are initially acknowledged as individual curiosities, but, as the bodies pile up, quickly become a mass phenomenon. Then the same happens with the humans; personal tragedies become so repetitious that people – alive and dead – lose individuality and become a singular, statistical event.

The Plague can be read straight as a highly entertaining disaster story, but also as a human reaction toward the absurd. Dr Rieux and his comrades' fight against the indiscriminate and mindless microbe of bubonic plague reflects the reality that as humans we ultimately have no control, and irrationality of life is inevitable.





Tomb Raider (2013)

DEVELOPED BY CRYSTAL DYNAMICS & PUBLISHED BY SQUARE ENIX

9/10

IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE THE HEYDAY OF the Tomb Raider franchise. The teenagers of the 90s enjoyed nothing more than playing with their heavily-breasted gal pal Lara Croft, but as the generation moved out of their mums' basements and into the real world Lara was unfortunately left on the shelf beside sperm-encrusted sheets. Although five more games have emerged since 2000, the public met them with little enthusiasm. It seemed that Lara Croft was destined to fade into the obscurity of 90s fads alongside Hanson and backwards baseball caps.

But lo and behold, developer Crystal Dynamics may just have pulled Lara by her ponytail through the mists of time into the 21st century with their franchise reboot Tomb Raider. This fresh new approach to the franchise is a prologue to the Lara Croft we have become familiar with, telling the story of how she became a tomb-exploring femme fatale in the first place.

The opening video introduces us to a fresh-faced Lara in her early 20s listening to music on her iPhone. I mean what better way is there to

translate the game to 2013 than to give her an iPhone? She is aboard a ship, which begins to sink with little warning. Landing on the beach of a nearby island, Lara attempts to meet up with her friends when she is attacked by an unknown assailant, and wakes up hanging from the ceiling in a cave that looks like it came straight from the mind of Ted Bundy. That's all I'll reveal of the story, but if that doesn't have you intrigued you must have the soul of a robot.

On top of a stellar story, Crystal Dynamics have combined the essence of Tomb Raider with some new-age gameplay plus some clever new innovations. The gameplay is broken up into sections of exploration that have the player searching the stunning pacific island for remnants of the past and present, including WWII bunkers and planes and ancient Asian tombs as well as GPS markers which point the way to more modern treasure. This exploration is mingled with confrontation by local wildlife and other imminent threats. Other areas of the game are more linear – however, areas of story development have Lara sneaking through enemy

territory or facing full-on assault, while exploring tombs introduces some very clever and challenging puzzle solving.

The graphics are stunning and when combined with the island and character design as well as the excellent voice acting the whole game has a visceral sense of reality. Crystal Dynamics really wanted players to feel as Lara feels and this sense of reality in conjunction with the script make this very easy to do. Moments such as Lara's first kill are actually quite emotionally stirring, which we all know is not a particularly easy thing to do in games.

Now I can't talk about a Tomb Raider game without taking a moment to talk about sex. It can be argued that the success of the Tomb Raider games in the 90s was not because they were great games, but because Lara had big old boobies. For a decade Lara has been the icon for the sexualisation of women in video games. Crystal Dynamics have done their part in reversing this; there's no doubt the Lara of the new game is well-endowed and disturbingly beautiful, but she is also a real character who feels and bleeds and as such her beauty becomes secondary to her personality.

Well done Crystal Dynamics, you've done the impossible and made Lara Croft cool again. So suck that Angelina Jolie.



If you could ask His Holiness the Dalai Lama one question, what would it be?

A limited number of tickets are available to Otago University students and staff by entering this competition.

To enter the draw for a ticket send your question to dalailama.visit@otago.ac.nz before 19th April.

His visit is scheduled for Tuesday June 11th.



Amour

Director: Michael Haneke

REVIEWED BY JONNY MAHON-HEAP 4/5

DIRECTOR MICHAEL HANEKE IS COMFORTABLE with depicting horror. Whether capturing a home invasion in *Funny Games*, or pre-World War 2 atrocities in *The White Ribbon*,

his slowly built tension and pace creates very creepy, yet successful films – *Amour* won the Palme d'Or and the New York Times film of 2012. *Amour*, which chronicles in painstaking detail the decline of 80-something couple Georges and Anne after she undergoes a stroke, is probably his best horror film yet. This was recognised by the Oscars this year, with nominations for Best Actress and Best Film, and a win in the Best Foreign Film category.

The film takes place almost entirely within the confines of the couple's Parisian apartment. As the film opens, Haneke shows their comfort and ease with each other through mundane routines, with a lingering sense of dread hanging over the proceedings. After an unsuccessful operation, Anne's condition deteriorates, and Georges tends to her every need. Haneke bares all – Anne's muddled conversations, attempts at suicide, refusal to accept treatment – in unflinching

detail. The few moments of lightness in the film come from Georges' enjoyment of music (they were both music teachers) and his humoured approach to his wife's disability ("It's all terribly exciting," he quips to his estranged daughter).

While it's refreshing to see a romance between two seniors done with such realism, the seemingly endless scenes of Anne's treatment may prove too much for some. Those who have endured this sort of experience with a loved one are advised to stay away, as are those offended by senior nudity. Likewise, Haneke's clinical approach to the film – we are not offered any flashbacks, and few scenes of actual closeness between the couple – may be too cold for some viewers. Ultimately, brutal though *Amour* may be, the realism created by the veteran French actors, and the depiction of old age's indignities is very powerful. Given the subject matter, it's appropriate how scary *Amour* is.

I Give it a Year

Director: Dan Mazer

REVIEWED BY TIM LINDSAY 3/5

GIVE IT A YEAR IS A PLEASANT DEVIATION FROM your run of the mill rom-com. Dan Mazer, known for his production and writing roles in *Ali G Indahouse*, *Borat*, *Brüno*, and *The Dictator* superbly balances cringe-worthy humour with more subtle hilarity and raises serious questions about love, married life and shotgun weddings. Mazer turns his directorial attention to a young couple vexed by temptations and compromised affections during their first year of marriage.

Nat (Rose Byrne) and Chloe (Anna Faris) combine to form a complementary and elegant duo, with feelings crossed for the slick Guy (Simon Baker) and clumsy Josh (Rafe Spall). The film excels at making the viewer grow close to each character and sympathise with their respective plights in

the battlefield of love.

Baker expertly captures the essence of "hunk" and hints at the clever satire underlying the film, juxtaposed with Spall playing the overgrown little boy who suddenly found himself married and in a world of higher expectations. Faris provides the voice of objectivity that adds to the absurdities while showing a very human side to the synergised romances. The supporting cast members are both entertaining and obnoxious – much to the chagrin of the leads. Minnie Driver plays the role of cynical sister-in-law to perfection, leading to some of the film's best moments.

Any attempts to make a serious commentary on modern married life are quickly lost amongst the clichés and *Borat*-esque gags. However, the traditional rom-com is not the place for overtly cynical social commentary, although Stephen Merchant is a perfectly awkward counterpoint for the main characters' trials and tribulations.

From a sexually deviant best man/mate (Merchant) to epiphanies in the pouring rain to

a guide on how not to have a threesome, *I Give it a Year* has enough laddish humour and patented (yet predictable) rom-com moments to entertain most audiences and provide a refreshing take on the genre.



ALL CINEMAS FULLY LICENSED
KICK BACK AND RELAX WITH A QUALITY
WINE OR BEER WITH THE FILM



Oz the Great and Powerful (3D)

Director: Sam Raimi

REVIEWED BY JONNY MAHON-HEAP

2/5

TO SAY THAT THE RESURGENCE OF FAIRYTALES within recent blockbusters has yielded mixed results would be an understatement. From the commercially successful but creatively bankrupt (*Alice in Wonderland*, *Snow White and the Huntsman*), to those bankrupt both commercially and creatively (*Little Red Riding Hood*, *Mirror Mirror*), Hollywood doesn't seem to know how to treat this material. Along comes their genius decision to reboot the 1930s

Technicolor classic *The Wizard of Oz*, with a cast so charming that I would happily watch them read from the *Otago Daily Times*. Unfortunately, *Oz the Great and Powerful* is about as much fun as watching someone else play a videogame.

The decision to make a prequel to a beloved classic is a risky one, and one need look no further than *Star Wars* to recognise its limited chances

of success. Unfortunately, *Oz* doesn't even have the camp appeal of those films, and mires itself in half-baked storytelling, simplistic characters and by-the-numbers twists (at one point, a character exclaims "that was so predictable," and the audience cannot help but agree). From its black-and-white opening intended to reflect the original, *Oz* follows the title character played by James Franco, a thoroughly unlikeable and preening illusionist, who escapes trouble at his carnival amidst a whirlwind. Upon his arrival in *Oz* he is greeted by a kindly witch (Mila Kunis) who, together with her sister (Rachel Weisz), believes he is the prophesied *Oz* who will deliver their kingdom from the wicked witch.

Excusing the laziness of script and performance under the excuse of "it's only a family film" is erroneous, as the original falls under that same genre and yet yields more surprise on a third viewing than this effort manages at all. You can see the \$200 million budget in every perfectly-rendered 3D frame – it's just a pity it's not in the service of a better story.

The Guilt Trip

Director: Anne Fletcher

REVIEWED BY JOSIE COCHRANE

2.5/5

SETH ROGEN AND BARBRA STREISAND ARE the producers and stars of this heart-warming, yet not-so-funny, comedy. *The Guilt Trip* follows a mother, Joyce (Streisand) and her son, Andy (Rogen) as they embark on a cross-country road trip, attempting to sell Andy's cleaning product creation to major buyers. Andy is relentlessly aggravated by his stereotypical Jewish mother, but brings her along for the journey when he learns of her long-lost love on the other side of America. Throughout the trip, the mother-son bond grows and Andy comes to realise that they have more in common than he thought and that his mother's advice might be just what he needs.

Streisand and Rogen are extremely convincing as mother and son and it is a sweet story of how the son realises how unshakeable his mother's love is. At the same time, Joyce learns to let go a little and even faces the possibility of a future romance in her own life.

Knowing how funny both of these actors can be, the lack of comedy throughout was rather disappointing. Nothing in the movie is wonderfully original, except for Streisand downing a huge Texan steak in a meat-eating contest and Rogen not being full of laughs – similar to his other roles, he is meant to be the awkward, fat and funny guy, but here failed on the "funny".

If you are a Streisand fan, like me, then it is worth a watch as she takes on the main role throughout. However, if it is Seth you are going to see, then you might be disappointed by the lack of funny banter from him as he plays a more subdued role.

The Guilt Trip has a touching Rogen-Streisand chemistry which makes up for the lack of laughs, but give the cinema trip a miss and instead watch it with mum next time you see her.



HOYTS REWARDS
JOIN ONLINE OR IN STORE AND
YOUR NEXT MOVIE IS FREE!
HOYTS.CO.NZ/HOYTSREWARDS





Devendra Banhart – *Mala*

1 RADIO ONE 91FM
FEATURE CD
OF THE WEEK

Something of a return to form for the once-great hippie priest.

3.5/5

DEVENDRA BANHART WAS AT ONE TIME AMONG the strongest, strangest voices in psychedelic folk. He was discovered around the turn of the millennium by Swans frontman and Young God Records owner Michael Gira, who took the then-homeless Banhart under his wing and released a trio of albums that are generally considered Banhart's best. What a nice chap.

The ungrateful Banhart then left Young God for bigger and better things (namely larger record labels), and has since done little but disappoint. Starting with 2005's competent but overlong *Cripple Crow*, his unique vocal and songwriting style slowly but surely faded into conventionality; by the time his major label debut *What Will We Be* dropped in 2009, the Devendra I knew and loved was nowhere to be found. In his place was a man fluent in a myriad of genres and styles, but with none of the charm of his former self and far less impressive a beard. The precious, pastoral sounds of earlier classics like *Rejoicing In The Hands* never felt so far away.

And now, four years on from his last vacuous clusterfuck of an album, Devendra Banhart has returned. Does new album *Mala* do as it should and make up for the lacklustre nature of his recent works, or is it yet another model of mediocrity? After several honest listens through, I have found myself leaning towards the former.

I'll make it clear right off the bat that quintessential, forest-dwelling Devendra is once again truant. In his place, however, is a comparably intimate and evocative alter ego. Stylistically, *Mala* contains for the most part that hushed, slender variety of indie rock you might expect from a Sparklehorse record, perfect for soundtracking midnight trips to the beach and other nocturnal recreations. Despite its drowsy and rather homogenous nature, *Mala* does an impressive job of sustaining your attention across its fourteen tracks; between short-lived opener "Golden Girls" and singalong outro "Taurobolium," it's just you and Devendra in his idiosyncratic, moonlit little world.

But for all the indie sameness across *Mala*, some form of surprise is often around the corner. There are a couple of musically baffling moments, like when the vintage doo-wop of "Your Fine Petting Duck" inexplicably morphs into a pulsing house tune auf Deutsch (yes, you read that correctly), and a number of times when Devendra shatters the optimistic mood with some seriously self-deprecating lyrics:

"Mama had such high hopes for me ... if he makes you cry a lot, please remember that with me you never stopped ... if he don't give enough time, please remember that I never gave you mine." Yikes.

Mala may hit you as one big 40-minute blur on first listen, but with repeated spins its detail grows apparent and highlights begin to emerge. The muted gospel of "Für Hildegard von Bingen" is possibly Devendra's best attempt at pop to date, whilst nonsensical ditty "A Gain" is up there with his most haunting work. "Your Fine Petting Duck" too deserves commendation, if only for that bewildering switch in genre mid-song.

Is *Mala* a big improvement over Devendra's last record? Without a doubt. By opting for less, Banhart has achieved considerably more. Does his new direction hold a candle to the moss-caked beauty of his Young God days? Not really. But it's now very clear that that Devendra is gone, and shows no sign of ever coming back. It may take some effort, but that's something we're just going to have to come to grips with. Devendra Banhart no longer makes music to get lost in the woods to, music that sounds like a loincloth-wearing madman picking up a guitar for the first time. We can no longer pretend that he is secretly half-man, half-goat like we once could. As *Mala* makes clear, Devendra is in fact a human after all, who eats and shits and wears skinny jeans just like everybody else.

If you're into catchy, delicate hipster rock, go ahead and pick *Mala* up. It ain't no *Rejoicing In The Hands*, but it'll have to do.

1 RADIO ONE 91FM EVENT GUIDE

THURSDAY 14TH MARCH

Queens | Dunedin Fringe Festival Club: Neko Ne Zna (Wgtn) & Whiskey & The Wench Balkan brass from Wellington's Neko Ne Zna, joined by unruly locals Whiskey & The Wench. 9pm. \$15 / \$10 with your 2013 Onecard.

Inch Bar | Nick Knox - Contrapuntal Keys. Free entry, music from 7pm.

Various | Dunedin Fringe Festival From 14-24 March the Dunedin Fringe Festival will be hitting Dunedin with 60 events in all art forms and all with Radio Onecard discounts. Look out for the Festival Club programme at Queens which features 16 music acts including The Drab Doo Riffs, Upperhut Posse, The Bads, Niko Ne Zna, Manthyn and much more. More information at <http://www.dunedinfringe.org.nz/>

FRIDAY 15TH MARCH

ReFuel | A Distant City, Phoney Dog, Owls, Dr. Elongationist, and Machina Rex \$5 from 9pm.

Queens | Dunedin Fringe Festival Club: Scarlett Lashes (Akl), Totems (Akl) & Death & The Maiden Electro, hip-hop, pop & cabaret trash. 9pm. \$15 / \$10 with your 2013 Onecard.

SATURDAY 16TH MARCH

Queens | Dunedin Fringe Festival Club: The Drab Doo Riffs (Akl) & Wilberforces (Akl) Teeth-rattling, surf-noir, party punk meets dark post-punk with a seedy underbelly. \$15 / \$10 with your 2013 Onecard.

Dunedin Musos' Club | The Night That Paddy Murphy Died w./ Scurvy Dogs, Infinite Justice, and Machina Rex. \$5 entry, (students/unwaged/Irish \$2). Doors 8.30pm.

XII Below | TLA return from Japan! Support from Simple Thieves and Hunting Bears. Doors open 9.30pm, \$10 entry.

**FOR FULL LISTINGS VISIT
R1.CO.NZ/PLAYTIME**

To include a Dunedin gig or event email us at r1@r1.co.nz

KRONOS QUARTET (USA)

Wednesday 13 March, 7.30pm, Regent Theatre

LEGENDARY CLASSICAL ENSEMBLE KRONOS Quartet have been called many things in their lifetime – passionate, intense, experimental, exhilarating. With 40 years' touring experience and almost as many albums under their belts, they are among the most prolific and influential classical musicians of the last century.

And, for one night only, they're coming to Dunedin. Their exotic and visually impressive live show is coming to the Regent Theatre on Wednesday 13, and seating is strictly limited. Adult tickets are from \$50, but Student Rush tickets are \$15 if bought on the day with ID (subject to availability). The chances of them coming this way again are slim, so get your ass down there.

Keep your eyes peeled for a review of the show in a future issue of *Critic*.



Would you like to see your album or gig review featured on this page? Is contributing to *Critic's* music section a lifelong ambition of yours? If so, flick an example of your writing (preferably music-related) to music@critic.co.nz and become a contributor today!



LETTER OF THE WEEK

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

You probably only harvest White Gold

Got attacked by a mob of individuals after admitting I was a "prospect"

They assumed I was prospecting individuals to join my white supremacy gang.

I was actually looking for individuals to man my gold and platinum harvesting machinery to "prospect" for minerals in covert operative secrecy, oblivious to the confines of government permit.

Will destroy them and everyone they love in the future, if they haven't already done so themselves with domestic abuse and heart failure.

Chad Sharman

Bring Back Food #1

Hi Critic,

Well done for getting another great year underway. While I've enjoyed many of the articles in your first two issues I'm really missing the food page which has been a regular feature for a few years. Please bring it back! I'd also appreciate a quiz or two because they are fun and sometimes I can't be bothered going on Stuff.

-From someone who couldn't think of a witty pseudonym

Eloquently put

8=> ({}) VS ({}) ({})

"HE!" hates this so it's wrong VS we all love the flying spaghetti monster.

These people are obviously also murderers because they are gay VS science disproves that.

Having these people in the marriage club devalues it VS having the people on the right side of the "VS" in the marriage club devalues it.

Russell Walker

Bring Back Food #2

Dear Critic

Where are my noms? They are not in Critic2013 #1. They better be in #fucking2. Last year the nom column was my go-to in case of culinary emergency. As a matter of fact, it was my go-to every time I was on dinner duty (the granola raised a few eyebrows but the pulled pork kicked serious ass).

Salaam,

Cameron Fry

p.s. Everyone go see Django, that movie is fucking awesome.

Oh, like a pizza order! Clever.

Hai Kritique,

I would like to place an order for one more week of mindless drivel. Yes, for pick-up. Oh, and how long will that take?

Chur,

PJ Lewis

Meh, YOLO

Dear Critic,

I appreciate that Critic is all about the good banter, but I think you should have refrained from telling students to fill their census form in with "yolo" as their religion. This is likely going to be essentially ignored by census officials, meaning that the message that religion is not important to the person filling in the form (which I presume is intended to be sent) is not clearly conveyed. Given that at the moment there is a great deal of debate about issues such as same sex marriage going on which bring into play religious views to some extent, this is important information about our societal makeup. I would also add that filling in the census is required by law, and an individual that provides false information can be prosecuted. We wouldn't want to encourage that, would we?

Kind Regards

Olivia Payne

Maybs

Dear Critic,

Will Critic this year actually fulfill its duties and report on OUSA Exec meetings? If not, why not?

Cheers,

Dan Stride

You probably shouldn't turn to page 24 this week...

Hello Callum,

To be honest I don't actually give a shit

about scarfies, Dunedin or your publication. I don't live in Dunedin anymore. Thank fucking god. But I thought Ms Phillips ought to know that the few times I did go to a Dunedin Feminist collective meeting it was pretty empowering, valuable and enabled a good discussion on a broad range of issues. There were even boys! At no point was there any kind of 'self righteous-ness'. I think it's a pathetic and a completely uneducated assumption to make about an organisation to which she has no involvement. I have little involvement, but if she actually took the time to look at even the facebook group she would find a bunch of sweet bros talking about shit that bothers them. Bad journalism...

Thanks,

Anon.

It's probably firewood by now

Dear Ed,

Scarfieville is definitely a market-efficient scavenger ecosystem. I had a bunch of excess furniture from last year I left with some dude on Great King st I had never met before but I was told wanted a desk. He left the stuff outside too long and apparently by the next morning another 2 of the desks and a large chest of drawers were gone. I am legitimately glad some ruthless animal in the the north D is using the furniture now and wonder what sort of exciting times are in store for it instead of that shit going to the dump.

Kind regards,

I used to keep my marijuana in the top drawer of the black desk

Aw stop it <3

Dear Professional,

This is your FINAL NOTICE. We previously attempted to contact you regarding your recent selection as a candidate for publication in the prestigious Top 100 Executives of 2013 Magazine.

It is my distinct pleasure to inform you that your candidacy has been reviewed and approved by a special committee and that your biography may soon be featured in this extraordinary and professional magazine.

Only the most accomplished and distinguished men and women are considered for this honor and there is NO COST or obligation to be listed.

After confirming your acceptance, your space within the magazine will be reserved. Our professional writers will then craft an articulate, interesting and informative biography that will be both a treasured legacy and an impressive

addition to your professional rsum.

Only your prompt response is required to ensure your inclusion.

On behalf of our Selection Committee, it is a pleasure to welcome you and to share and celebrate your many personal, professional and academic achievements.

Benjamin Morrison

Editor in Chief

1979 Marcus Ave, Suite 210

Lake Success NY 11150

There's a Marsh Study Centre?

So the University has spent millions of dollars building this new marsh study centre. First of all the lighting there is fucked up and gives me a cold feeling, the lighting is not sufficient it gives me a headache. Even more annoying is that my macbook power adaptor won't fit into these fancy power plugs because of the way they are fit/configured into the tables. What's the point of spending so much money when the basics are screwed up. Sorry Otago Marsh study centre was already outdated the day they announced it and now you can see it yourself.

*Please post this anonymously

As a first year student, you need to stay out of the Octagon

Dear Critic

As a first year student, I am shocked and appalled at what I have witnessed thus far in my time at this university. The local populace here seems to believe that being in a dreadful state of intoxication is acceptable and normal. Frankly, I am disgusted. Alcohol is the devil's drink and all those who partake are ignorant fools.

Students of Otago University, you should be ashamed. I understand that living in the shade of my superior NCEA results may tempt some to take to the drink, but you should resist regardless. Alcoholism is a sin. This is a fact that no one can dispute. Anyone who continues to drink after the publication of this letter are lower class slime who don't deserve the privilege of wiping my behind.

Praise the Lord.

Austin McSquigglydoo.

More watery than Speight's?

Dear Critic,

What is the deal with the Green Acorn Cafe's smoothies? I swear they have a higher water percentage than the Leith River, what with all the floating couches and ducks diluting the H2O content to around 95%. If there is even a trace quantity of freshly squeezed fruit in there, which I highly doubt, it has been blended to a point where it more closely resembles vapour than the shredded remnants of an apple or orange. I'm not asking for a god damn thickshake, but you could fill a swimming pool with this stuff and go diving without goggles and not have your eyes even remotely affected by citric acid. There is no fucking fruit. None.

Signed,

A smooth customer

Leave the bitching about coffee to M & G, guys.

The Staff Club and Café Albany advertise their Wed/Thurs closing times as being 7pm and 8pm respectively. But what's the fucking point of staying "open" if the staff decide at 6pm that they're bored of making coffee for the day, and it's time to clean the machine, a process that, once completed, renders the machine unusable.

It takes five fucking minutes to clean a coffee machine. Call for last orders ten minutes before closing if you must, leaving you ample time to clean. You lazy fucks.

Yours,

Caffeine Rage

Pretty much.

will you print anything?

Curious

Sam Wagener

Penis.

Hi Critic,

Does anyone else feel awkward ordering chicken breasts at restaurants? I'm no prude, but I don't exactly enjoy saying the word "breast" in a family-friendly environment. Even more frustrating are Japanese restaurants – I want to order the octopus balls, but I don't want to say a rude word and I just can't pronounce "Teppanayaki".

But these two horrid dining experiences pale in comparison with some of the names given to cocktails these days. "Sex on the Beach"? "QuickFuck"? No wonder our children have no morals these days. They're all going out for dinner and ordering breasts and testicles with a "Slippery Nipple" on the side. Atrocious.

Sincerely,

Just wants to eat out in peace

What about gladiatorial combat?

Let's clear something up.

Here are the things that count as "culture":

- Visual art
- Creative writing
- Music
- Theatre

Here are the things that don't count as "culture":

- Horticulture
 - Viticulture
 - Video games
 - Rap
 - Bagpipes
 - Aquaculture
- Glad we got that sorted.
- A non-philistine

LETTERS POLICY

Letters should be 200 words or fewer. 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.

City Heights

CHILDCARE & MONTESSORI

SERVING DUNEDIN FAMILIES SINCE 1990

254 YORK PLACE | 03 477 4542 | INFO@CITYHEIGHTS.AC.NZ



"Your child deserves the best"
BOOK NOW TO SECURE YOUR PLACE

- WINZ SUBSIDIES
- STUDENT DEALS
- GREAT PROGRAMMES
- NUTRITIOUS MEALS
- AFFORDABLE RATES
- OWNER OPERATED
- PRIVATE
- INTERNATIONAL STAFF

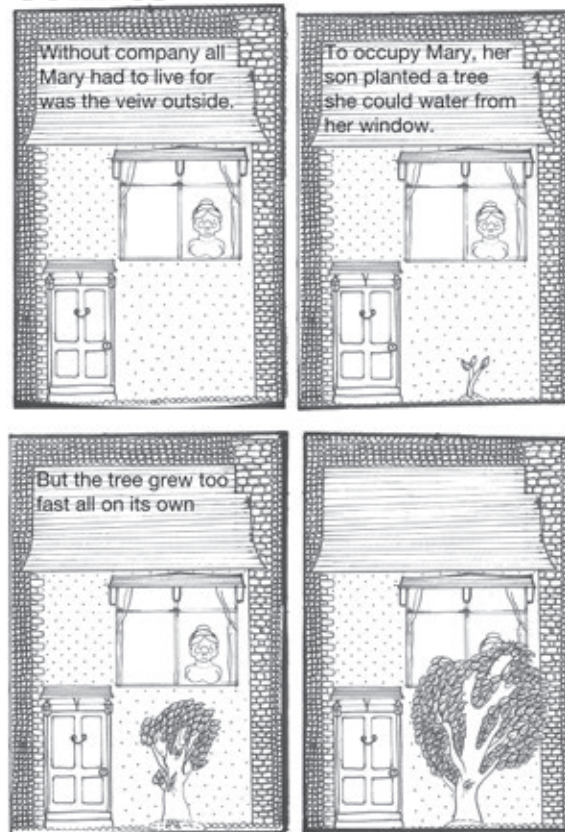
DO YOU LIKE BEING
ON THINGS?
HAVE YOU TRIED
TELEVISION?

WE'RE LOOKING FOR
CAMERAPEOPLE
PRESENTERS
WRITERS, EDITORS
AND VOLUNTEERS
IF YOU'RE INTERESTED
SEND YOUR NAME TO
zane.pocock@critic.co.nz

Critic TV



Comics



PREFER UPLIFTING COMICS?
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD
CONTRIBUTE
YOUR OWN
COMICS

IT COULD BE ABOUT
RELIGION, PROSTITUTES, RELIGIOUS
PROSTITUTES, OLD PEOPLE, HITLER'S
PSYCHIATRIST, FAT PEOPLE AND
OTHER AMERICANS, SOMEONE
FALLING OVER, RACISM, HORRIBLE
FLATMATES, POO
OTHER PEOPLES
JOKES, TV, FILMS
FRESHERS AND THE PROPHET
EVEN
MUHAMMAD

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN WRITING A
COMIC, ILLUSTRATING A COMIC OR
JUST HAVE AN IDEA FOR ONE, THEN
EMAIL tristankellors@gmail.com FOR
MORE INFORMATION ABOUT PUBLISHING

**10%
STUDENT
DISCOUNT**

Get 10% off shoes at
The Athlete's Foot



The Athlete's Foot

FIND YOUR FIT™

theathletesfoot.co.nz

Just present a valid student ID
at any The Athlete's Foot store
nationwide. Not to be used in
conjunction with other offers
or sale items.
See theathletesfoot.co.nz for
store locations.

VOLUNTEERS REQUIRED

We are seeking volunteers for clinical comparison studies of
market brand-leading drugs alongside generic formulations of
those drugs, if you fit this criteria;

- ✓ Male or Female, between 18-55 years
- ✓ Have no medical condition
- ✓ Non-Smoker (for at least six months)
- ✓ Not on medication (excluding female contraception pill)
- ✓ Not taken any drugs of abuse

*All participants will be remunerated
for their time and inconvenience*

Please contact us at:
Zenith Technology on 0800 89 82 82,
or trials@zenithtechnology.co.nz,
or visit our website at www.zenithtechnology.co.nz
to register your interest

ZenTech

Zenith Technology Corporation LTD
156 Frederick St • PO Box 1777 • Dunedin 9054 • New Zealand

This advertisement and all studies are approved by an ethics committee
accredited by the Health Research Council of New Zealand

Zenith Technology • Established for over 20 years in the field of clinical studies
and analytical laboratory services to the international community

What's on at the OUSA Recreation Centre?

SEMESTER ONE REC COURSES FILLING UP FAST!

Haven't signed up yet? Don't sit around for too long. Courses are filling up fast and start soon. Head to www.ousa.org.nz/recreation/ now before you miss out.

CANT COMMIT?

Try our casual yoga classes on Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays.
Only \$5 for students*

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!!

Email cdo@ousa.org.nz and make an appointment.

OUSA Welfare and Postgrad Elections

YOUR SAY



Help us elect new reps for the Welfare and Postgrad positions on the OUSA Executive. We need their help to help keep fighting the good fight for you!

Voting for the positions of Welfare Officer and Post Graduate Officer open 9am 12 March and close at 4pm on 14 March.

Vote at <http://voting.ousa.org.nz/>

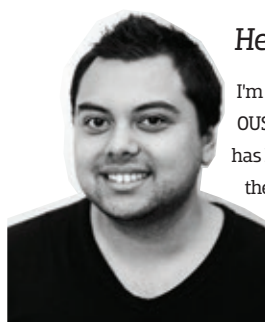
CAPPING SHOW NEEDS YOU!

ARE YOU HANDY WITH A HAMMER?
GOT SOME PRACTICAL AND CREATIVE SKILLS?

*apply now to be our
PROPS AND SET DESIGNER
effective immediately!*

BE PART OF NEW ZEALAND'S BIGGEST AND BEST
STUDENT THEATRE SHOW STARTING TODAY

Contact JASON@OUSA.ORG.NZ



Hey there,

I'm Jordan the Education Officer on the OUSA Executive. At the moment OUSA has little to no active engagement with the student body when it comes to sexual health and awareness. It is touched from time to time with events and discussions on queer rights, violent

relationships and AIDS. I feel that by introducing a few small events this week coupled (ha get it?) with some other important ideas hopefully it'll mean more awareness for all matters sexy and healthy. Check out what we've got going on this week!

The OUSA Dating Show (Main Common Room) 12pm

The whole point of the dating show is to remind people that you don't need alcohol to meet people and to hopefully start a new relationship. I am hoping that through this we can slowly through humour start to change people's ideas about dating and its links with alcohol. Come along as we run a dating show with students who've put themselves forward to be questioned by potential partners, it'll be a crack up and there's prizes for each 'couple'.

HIV TESTING ON CAMPUS

(OUTSIDE OUSA Main Office) All day after 11am

I am hoping to have free HIV testing for all students each and every year. I think by bringing down organisations to do this we can not only encourage people to get tests regularly, but hopefully remove some of the stigmas attached to HIV through informing students and hopefully create a campus that is HIV friendly, but also not afraid of HIV.

QUEER TEA PARTY (The Link Courtyard) 11am onwards

Otago is the most queer friendly university. The tea party is a great opportunity for queer and queer supporters to meet. It is also a chance for those who have had no exposure to queer issues in the past to be educated on the matter. Sometimes not knowing anything about the issues can mean awkwardness when it comes to asking simple questions. I hope that Otago can be the first university where all students support and embrace everyone in our community.

QUIZ NIGHT (Evison Lounge, OUSA Recreation Centre) 7pm

The Family planning quiz night is a great way for students to have fun, win some prizes and also get some education. This quiz night which is run by Family Planning Dunedin will hopefully challenge some of the ideas people have about sex and disprove urban myths that lurk in studentville.

Also, don't forget to vote for your Welfare and postgraduate officer at voting.ousa.org.nz/!

Cheers,

Jordan Taylor, OUSA Education Officer



T H E

P A R T Y

S T A R T S

H E R E

COSMIC



AUCK

5 HIGH ST / 09 303 2949
284 K ROAD / 09 379 2509
47 CUSTOMS ST / 09 914 4294

WGTN

97 CUBA ST / 04 801 6970
179 CUBA ST / 04 894 6971
131 MANNERS ST / 04 801 6972

CHCH

CASHEL MALL / 03 943 4400
PALMS MALL / 03 385 2949

DUN

355 GEORGE ST / 03 479 2949

WWW

WWW.COSMICNZ.CO.NZ
FACEBOOK.COM/COSMICNZ
TWITTER.COM/COSMIC_NZ