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The Magical Neverland of Dunedin

DUNEDIN EXISTS ON A DIFFERENT PLANE FROM THE REST OF the world. It's a magical place, where money appears in your bank account every Tuesday, you can sleep until midday every day of the week, and there are very few consequences for anything you do.

No other town has the same sense of charm and mystique. I still remember driving into Dunedin for the first time – as my car reached the top of the hill overlooking the city from the north, I immediately fell in love with the place. Even the warm summer breeze is quintessentially, distinctively Dunedin. You know what I'm talking about.

Most people finish their degrees after four or five years in Dunedin and move to Wellington, Auckland, Australia, or London. It sounds very glam at the time, and people often claim to be sooo over Dunedin after the end of fourth year. But almost invariably, they end up missing the place hugely by March or April of their first year in the real world.

No one is immune. You too will miss Dunedin when you leave. All your friends live within walking distance. You can do 10-hour weeks for most of the year while getting paid. All your friends are students and thus are nearly always free to hang out. When you're working full-time, don't kid yourself that you'll live the high life four times a week with the old gang, like Dunedin but with cooler bars. Your friends will be working long hours, having children, and living in remote suburbs on the outskirts of town. You will see them approximately $\frac{1}{4}$ as often.

These are the glory days. Make the most of your time in Neverland, and don't waste your last couple of years in Dunedin feeling too old for the place.

Because of its magical, timeless nature, Dunedin is perfectly suited for fables of years gone by. People like Julian Stoner (see page 22) would struggle to last three days in the real world without resorting to charity, yet he lasted three full years in Dunedin. Even baby boomers can enjoy their midlife crises without ever truly comprehending the stereotypes they have become (see page 16).

But as in Michael Jackson's Neverland and classic fables like Hansel and Gretel, the under-tens often face trials and tribulations in Dunedin – Maddy Phillipps dedicates a poem to the short life of the Little Foetus in the Pink Knitted Cap on page 24.

This week, a bright-eyed and bushy-tailed bunch of aspiring news writers take the first step toward making the most of their time in Neverland. Nine have written news articles. Only four will survive the brutal cull over the next few weeks. The Great Intern Massacre of 2013 will go down in Dunedin history as yet another real-life fable. Good luck to you all.

—CALLUM FREDRIC





The queue at 10am on Tuesday.

Hyde Street Sold Out

BY BELLA MACDONALD

TICKETS TO THE INFAMOUS HYDE STREET KEG party sold out by midday when they went on sale at OUSA on both Monday 8 and Tuesday 9 April.

Although the 500 tickets available on Monday were sold from 9am instead of 11am as publicised, OUSA President Francisco Hernandez reported that "every man and his dog had lined up – there was a dog at the front door when we arrived at 9am." *Critic* wonders, however, where the women and cats were.

Tuesday morning saw approximately 250 students queued up before sales started. Not only was the pouring rain a damper on the day, but exclusion from the social event of the year was

heart-wrenching for students who missed out on the limited ticket supply.

Students who couldn't get their hands on one of the 3500 tickets reportedly threatened to sneak in through neighbouring properties. However, the money raised by ticket sales is designed to cover costs for extra security personnel to remove anyone without an official wristband from the street.

Despite many students taking to Facebook to complain about OUSA endorsing the new ticketing system, Hernandez believed most students were generally supportive. "There's the odd Facebook troll, but meh, we're just trying to help the tenants run a sweet and safe party."

While OUSA was forced to cull numbers in order for the event to go ahead, the segregation of certain groups has caused huge offence to those left out of the now-exclusive event. First-year students could only attend if they had been invited by a resident or lived in a neighbouring street. One first-year student told *Critic* she was

very upset, as the party was "the only reason [she] had come to Dunedin."

Critic also spoke to a fourth-year student who missed out on a ticket. "Struth mate, it's an absolute abomination and I'm absolutely ropeable. I'm aborting the party altogether," he vented.

Conversely, some of those who opposed the ticketing system were not willing to miss out on the epic day, and planned on creating their own street parties.

Hyde Street residents were allocated 11 tickets per person to give to their friends. This proved to be a lucrative business for those who charged their friends \$10 for the \$2 ticket, making a healthy profit to fund their day of festivities.

Critic goes to print on Thursday nights, and as such will be providing extensive coverage of the event in next week's issue. In the meantime, *Critic* TV's exclusive footage will air on Wednesday at 1pm in the Main Common Room of Union Hall.

Anonymous Jerk Knocks Over Cones

BY CALLUM FREDRIC

AN UNKNOWN VANDAL SYSTEMATICALLY knocked down two lines of road cones set up to protect the path on the Museum Lawn while it was being repaved.

The crime was committed on Thursday night, which is regarded by many as one of the



two main drinking nights of the week. Alcohol may have been a contributing factor to the offence, as it is known to reduce inhibitions, particularly in young people.

As *Critic* went to print on Thursday night,

the cones had not yet been returned to their original upright positions, potentially causing confusion among pedestrians wishing to use the path. Fortunately, the cones do not appear to have sustained lasting damage.



Smelling Gastly helps Weezing and Koffing

BY BELLA MACDONALD

PROFESSORS AROUND THE GLOBE HAVE BEEN blown away by a recent Otago Uni study which found that hydrogen sulphide (H₂S), the gas that gives farts their characteristic odour, could reduce the symptoms of asthma.

The results came from a sample of over 1600 Rotorua residents, a popular tourist destination for those who think fun stinks, between 2008 and 2010. Only a small number of participants were actually asthma sufferers, and Critic suggests that the results of the study smell a little bit off.

Professor Julian Crane of Otago Uni's Wellington Campus was involved in the study. When asked about the possibility of using H₂S in asthma prevention medicines, he told Critic it was "unlikely, but nothing is impossible."

While sniffing around the heady findings, Critic's investigatory team revealed that low amounts of hydrogen sulphide can put a mouse into an induced hypothermic state, which calls for caution around exposure to the substance. Critic speculates that "social farting" is indeed the new "social smoking" after all.

An in-house experiment was also carried out, in which a prospective intern was locked in a closet-sized bathroom after a three-course Indian BYO. In contrast to the results of the official study, the subject reported, "It was even harder to breathe. The smell alone nearly gave me an asthma attack."

When asked whether or not H₂S exposure gives asthma sufferers instant relief, Crane replied, "Absolutely not." Crane also assured Critic that there is no area in Dunedin that releases levels of H₂S similar to Rotorua.

Critic later discovered that H₂S has a far more important benefit than reducing asthma symptoms. The chemical is naturally produced in small quantities by the human body, and is known to relax smooth muscle and cause erections, potentially inspiring a re-think of the asthma inhaler. The mystery of Rotorua's rapid breeding rate has finally been solved.

Lord Monckton

BY CLAUDIA HERRON

CONTROVERSIAL CLIMATE CHANGE SKEPTIC Lord Christopher Monckton will share his views with Dunedin next week as part of a nationwide speaking tour. His Dunedin visit is being organised by the New Zealand Climate Science Coalition.

Lord Monckton is a British journalist, politician, former newspaper editor, and public speaker, and is well known for describing global warming as the "largest fraud of all time." Taking place on 23 April, Lord Monckton's speech will question whether we are being told the truth about climate change, and what really lies behind the United Nations' Agenda 21.

Some may be skeptical of Lord Monckton's views on climate change simply because Britain has the world's dreariest climate. However, Monckton has presented his views to many audiences including the United States Congress, where he encouraged members to ignore President Barack Obama's plan to limit carbon

emissions in 2009. Lord Monckton told Congress that "climate change is not real," and that "the right response to the non-problem of global warming is to have the courage to do nothing."

In addition to his activism, Lord Monckton is also known for his invention of the mathematical puzzle "Eternity", which was marketed as impossible to solve and carried a one-million-pound prize offer for anyone who could conquer it within four years. Unsurprisingly, the puzzle took less than an eternity to be solved – two mathematicians from Cambridge completed the feat in October 2000. Lord Monckton claimed he was forced to sell his 67-room house in order to pay the prize money, but this was subsequently revealed to be a publicity stunt.

Monckton was also an advisor to the late UK Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher in the 1980s.

For those of you keen for a cynical take on highly topical events, Lord Monckton promises that the evening will be a "fact-filled, family-friendly presentation." The event will commence at 7:30pm in Burns 1, with door sales available at \$20 per adult. Critic will be sending reporters from both sides of the debate to cover the event.

Victoria Victorious in Research Rankings

BY CALLUM FREDRIC

IN ITS TRADEMARK BUREAUCRATIC AND INACCESSIBLE style, the Tertiary Education Commission has published the results of its 2012 Quality Evaluation. The evaluation, which is the first since 2006, ranked the research performance of over 6,300 tertiary staff across the country.

Despite the influx of aspiring Critic interns, no one was foolish enough to volunteer to wade through the data. When confronted with the weighting formula on page 36, a visibly distressed lecturer from Otago's Pure and Applied Mathematics subject area, which ranked first in the country in its field, said he would prefer to try his hand at proving the Continuum Hypothesis.

Victoria University was the big winner in the evaluation, claiming gold in two of the four measures. Otago took the honours for the "extent that postgraduate degree-level teaching and learning is underpinned by the research undertaken" – in other words, research quality weighted by the number of postgrad students. Deputy Vice-Chancellor Richard Blaikie told

Critic that for every 100 Otago postgrads, there were 20 top-quality ("A" or "B" ranked) researchers at the Uni.

Professor Blaikie described the results as "an 8-high straight," noting that Otago was the only university to score in the top four of every category. However, he acknowledged that Otago "still wants to do better," and that although Otago's performance had increased in all four measures since 2006, the environment was "very competitive" and other universities had improved faster.

Otago now has over 700 A- and B-ranked staff, comprising more than half of the total research staff. A-ranked researchers are those who have "high international standing" while B-ranked researchers have "high national standing." Due to their size, the Universities of Auckland and Otago will receive 30.6% and 20.3% of the quality evaluation funding pool respectively.

Otago ranked top in seven subject areas: Dentistry; Education; Law; Pharmacy; Philosophy; Pure and Applied Mathematics; and Religious Studies and Theology.

AUT University scored poorly, but this was partly due to their score being halved under the weighting formula, as their official name "Auckland University of Technology University" means they are treated as two tertiary institutions.

Councillors counselled

BY JACK MONTGOMERIE

DUNEDIN CITY COUNCILLORS ARE TO BE warned against conflicts of interest at every meeting, just weeks after the Office of the Auditor General (OAG) cleared two councillors of voting for funding that would help their businesses.

Councillors Kate Wilson and Richard Thomson, both of whom are part of Mayor Dave Cull's Greater Dunedin grouping, voted on a \$400,000 events fund to attract concerts and conventions to the city. Cr. Wilson owns a Middelmarsh café which she said would benefit from such events, and Cr. Thomson owns a shop in Dunedin. He said that last year's Elton John concert raised his turnover by 80 percent.



Richard Thomson



Real cases. Real people.



Kate Wilson

The DCC's Governance Manager Sandy Graham referred their decision to the OAG in January to check its legality. The OAG decided that the councillors had not run afoul of the law because the benefits they received from big events were similar to those received by the rest of the public. Cr. Thomson said the report wasn't necessary, "as the legislation is pretty clear and Kate and I are both familiar with it."

Architectural consultant and blogger Elizabeth Kerr has criticised the decision. Ms Kerr has previously urged readers of her *What if? Dunedin* blog to "go to it" and make more complaints to

the OAG themselves. Despite the OAG's response, she maintains that the decision was wrong and that "Councillors Kate Wilson and Richard Thomson should be DUMPED."

The DCC has now added an agenda item for all meetings telling councillors to "stand aside" when decisions might impact their private interests. A voluntary register of interests is also due to be set up for councillors to announce their pecuniary interests. Ms Graham says the change is part of the council's new minute-keeping software system, and has nothing to do with bloggers' complaints.

Racist Danish Runs Rampant

BY CLAUDIA HERRON

THE MAORI COMMUNITY HAS SET ITS HARPOONS on foreign territory after a Danish MP denounced Maori culture as "uncivilised and grotesque."

An opinion piece published by MP Marie Krarup in the Danish newspaper *Berlingske* revealed that a powhiri made her feel uncomfortable, especially after being greeted by a "half-naked man, shouting and screaming in Maori." However, Krarup considers the article to be "incorrectly translated."

Sean Plunket from Radio Live interviewed Krarup following the publication of her "less-than-complimentary views on [NZ] culture." When asked if the powhiri had made her feel uncomfortable, she said: "Yes, I'm not used to rubbing noses. I've never done that before."

"In Denmark we have men that wear trousers, and here we had a man in a grass skirt." Krarup repeatedly referred to Maori as "murrays," aggravating the situation.

In regard to the decorations of the meeting house, Krarup thought it "interesting you have to stay serious even though you are standing next to an erect penis." When asked by Plunket if penises made her laugh, Krarup quickly replied, "Yes, actually it does when it is made out of wood and belonging to a scary god." *Critic* imagines her house is decorated with rug munchers and statues of Venus.

While Krarup considers the article a "humorous piece," the Twitter realm has described her as a "tool" and "an ignorant bigot." However, she has received a strange following from some New Zealand bloggers who have "had enough of Maori imposing their will on the majority," and thanked her for speaking up. Furthermore, Conservative Party leader Colin Craig responded by calling for traditional Maori welcomes to become optional for visitors.

One Otago Maori student suggested that Krarup shut up, and said that there was "no need to hate on other cultures." *Critic* agreed with the student's suggestion for an authentic Maori cultural experience: spending a week in Tuhoe with Tame Iti. *Critic's* Tourism Services are already in talks with Iti, because we want Krarup to be rubbing noses with only the very best.



Two Danish living in harmony.



Getting Down And Nerdy

Molten Rage

BY JAMIE BREEN

IN A RECENT ARTICLE PUBLISHED IN THE *ODT*, University of Otago Physics lecturer Tim Molten pointed out that in New Zealand greater value is placed on sports than on the sciences. Critic is absolutely shocked.

"Imagine if you were to become a Physicist and you became a hero and everyone bought you drinks and you were given flash cars; if that level of cultural involvement existed in science, we would have excellence in science."

Although a large number of projects exist to encourage more young people to study science, Molten is concerned that they are not proving effective because "our heroes aren't scientists."

"Our culture sends a certain message to kids, so it's not surprising we're excellent at rugby."

Science and Innovation Minister Steven Joyce was quick to defend his ministry from criticism. "We are seeing a shift, with more people taking up science-based study at university last year than in 2011."

"It is also both a driver of economic growth and a strong platform for evidence-based decision making across society."

Critic points out that better scientists mean better discoveries: peanut butter and banana-flavoured ice cream, more effective caffeination, a cure for herpes. Or maybe even something really helpful: super genetically enhanced Highlander players, specifically designed to be capable of winning a game of rugby.



Driver admits liability in cycle death

BY SARAH BAYLY

BEVERLEY PEAT, WHO CAUSED THE DEATH OF Dentistry lecturer Dr. Chris He last November by opening her car door as he was cycling past, has been charged with "causing death by careless operation of a vehicle," and remanded on bail for sentencing in May. Dr. He, described by a student as a "well-respected, approachable teacher," was among the 122 cyclists who died on New Zealand roads last year, bringing to light the danger cyclists experience on our roads.

Critic spoke to an Otago dentistry student, who said the accident was "a tragic combination of the

driver, cyclist, and environment, but I wouldn't like to credit any party with the blame."

Cycle safety activist and Otago researcher Prof. Hank Weiss expressed to the *ODT* that Peat is "a victim in all this as well." After the trial, Peat said that she felt "bloody awful" about the incident, and one of her supporters added, "our hearts go out to [the family]" on her behalf.

The NZTA and the DCC say they are doing their part by "making significant investments to improve the safety of the roads." Prof. Weiss states that "there is some evidence that this tragedy is leading to some real change in the community," but that there is much room for improvement.



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An-Nur Kiwi Academy

BY THOMAS RAETHEL

AFTER YEARS OF PLANNING, AN ALL-MALE Islamic boarding school is confirmed to be opening in South Dunedin. Built on the site of a former Catholic primary school, An-Nur Kiwi Academy will be the third Muslim school in New Zealand, and the first outside of Auckland.

Formerly owned by the Dunedin Catholic Diocese, the site of construction on 110 Melbourne Street was previously occupied by St Patrick's Primary School. Al-Nur Kiwi Academy is owned and funded by the Al-Noor Charitable Trust, an institution devoted to the development of Islamic education within New Zealand.

Plans were originally made for an academy in Christchurch, but shelved after the 22 February 2011 Earthquake. Al-Noor's original plan for the school in Christchurch outlines motivations for an exclusively Islamic school. It intends to "give Muslim children an atmosphere in which they can grow and excel," citing educational research that has established connections between academic success and familiar environments.

It further suggests that secular state schools pressure Muslim children to adopt haram values in such areas as the theory of evolution, extra-marital sex, and alcohol. Despite truncating these aspects of the regular New Zealand curriculum, Al-Noor is dedicated to establishing a connection with the wider New Zealand community. The plan pledges to "keep the windows to the larger NZ society wide open," welcoming its neighbouring schools, non-Muslim staff, and community as a whole.

Taneli Kukkonen, a senior lecturer in Islamic studies at the University of Otago, is enthusiastic for an Islamic school but urges correct implementation. "A small Muslim school would face all the problems of any small new school," he warns.

He supports Al-Nur Kiwi Academy's motto of "all pupils welcome," and hopes the school will help foster a greater understanding of Islam within Dunedin. "It testifies to growing self-awareness in the Muslim community."

Critic manufactures story based on ODT's manufactured story

BY SARA LAMB-MILLER

THE ODT'S SUNDAY ARTICLE CLAIMING THAT Dunedin is the true Garden City of New Zealand sinks to a new low, even for them. It seems mean-spirited to take Christchurch's last claim to fame away while they're not looking. They even have gardens made out of bits of rubble now, in the empty spots where the buildings used to be. That's pretty dedicated.

Aside from the moral issues involved in waiting till that big guy down the street takes a beating and then running in to figuratively kick him in the balls and steal his candy, this new branding campaign is disappointing in its sheer boringness. Dunedin has better things to advertise than its dirt patches. When asked her opinion of the controversy, Christchurch resident Alicia Lamb-Miller said, "I think Dunedin should embrace their Scottish heritage and shirly weather, and leave the garden issue alone."

Critic would like to point out that, in addition to shirly weather, Dunedin has several new

claims to fame in the wake of the Christchurch earthquakes. For example, we are now the only functional city in the South Island. Why settle for "Dunedin: the Garden City" when we could be "Dunedin: the City"? We could run campaigns with slogans like "We have functioning pubs!" or "Our buildings probably won't fall on you! Also, there are buildings!"

There has been no comment on these suggestions by anyone from the Dunedin City Council or Tourism Dunedin, but we are confident that this new, expanded vision of Dunedin's role in South Island tourism will catch on quickly, and look forward to Dunedin's new branding with enthusiasm. Or at least with slightly less boredom, which is almost the same thing.



"Pay off your fucking loans" – Govt

BY GERARD BARBALICH

ECONOMICALLY-MINDED STUDENTS WILL BE disappointed to discover that the Government has scrapped the voluntary repayment bonus for student loans, effective from 1 April 2013. While the incentive was in place, borrowers who repaid more than the minimum amount required had a 10% bonus credited to that repayment.

The scheme was initially established to encourage student loan repayments and reduce the strain on the Government's books. However, current students found the scheme to be a useful loophole, as nothing stopped them claiming the bonus while still studying.

Information in the 2012 Budget detailed the bonuses received by students. Soon after, the

Treasury highlighted the repayment bonus as one of several areas of intended action. Consequently, the scheme has been scrapped.

The change to the voluntary repayment bonus is one of a number of alterations being rolled out. The loan repayment rate has increased from 10c to 12c for every \$1 earned over the repayment threshold, and from 1 April 2014 the definition of "income" will be broadened to include a wider range of income types.

The threshold parental income level to qualify for student allowances has been extended until 31 March 2016, meaning fewer students will qualify each year.

In addition to these changes, the 2012 Budget also called for an "information match" between Inland Revenue and New Zealand Customs to identify student loan borrowers in serious default.

"Quite steamed" scarfie pays the price for trying to keep warm

BY JOSIE COCHRANE

A SECOND-YEAR OTAGO STUDENT HAS BEEN sentenced to 150 hours of community service following his arrest for endangering public safety on Friday 29 March. The student spoke with Critic directly and has asked to remain anonymous.

At about 1am, a "huge fire with about 100 people around it" was already blazing at a flat party on Clyde Street. Police walked in just in time to catch the convicted student throwing a new piece of wood on the fire.

"This chick cop just zoned in on me, grabbed me, and threw me in the back of the paddy wagon," the 21-year-old explained. "I was probably

getting pretty lippy. I was quite steamed."

The police report said that "the fire was licking the bottom of a flat" and "paint was getting cracked and bubbled." Duty solicitor Jim Large told the student, who admitted literally adding fuel to the fire, that the judge would make an example of him as part of the recent zero-tolerance approach to couch-burning.

"The judge really ripped me to shreds. One piece of wood doesn't constitute putting a gun to someone's head." *Critic* speculates the charge might have been slightly more significant if guns were involved.

The student has six months to complete his first 100 hours of community service, but will try to get his op shop volunteering finished within a couple of months by working whenever he can. He concluded, "It was a bit of a rough charge to say I was endangering lives, but working in an op shop is pretty chill. It should be better than picking up rubbish. It's the criminal record that'll cost me."

Cowardly bag snatcher adds to vast collection

BY THOMAS STEVENSON

ANDERSONS BAY CEMETERY HAS BECOME A hotspot for the lowest form of crime ever conceived: snatching someone's handbag from their car while they visit a grave.

The cemetery has experienced three occurrences of the ghoulish crime over just two weeks. Most recently, on 30 March local woman Sybil Kirkwood made the mistake of leaving her car unlocked while tending to the grave of her late husband. Upon returning to the vehicle, she discovered that her handbag was missing. It only dawned on her that it was stolen when she read a similar story in the esteemed *ODT* a day later.

Since the incident, police have been urging cemetery-goers to lock their cars properly. *Critic* notes that this ignores the possibility of a thief with balls smashing a window or taking the car itself. Meanwhile, Mrs Kirkwood is "appalled that someone would have such disrespect."

Otago student Harriet Love, who lives opposite the cemetery, said of the incident: "Seriously, what the fuck?" This sentiment is shared by a large proportion of the student body and, if the *ODT*'s website is anything to go by, the general public.

Police Constable John Gilbert called the crime "one of the lowest acts" he has seen in his career. Police believe the thief is a local male who crawls between gravesites to access unlocked car doors. They are urging him to return the contents of the handbag with "no questions asked," because, in Mrs Kirkwood's words, her "whole daily life is in that bag."

As for poor Mrs Kirkwood, she says the incident has not discouraged her from going back. Naturally, her message to the thief "probably wouldn't be printable," but she still wishes to make regular visits to her husband's grave.



The Jolly Exec Report: Fran attempts to pour money down drain

BY NICK JOLLY

THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO SPEND \$50K. \$3 dinners should not be one of them. Unfortunately, our great leader Francisco believes that they should be. Luckily, this mindless spending has been curbed by the restraint of a sensible few. I live in a flat that is close enough to the Clubs and Socs building to take advantage of this offer. However, I do not expect the rest of the student body to subsidise my lazy refusal to cook.

While intense negotiations have reduced Fran's budget to \$10,000, it is still a lot of money that could be better spent on other spending options, such as grants and extra tutorials. My suggestion is for the OUSA exec to step up to the plate and provide free piss for everyone at the Hyde Street keg party.

There may be a reason Fran has such passion for \$3 dinners. As I left, I heard him proudly proclaim that he hasn't cooked for the last three years. Apparently Fran lives in a flat where fast food is included in the rent, allowing him to reign supreme without the inconveniences of the day-to-day activities and responsibilities the rest of us have to put up with.

OUSA Exec, you impress me only with your commitment to turning up to these meetings for two hours every week. While it is presumably the free pizza that motivates Fran's attendance, to the rest of you – I salute you.

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Proctology

BY ZANE POCKOCK

DESPITE EVERYONE LEAVING TOWN FOR THE EASTER BREAK, THE PROCTOR isn't short on stories. We start this week with a young man who "for some unknown reason grabbed the top of his table, went to the top of Clyde Street, and let 'er go down the street." Fortunately, "it veered off the road and into the hedge rather than into somebody's car, so he got away without damaging anything."

A group of flatmates weren't so lucky when it came to cars. "They burned a lot of rubbish next to a corrugated steel fence. A car was parked on the other side and the fence got so hot that it radiated enough heat to melt the front of the car. It was about \$1100 worth of damage they had to front up with to replace stuff. Fires are just dumb, by any stretch of the imagination."

The Proctor advises that groups heading away on field trips "should be aware that they're still under the University's Code of Conduct, and outlandish behavior in small country towns can still attract the attention of the Proctor."

We conclude this week with one of the Proctor's favourite topics: red cards. "Do some creative things," he urges. "They don't need to involve drinking until insensibility. I'm not suggesting you do it, but go and serenade the clock tower in a purple bathing suit for all I care."

"I believe the Vice-Chancellor in fact has a small fund for people who actually do come up with very good ideas, which she may spring for a few things for the flat. So, if you come up with something decent then go for it. It doesn't have to be healthy but it just can't be dangerous."

"Years ago, a climbing club painted giant footsteps up the side of Richardson. Another time, Knox bricked up the front of Selwyn. But those sorts of things are interesting and fun. So with red cards, exercise some of the undoubted intelligence that people have and come up with something new."

Gay Marriage Bill to Pass on Wednesday Watch Civilisation Collapse Live at Clubs and Socs

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, THE GAY MARRIAGE BILL IS LIKELY TO BE passed into law after Parliament holds the bill's third and final reading.

OUSA and UniQ are jointly hosting a live screening of Parliament TV's coverage in the Otago Room of the Clubs and Socs building. Food and non-alcoholic drinks will be provided from 4pm, but the action will likely not start until around 6pm, depending on how long the debate for the preceding bill lasts.



If This Concerns You, Move To Saudi Arabia

BY CAMPBELL ECKLEIN

ACROSS THE NATION THIS WEEK, SUPERMARKETS, GROCERY STORES, dairies, and even the more extensively stocked gas stations have experienced a crippling shortage of eggs. Finding repeatedly that their egg orders were not being filled, some stockists became simultaneously incensed and curious, and attempted to locate the root of this disappointing phenomenon with the help of Critic.

Following visits to some of the battery farms and free-range farms of tiny, row-upon-row cages from which our eggs are sourced, a truth more sinister and deeply disturbing than we ever cared to imagine has reared its ugly head. It seems that the advent of legal same-sex marriages has made waves that penetrate deeper into our society than we could have predicted—after just a few short weeks, news of this legislation has reached the nation's poultry.

Previously, poultry farms were generally segregated by gender to ensure that unfertilised eggs continued to make it into our pantries. As it turns out, this was entirely unnecessary. Exasperated farmers tell us that it has recently become apparent that almost all chickens are homosexual (hens and roosters alike), and the only thing stopping them from expressing their true colors until now was their ardent respect for the law. Since the new marriage laws, hens that once shared cages as no more than cell-mates have taken up together in unholy matrimony, and roosters—well, their frustrated early morning cries for companionship are now being answered with wedding bells.

As for the reason behind the egg shortage, it appears that chickens are still broody as ever – the explosion of bird-bird and cock-cock marriages has sparked a roaring gamete trade, wherein lady chickens are providing eggs to gentleman chickens in exchange for sperm, enabling same-sex couples to have children together and experience the joy of raising a family. Farmers are desperately struggling to find enough unfertilised eggs to meet their quota, but they keep coming up short. And since it's legal now, they must accept that there is really very little they can do about it. To stand in the way of these chickens and their lifestyle choices would be such a massive breach of ethics and political correctness that even battery farming pales in comparison. We may be facing a future devoid of the fluffy goodness of scrambled eggs, the golden rush of yolk that bursts forth from a poached egg, and that god-awful fart smell that hangs around for ages after your flatmate tries to microwave his egg whites. A grim future indeed.

Please can you teach me how to Dougie

BY GUS GAWN

THE CELEBRATION IS ONE OF MY FAVOURITE parts of sport. It serves so many purposes: an outpouring of raw emotion; a message to your opponent or the crowd; a "look at me" moment especially for the cameras; or pure relief. The days of manners and sportsmanship limiting celebration to a nod and a handshake are long gone in most sports. Sports are broadcast to millions, and prize money is enormous. There is far more than just personal pride at stake. When a team or individual wins a title or gets one over their opponent, that is their moment to bask in the spotlight. This week I've taken the time to have a look at the different ways sportspeople celebrate. Some are genuine, some contrived, and some more impressive than the sport itself.



1. "I'm just so happy"

This type of celebration is a genuine outpouring of emotion. It is not about the crowd or the opponent or anyone else. It is a moment when the athlete or team has just achieved what they set out to do, and it is time to enjoy it. A classic example is Mark Richardson celebrating his only test wicket – a leap of delight, followed by a manic sprint around the field chasing high fives until he ran out of teammates and had to stop. When Rafael Nadal or Roger Federer wins a Grand Slam they simply collapse to the floor through both exhaustion and elation. Baseball teams will often clear the bench and have a massive leaping group hug on the centre of the diamond.

YouTube:

Brandi Chastain – Women's Football World Cup:
youtu.be/HbTiiAtLXnE



2. Highlight reel

Winning on its own is often not enough. You must also reinforce your awesomeness with a trick you practiced earlier at home. This can take the form of an intricate tumbling routine, either freakishly athletic like Kenwyne Jones, or tall white guy front flips like Miroslav Klose. Another way to get featured in the highlight reels is a funky dance, like Digby Ioane's break dancing or Lelia Masaga's gyrating Dougie. Of course, the old classic is the motorsport burn-out.

YouTube: Victor Cruz – salsa dance:
youtu.be/8j1jkYAMIs4



3. "In your face"

Sometimes winning is not enough – you have to rub your victory in your opponent's face, and really show them that you are superior in every way and that they should probably quit now before they suffer further embarrassment at your hands. American athletes love to stick it up their opponents. Being the alpha male or the "big dog" is far more important than in non-American sports. Think of the iconic image of Muhammad Ali standing over Sonny Liston. Sportsmen from other countries have been known to get involved as well. In 1999 Andrew Mehrkens pulled a double middle finger to the Bulls crowd in Pretoria after hitting the winning drop goal, and Emmanuel Adebayor took the time to run the length of the field to celebrate in front of the fans of his former club Arsenal when he scored against them for Manchester City in 2009.

YouTube: Scottie Pippen dunks on Patrick Ewing:
youtu.be/srI2Bwh6A3I



4. Just Jog Back

The favourite of rugby players of the 80s and 90s. Sometimes they seemed to be in a competition to see who could look the least excited. No fist pumps, no high fives, the most you could expect was a pat on the back that would go unacknowledged. Very few modern sportspeople display such restraint. Gymnasts are still forced to keep a straight face even when they know they have nailed a perfect manoeuvre, but that is hardly by choice. The closest we get nowadays is probably surfing, where celebrating a great wave or "claiming" is still partially frowned upon. Some cricketers still acknowledge a milestone with a restrained raise of the bat.

YouTube: Josh Kronfeld try vs. Canterbury:
youtu.be/hiE0ePi6RSE



5. Choreography

If you really want to make the most of your time in the limelight, you gotta innovate man. I'm talking choreography, props, and clever use of the camera. I hate to keep falling back on American sports as an example, but they are well ahead of the game on this one. Terrel Owens took it to another level when he pulled a Sharpie out of his sock, signed the ball, and handed it to a fan in the crowd in 2002. Many teams have done tenpin bowling. Then there are the traditional organised celebrations: the Gatorade bath, cutting the net at the end of a basketball season, or footballers singing olé, olé, olé.

YouTube:

Fishing celebration Iceland:
youtu.be/KD49mZiyJYQ

BEST OF THE WEB

critic.co.nz/passwordcracker

"At the beginning of a sunny Monday morning earlier this month, I had never cracked a password. By the end of the day, I had cracked 8,000."

critic.co.nz/retrointernet

An episode of Computer Chronicles from 1995, showing what you could do on the internet back in the day.

critic.co.nz/chinesedriver

Who says the Chinese can't drive?

critic.co.nz/jonsdong

Jon Hamm, better known as Don Draper from Mad Men, is "tired of jokes about his 'impressive anatomy'," according to a recent Rolling Stone article. The corresponding tumblr is... interesting.

critic.co.nz/marsdistance

An incredible interactive website that emphasises just how far away Mars is.

critic.co.nz/earlyzuck

Mark Zuckerberg's first ever website is still online.

critic.co.nz/shareman

A man has sold his fate to investors at \$1 per share. Critic wonders what Peter Dunne will be worth when the Government sells him among the rest of their unwanted State Assets.

NEWS IN BRIEFS

ZANE POCOCK | SAM CLARK
CALLUM FREDRIC | MADDY PHILLIPPS



FREEEEBIE!

OLYMPUS HAS FALLEN

Olympus Has Fallen is coming to cinemas April 18, and Roadshow Films and Critic is giving you the chance to WIN one of five double passes to see this action packed film!

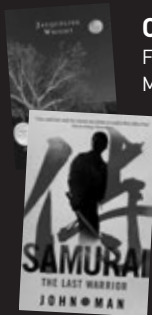
Simply like the Critic Facebook page and then like the Olympus Has Fallen image that will be up on Monday morning!

ZOMFG EVEN MORE FREEBIES!

Critic has dozens of books to give away!

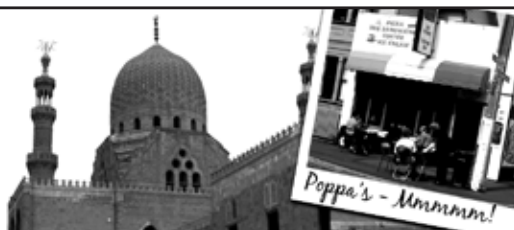
Fancy a copy of *Samurai: The Last Warrior* by John Man? Or how about something more intellectual, like Leslie Lipson's *The Politics of Equality*?

Swing by the Critic office
(Just above OUSA reception)
to grab yourself some free wisdom.
Limit of two books each. First in first serve.
Monday - Thursday | 10am - 4pm.



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FAILIENT

THE WORST

Fails of the Week from Wellington's Student Magazine

The Miscommunication Issue

1) Salient's sixth issue was on the theme of "Communication". So when they devoted two full pages to an interview with a guy who gave a masterclass in how to use lot of words to say absolutely nothing, maybe it was an attempt at irony. Sample answer:

"If you recognise the sacredness of every individual, and position that individual within whatever social or community group they belong to, then you have a values base on which good law will be made."

2) The obligatory Green-voting news writers of Wellington's student magazine apparently wanted to Instagram their cake and Tweet it too. In a single news article they managed to criticise the Government's revival of the youth wage from two incompatible angles.

First, the changes were unfair on older students, who would be unable to compete with the low cost of employing a kid on youth rates. But the article goes on to quote from a Labour Party press release made in the context of criticising youth rates for being unfair on young students, who would now be paid less. Overall communication: "Me Hate National."

But this alone was not enough of a foot-in-mouth moment for Salient's Communication Issue. A separate article on youth rates that attempted to cover the topic in a more balanced way inadvertently skewed Salient's communication clusterfuck:

"Simon Bridges can't have his cake and eat it too: either raising the minimum wage is a good thing, or it is a bad thing. Doing both just makes you look like a tool."

TOTES RANDOM

THIS WEEK WE ADMIRE THE SEXUAL SUPERIORITY of Tapiridae "Tap erry day" Tapis, commonly known as the tapir. Yes, animal sex facts are so commonplace in sub-par, poorly fact-checked publications that to use one in Critic is not exactly totes random. But the majestic tapir exists on a different spiritual plane from basic semantics. Not only does the tapir possess a 49cm+, fully prehensile penis, the largest of any mammal in relation to body size, its agile, flexible proboscis is reportedly a more efficient G-spot stimulator than the entire skull of Dai Henwood. As such, this odd-toed ungulate is perhaps the only mammal capable of performing the elusive "reverse spit roast". It saddens Critic that Mr Hands of "2 guys 1 horse" fame never travelled to the lush Malay jungle to explore the tapir's unique talents before his tragic death by stallion cock.



FACTS & FIGURES



The placebo effect has been shown to work on Q&A tests. Believing you have access to the answers makes it more likely you will get them right. Subjects were tested by being told the correct answer would be flashed on their screens very quickly before seeing a question.



Up to 50% of the beehives needed to pollinate America's fruits and vegetables have been wiped out, and researchers don't really know why. Pesticides are a suspected cause.



Nearly half of all adults admit to texting while driving, whereas only 43% of teenagers do. "Do as I say, not as I text!"



The world's largest rabbit weighs 55 pounds and eats \$90 of food every week. His name is Ralph.



The world's previous top supercomputer, built by IBM in 2009, is already obsolete and is being dismantled.



Samoa Air has become the first airline to charge passengers by weight. They'll be the world's wealthiest airline in no time.

Some temporary tattoos are now permanent. Black henna has been leaving permanent scars on recipients – Critic speculates that this may be due to the "coal tar" product it contains.



EVIDENCE OF A MID-LIFE CRISIS

BY LOULOU CALLISTER-BAKER

LOULOU CALLISTER-BAKER'S FLATMATE DISCOVERED SOME MYSTERIOUS BOXES IN THE ATTIC, FULL OF THE POSSESSIONS OF A MAN WHO CLEARLY EXPERIENCED A TEXTBOOK MIDLIFE CRISIS. IMPRESSED BY HIS ADHERENCE TO MILLS & BOON-LEVEL STEREOTYPES, SHE TELLS THE STORY OF THE MAN'S LIFE.



This jumper tells us that David Bain jumpers were around before David Bain wore them. However, it took a rampant, murderous attack to make the style cool.

SOMETIME LAST MONTH, I WALKED INTO THE kitchen and noticed my flatmate's legs dangling from the attic. I didn't think anything of it. My flatmate never can keep still – the handmade stilts on which his bed is propped up are evidence of that, as are the miscellaneous burnt objects around the flat and the kitchen stools that are suddenly missing their screws. However, when my flatmate emerged from the attic with a large cardboard box in his arms, my curiosity was piqued.

Four cardboard boxes sat on the kitchen bench, illuminated by the ceiling lights. All five of us deliberated whether to open them. I referred to the boxes as "chattels" to convey my rarefied third-year legal knowledge. The others ignored me. When I started using legal buzzwords like "finders," "reversionary interest," and "Residential Tenancies Act," the majority voted to evict me from the deliberations. Without me, they decided to open the boxes.

When we first moved into our flat two years ago, the flat was filled with furniture and personal items, only a few of which belonged to previous tenants – the rest were our landlord's. Intrigued by the flat's sense of abandonment, I thoroughly explored the den underneath the house, but I ran away when I discovered the room's secret

fireplace. My discovery earned downstairs the name "Fritzl's". We considered hosting surprise S & M parties down there, but the plans got all tied up. However, until the discovery of the cardboard boxes in the attic, all we knew about our current landlords was that they lived in Hawaii and were desperate to sell the place.

In the first box we opened, underneath an opened package of soap and half a packet of sanitary pads was a stack of leaflets and booklets about properties in Napier, Wanaka, and Dunedin. The Napier property had photographs of each room in the house, revealing terrifying interior design – plush sofas, pink and brown paint combinations, fake pot plants, and sterile white Venetian blinds. From Napier, the couple appeared to have moved to Wanaka then Dunedin.

There was only one photo album to guide our speculation. All the photos were of either snow or people sitting around a table at a BBQ. The other photos were the distorted results of fingers

accidentally covering the lens. I titled the photo album "The Brief Wanaka Days – Mildly Fun Adventures Were Had".

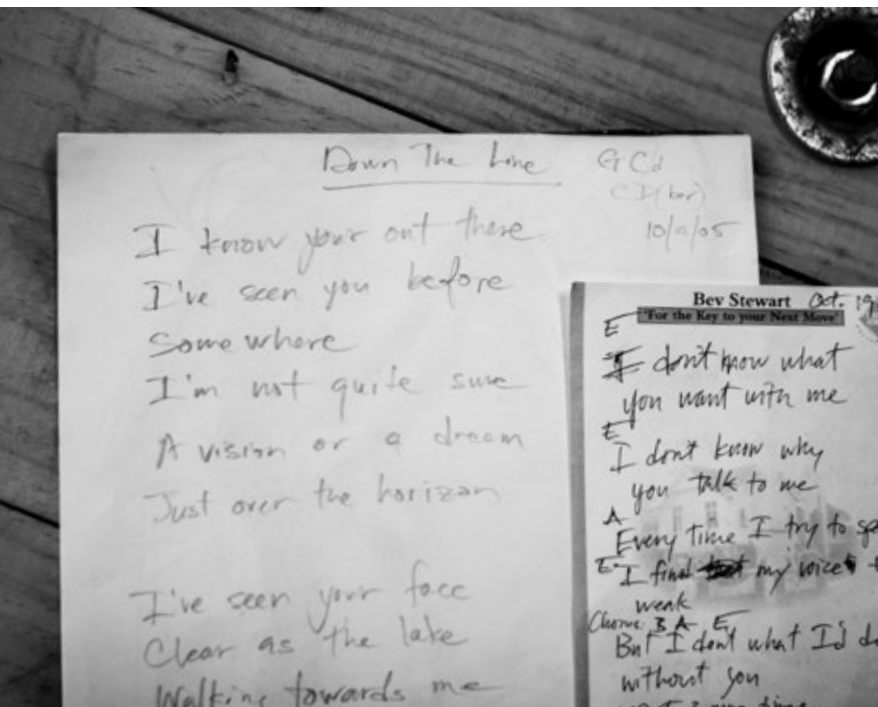
The photo album did provide one essential clue. There was a photo of a Japanese man with shoulder

length brown hair. Next to him was a tall, blonde, curly-haired woman wearing a David Bain jumper. Both of them held dogs. No, Poirot, the dogs weren't the clue – the jumper was. We found the same patterned jumper in the box (unfortunately the small Japanese man must have got away). I was now certain the blonde woman is the female half of our landlord pair. But who was her male counter-

part? Was he the one taking the photos? Or the Japanese man?

A stray card addressed to "Mom" revealed further information. Despite a noticeable lack of punctuation, the card was a heartfelt message from a daughter thanking her "mom" for her upbringing in the oldest Hawaiian island, Kauai.

"When I started using legal buzzwords like 'finders,' 'reversionary interest,' and 'Residential Tenancies Act,' the majority voted to evict me from the deliberations."



With the current explosion of D&B on the music scene, lyrics and guitar chords are relics from another age.

Unfortunately, the card revealed little else – there was no mention of "Dad", or a date, or who the daughter was. All we know is that the "mom" came to New Zealand from Hawaii, and to Hawaii she returned.

Despite uncertainty as to what the man in the relationship looks like, most of the remaining items pointed to a male enduring an outrageously clichéd mid-life crisis. It was emotional. It was messy. It was practically pornographic. We found a scattering of song lyrics scrawled on scrap paper, chords and all. One song, dated 10 April 2005, spoke of "A vision or a dream / Just over the horizon / Fulfillment of all my needs". Another song, dated October 19, cunningly rhymed, "Every time I try to speak / I find my voice too weak." James Blunt would be put to shame.

The strange collection of books only solidified my hypotheses. Titles included *Why I Love Black Women*, *Gypsy Songman*, and Cheiro's *Language of the Hand*. The few stray Jodi Picoult novels spoke volumes.

The pièce de resistance of this mid-life crisis was obvious. When I picked up an art book from one box, a waterfall of sketched and painted nudes fell to the floor. The sketched nudes were so hastily drawn you could practically feel the artist's on-the-verge-of-exploding boner. There were squatting nudes, nudes opening

"Most of the remaining items pointed to a male enduring an outrageously clichéd mid-life crisis. It was emotional. It was messy. It was practically pornographic."

curtains, nudes with bowls of fruit. The faces of the nudes had no details, but the nipples on the breasts were noticeably emphasised – the artist was a "nipple" guy. Two things struck me most about the nudes. The main model was definitely pregnant, and she had long, dark hair, as opposed to blonde and curly! Who was this imposter? Whose baby was she about to have? Why was she running around naked?

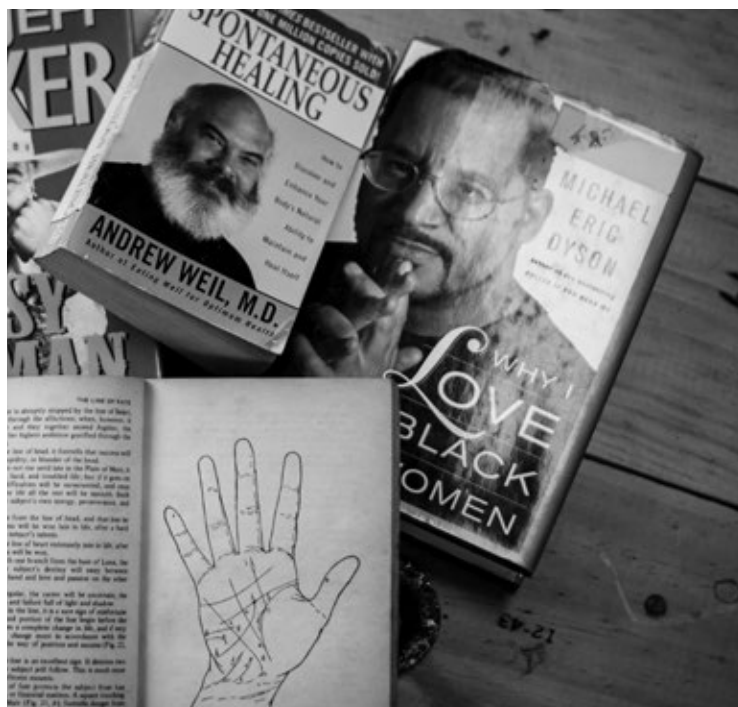
Disturbingly, since we discovered them, the paintings have gone missing. I fear that one unnamed flatmate may have appropriated them for his own voyage of self-discovery.

The most curious item of all threw our entire flat into a paranoid frenzy, and that was before we smoked it. Students watch the film *Scarifies* and laugh at the familiar shittiness of the flatting conditions – the coldness, the dirtiness, the drunkenness. Students do not watch *Scarifies* thinking that they'll find huge amounts of weed growing in their flat's basement – but my flat should have taken notes. Among the miscellaneous evidence of a mid-life crisis was an old pick'n'mix bag filled with marijuana, or, as one friend calls it, dank nuggets. You might not think a tinny's worth of weed is a big deal – every fourth student has that on them at all times. But why would someone up and leave for Hawaii before finishing off a couple of jays' worth? So far I've posited several worrying conclusions: it's a setup and if we are bad tenants they're going to call the cops on us; it's memorabilia of the landlords' reigns as drug lords; or, in a gesture of ironic reverse-paranoia, they wanted us to find it. Bewildered, we did the only thing we could do. We smoked it.

As the pressure on my bulging eyeballs lessened, I began to form my own conclusions about the mysterious male half (I call him Bob, the female is Dineen) of our landlord couple. Dineen's fling with a small Japanese man, which involved playing dress-up as sexy Hamtaro hamsters, ended abruptly when she won a Yu Gi Oh game by using the rare Blue-Eyes White Dragon card. As Dineen played her trump card, the dragon itself emerged from the card and proceeded to pierce the Japanese man with its thick, black talons, then carry his little body far away. Dineen was devastated. Luckily, the next week, during a particularly raging night at the Dunedin Casino, Dineen met Bob. As Dineen sipped moodily on her piña colada, dwelling on her recent misfortunes, she locked eyes with a man wearing a yellow shirt tucked into high-waisted jeans. It was love at first sight.



Drawing nudes poorly is a classic sign of being middle-aged.



The landlords' collection of books reveal their interest in the historical lifestyle of the hippie and also their dislike of Republicans.

Things moved quickly, and soon Bob moved in with Dineen. For a few months life was good. However, on one chilling Tuesday, a feverish case of midlife crisis suddenly descended on Bob. There was nothing Dineen could do. Bob began to dwell obsessively on painful topics, including things he hadn't achieved, young

women who weren't attracted to him, repressed sexual tensions he felt towards his mother, and being a disappointment in the eyes of his father (who was also called Bob). Eventually, Bob began to attend live nude

drawing classes. However, like his songwriting, Bob's dabbling in the art world failed miserably. Bob was asked to stop attending the art classes when his hard-on accidentally slipped from behind his easel and hit the art teacher in her stomach.

The final straw for Dineen was when she discovered Bob in the bathroom reading the novel *Why I Love Black Women*. Bob mistakenly thought the door was locked. By then, Dineen

knew it was over. As her time in the Bronx taught her, once you go black there's no going back. After Dineen confronted Bob, he thanked her for helping him realise what he was truly looking for. Bob signed up to volunteer for an unnamed charity, and took the next plane to Ethiopia. Hopefully he never progressed from midlife crisis

to colonialist genocide. After all her adventures down under, Dineen had also had enough of our country, and returned home to Hawaii. These days, rumour has it that Dineen has found a nice man and, after signing several con-

tracts, the two plan to spend the rest of their days in the bedroom acting out *Fifty Shades of Lil-blow* and *Stitch* (up my gash you sadistic monkey).

Despite the speculation, the cumulative effect of the objects left behind took the form of a big, black question mark. Did the owners want the objects to be discovered? Do they hope their paintings and songs will reach a wider audience? Were they planning on coming back?

On examining the objects, I realised that they all represented different burdens. When they left, the home's owners chose what to take with them. The things they left behind have created their own histories, with gaps of unknown sizes and significance left for our own interpretation. As Julian Barnes put it in *The Sense of an Ending*, "History is that certainty produced at the point where the imperfections of memory meet the inadequacies of documentation."

Last month the property was finally sold, and any connections we had with the past owners came to an end. We put the boxes (minus a few items of clothing and art supplies) back where we found them. As we forget about them, someone else will no doubt find them. Whoever it is, he or she will probably give away out the boxes' contents immediately to various thrift shops. The unsaleable items, like the photographs in the cracked photo frames, will go to the dump.

Three fables of Dunedin's forgotten flatters



OVER THE YEARS, DUNEDIN has been home to hundreds of thousands of students from across the globe. Earlier this year, a friend discovered a basement full of historic letters and books that, taken together, paint a picture of the lives of some of Dunedin's previous inhabitants. Armed with some biographical documents, I wrote the stories of three residents' lives, filling the knowledge gaps with rampant speculation.

By Callum Fredric

Early 2000s The Tale of the Treacherous Taylor Brothers

I was alerted to the despicable machinations and greed of the Taylor brothers by a Notice of Victim Reparation dated 26 May 2001, ordering John Adam Taylor to pay \$4250.95 to the victim of one of Taylor's nefarious schemes. The notice was accompanied by an explanatory letter from the Department for Courts, which is covered in what appears to be Chinese translations for the benefit of the unfortunate swindlee. Finally, a cheque for \$60 dated 7 July 2002 suggests that the Taylor brothers were making amends for their wickedness, albeit in small instalments.

When I first saw these documents, I assumed violent crime. But a Google search for John Adam Taylor uncovered a Stuff article showing that he and his brother Andrew Adam Taylor were convicted in 2004 for running a Nigerian scam. According to the article, John had a previous conviction for using a document to defraud, which is almost certainly where the Taylor brothers' story begins. The following recreation of the events leading to John Taylor's 2001

conviction is based on facts from the Stuff article and my searches of the Companies Office website. Any wild speculation on my part is vaguely guided by verifiable facts.

The Taylor brothers began their lives as the brothers Mahmoud Abu Hussein. After spending their childhoods in Algeria and the UAE, the brothers and their parents, who were both teachers, moved to New Zealand in 1997, no doubt to escape the legislative gridlock of the Emirates' federal system in favour of the sleek unicameral NZ Parliament.

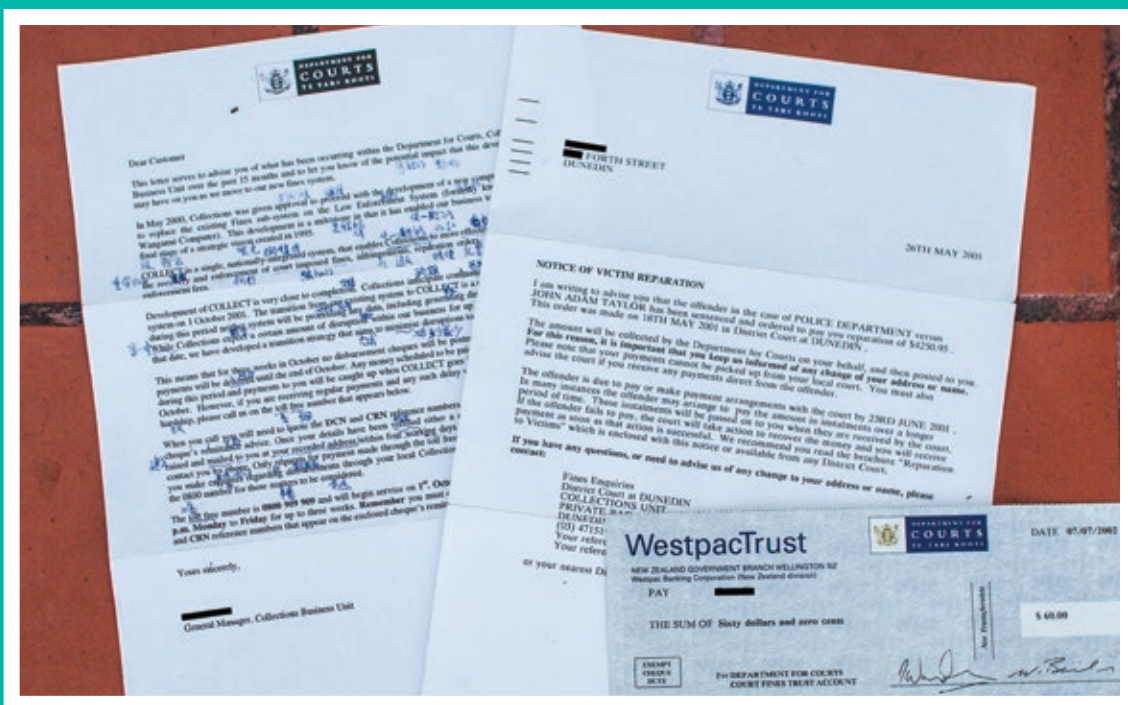
When they arrived on New Zealand's sunny shores, the brothers were 16 and 19 years old, and were known as Nazern and Ayatallah. Irritated at constantly having to spell out their names to patronising Studylink operators, they adopted the catchy pseudonyms "John" and "Andrew," with adorable matching middle names. John moved to Otago to study, while Andrew stayed in Christchurch with his parents while he finished high school and soaked up the wonderful local culture.

At first, the brothers were happy with their new lives and new good-honest-Kiwi identities. They kept in touch via MSN Messenger. But little did young Andrew know of the haram

Western influence corrupting John's formerly righteous brain as he progressed through his tertiary studies at Otago. John's lavish lifestyle included renting three rooms at Toroa College to avoid having to share a wall with American exchange students – thus, by sheer necessity, John had a few schemes going on the side. Living in Toroa provided him with a ready supply of naïve and vulnerable international students, who the wily John befriended and duly defrauded via various documents.

It was all going well for John when he slipped up. Drunk on his own cleverness and a single celebratory Bullseye beer, he accidentally stumbled into his left-hand room, and his maniacal laughter was overheard by a Chechnyan exchange student, who was understandably sensitive to such things and contacted an RA.

Six months later, John Taylor's life had taken a distinct turn for the worse. Having been found guilty in the Dunedin District Court, he was forced to divert much of his Studylink money to repay the Toroarians he swindled. For two years he lived in a damp, freezing flat at the top of Baldwin Street, eating tinned halal beans and plotting his revenge on society. Finally, John could take it no more. He opened MSN Messenger and sent



a winking emoticon to his brother Andrew, their secret signal to talk via a Fraud Enthusiasts chatroom where their conversation would go unremarked upon.

Andrew took some convincing. He had a good job pumping gas in Christchurch, and didn't want

"JOHN'S NIGERIAN FRIEND OBA HAD TAUGHT HIM THE ANCIENT AND CLOSELY-GUARDED SECRET OF THE 419 SCAM. THE TAYLOR BROTHERS PLANNED TO PUT A KIWI SPIN ON IT."

to throw it all away on a scheme as ill-advised as the 1988 Black October riots in their homeland of Albania. But eventually he caved to his charismatic scarf-wearing brother, and the duo hatched a fiendish plan. John's Nigerian friend Oba had taught him the ancient and closely-guarded secret of the 419 scam. The Taylor brothers planned to put a Kiwi spin on it.

By mid-2003, after skimming hundreds of dollars worth of fuel by siphoning it with his mouth, Andrew was able to buy two

state-of-the-art disposable cellphones and 500 sheets of fancy letterhead paper, on which the brothers informed overjoyed businessmen from the UAE that they had won \$2,368,000 in a sweepstake they hadn't entered. Surprisingly, only five bored and gullible Sheiks were prepared to fork out the special cut-rate "processing fee" of \$3500+, but the brothers nonetheless pocketed a handy \$21,780 profit.

Unfortunately for the Taylors, John's years at New Zealand's top-ranked research university hadn't given him the skills to deal with unforeseen eventualities, such as the sweepstake winners checking their bank accounts several months down the line and discovering that the \$2mil had not come through. The brothers' bank account was traced despite its legitimate-sounding name "Diamond Ltd". They were dragged through the ignominy of a trial in which John was berated for his "appalling" YOLO attitude and his previous conviction, as well as blamed for leading his brother astray.

After being sentenced to a stretch in the Milton Hilton (two years for John, eight months for Andrew), the Taylor brothers emerged as redeemed men. No longer would they walk the path of darkness. Since their incarceration, the brothers have set up four companies, including two TYRES 2 GO shops in Christchurch. They live

together, work together, and together they solemnly shake their heads from side to side whenever they think about the dreadful things they did.

Never again will the Taylor brothers be parted. John is the front two tyres, steering the automobile of their shared destiny, while Andrew represents the sturdy rear tyres, providing much-needed stability and support to his brother. Apart, they are dangerous dicycles, which, as Wikipedia states, "suffer from two common issues affecting driver comfort; slosh and tumbling (also known as gerbiling)." Together in Christchurch, the Taylor brothers' only victims are their competitors who can't keep up with the brothers' prices, service, and reliability. As their Trademe listing states, "At TYRES 2 GO, you'll find helpful staff offering honest, expert advice 7 days a week." If John Adam Taylor tells you your tyres are bald and need replacing, you'd be a fool to doubt him.

To conclude this tale, the Crown Prosecutor in the Taylors' trial, who slammed John Taylor as "amoral", was last seen in 2011 defending a man who pleaded guilty to buying and managing four rental properties while claiming the DPB.

2009-2012

The Sad Story of Julian Stoner

The only evidence that Julian* Stoner ever existed is three red 1B5 Impact® exercise books. On the cover of each of the three books, Julian has neatly written his name and the code of the paper he was intending to study in the first semester of 2012. Each of the books is completely blank.

Although Julian's life has the least documentation of any of the three residents featured in this article, the blank exercise books sum up his life so beautifully and succinctly that any further information would be redundant.

Julian had so much potential. At high school, his teachers noted his high intelligence, but bemoaned his low work ethic and preference for skipping class to go to the mall with his friends. After finishing high school with middling NCEA Level 3 results, he enrolled at Otago because he wasn't really sure what to do with his life – plus a few of his good friends from school were going.

When he arrived in Dunedin in 2009 to start his eclectic mixture of Arts papers (which his career counsellor had told him "covered all the bases" and would be "a good mix to build a platform for a successful career"), Julian fully embraced the spirit of life at his student hall. He had a great night at the Toga Party, or at least he was pretty sure he did – he didn't remember the last few hours!

But as the year wore on, Julian's new friend group knew when to knuckle down and cram for exams. Julian did not. He tried to organise some Wednesday night drinking sessions "with the whole gang," but his friends politely told him that they were studying and "you should too." He resolved to start studying for GERM131 "after just one more episode of Dexter." But one episode

turned into a whole season, which turned into four. Julian failed his exams, and made excuses about PIMS screwing up when his friends asked him how he fared.

For the unfortunate Julian, this pattern repeated itself year after year. Everyone agreed he was a perfectly smart guy who could easily pass if he just put in the effort, but he never did. He remained as popular as ever, but after three years of failing two-thirds of his papers, he picked up the tag of "slacker" in his group.

In 2012, the University put its foot down – Julian was placed on conditional enrolment. If he didn't pass his papers this year, he would be kicked out once and for all. This was just the wakeup call Julian needed. He arrived on the Friday before O'Week, and was the first student in the line for course approval at 9am – he even had time to grab a takeaway flat white before the doors to Castle One opened, and as he sipped the hot milky beverage Julian swelled with confidence

When he got back to his George Street flat, Julian Stoner's flatmates were impressed. Dare they believe that their perpetually failing friend, who had until now been content to embrace nominative determinism and drift through life in a green smoky haze, was turning over a new leaf? After carefully filling in the "Name" and

"JULIAN SWELLED WITH
CONFIDENCE AND A
NEWFOUND SENSE OF
SELF-WORTH – 2012 WAS
GOING TO BE HIS YEAR."

"Subject" lines on the covers of his exercise books, Julian dropped them in a pile on the living room table with a crisp and satisfying "thunk" sound. He had earned a beer.

Julian had many beers in O'Week 2012. He was on top of the world, filled with a renewed love for Dunedin after years of stagnation and latent self-loathing. He partied hard every night, and even hooked up with a fresher in the Break before losing her in the crowd. When his hangovers became increasingly more severe, Julian plowed through it with a couple of morning vodka shots, determined to complete an epic seven-day bender for the first O'Week of the rest of his life. He triumphantly forced down a dozen beers on Sunday night, and collapsed into bed at 2am with his alarm set for his 9am class and his dreams full of hope and promise.



and a newfound sense of self-worth – 2012 was going to be his year.

The lecturers gave Julian reproachful looks as they signed the fourth-year student up to yet another courseload of 100- and 200-level papers, but nothing was going to dampen Julian's mood. Off he trotted to the Archway shop to buy stationery for the year ahead. He spared no expense, buying ringbinders, exercise books and a veritable plethora of pens – what price, after all, can one put on one's educational success?

Sadly, the fates would not be kind to Julian Stoner. He hit the snooze button while still barely conscious, and did not wake up until midday, discovering to his dismay that he had missed his two classes for the day. I wish I could tell you Julian Stoner shook off this setback and resolved to attend the rest of the week's lectures and get notes off a classmate from Monday. But that is not how the tragic tale of Julian Stoner ends. His flatmates' mocking laughter as he emerged bleary-eyed and dry-throated from his room at noon broke what little spirit Julian had painstakingly built up from his new year's resolutions. He did not attend a class that week,

nor the next, immediately spiralling back into bad habits conditioned over many years to the point of muscle memory. He lay in bed with the curtains drawn watching Pokémon reruns and eating Wattie's Big Eats cold out of the can, using the tear-off lid as a spoon. He did not quite sink so low as to urinate in bottles, but the damage was done. Julian Stoner was a defeated man.

Having since talked to Julian's former flatmates, I can confirm that the above is a depressingly accurate portrayal of his actual life. Four weeks after the start of 2012, Julian disappeared without so much as a note of goodbye. He left behind three exercise books, which, like Julian, were to forever remain tragically unfulfilled. When they last heard from him, he was unemployed somewhere in Europe.

Late 1990s Alice's 1999 Presidential Campaign

Alice* left behind a journal filled with magnolia leaves, a 1999 yearbook, a letter of recommendation from her school in Malaysia, and several books. From these, it was easy to piece together exactly how her life went down during her time in Dunedin.

Growing up, Alice was every parent's dream. Top of the class at her high-achieving Christian Convent in Southern Malaysia, she was made a Head Prefect in her final year, and left with a glowing letter of recommendation from her Prefect Mistress, describing her as "an asset to any institution."

When she moved to Otago in 1998, Alice quickly became the Queen Bee of the Otago Malaysian Student's Association, organising a series of highly successful movie nights, fundraisers, and study groups. Sharp-tongued and crisply



dressed, Alice was a formidable figure, and anyone who got on her bad side was swiftly and unfussily ostracised.

The annual OMSA elections rolled around, and Alice had announced her Presidential bid months in advance. As with SOULS, OMSA prides itself on consensus decision-making, and strong convention dictated that only one person would run for each position – naturally, Alice was the anointed winner for 1999, and had already prepared her acceptance speech. In the weeks leading up to the elections, she handed out pictures of her beaming visage along with policy promises such as "More Movie Nights" and the slogan "Alice for Pres: It's the Right Choice."

On the day before the election, Alice passed around hand-made cards telling people to "Remember to vote!", But when she looked at her voting paper, she saw the name "Victor Tengku" next to hers where there should have been nothing but white space. Alice was shocked. Such disloyalty. Her shock turned into rage when Victor won the election. When she asked her fellow OMSA members who they voted for, they avoided her eyes. She had been humiliated. As she wrote in her journal, "some things should NEVER be FORGOTTEN, lest WE let them HAPPEN AGAIN!!!" Victor had to pay.

Alice bought "The Real Rules – How to Find the Right Man for the Real You", and camouflaged it in a white paper sleeve lest her plan be uncovered. She absorbed the sage teachings of Barbara de Angelis, who made it clear in the introduction that her Ph.D. from the discredited and forcibly-shut-down Columbia Pacific University was very much valid. And indeed, Alice could not quibble with Rule #18, which said "What's the big accomplishment if you get a man interested in you by waving your boobs in his face? Wake up, honey – it's not you he cares about, it's your meat!"

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Using the tricks of Dr. de Angelis (Ph.D.), Alice quickly locked Victor down into Commitment Level #4, the highest possible level of commitment. With her newfound mastery of

male psychology, she insidiously undermined him at every turn, and gradually broke his spirit. Having given up on this life, Victor began spending his days reading books about reincarnation, hoping to come back as a single-celled amoeba incapable of feeling emotional pain.

Alice and Victor still live together in poisonous matrimony. Every time he breaks down in tears at one of her snide remarks, Alice glues a magnolia leaf in her journal.

The Little FOETUS in the Pink Cap

A Parable for Children

By Maddy Phillipps

Earlier this year, a series of photos were posted on Reddit showing a woman holding a stillborn male foetus in her arms. The foetus was dressed in a pink knitted cap. This is his story.

(See the foetus at critic.co.nz/NSFWfoetus – if you dare.)



nce upon a time in the small hamlet of Gore
Lived the happiest couple Southland ever saw.
Mummy and Daddy and several thousand sheep
For Daddy to fuck after Mummy went to sleep.

Daddy toiled on the farm with his flock all day
Mummy stayed in the house and read 50 Shades of Grey.
They were content, but something was missing
Something more than Daddy's inexcusably poor aim when pissing.

One day as Mummy hung out her husband's Swannndri to dry
And he slouched on the couch watching the rugby on Sky
She realised that she couldn't wait any longer for what she desired
She wanted a baby; she needed a child.

So she marched inside and told her husband so
He sipped his Speights, grunted, and flexed his big toe
The suspense grew as he farted while picking at his athlete's foot
Then at last he mumbled, "Alright. Get out ya mut."



Eight months later, Mummy was gripped with fear about her wee bub
She hadn't felt a kick since the other day at the pub.
She drove the ute all the way to the hospital in the Big City
Oblivious to the students gazing at her exposed tramp stamp with pity.

After a wait in which she read NW and applied Britney Spears perfume,
Mummy was welcomed into the ultrasound room.
As she laid in the chair, stinking of magnolia, nose running, legs spread
The nurse coldly delivered the news: the baby was dead.

Mummy sat in the chair with a face of stone
Consumed with regret at that last crazy night at Brimstone
Perhaps if she'd drunk only nineteen Woodies that night instead of twenty-five
Her precious wee bub would still be alive.

But the nightmare was not over; it had barely begun
 Mummy still had to endure the birth of a limp lifeless son
 She nervously wiped a lump of congealed snot onto the hospital bed
 And called Daddy to break the news about his baby codehead.

The moment he heard Daddy extricated his cock from his favourite ewe
 And vowed that he would be there for the stillbirth too
 He powered up the Altezza and drove to Dunedin even quicker
 Than he could power through a 40 of his favourite brown liquor.

Daddy arrived just in time to watch Mummy give a final push
 A lump of beef jerky emerged from her bush.
 The nurse extricated the jerky from its mucousy puddle
 And handed the hideous mass to its parents to cuddle.

As the couple lay in the bed cradling their unborn son
 They wept even harder than they did that year the Blues won.
 In a final tender gesture before the jerky would be thrown in the bin
 The nurse produced a gift from the mums of the city mission.

It was the teeniest, tiniest, thimble-sized pink knitted cap
 Perfect for the thumbprint-sized skull of a lump of slaughterhouse scrap.
 The nurse gently placed the cap on the foetus' marrowy head
 And! Lazarus-like, it re-animated, and rose from the dead.

Armed with the superpowers conferred by its cap of pale-pink
 The foetus leapt up, stretched its limbs, and gave the room a roguish wink
 As the nurse, Mummy, and Daddy reared back with a jerk
 The foetus minced from the ward with an insouciant smirk.

The little foetus bounced from the hospital in a state of unabashed bliss
 Relishing the fresh sou'wester on its raw carapace
 Knowing that around every corner of this fair city lay untapped treasure:
 Endless wacky adventures, and limitless pleasure.



The acrid stench of burnt coffee seemed to say to the foetus, "Head north!"
 Along the depressing cul-de-sac of Cumberland St he set forth
 But the wind chilled him through the holes in his loose-knitted cap
 So he rapped on the door of the nearest Castle St flat.

A boy in tapered drawstring pants answered the door in a rush of steaze
 (He dressed to the left, the foetus observed with a sense of dis-ease)
 The boy's brow was sweaty, his pupils dilated
 His nose clogged with pink powder, his ego inflated.

The foetus gazed into the hovel with marvel and wonder
 It had all the exotic appeal of a Rio de Janeiro favela
 Upon a plate rested three lines of poorly racked pale-pink pill
 And next to it a rolled-up Maccas receipt (no one had a bill).

The pants told the foetus to chill on a tiny bare spot on the floor
 And racked him up a rail to welcome him still more
 The little foetus snorted the line with unabashed greed
 And in the spirit of YOLO, followed it up with some weed.

Now that he was in a mental state truly worthy of his pink knitted cap
 The foetus cemented his new friendship with this freshest of flats
 By sprinkling each sentence with the words "fuck", "bro", and "cunt":
 He elicited the elusive, approving Castle bro grunt.

Spurred on by his acceptance into this enclave of fine single-malt
 The little foetus asked his new #lads, polite to a fault:
 "So, if I pay all of you cunts 50 bucks
 Will you teach me how to be the ultimate skux?"

The elegant request immediately transformed the room:
 The lads emerged from the sweet embrace of their greened-out tomb
 And immediately sprang into action, scouring the floors of the flat
 For the perfect chinos and tee to complement the foetus' "fresh 2 death" hat.

The foetus' legs were so disproportionately short in their beige cotton drill
 That the boys assured him he was certain to pull.
 To that end, they wandered south to a place called "The Monkey Bar"
 Amping by pissing in gardens and snapping windscreen wipers off cars.

The foetus revelled in every moment: The sights and the smells! What a world!
 A puddle of vomit here! A smashed glass there! And o! The girls!
 As they waited in line, the cool sou'wester caressed his bare ankle-skin
 The bouncer glanced at his ID (DOB: today) and waved him on in.

The foetus strolled onto the D-floor with his bros, high as fuck and skux as shit
 Soaking up the abundance of exposed vag and tit
 Never in all those dark months in the womb
 Had he imagined that so many sluzzas would appear drunk in one room.

The chinos and print tee did their job, just as the bros said:
 After a mere twenty rejections, a solid four invited the foetus back to her bed.
 (Though sadly when, en route home, the foetus stopped to pee
 The street lights revealed that the four was really more of a three.)

To distract himself, the foetus asked if the girl's flat was near
 She replied, "I'm at Studholme." He was overwhelmed with an inexplicable fear.
 But that could just have been the fact that he was sobering up
 And his haul increasingly resembled a drunk walrus pup.

So he ploughed on, and once they got back he ploughed in
 The girl was as animated in bed as a baked bean tin
 So he thought instead of that curvaceous Kim K his mum told him so much about
 During those eight terrible months of intra-uterine drought.

After this most average of roots, post-coital malaise set in
 And the foetal alcohol syndrome really started to kick in
 Trying not to vom, the foetus extricated himself from the bed
 And crept stealthily away from the snoring pinniped.

As the little foetus in the pink knitted cap stepped outside
 He felt that strange intermingling of self-loathing and pride
 Sprinkled with a touch of abject depression and a little elation
 That is the hallmark of the root born of pure desperation.

Despite his depression, though, he remembered the words of the #lads:
 To go home after rooting one chick in a night is for fags.
 But as he began to walk, from the starry firmament a plastic bag fell!
 It contained some kind of raw meat, judging by the blood and foul smell.

The foetus listlessly opened the bag with vague malcontent –
 How was he to predict the sheer glory of its content?
 Within lay the cougar of his dreams, a womanly nine months old
 O! Her lush feminine curves were a sight to behold!

Yet-to-dry toilet water gave her skin a beautiful sheen
 Remnants of afterbirth lent her visage flashes of ruby and citrine
 A tuft of luxurious dark hair sat atop her head
 And her dark almond-shaped eyes seemed to say, "Come to bed."

But what was this? She appeared to be ill –
 Her beautiful eyes were half-closed; she was eerily still
 Was it possible that...? No! He could hardly bear to think –
 Her mother had flushed her then flung her in a fit of vicious pique?

The little foetus in the pink knitted cap howled at the moon
 Why did Yahweh insist on taking the good ones so soon?
 Still, better to have loved and lost than to never have loved
 He sadly doffed his pink knitted cap and farewelled his beloved.

The foetus fled the terrifying Studholme grounds in despair
 He tired of wacky adventures; he wanted to disappear
 In a state of all-encompassing existential self-pity
 He trudged through the grey dawn of this terrible city.

How could he now live up to the promise of his wee knitted cap?
 He could barely muster the energy to head back to the flat.
 Dunedin had rendered his ankles breezy; his stomach queasy; his soul stricken
 There was only one thing to do. He went to Willowbank for fried chicken.

But when he asked for chicken, and an Ultimate Burger
 The boy behind the counter seemed not to hear; he'd have to reorder
 He leapt up on the counter to make his voice heard –
 Sadly, to a sleep-deprived fry cook, a foetus looks not unlike a dead bird.

And thus the courageous wee foetus met his deep-fried demise
 But he did not die for naught: long will he colour our lives
 His cap sits on the register at Willowbank, reminding us that Dunedin is a place
 Of totes wacky adventures, dead babies, and utter disgrace.

So next time you wonder if you should study instead of going out
 Or are considering using a condom instead of pulling out
 Or want to finger a girl in Monkey but are worried about finding her clit
 Or wonder if it is indeed ok to squat in the street and take a shit

Ask yourself, what would the little foetus in the pink knitted cap do?
 And have courage, for a little bit of the foetus lives on inside you.
 (You probably think that's some kind of profound metaphor –
 It's not. The Willowbank oil was last changed in '04).

Love Online

CRITIC CREATED A FEMALE INTERNET DATING PROFILE EXPECTING A LOW standard of suavity. But not even we could be prepared for the barrage of sheer ineptitude that followed, each new suitor representing a new nadir in the evolution of mankind.

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

Subject: I would have more chance of winning lotto but then

I have climbed mountains in the himalays ,got wet n wild in dutch orgies and been arrested in nthe amason so winning losing cuming and going its all about the journey,Im riding on the train so dont need to carry the bags on my head,

Bigger than most smaller than some

Got a ticket come and take a ride

- D



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ousa
otago uni students' association



Sometimes the ODT makes it too easy.

BY JESS COLE

Two holes in one on one
hole a whole lotta luck

AS ANY KEEN CUNTHUNTER IN MONKEY CAN ATTEST, GETTING IT IN TWO holes is indeed fortunate.

Later, the ODT celebrated the cultural submergence of some singing students, despite the fact that a visit to the Chinese Gardens prepares you for Beijing like NCEA prepares you for the real world.



On song ... Bayfield High School pupils sing at the Dunedin Chinese Garden at the weekend in preparation for performances in China.

Pupils prepare for China trip

Sometimes it is not the writers themselves but those wonderful folk who write in to this illustrious publication who display the customary open-armed approach of the South. Who knows what Ian Smith wanted to title the Indian telemarketers before opting for the "boys from Mumbai", complete with quotation marks to show the world what a paragon of restraint he is.

■ IT might be worth noting, that the "boys from Mumbai" are at it again, with the old "we've located a virus in your computer" scam. A few well-chosen words saw off the latest attempt, and doubtless, the telemarketer has gone to his dictionary, to find out the subtle shades of meaning of the word "bollocks". But be warned, they are very persistent.

Ian Smith
Waverley

In breaking regional news from Oamaru, youths are once again terrorising the streets armed with a mobility scooter. One can only assume the local police are powerless against its dizzying max speeds of 12 km/hr.

Scooter information plea

Oamaru: Police in Oamaru are asking anyone who may have seen a mobility scooter being used for a joyride early on Monday to come forward with information.



Fiordland

BY PHOEBE HARROP

YOU DON'T NEED ME TO TELL YOU that New Zealand is beautiful. Everyone from Prince Charles to

Bear Grylls can tell you as much. But just

because you grew up here and you occasionally holiday in the Coromandel doesn't mean you've truly appreciated New Zealand's crazy-good nature bits. So, during your scarfiedom, I encourage you to make the most of your relative proximity to the wet and wild wonderland of Fiordland and head out tramping. Shake out those attractive rainbow-striped thermals, find a Sir Edmund Hillary-style legionnaire cap, borrow your dad's metal-framed pack from the early 1980s, load it up with cask wine, a pack of cards and some One Square Meal bars, then hit the wilderness.

Your tramping options down South are many and varied, and basically start from either Milford or Queenstown – both pretty accessible by car or bus (just join the tourist hordes). For example, over towards Te Anau there's the Milford Track (the self-proclaimed "finest walk in the world"), the Hollyford, which heads upriver all the way to the wild West Coast, and the Kepler (also home to the Luxmore Grunt, a running race for crazy types). Heading off from Queenstown (opportunity for Fergburger pre-loading: tick) you have the Routeburn – a quickie but a goodie, and the star of Air NZ's latest safety video offering.



Fiordland is cold and rainy most of the time. Well, at least life in Dunedin has got you used to a bit of that.

Other than some guaranteed dampness, your tramping experience can vary greatly along various spectrums: basic <-> luxury, freeze-dried meals <-> actual food, sleeping in a wet tent <-> snoring hut companions,

rain <-> not too much rain, state-of-the-art-equipment <-> forgot the gas cooker. But with Fiordland's natural beauty thrown into the mix, you can't go wrong. And Unipol or the Tramping Club can hook you up with tramping gear for hire. Enjoy.

Get there: by bus or car.

Do: be a tourist in your own country.

Don't: forget to take insect repellent.

Eat: Marmite, cheese, and crackers.





The Library Rules

BY ELSIE STONE

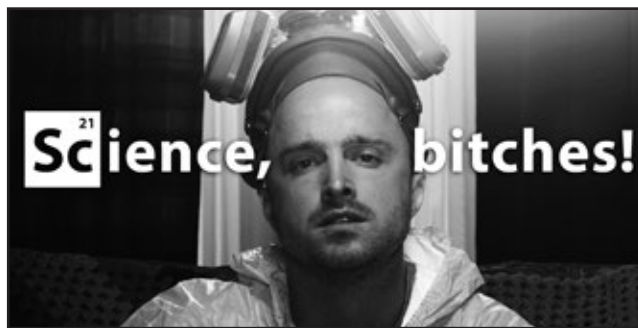
#1 THE ISSUE WITH SNACKS IN THE LIBRARY IS THAT THE SOUND OF other people eating is one of the most aggravating noises in the world. The sound of crinkling wrappers or an apple crunching stirs a very dark rage in the core of my being. But snacktime is also the best meal ever invented (apart from brunch and post-town McDonald's), and no one should have to give that up. Therefore, Rule #1 is: eat your snacks, but don't be a dick about it. Don't eat like a barbarian. Open your shit as quietly as possible. Share – no one likes people who are stingy with their snacks. There is no possible situation where lip-smacking or gum-popping is acceptable.

#2. The exception to Rule #1 is of course odorous food. Once upon a time I sat beside someone in the library who was eating a tuna salad and I couldn't believe that such a fucking foul person walked the face of this earth. The end. The moral of this story is that food which smells bad should not enter the library, no matter how tasty and full of omega-3s it is. Stinky people should not enter the library either. I don't think anything in this life could be more distracting or rage-inducing than a wafting stench of unwashed testicles.

#3. It's only natural that you are going to get a cold (if you don't have one already, just wait). It will linger for weeks and you will spend a fortune on those lovely Eucalyptus tissues that don't rape your nose. Unfortunately, the common cold is a rather noisy affliction. If you follow Rule #3 it may prevent people from trying to end your suffering prematurely: don't sniff, ever. No one wants to hear you swallow your snot. Don't leave grimy tissues around, and never show people the colour of your phlegm.

#4. Nothing you have to say will ever be important enough to speak out loud in the library, unless there is a fire or you are witnessing a murder. There are no other excuses for not shutting the hell up. So, Rule #4 of the library is: whisper, motherfuckers.

#5. Rule #5 of the library is: public displays of happiness are banned. This is a continuation of Rule #4. The thing about study is that it turns people into much angrier versions of themselves. Laughing is a loud and joyful activity, and there is nothing that angry people hate more than people who are loud and joyful. Watch your YouTube videos and look at your memes in the Link, fuckers. Leave the rest of us to glower in peace.



The Pursuit of Happiness

BY ELSIE JACOBSON

IT JUST GOT BLOODY COLD. IT'S DARK WHEN YOU WAKE UP. THE ASSIGNMENTS are piling up. Mid-semesters are looming. Do you have the winter blues? Surprise! It's a real thing. Seasonal Affective Disorder (SAD) is a form of depression that hits about 6% of people every winter, especially in places with long nights and short days (hello, Dunedin).

Even if it's not SAD, everyone feels down now and again, and it's a bit of a shit place to be. So how can you kick that funk?

Serotonin and dopamine are a couple of chemicals you may have heard of. They're both neurotransmitters in the brain, and they make you feel happy. Our lives are pretty much spent in the pursuit of these two little molecules – low levels of either can cause depression and other unpleasant diseases. High levels make you feel really good, therefore drugs.

Ever tried ecstasy? That releases a bunch of serotonin into your brain, which is why it's fun. Some psychedelics like acid "mimic" serotonin by activating the same pathways. Cocaine and amphetamines stop your brain cells storing dopamine, so there's more floating free in your brain. Unfortunately, the body is good at adjusting. If there are constantly huge amounts of dopamine or serotonin around, then your brain will just get used to it, and that high level will be the new baseline. To get that first rush back, you need to take more and more every time. Also, if your brain is being spoon-fed certain chemicals, it sometimes stops making its own. This means addiction. If you take an addictive drug for a while and then stop, your brain chemicals are thrown totally out of whack – you are used to an unnaturally high level of something, then it crashes to less than it was before. And you feel like shit. So drugs, while fun, aren't really going to solve your winter blues.

So, what should you do? Basically, just think of the things that make you feel happy, and do that a lot. Music, exercise, sexercise, chocolate, and sun all increase levels of serotonin and/or dopamine. Hugs, not drugs!

Too poor and busy? Want something even easier? Smile. You smile when you're happy, right? It goes the other way too – you can trick your brain into thinking you're happy just by smiling. Literally fake it till you make it. High levels of dopamine and serotonin make you smile, and when you smile your brain releases dopamine and serotonin. Oh shit, a vicious cycle of happy! Get amongst! That's science, bitches.

P.S. Depression and addiction are really complex and serious. If you are concerned about yourself or a friend, please talk to someone or visit Student Health. Ring 0800 479 821 or visit otago.ac.nz/studenthealth.



The Good Oil



BY M & G

3/5 COFFEE CUPS

THE GOOD OIL IS LIKE A FEMALE PE STUDENT. HER EXTERIOR HAS SOME seriously good assets that make you really want to come inside, but soon you discover just how thick and douchey she is and decide you have no time for her. This basically describes M and G's relationship with the not-so-Good Oil.

The barista quality at TGO is pretty inconsistent. In second year M asked for a latte with an extra shot – the barista stalked him down to his table to ask if he wanted his extra shot on the side. After this confusion, the noob barista dropped off the WORST coffee of M's life. Not only was the coffee burnt to fuck, the milk was lukewarm. Sacrilegious bastards.

G had a dark moment with a douchey snapback clad waiter who dropped a chicken ficelle sandwich on her lap. The waiter then stood there awkwardly fretting while G was forced to re-plate her delicious ficelle (thank god it was toasted and didn't fall everywhere). This, along with forgetting to make her coffee on another occasion, has put The Good Oil in G's bad books, and once you're there it is hard to claw your way back out.

G didn't hate her soy cappuccino, even though she isn't a fan of Allpress beans (why so bitter?). The food is definitely better than the coffee. They make an effort to have an interesting soup of the day, and the baby cakes are delightful. The tables in the main room are so small and tightly packed together you almost feel like you are speed dating. It is impossible to get some space in this cramped area. M and G had the uncomfortable experience of sitting so close they were practically on a blind date with the people next door. Not recommended for the heifers out there.

The Good Oil is the sort of place you take your mum when she comes to visit. The entire place is a venus flytrap for trendy mums – they flock in and adorn the interior brick wall with their zebra print frocks and loud reading glasses.

Located on George Street, TGO is a less studenty café, so expect to be glared at if you loudly boast about your latest red card where your flatmate shat himself. The Good Oil has so much potential, but they eff up coffee on the reg. So stick to the food menu and pray that you won't have your sammy served on your lap.

Location: opposite Quest on George Street



Do Not Respect My Authoritah

BY GLITTER GRRL

WHY ARE SOME LGBT AGAINST GAY MARRIAGE? SOME OF THEM commented on my Facebook red equals sign DP saying they didn't like it.

The Facebook "paint the town red" marriage equality thing was a Human Rights Campaign initiative, which is why your more sceptical liberal might not be on board. The HRC has a history of trans* exclusion and erasure of racial justice issues. The push for marriage equality is, for many members, the last big step before their white, cis-bodied selves can feel like fully-integrated members of society.

Queer critics of marriage equality aren't usually against "gay marriage". Rather, they are against the institution of marriage as a whole, or realists who say that the ability to marry won't stop prejudice against LGBTQ+.

Who are these FEMEN people and why are Muslim ladies so angry at them?

FEMEN is a Ukranian feminist protest group notorious for topless demonstrations. They have also produced images of their members with chainsaws pointed at the bloody head of Vladimir Putin. Recently, they've taken a stance against Islam and Sharia Law by promoting a "Topless Jihad Day" (you've probably seen a picture or two by now). The reason some Muslims are being vocal about this is that they don't like being told what to do with their clothes and their bodies by strangers. "Muslimah Pride Day" has been launched in response, where ladies are asked to post pictures of themselves just like FEMEN's group, but instead wearing whatever they feel like. These Muslimahs say they don't need FEMEN to speak for them, and I think that's the root of the anger here: FEMEN is giving off a really weird air of Western superiority.

So you're a feminist but you support transgender rights and stuff? I thought you were supposed to hate transwomen?

No! Some extreme radfems say awful things about transwomen "invading" the female sphere, but on the whole most feminists are pretty trans* inclusive. I could be basing this on the feminists I have met, though, and I tend to move in pro-LGBTQ circles. But yeah, any hate toward transwomen by feminists – which I have seen, though rarely – is unjustified IMO. It flies in the face of gender equality and shows an ignorance which is pretty unforgivable from an activist.

Instead of preaching some final words at you this time, I want to suggest reading up on controversial news topics. Don't blindly accept Facebook statuses on current affairs! Question everything! Even the "good guys" don't always get it right.



15 April – 21 April

BY JESSICA BROMELL

THIS WEEK ONE OF THE BETTER-REMEMBERED KINGS OF ENGLAND TAKES the throne, which makes up for not much else actually happening.

21 April, 1509: The 18-year-old Henry VIII ascended to the throne of England and started causing trouble. His first order of business was to change his mind about who he wanted to marry, which incited a fair amount of controversy, and turned out to be only the lead-up to the other five marriages he would have. Two of these ended in executions, which seemed to be Henry's favoured way to get rid of people he didn't like. He was apparently an educated and capable leader, but executing people all over the place wasn't the only questionable thing he did: on two separate occasions he tried to invade France, and just ended up spending a lot of money and getting pretty much nowhere. The public image he left behind is not especially positive, but given his behaviour this isn't really surprising. One time he tried to trick the Pope.

17 April, 1897: One of the earlier UFO incidents occurred in Aurora, Texas. A mysterious airship was spotted, and is reported to have hit a windmill and gone crashing to the ground. Locals said that, among the wreckage, they found the body of someone who was "not an inhabitant of this world". They buried it in the local cemetery along with some of the debris, and the rest of the wreckage was thrown down a nearby well; some years later, someone claimed to have gotten severe arthritis from contaminated water at the site. There's now a building on top of the well, and the cemetery has refused all exhumation requests. There was an alleged military cover-up, but the more compelling explanation is that the whole thing was a last-ditch effort to save the town from total anonymity. This would appear to be supported by Aurora's town history book, calling it "the town that almost wasn't". Whether the plan worked or not is still uncertain.

18 April, 1930: According to BBC Radio, nothing happened. When it was time for the news bulletin, they gave the announcement, "Good evening. Today is Good Friday. There is no news," and then played piano music for the remaining time allotted to the broadcast. They weren't entirely wrong: the only significant birth, death, or other event of the day was the death of the first Latin American-born cardinal, which maybe the BBC thought wasn't ideal for the Good Friday broadcast. Or maybe the reporters just wanted Good Friday off.



"Is it in yet?"

BY DR. NICK

HI EVERYBODY!

It's a subject that we talk about all the time, but never actually discuss: tiny todgers. Judging by word of mouth, all men have a larger-than-average dick. This makes me wonder when the hell a members' bill was passed redefining the word "average" to something other than what God intended.

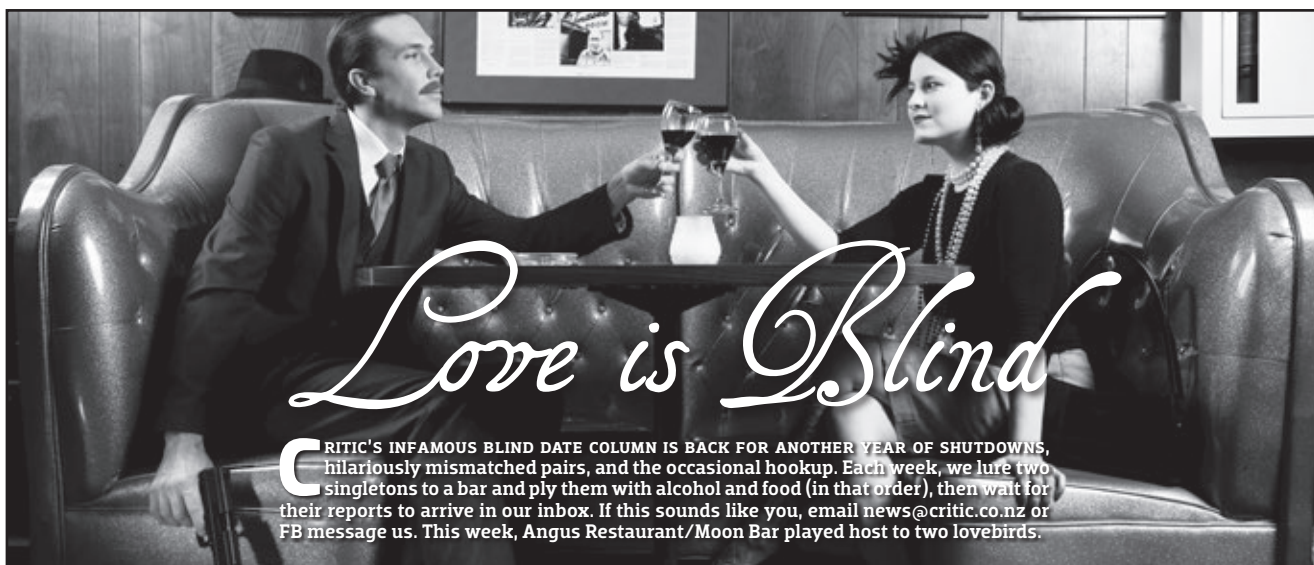
But what is a normal knob? It's actually pretty hard to nut out. See, in research there's a phenomenon called "volunteer bias," where people who sign up for studies are different from the population simply because they're willing to volunteer – i.e. the bigger your boner, the more likely you are to let someone measure it. There's also something called "publication bias." In legitimate journals, it's to do with significantly rejecting null values, but in "journals" like *Cleo* or *FHM*, it's about claiming "the average dick size is 9 inches!!" to sell more copies. See also: sensationalist journalism. See also: the ODT.

A review in the *British Journal of Urology* (the go-to dicks and drips journal) looked at 11 studies and 11,000 schlongs, and came up with an average erect length of 14-16cm (5.5-6.2 inches) and girth of 12-13cm. They then went on to cover their asses (always a good idea with that many erect dicks waving around) by mentioning that study differences meant their numbers would be slightly off the true value. Flaccid length is pretty useless, as everything from temperature to anxiety changes it, but the consensus seems to be that an average drooper is at least 4cm.

Now, barring any aforementioned redefinitions, average doesn't mean "normal", it just means average. In the same way many normal people are shorter or taller than average, many normal people have non-average willies. Sources vary, but you're looking at less than 2.75-3 inches erect before you're actually entering medically miniature/"micropenis" territory.

Guys want big dicks but don't actually know what "big" is, so we end up with guys going to urologists claiming their perfectly normal dick is too small ("small penis syndrome"). Of the 92 self-reported "small" dicks one urology department saw in two years, 0 were actually outside of the "normal" range – and those are guys thinking they're so small they should see a specialist.

The most common reasons given for small penis syndrome are 1) comparing yourself to friends and 2) porn. Again, both of these come back to volunteer bias and, of course, lies. As a study that looked at 1065 men's members states: "Penis size [is] inversely related to lying about penis size." Or put another way, the tinier your tool, the larger you'll claim it is. Food for thought.



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.

Clyde

I WAS ALREADY A FEW BEERS DOWN WHEN I ARRIVED AT MOON BAR. AS I SAT down, the girl across the table from me was no moonface – she had flowing raven hair, and was looking sexy and sophisticated in a dark blue winter coat and chesnut Italian leather ankle boots. I knew immediately that I wanted to fuck this girl. Hard.

I ordered steak, while she ordered vegetarian pasta. That's about all I care to remember of the non-sexual part of the date.

With the bar tab drained, we got in my car and drove to St Kilda. It was dark, and we parked on the side of the road. I leaned across and kissed her hard, running my hands all over her body and down her shapely legs. I reached down and drew circles on her clit while she moaned in my ear. I told her to cum for me. She did. One minute later, she came for me again.

I couldn't hold off any longer, and I pulled her on top of me on the passenger's seat, pulling off her dress and taking off my jeans. She positioned herself above my cock and slowly, luxuriously slid down onto it, making us both gasp with sheer pleasure. I pulled her head down by her hair and kissed her passionately, while she grinded back and forth on my cock, moaning against my lips while she enjoyed the feeling of my cock deep inside her pussy. She said my name again and again, and I told her to cum on my cock. She did. Three or four times, I lost count.

We fucked face to face while intimately kissing. As much as I would have loved to fill her pussy with a load of hot cum, the simple logistics of banging in the passenger's seat of my \$1300 car made it difficult to thrust with the requisite force. I pulled out and she obediently sucked my cock, tasting her pussy and cleaning her cum off me as she worked it with her mouth and both hands. I said her name again and again, and she sucked harder and faster as I grabbed her hair and came gloriously in her waiting, receptive mouth. She swallowed my cum, cleaning off every drop from the tip and having one last taste of herself on the shaft of my cock. Then I kissed her and pulled her head onto my chest, patting her hair and calling her my good, good girl.

Amazing date, cheers to Moon Bar for the bar tab.

ANGUS
RESTAURANT • BAR
DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND

Bonnie

IN THE INTERESTS OF COMPLETENESS, MY DATE AND I COLLABORATED A LITTLE on these write-ups – he said he'd cover the car sex, so I'm going to skip straight ahead to Round 2 of the night, aka the Hardest I've Ever Been Fucked By Anyone Ever, including that rabid stray dog that attempted to vigorously fornicate with my shin in Nepal. As regards the earlier part of the date, the only things you need to know are that he had thick-lashed Maniototo-brown eyes, deliciously broad shoulders, and I knew immediately that terrible things would happen if we did not bang at the earliest convenience.

After the glorious St Kilda car sex, we drove back to his flat and watched the new Game of Thrones. It was inconclusive and unsatisfying. Thankfully, what was to follow was the exact opposite.

The moment the credits rolled, I grabbed him and kissed him hard. The epicness of the Westerosi theme music infused the kiss with so much passion that I knew immediately that no foreplay would be required to get me soaking wet. I ripped off our clothes, revelling once again in his huge, thick, yet perfectly proportioned cock. I immediately leapt onto it, but instead of letting me ride him, he began fucking me so hard from below I couldn't do anything but yell out his name over and over again. I came so hard I wasn't sure if I wanted to declare love, cry, pass out, or all three. I ended up having no time to do any of them. He immediately picked me up, flipped me over and fucked me from behind, while spanking my ass and pulling my hair. It felt like he was fucking my clit through my G-spot. It felt like being fucked by dopamine, serotonin, and adrenaline all at once. After cumming twice, I couldn't wait any longer – I needed his cum. I told him so. He grinned. "Yes you do, my good little girl. Now suck my cock. Taste your pussy."

I sucked him hard, fondling his balls with one hand and using my other hand and my mouth to work his cock. He breathed my name faster and faster, and I realized with ecstasy that he was going to cum. His cock pulsed in my mouth, coating every tastebud with a massive hot load of delicious cum. I swallowed every last drop. "Good girl. Now clean my cock."

I luxuriously licked every inch of his still-hard cock while he patted my hair and murmured, "Good girl. You're my good girl, aren't you. Suuuuch a good girl."

I was overwhelmed with a rush of pure, subservient pleasure as I realised that that was exactly what I was.

Autechre – Exai

Another strong release from the kings of experimental electronica.

4/5

ANYBODY FAMILIAR WITH MANCUNIAN DUO Autechre will know they make some of the most complex, unconventional, inaccessible electronic music in the world. Their trademark sound is of stranded synth melodies, eerie digital drones, and pieces of electronic shrapnel ricocheting off one another to form beats. Often these sonic components don't appear to be in very close cooperation. The result isn't the most exhilarating or emotionally engaging music you'll ever hear, but what Autechre sometimes lack in "oomph" they more than make up for with their uniqueness and dystopian atmospheres.

After the moody ambient techno of 90s classics like *Amber* and *Tri Repetae*, Autechre adopted a far more chaotic and restless IDM sound on 2001's *Confield*. They have continued producing music in this vein ever since, songs with

elaborate beats that tear around the mix like irate wasps. Though this style of music is inevitably hit-and-miss, their eleventh album *Exai* (pronounced "XI", as in eleven) sees the duo hitting more consistently than they have in at least a decade.

Across its two discs and 120 minutes, *Exai* pummels, hypnotises and envelops. Things get off to a disorientating start with "Fleure", a nightmarish drum and bass-inspired tune with a hyper-detailed beat that constantly rearranges itself. The ruthlessly arrhythmic nature of this song will discourage many newcomers right off the bat, but those who press on into the album's monochromatic depths will be amply rewarded. Though you can interpret *Exai* as one big two-hour storm of ones and zeroes, individual tracks eventually emerge as highlights: the cavernous, nocturnal 12-minute epic "bladelores", the



sinister pulse of "prac-f", the Scorn-like stomp of "recks on."

Naysayers will lament the lack of steady beats or rhythms, but they're missing the artists' intent. Autechre seek not to get your hips swaying or your head nodding, but your mind racing. For those of you who like your music cerebral and cutting-edge, getting your paws on *Exai* should be a priority.

Badd Energy – Underwater Pyramids

REVIEWED BY CHARLOTTE DOYLE

3/5

WHEN WRITING A REVIEW, IT CAN BE extremely difficult to take an objective, non-partisan perspective and put my own personal taste to one side. Especially with the album *Underwater Pyramids* by Badd Energy, as it is a style of music that sits at the lower end of my music-enjoyment spectrum. Initially I wrote it off as pretentious, noisy, and badly produced. They thank "whanau, whamilly and whiends", and I do judge albums by their covers. However, I will admit that by ignoring these instinctual feelings and employing a little more critical thought, exploring this album proved interesting.

For original band members Samuel Moore, Coco Solid, and Trixie Darko, this is their second album with Flying Nun records. *Underwater Pyramids* feels very underground, with a bare structure and noticeable psychedelic influences giving it a distinctly punk feel. The band describes itself as "stoner-swamp". Presuming my

assumptions about what "stoner-swamp" is are correct (I remain oblivious to the phrase's exact meaning), listening to the album with this description in mind you do notice the heavier drop-beat qualities and darker vibe created by the drum machines. A distinctly minor key flavour provides a basis for their interesting incorporation of 808 rap, though they tend to sit atop the instrumentals a little uncomfortably – at one point I equated Trixie Darko's vocals to the wonderful M.I.A.

Recorded in Samuel Moore's house in Auckland, it was difficult for me to get past the presence of blatantly unintentional fuzzy elements in songs that a professional producer would have smoothed out. The album was also a little eclectic. Greater continuity of the "messages" would have worked in its favour. "Riot" invokes the anti-establishment messages typical of underground bands, but it seems to be the only song on the album that does so. However, I



was impressed by Badd Energy's activist efforts within our local community, using gigs to raise awareness about issues such as gay rights.

Although there were touches of something unique in songs such as "How Do You Sleep," overall I found the album unsatisfying. There's an obvious intention to produce something a bit different, but greater cohesion and development of their music style would have helped to create a more solid album. Still, a label has taken notice, with *Underwater Pyramids* released not only here but also across the ditch – so Badd Energy have definite potential.



Justin Timberlake

The 20/20 Experience

An ambitious, accomplished modern pop album. Nothing more.

3.5/5

THOUGH NEVER PREVIOUSLY A FAN OF JUSTIN Timberlake and his music, I always considered him to have a lot of potential. Admiring his vocal talent and the reverence with which he channels his influences (namely Michael Jackson and Prince), I hoped that one day the planets would align and he would come out with a colourful, coherent, well-produced pop record to put his contemporaries to shame. After hearing almost unanimous praise for *The 20/20 Experience*, his first record in almost seven years, I got an inkling that that day had finally come. Had it? Is *The 20/20 Experience* the illustrious magnum opus I had hoped for? No, but it comes pretty close.

The 20/20 Experience is certainly adventurous as far as post-millennial pop albums go, with most of its songs clocking in around seven minutes and featuring numerous changes in key, rhythm, and even genre. The record announces its own epic scale with a series of lavish string

crescendos, sliding elegantly into buoyant opener and album high point "Pusher Love Girl." The first five of its eight minutes see Justin warbling soulfully over a bouncing, infectious rhythm, making the hackneyed love/drug parallel through a series of cheesy-as-sin lyrics: his sweetheart is reportedly his "heroin", his "plum wine," and his "hydroponic candy jellybean." But when most pop songs would call it quits, "Pusher Love Girl" comes hurtling back for an addictive remixed outro (the "I'm just a j-j-j-j-junkie for your love" refrain will likely be my favourite hook of 2013). For three glorious minutes, amidst heavy thuds of bass and his own chopped-up vocals, JT is the best pop musician in the world.

Heartbreakingly, this is a high Justin cannot sustain over 70 minutes. A number of moments on the album come close to the majesty of "Pusher Love Girl", such as the oriental-flavoured, Timbaland-heavy "Don't Hold The Wall," and the hypnotic tribal chants of "Let the

1

RADIO ONE 91FM

EVENT GUIDE

TUESDAY 16TH APRIL

ReFuel | Open Mic / Open Decks. 8pm.

THURSDAY 18TH APRIL

Port Chalmers Library | Poetry With A Pulse brought to you by the University of Otago Poetry Collective, the final part of a trio of unique live readings will feature David Eggleton and former poet laureate, Michele Leggott. From 6.30-8pm, free entry but bookings are essential. To book, e-mail library@dcc.govt.nz.

OUSA Market Day | Radio One AERO Guitar SMITH Competition. Win tickets to Aerosmith by air-thrashing your way through a Steven Tyler classic. Open Entry. Backing tracks provided. 1pm @ the Radio One market stall.

FRIDAY 19TH APRIL

Taste Merchants | Anthonie Tonnon Cassette Release Party w./ Judy Phantasm. 7pm doors.

Chick's Hotel | TLA Homecoming w./ Black Sky Hustler and The Maine Coons. Presales \$5 +bf, \$10 on the door. Chick's Bus, free w./ 2013 Radio One card or \$5 without, leaves Cumberland St at 8.30pm, Clubs and Socs at 8.35, and returns to town around 1am.

FOR FULL LISTINGS VISIT
R1.CO.NZ/PLAYTIME

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

Groove Get In", but for the most part *The 20/20 Experience* wallows in the slick yet unremarkable neo-soul introduced by second track "Suit & Tie." If these songs featured more diverse and thought-provoking lyrics then they'd be less interchangeable, but when they're all brimming with the same goo-goo eyed, erotic imagery, it takes effort to tell them apart.

And that's what makes *The 20/20 Experience* so frustrating – hearing it shatter the norms of modern pop music in some ways (creative production, bold song lengths, grandiose scale) and totally conform to them in others (homogeneity within itself, uninspired lyrics and themes). But even if it falls short of the high hopes I had for it, *The 20/20 Experience* is still the best mainstream pop album I've heard in a very long time.

The Perks of Being a Wallflower

Director: Stephen Chbosky

REVIEWED BY ELLA BOORAY

4/5

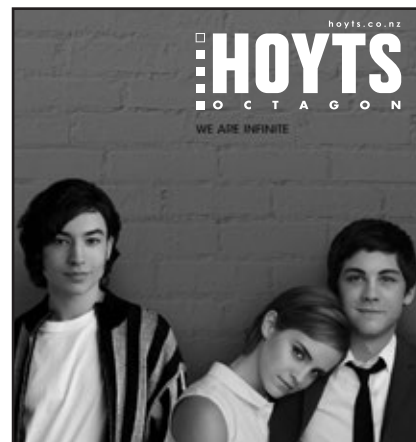
PERKS IS A COMING-OF-AGE STORY WITH A surprising absence of acne and angst.

Charlie (Logan Lerman) is a misfit lost in the labyrinth of high school. Enter Patrick (Ezra Miller) and Sam (Emma Watson), who envelop him into their warm bosom of friendship. The film follows the group as they grow up, experience emotional trauma, and attend an unreasonable number of dances. An overflow of hormones may enhance enjoyment of the film, but is not essential.

Director Stephen Chbosky also wrote the original novel. The author's touch gives the film the heart that movie adaptations usually lack. Instead of trying to preserve some evasive concept of "high school," the film focuses on the universal experience of friendship. *Perks* doesn't fall into the *High*

School Musical trap. Chbosky understands that the hitting of arbitrary milestones doesn't make memories; people do. The genuine interaction between characters was striking. Charlie's crew even invoked nostalgia for my halcyon days of Year 13 (an impressive feat considering the complete absence of mullets and "Wagon Wheel" in the film). *Perks* taps into that unremarkable magic of having friends.

The quality of the cast is demonstrated by the fact that Joan Cusack only has five minutes of screen time. Lerman avoids being too patronising as the awkwardly shy Charlie. Emma Watson proves she can muster a passable American accent, but sadly her character never escapes the Devil's Snare of the manic pixie dream girl cliché. Thankfully, Patrick breaks the boring boy-crushes-on-girl trope. This dude was hilarious and heartbreaking. Patrick's snarky commentary was the highlight of the film. I wanted to squeeze Ezra Miller's cheeks in appreciation.



The soundtrack is so important to the film that the "mix tape" is virtually another character. Chbosky force-feeds his superior musical taste to the audience. The careful selection of music makes *The Perks of Being a Wallflower* personal. Musical discovery is central to teenagerhood, and the film emphasises this. Also, *Rocky Horror*. Yes please.

Avoid *Perks* if you don't want to be "inspired" by the classic coming-of-age story. Jump straight in if you need a dose of nostalgia.



Trance

Director: Danny Boyle

REVIEWED BY LYLE SKIPSEY

3.5/5

DANNY BOYLE'S LATEST MOVIE IS A mind-bender. Starring James McAvoy, Rosario Dawson, and Vincent Cassel, the movie follows an art heist gone wrong.

Simon (McAvoy) is an auctioneer of fine art. He is charged with selling the rarest of paintings to the world's wealthiest people. When an attempt

to steal the latest masterpiece takes place during an auction, Simon does what he's supposed to: he follows the plan set out for just such an event. But it goes horribly wrong when he is confronted by Franck (Cassel), who steals the painting off Simon, thus paving the way for the movie's events.

McAvoy does a good job as the conflicted main character. Dawson ably supports him as hypnotherapist Elizabeth, but Franck is the standout character. Cassel is malevolent as the gangster/art thief. It seems he only plays maniacs, and he does so expertly – from *Black Swan* to *Derailed*, he scares me every time I see him onscreen.

However, the performers are no match for the true stars of this movie, the stars you never see – writers Joe Ahearne and John Hodge. The two have come up with a great script. Unlike most thrillers, this story has no holes, and left me mesmerised throughout.

Boyle does a good job of directing, but *Trance* isn't his best film. For what it is, though, it is very good. It will make your brain hurt, and you will scratch your head for a few hours after. Just don't expect to undergo some kind of out of body experience or major shift in world-view.



Rust and Bone

Director: Jacques Audiard

REVIEWED BY SAM MCCHESENEY

5/5

ALI (MATTHIAS SCHOENAERTS), AN unemployed man in his mid-twenties, hitches into town with his five-year-old son. He crashes at his sister's squalid abode, and finds work as a nightclub bouncer. One night he breaks up a fight – a girl, Stéphanie (Marion Cotillard), is bleeding, so he gives her a ride home. While driving, Ali observes her dress, or perhaps her legs. You're dressed like a whore, he remarks, somewhat unwisely.

It turns out that Stéphanie is not a whore, but an orca trainer. Soon afterwards, while performing at a water park, she loses both her legs in a freak accident. Recently my friend had his hands bitten off by an alligator, so this brought up some painful memories. Some time later, Stéphanie is at a low point, and calls Ali. They enjoy each other's company, and start spending more time together, obviously.



"Beautifully shot, the settings and characters tumble out of the screen in a dreamlike haze, an evocative and intimate jumble."



The film has a lot to say about male and female bodies. Stéphanie struggles to regain her sense of womanhood after the accident. Ali, with his straightforward manner and lack of embarrassment or cloying pity, puts her at ease and helps her feel beautiful again. (Although casting Marion Cotillard is kind of cheating – even with no legs she's easily the most beautiful thing in the film.) The first time they meet up, Ali takes Stéphanie swimming at the beach, and she gets naked in public for the first time since the accident.

For his part, Ali has problems accepting responsibility, and in many ways he's too flawed to like. Time and again he's shown to be a terrible father, neglectful and quick to anger. Of course, I could quibble about gender stereotyping and the like, but the whole thing is handled with such awareness and sensitivity that that would be missing the point. Unlike so many irresponsible male leads, Ali is appropriately punished for his anger and thoughtlessness. He doesn't "redeem" himself by "saving" Stéphanie; their relationship is far too nuanced and real to be reduced to such simplistic terms.



Rust and Bone is an utterly brilliant film. Beautifully shot, the settings and characters tumble out of the screen in a dreamlike haze, an evocative and intimate jumble. The love story slowly grows and swells, without ever reverting to a Hollywood cookie-cutter romance. It's a fundamentally honest story: there are no hysterics, no artificial spanners cast into the works, no impassioned monologues or implausible feats of eloquence. It may sound boring, but it's not. The actors are so good and the characters so real that it's impossible not to be drawn in.

It could have been a horrible, "worthy," mawkish monstrosity, but Rust and Bone never looks for the obvious emotional angle, it avoids cliché like the plague (see what I did there?), and it builds to a tremendous and unexpected payoff as powerful as any I've seen. A contender for the Palme d'Or, it also picked up a deserved slew of acting awards.

Go see this film, it's fucking good.

Mefisto

by John Banville

"This is the world, look around you, look at it! You want certainty, order, all that? Then invent it!"

REVIEWED BY LUCY HUNTER

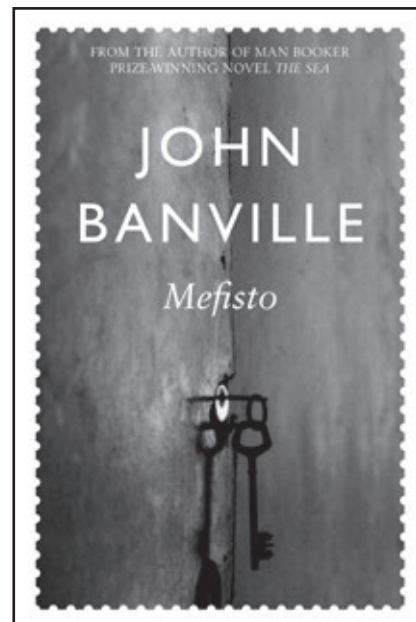
WHAT WOULD YOU SACRIFICE TO HAVE everything you ever wanted? What happens if you sell your soul, but there is no afterlife to suffer in? John Banville recreates Goethe's Mephistopheles in twentieth-century Ireland, bringing the old religious parable into a modern, secular setting, where God and the Devil are replaced by maths and randomness. Is suffering self-inflicted, is it chance, or is it all meant to be? How bad can a personal hell get?

Gabriel Swan had a twin brother who died at birth, so enters the world with a sense of incompleteness. He emerges as a mathematical savant, obsessed with whole numbers and the process of ordering phenomena around him. He amazes his teachers and terrifies his mother, is an oddity at school, and mostly stays in his room doing more and more sickeningly complicated sums. The strange, lonely teenager meets a peculiar group of people in the woods one day: a sad, obese scientist, a lopsided but mesmerising mute girl, and the tall, thin, irresistibly devilish Felix. They invite Gabriel into the decaying mansion where they live, and introduce him to a plethora of selfish pleasures. The scientist entertains him with paradoxical equations, and Sophie the deaf-mute introduces him to sex. Felix is full of advice and suggestions, and amused by their horrific consequences. A mine explodes in his proximity, and he smirks at the men on fire. He teams Gabriel up with a professor, attempting to discover the meaning of life through

maths. Nothing brings its expected satisfaction. Unlike Goethe's Faust in his pact with Mephisto, Gabriel's search for material pleasure brings nothing but earthly misery.

The book's two parts are called "marionettes" and "angels". Are the characters controlled by a puppet-master, or do they possess free-will? I like reading books partly because I like finding order, coincidence, and design in their tiny worlds which I don't believe exist in real life. So this book's concept of a scientist trying to find the formula which will reduce human experience to an equation appealed to me. Some of Professor Kosak's lines could instead be the author talking about his process of writing: "This is the world, look around you, look at it! You want certainty, order, all that? Then invent it!" But Gabriel and Professor Kosak's search for order descends into nightmarish chaos, spiralling downward to new depths of depravity and horror. Gabriel's life is systematically broken down and pulled apart, leaving him a broken husk with an expression of shock at the monstrosities chance can bring: "The loneliness. The being-beyond. Indescribable. Where I went, no-one could follow."

The language is sumptuously grotesque. Gabriel describes his surroundings: "Now for the first time I saw the world around me radiant with pain, the glass in the window suffering the sun's harsh blade, the bed like a stricken ox kneeling on its stumps, that bag of lymph above me, dripping, dripping." Elements of gothic romance are mixed with B-movie horror: silent, pale women; deadly black dogs; mad scientists; evil doctors;



and sinister clergy co-exist. Gabriel's body and mind eventually seem as pieced-together as Frankenstein's monster. Felix is steampunk in his top hat and tails. Reading *Mefisto* is like going to an insane carnival full of gruesome, gaping clown mouths and never-ending, nauseating fair-ground rides with mad repetitive music.

There is humour in it, but it is dark – very, very dark, like when Gabriel is given the wrong body to identify at the morgue. Whoops! The horrible little details of life, the pink fluid dripping out of the strung-up carcass onto the floor, are at the fore of this book. A mouse is crushed to death by bare hands, the smell of an old dish-rag is described, gross-out after gross-out is served up in the most lavish language. I wouldn't recommend this book if you are feeling low, but despite its misery, *Mefisto* is the kind of exquisite book that deserves a second reading, and will linger in my mind for a long time.





Lego City Undercover (WiiU)

DEVELOPED BY TT GAMES, PUBLISHED BY NINTENDO

9/10

THE WII U WAS LAUNCHED A YEAR EARLIER than it should have been. Nintendo denies it, but the truth is that they sold their consoles with promises of games, promises that have now been revealed as lies. When the Wii U was announced at E3 2012 it had a wide variety of launch titles, including Pikmin 3, an exclusive Rayman game, and a tech demo of a badass-looking Zelda game. Smoke and mirrors, all of it. None of these games were going to be ready for launch, and Nintendo knew it. We now know that none of these games would be ready for a year after launch, when this console should have been released. But Nintendo heard the whispers of PS4 and the new Xbox, and knew they needed a head start to stand a fighting chance. So Nintendo fanboys like myself have spent the last six months with nothing worth playing on our pretty new consoles... until now.

I know many of you may have written off the Lego games developed by TT Games as kids' fodder and not worth your time or money, but I beg you to reserve your judgement until you have tried one. Much kids' entertainment these days, like Adventure Time, Regular Show, and these Lego games, seeks to make products accessible to children but essentially more suitable for our generation. The Lego games are rife with content

blatantly aimed at adults. However, none of TT Games' Lego titles have done this quite as well as their new instalment, Lego City Undercover.

The easiest way to describe this game is softcore GTA made of bricks. Like GTA, the game is full of pop culture references, witty humour, and beautifully crafted satire. The game is based in a sprawling metropolis, aptly named Lego City. The gameplay is sandbox – players can freely roam throughout the city in a variety of vehicles, including Lego helicopters which are physically improbable but undeniably badass.

Exploring the city is an ever-evolving challenge. When you begin the game, much of the exploration will be blocked because you do not have the appropriate costume, hence requiring players to progress in the story so they can progress in their exploration. The story has you playing as rogue cop Chase McCain. McCain is an amalgamation of every hilariously cheesy 80s cop, always ready with a painful pun. McCain returns to the city at the start of the game to find that his arch nemesis Rex Fury is back on the street. The game has McCain going undercover in a series of costumes that allow him different abilities in his quest to recapture Fury. The story is hilariously written and super-engaging, playing out much like a Lethal



Weapon film. Plus it parodies other films such as The Shawshank Redemption – further evidence that this game is aimed at the over-tens.

The city is full of super build sites. These areas require players to collect a certain number of Lego blocks in order to construct structures that build up the city. However, these structures always have a purpose. For instance, ramps allow you to do epic jumps all around your Lego Paradise, while monuments might allow you to grab a collectible item that's just out of reach.

For years, TT Games have been very successful at making Lego renditions of popular franchises, but have tried to stay away from original material. However, this game, as well as their awesome DC Lego games, prove that they have the ability to make fantastic new products. TT Games are only getting bigger and better, so I recommend jumping on this bandwagon now.





LETTER OF THE WEEK

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

See page 30 for more unacceptable library etiquette

Dear Critic,

Earlier in the week I was studying in the Library, minding my own business, working on an essay for an impending Politics deadline. I was sitting in the top floor, directly opposite the small study booths that overlook the interior of the library.

I gazed up from my notes, my eyes bore witness to a girl (at least I think it was a girl) who was in the very top-right of the study booths, was in the midst of extracting an unsettlingly large piece of snot from her right nostril, completely oblivious to the outside world.

As I quietly vomited the remains of my once mildly-appetising \$3 Lunch into my sleeve, I watched as she proceeded, with evident difficulty, to wriggle the undesired visitor out of her nasal cavity. After raising a sweat, she lifted the recently-deceased piece of snot in front of her face and inspected the fruits of her labour. As if this wasn't enough, with a smug grin of satisfaction, she smeared the now lifeless bogey on the wall next to her, to serve as a visual reminder to other dust particles that her nostrils are not to be fucked with.

If you're going to pick your nose in public, remember these exact words: got a nasal issue? Use a fucking tissue.

Kind regards,

A no longer hungry student.

Jolly good

Student politics is unlike normal politics in the fact that the majority of the student body is apathetic. To combat this apathy the OUSA needs to implement a system that allows the students a quick and easy way to cast their vote on the issues that matter to them. At the moment the system is one of representative democracy, i.e. one that elects a leader or exec that then 'represents' our views. This places a large amount of trust in the president/exec, who for the year speak and make decisions on behalf of the entire student body, resulting in him/her/them having an inordinate amount of power. The OUSA needs a way of involving the majority of students who do not vote. One easy way to do this would be a facebook poll on the OUSA page, every student has facebook, and it only takes a second to vote on an issue. This would give the OUSA and its decisions much more legitimacy and would allow it to truly claim that it does represent the student body as a whole and hasn't been hijacked by people who have little or no connection to the general student population's views on important issues. While this may sound like a socialist sort of approach, it is merely a better and more legitimate form of democracy in which would allow OUSA to truly represent the majority views of students.

- Nicholas Jolly

Sk8ers gon' sk8

Fuck you prentious "surfer guys". Orange skinned mother fuckers most likely don't even know who Dick Dale is. Fuck your un-ollie-able(ha ha sick word bowls) longboards and your port royal pouchs. Go die from Cancer you sick kents'.

Ruther more if I see one more Drop crotch anything I will explode.

From,

- Fuck Vans you don't need them for skating from the commerce building to Arana (either or)

Awks

Dear Critic,

To the eminently fuckable asian girl sitting opposite me in the St David café who has no idea I am writing about her. Just to clarify, that was my jeans rubbing on the leather seat and not a very loud public fart you just heard. I knew what you were thinking by the slightly disgusted look on your face and then your vain attempt at pretending to find humour in your physics textbook which I imagine is devoid of any material that would induce such a cheeky little smile. I

too agree that public flatulence is funny in most cases. However, this time it just simply was not the case but unfortunately you don't get a second chance for a first impression. Oh you are leaving? good. I am sure the bearded dude next to me won't mind if I actually let one slip out. It was Mexican night for dinner yesterday after all.

Regards,

#oldelpaso

Critic also enjoys walk on autumn wood

Hello Solitary heart!!!

I am a girl with beautiful name Julia, me 27 years. Dream to find the person for serious and long relations! I have interested your profile, since I seem that you search for such relations! Now I shall tell little about itself. I very cheerful and communicative, attractive girl. My growing forms 170 cm, my weight forms 57 kilograms. Much love to read the books, listen the classical music, walk on autumn wood and communicate with interesting people. If I have interested you, that anxiously waits your letter and photographs on my e-mail : dmitrailisyv@yandex.ru With heat showers! Julia.

Best wishes,

Juliya

Email: dmitrailisyv@yandex.ru

It depends whether you're wanting to go in or out

Dear Critic,

The doors of Union Grill have handles on both sides. Do I push? Do I pull? There are no labels. One of the doors is locked. Is it just locked or am I pushing it the wrong way? Or pulling it the wrong way?

FUCK.

Sincerely,

The Campaign for Logic

Will you ain't

hi critic

my name is will and i was born white. here is why i shuld have been born black in compton:

I rly lie gangsta rap and totally get the hood lyf even thogh im white, pretty sure im tha only white guy in the world who does so im totes unique

my mum keeps tellin me workin at mag n turbo warehouse isn't a career, yea I know but i wanna be a balla open air drug market dealer and here all I can do is sling tinnys and pingaz which is gettin boring, also not addictive enough

Notices

Audacious Business Idea Workshop
Sunday 14 April | 12-5pm

Otago Polytechnic Art School

How would you like help and advice with generating and developing ideas, turning these ideas into real businesses, and help with preparing your Audacious submission? This workshop will be a combination of presentations and practical exercises to help you get what you need. So whether you have an idea already or are still unsure, come along, get inspired and meet like-minded people. Food and drink provided. audacious.co.nz

Though the latter may only happen when I finally start wearing socks, I made it to the Campus Shop in time to get a free toblerone after buying only a Whittakers Toffee Milk for 20 cents. #thats-costprice bitches. Campus Shop, you have set a shining example for other university-based businesses to follow. Poppas – start offloading your week-old tomatoes and raw chicken! Albany – why not throw in some steamed curdled milk for free with every mocha? Frankly's – that dessicated hummus isn't going to eat itself! If you want to stand out in the complex business diaspora of the Link, attracting the custom of lazy students with cold flats like myself, you need to start thinking outside the square. Think Campus Shop. Think creative. Think thrifty. Think Toblerone.

– Too Lazy to Leave the Link

Choose life. Choose wagyu.

Hello Critic,

I want to play a game. For too long you have critiqued the work of others, dishing it out but never taking it. Now, you must endure a comedy roast conducted by New Zealand's pre-eminent comedians, Dai Henwood and Rhys "The Poor Man's Ricky Gervais" Darby. But hurry – if you don't feel skewered to the point of tasting the very essence of yourself within one hour, the lock on the door to stop Spencer Hall from entering the Critic office will snap – forever. Live or die, Critic. Make your choice.

– Jigsaw

You sound like a minority

Dear Critic,

To be honest, I'm getting a little sick of all the faux-edgy, needlessly cruel content of the mag this year. What happened to amusing pieces whose humour didn't depend on ripping minority groups and defenceless individuals to shreds? I'm not a misogynist, but a lot of the needless vitriol seems to be coming from female writers – I won't name names, but you (two) know who you are. Why can't women love each other as much as I love each and every one of you? It does your gender a disservice to keep up this catty bitchiness. Let's all try to get along now, hmmm? Also if "getting along" could maybe include giving this shy nerd a second glance every once in a while that would be nice.

– A male feminist [yes ladies, we exist :)]

#ThatsCostPrice

Hello Critic,

I am writing to offer my whole-hearted endorsement for the Campus Shop's cheerful service, superior range of low-GI natural nut mixes, and generous Toblerone policy. On Tuesday 9 April, I was relaxing in my favourite snoozing spot in the library (2 red couches pushed together – that's ergonomics, bitches) when a guy who I once purchased a second-hand Grad Party 2 ticket off at a wildly inflated price in 2009 raced up the stairs and breathlessly alighted on the gloriously scarlet-sofa-d landing. He informed me that the Campus Shop were currently giving away a free Toblerone with every purchase, and extricated his free medium-sized Swiss chocolate bar from the baggy crotch area of his tapered drawstring trackpants as proof. Admittedly the Toblerones had been expired for a couple of months, but the refined free food consumer is well aware that the concept of an expiration date is simply a normative social value forced on us by herd morality.

I was impressed. Generally the University of Otago and free stuff go together like Campus Watch and power, so this was an act to be celebrated and encouraged. I immediately sprinted to the Campus Shop as fast as my chafed sockless heels would allow, praying that a) I would reach the shop before the toblerones ran out and b) my blisters would heal sometime this year.

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.

well thatz about it I guess but plz help critic, I am a nigga trapped in a honkys body, this cant go on forever, i dunno why u cn get sex changes but not race changes, fukn trannys stealn our tax money. but yea GTA can only do so much, especially wen u can only afford the lego edition. i hear your editor enjoys rorts, if he can help me rort my way into African roots (tbh either kind will be ok for the mo) thatd be awsum. i kno ur busy calum but if u could hook me up wit sum flights 2 LA thatd be swt. thanx brutha. Hitmeup will.i.am.2002@yahoo.co.nz.

kthxbai

– white willy

We want Tree Fiddy Brunch

Dear Critic,

Tell Fran don't care about \$3 lunch and \$5 this and blah blah. Just give me free dessert. Or Drugs.

<3 skux xx

(ps. I only read Critic cos i was stuck in that huge line for Hyde St Tickets. What happened to buying stuff on the web?)

As of this week, Failient can now be viewed online at critic.co.nz

Dear Critic

Could you send up a couple of copies of Critic? We're pasting your pages into the magazine for our upcoming Shit-ic Issue – a special edition at 72pp.

Cheers,

Salient.

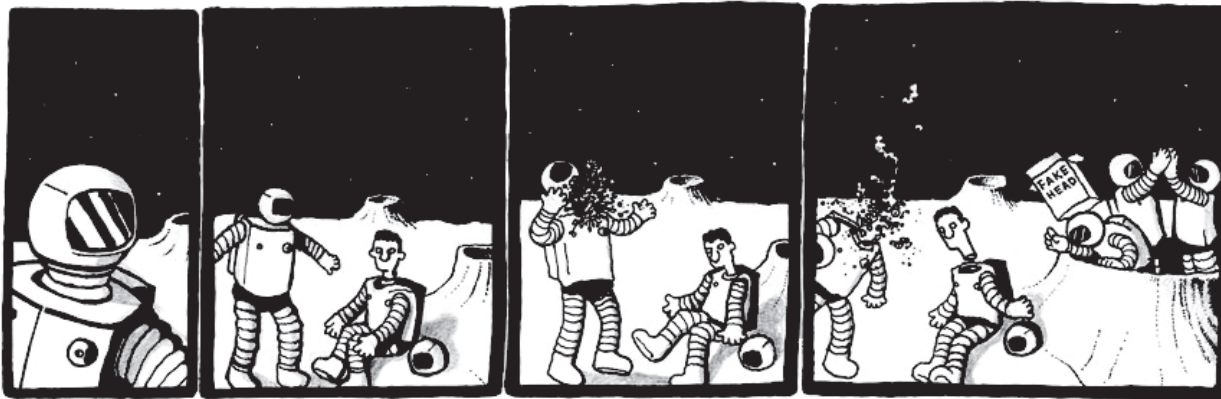
Mr Hyde does his thang

Dear dumbasses who went to Hyde St,

While you were getting drunk and passing out on the street, I was systematically walking into unlocked flats on Albany, Leith, Clyde, and Frederick Streets. In each flat, I limited my theft to a couple of small items. No obvious stuff like laptops or cameras, I don't want the police to get involved. Just a video game here, a USB stick there, maybe even a designer t-shirt if I thought it seemed like my size. I had a lot of flats to visit, so couldn't afford to spend hours trying on your clothes in your mirrors. If you see a guy wearing a Huffer t-shirt too big for him, it's probably me wearing your property. But don't confront me, it might be an innocent bystander and that would be a really awkward situation for you. You don't want to cause a scene for the sake of one t-shirt.

Thanks for the free shit guys, and see you next year ;)

– A Gentleman Thief

P.B.F

Perry Bible Fellowship Is made by Nick Gurwitch, check out his comics, films and book at pbfcomics.com

Sav Cran

This week's comic is by Sav Cran.

Search for Sav's web series, called Cleisky and Kleisky, on Facebook.

**Misery Inc.****VOLUNTEERS REQUIRED**

We are seeking volunteers for clincial 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

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

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RECREATION COURSES

The second round of courses are about to commence at the OUSA Recreation Centre. If you haven't already signed up head online to ousa.org.nz/recreation/courses/ and check out your options. Exercise, Cooking, Languages, Arts, Crafts and Dance we've got it all.

OUSA Grant Round closing soon!

Do you or the club you love need some \$\$\$ to get great stuff done? The next OUSA Grants round closes this Thursday (18th April) so get in touch with cdo@ousa.org.nz to find out more info!

UniGames: Think you can be part of the GC?

Otago is home to the University games this year from April 22nd - 24th and we need Games Crew (aka GC's) to help us make it happen! Keen to manage registrations, assist on game day or even oversee a whole sports competition? We're keen to talk to you and see how you can help. Get in touch with cdo@ousa.org.nz ASAP and we'll see how you can fit in.

More games info here <http://ousa.org.nz/recreation/uni-games-2013/>

President's Column

A Week In The Life of an OUSA President



Ever wondered what it would be like to live the life of the OUSA President? Now you can vicariously live the life you probably don't even want through my column. This is just a quick

glimpse of what happens in a week - by no means can I cover everything I do. I'll start the week off from the Thursday of the previous week (4 April)

Thursday: Meet with the SJS board regarding enabling volunteering capacity on the SJS website. Made the tournament tree for planned E-Sports tournament in May.

Friday: Meet with the Careers office to discuss how students can be using their services better. Write a considered and passionate letter to the ODT decrying the stereotyping of all students as couch burners. Meet with Mayor Cull to discuss the upcoming Memorandum of Understanding with the DCC - get a clause relating to environmental sustainability inserted in.

Saturday: Attend the Dunedin Pride Festival in the Octagon, help man the OUSA Queer Support stall - give free chocolates to people, sign them up to our queer support network and give away stickers.

Sunday: Day of rest. Did some light work reading the agendas for the University Council Composition Working Party and the University Council Meetings on Monday and Tuesday respectively.

Monday: Monday is meetings day. Start the day off by visiting the newly launched OUSA Free Student Breakfast scheme at the Student Support Centre. Check emails. Meet with the General Manager. Attend University Council Composition Working Party Meeting. Meet with the ANZAC day working party meeting. Meet with the Otago Museum to discuss ways students can be involved more with the Museum. Finish the day off attending the Food and Community Resilience Forum. Check emails. Go home.

Tuesday: Free student breakfast. Check emails. Policy Committee meeting (looking at exec travel and expenditure policy). University Council meeting from 1 till 5. Note that postgrad numbers are down this year when they've been previously on an upwards trend. Exec meeting from 5. Get \$3 dinners through (finally). Check emails and then go home. Do a radio interview regarding the postgrad allowances changes and their effect on the numbers at OU. Handle a few interviews regarding Hyde St.

Wednesday: Attend Suicide Postvention Hui to discuss ways OUSA can assist. Check emails. Go to "Scarlie Squad" planning meeting/focus group. Make submission regarding OUSA's Student Support Centre. Attend the final meeting of the Hyde Street residents.

So - that's pretty much what a week of being OUSA President is like. Please don't forget to bring in some canned goods for April 18 as it's the annual Staff vs Student Food Bank Drive. Let's help the Food Banks of Dunedin because they're running really low!

Much love.

Francisco Hernandez

Francisco Hernandez - OUSA President

Food donated
is going to
Dunedin Food
Banks!

COMMUNITY
FOOD BANK
APPEAL

THURSDAY
18
APRIL

STAFF vs STUDENTS!

BRING NON-PERISHABLES TO THE
OUSA TENT AT MARKET DAY,
LINK COURTYARD

Helping the city of Dunedin since 1871

ousa

otago uni **students'** association

