

THE MUSIC ISSUE

Issue 10 – 09th May 2011



CRITIC

Robert Patman | Copyright Amendment Bill & Making Money From Music
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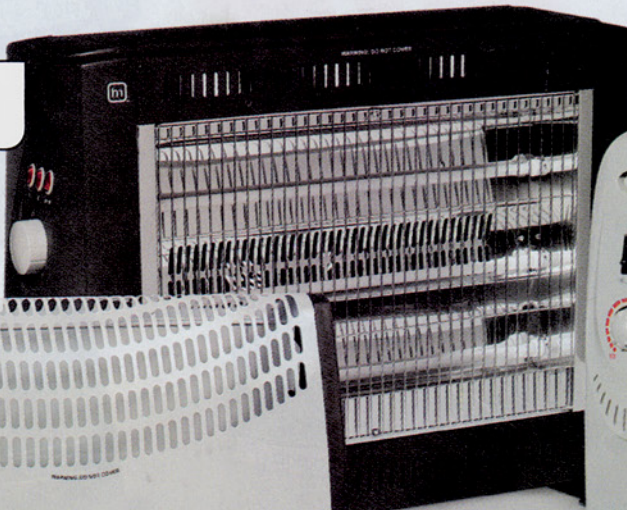
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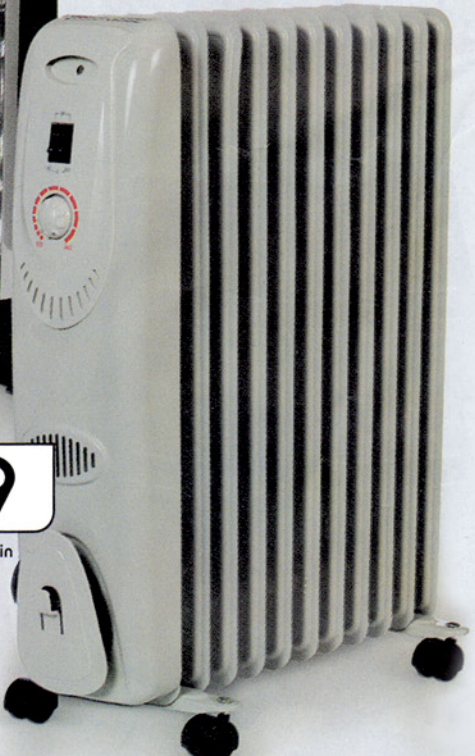
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contents

THE MUSIC ISSUE

Issue 10 – 09th May 2011

Editorial	5	
Letters to the Editor	6	
Notices	7	
Snippets	8	
News	10	
Profile: Robert Patman	17	<i>Georgie Fenwicke talks to Politics lecturer Robert Patman about the likely effects of the death of bin Laden.</i>
Cinderella has a new name: Kate Middleton	18	<i>Real princess or Disney princess? Siobhan Downes argues that the media portrays Middleton as the latter.</i>
You Wouldn't Steal a Handbag	21	<i>Charlotte Greenfield considers the Copyright Amendment Bill and the ways to sell music in our download culture.</i>
Seven Stupidest Song Lyrics Ever	24	<i>Some lyrics are borderline incoherent, others are downright hilarious. Josh Hercus considers the pick of the bunch.</i>
Antipodean Elite	26	<i>The New Zealand acts you'd be a fool not to listen to.</i>
Tunes about Town	28	<i>Critic shows you the places to see music in little old Dunners.</i>
Opinion	29	
State of the Nation	35	<i>Art, Film, Music, Books, Theatre, Fashion, Food, Games</i>
Summer Lovin'	36	
Review	37	<i>Theatre, Fashion, Film, Art, Books, Food, Games</i>
Comics	49	
OUSA page	51	

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and more



91 FM

Happy Families

It's the month of May, which, aside from heralding the downward slide into assignments and exams, also happens to be New Zealand music month. To celebrate this, we've put together a music themed issue. The Copyright Amendment bill, the best New Zealand bands, the music venues in Dunedin, the most hilarious lyrics of all time, Feas-tock...we've got it all goin' on. Oh, and not be out done by every other media outlet, we talk about the Royal Wedding too.

Late last Thursday, as we neared the end of our tether (I was wearing a Slayer t-shirt after all, surely a girl can be forgiven for a bit of angst), a number of interesting OUSA related things came to light. First, and of particular interest to the *Critic* staff, was the official and much anticipated release of the Planet Media Review Panel's report. Second, some pretty prickly stuff went down regarding OUSA's rather messy constitution (for those of you who have successfully avoided encountering OUSA-constitution-drama until now, OUSA made it into a mess last year and now is hurriedly attempting to fix it).

As many had expected, the panel's report recommended that Planet Media become absorbed under OUSA. We discuss the report in depth on pg 10, and you can view the report online from our Facebook page. Before you get all worked up, or conversely, go dancing in the streets, be aware that none of these recommendations have been accepted. There's still time to say what YOU think about the whole shebang.

I could harp on and on about the recommendations, but there was something wonderfully compelling about the "positive" side of things, the so-called "commendations".

"Commendation 1:

Critic is a good looking magazine which is well laid out. Although there is a lot of necessary advertising it does not take over the 'look' of the magazine. It is fresh and young and appeals to its target audience.

Commendation 2:

Critic has a high level of readership, with one magazine often being read by three different people, (according to submissions received)

Commendation 3:

The team at Critic is very happy working together"

Yep, that was it. Apparently, *Critic* isn't a valuable way for students to get their first taste of journalism, or a forum for debate, or a worthwhile way to hold OUSA accountable, or, god forbid, an entertaining read as some people might have thought. Call me biased, but I'm fairly sure a *Critic*-hating, ACT-voting, VSM-touting creature could have written a more positive list.

So, to all *Critic* contributors, both paid and unpaid: thanks. You're great. The Planet Media Review Panel might not commend you on your hard work and tireless efforts (unless, of course, you read the magazine, lay it out, or contribute to workplace happiness), but I bloody well will. It's you contributors who make us, and it's you contributors who

will help *Critic* continue, regardless of what strange metamorphosis it undergoes.

As you can imagine, all this "excitement" made the "happy" team at *Critic* a little fractious. Ultimately, there was nothing that could save the day like a little sumthin' sumthin' from Justin Bieber. Yeah, listening to New Zealand music is really awesome, but sometimes you just need a little "Never say never" to pull you through a sticky situation (for all you h8ers and beliebers alike, see our Justin Bieber film review on pg 42). Happy working environment somewhat restored.

Alas, I have now used up the majority of my editorial space with yet another self-indulgent rant, but it would feel wrong to end without mentioning some quotable quotes from our politician's mouths, most from the infamous Close-Up "debate" between Harawira and Brash. When asked whether Maori have a special place in this country, Brash piped up with a brusque "nope". Harawira, meanwhile, was busy accusing Brash of being in a "redneck party or klu klux klan party". A day later, Harawira was espousing the positives of remembering bin Laden as a man who fought for his people's freedom rather than a mass-murderer, although it was never made clear quite who his "people" were. All in all, another highly entertaining week for politics.

See you later alligator,

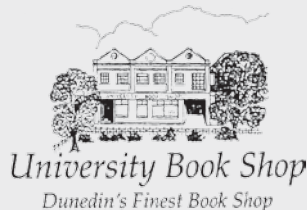
Julia Hollingsworth



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

Letter of the Week

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



GROW SOME BALLS BRO

Dear Logan,

You sure you're a real man? It's sad you're so insecure in your masculinity you cringe to pick up a magazine with a fashion theme. Oh well. I guess you'll find last weeks war issue awesome and manly. It must come under your constricted definition of "manly" things like boobs, explosions, and porn.

Sincerely,
Mr Pink

UNDERCOVER EAGLE

Dear Critic,

I was particularly inspired by the quality of the Eagle's investigative reporting last week. I, for one, have found my life illuminated by the revelation that union members sing songs from Soviet Russia (still!) and refer to each other as 'comrade' and I'm impressed by the extent of the undercover measures the Eagle must have undertaken in order to bear witness to this sorry state of affairs.

Keep soaring above us all.

Sincerely,

Charlotte Greenfield

GREENY TURNS RED

RE: The 'f' word, Issue 9

Dear Kari,

Your column had me a little confused. You went from hating on mooncups and suggesting that very few women would want to stick one up their vagina to questioning why society views menstruation as disgusting. Though you have clearly failed to see it, your attitude towards mooncups is perpetuating this exact myth. So why all the mooncup hate? If you're worried about the size, they are really not that big. And in any case, if you've had a dick stuck up your vag, you really have nothing to worry about. If it's the ick factor that gets you, it's YOUR blood. Come on! And it's not exactly like you have to go fishing about for the thing...I'm sure you've slipped a finger or two up there before so what's the difference?? So why use a mooncup? They're better for your health (no risk of TSS), better for the environment, cheaper, and way more convenient (no more having to remember to carry tampons or pads).

Anyway, I just wanted to write you a wee letter to tell you how rad mooncups are. I heart my mooncup!

Peace and love,
Mooncup loving eco-feminist

Dear Mooncup loving eco-feminist, thanks for calling me out on my mooncup faux pas. I'm definitely all for mooncups, they're a fab alternative to tampons and pads in a lot of ways. I agree we should get over the menstruation taboo and that this taboo is part of the reason for the 'ick' factor in regards to mooncups. However, it is a practical reality (at least at the moment) that a lot of women wouldn't want to use mooncups, just as I know a lot of women don't like using tampons. This isn't necessarily because they consider periods disgusting or dirty but simply because they find them uncomfortable. However, when women abhor tampons or mooncups as a result of our society's stigmatisation of the period, that's an attitude that needs to change.

This kind of development is always slow so in the meantime we should make pads and tampons cheaper first. But thanks for pointing out that mooncups don't have to be scary and can in fact be awesome. The language I used in my column painted this option in an unduly negative light so I do apologise for that.

Yours sincerely,
Kari

DRUM N BASS FANS GET UP IN EACH OTHER'S GRILL

Dear Critic,

I am an avid Drum and Bass fan, occasionally 'dabbling' in some dubstep and I find the stuff written in this weeks music review section really bulls**t. First of all, B-Complex, is one dude, not "they". I understand for listeners to get it wrong, but written in magazine you expect the facts to be right. Granted it does eventually say "him" but get it right to begin with. Another wrong fact, Danny Byrd didn't play "Ill Behavior" He played the VIP of the song, which is in fact different. Finally, going on about how disappointing it is that some DJs didn't play many of their own "singles", it is the role of the DJ in these gigs to come and show what they CAN do and what people on their record label are doing not just what they have done. Its not like going to Katy Perry where she's just going to sing her shit singles. So don't go with the expectations to only hear songs you know, let alone say the DJs were disappointing because you just wanted to hear singles.

Thanks,
Disgruntled Drum'n'Bass fan
P.S. What about ShockOne?"

Dear Disgruntled Drum'n'Bass fan,

Chill out. Firstly I never said Danny Byrd played Ill behaviour, i said he 'gave us small tastes of his hits'. Secondly I'm really really sorry for calling B complex 'they' my bad. And finally I'm sorry for not writing about ShockOne they were good and deserved a mention. It

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is good to see you make reference to Katy Perry, you sound like a passionate mainstream music fan I guess I'll see you in monkey bar. Thanks for your letter.

Sam Reynolds

OUSAs RATES CRITIC'S RATINGS OF OUSA. RESULTS NOT POSITIVE.

Dear Critic,

I am writing today to express my dissatisfaction with Critic's rating of the Campaigns Portfolio Executive Officer Daniel Beck. I would like at this point to add that my views are personal and do not reflect the views of etc. He was rated as 2.5/5 stars by the Critic Reporter Aimee Gulliver. I very much disagree with this point and would like to express my rage by writing an extremely polite letter to Critic. (In Century Gothic Font, as per OUSA Branding Policy)

Daniel Beck has been a hard and constant worker in his time at the executive. He led two major initiatives in his first quarter in office: The first was the Non-Spring Clean Bucket campaign – he personally oversaw that acquisition of more than 500 buckets and led tough negotiations with bucket companies to get the best price possible. He was able to secure free sponsorship from several companies to bring the costs down. The second campaign was the Easter Egg Hunt campaign. Dan was instrumental in bringing the components of the campaign together at a short notice, his experience as being part of the events team and his good relationship with the Events Team meant that he was able to successfully promote and make sure that the event hit off without a glitch and that many students took part in it.

In contrast: Colleges and Communications Portfolio Executive Officer Francisco Bagkus Hernandez (Jr.) received 3.5/5 stars. Now, I am sure he is a fine man, a hard worker and a very handsome and well-endowed bachelor (ladies take note) – but based on what I've observed of him it appears that much of his first quarter was spent in meetings with various heads of college as well as doing other backroom work. I am not one to knock the importance of meetings and backroom work but the fact of the matter is that Francisco has not led any major campaigns or run events like Dan Beck has but he was able to receive 3.5/5 stars. In my opinion, the amount of hard work that Dan Beck has done means that at the very least he deserved to get an equal rating or higher than Francisco Hernandez received. My suggestion is to open up the Executive Rating Process to students.

Warm Regards,

Francisco Hernandez

OUSA Colleges and Communications Officer (And Dan Beck's Office Buddy)

RICHEY RICH

John Key Rich, students poor

So if you're a lucky student, you will get approx. \$200 per week free from the government. You either fit the criteria normally, or if your parents are farmers, they may have the family trust set up. Now, my parents have a family trust, and a farm, but I only \$160 LOAN, a week, so how am I supposed to live on that?? My parents don't give me money every week, because they need it. I don't mind that I have to pay the money back; it's just not fair about how I can't get \$200, or even a small living allowance, for my \$110 a week flat. So that's \$50 for food, power, internet, and all my other things. And with the price of living going up, someone is going to have to do something, either flats cheaper, or more in our loan. I bet I'm not the only broke student out there, as I did work over the holidays, but I have spent all that on rent, food, etc, etc.

Then interest on student loans, you haven't got my vote now John Key.

Sincerely

Not voting for Key

WELL, UR NO SHAKESPEARE

Dear pretty girl from the shuttle the other day,

We caught the airport shuttle; Sunday afternoon, 2 for Carrington.

I don't live there, but collaboration cost us less and even if you'd paid online (you had) on paper we were co-conspirators (plus the walk wasn't too long).

Besides, you'd caught my eye, perhaps by dint of some invisible connection (but more likely because you're very pretty). < sigh >

Then to my shame, we caught the shuttle, you caught my eye, but I didn't catch your name.

Hopeful guy from the shuttle the other day

P.S. If you could reply to critic there's a chance they can pass the message on.

P.P.S. There were actually two pretty girls going to Carrington that afternoon, but I'm hoping you remember.

Notices

STUDENT LEADERSHIP

Want to be part of a vibrant mentoring community? The Student Learning Centre offers a mentoring programme for university students. You'll get paired with a student leader to help with your study or social circumstances, and, if English is your second language, with "Kiwi-speak" skills too. More information at hedc.studentleadership@otago.ac.nz

MARROW MAGAZINE MAY RELEASE LAUNCH PARTY

Saturday May 14 9pm at Refuel, \$5. Thundercub, Surgical Department, Black Yoghurt, Max Waots, Origin, Nicole Van Vurren. And free zines!! Come party with Marrow and friends.

NEW ZEALAND MODEL SECURITY COUNCIL

The NZMSC is an annual United Nations Youth event. Registering as a team of four, you will spend three days debating UN resolutions, meeting new people, going to dinners and attending a ball. August 27 -30, \$100-\$160. Registrations open end of May at www.unyouth.org.nz. Watch this space.

CALLING ALL JEWISH STUDENTS

Israeli Independence Day is coming!! Join us to celebrate with a falafel and hummus meal on May 11 @5:30pm, and then party at a blue and white themed BYO on Saturday May 14. Email jewishstudentsotago@gmail.com for locations. See you there!

TE ROOPŪ MĀORI SGM

Wednesday May 11, 5pm onwards. At the Whare, 523 Castle Street. Kai will be provided. Nau mai haere mai whānau

UNIFY TO GLORIFY WORSHIP ON CAMPUS

University Union Common Room. Wednesday May 11, 7pm. All welcome. Organised by Otago Combined Christian Groups. Info: Josh Eyre 027 5553766 or Greg Hughson 479 8497

ZUMBA


Zumba fitness classes at Alhambra rugby rooms. Only \$4 with student ID and \$6 for non-students. Mon: 6-7pm, Tues: 6-7pm and 7.30-8.30pm, Weds: 6-7pm, Fri: 6.30pm-7.30pm, Sun: 6.30-7.30pm. For more info, contact Emily: rutherford_emily@yahoo.co.nz Everyone welcome, no experience needed, come join the party!

LETTERS POLICY

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

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TOP 10



Having already listed a number of celebrities in our hallowed Top Ten list, we decided to compile a list of surprising musical wonders.

- 01 The longest piece of music being recorded is "Longplayer" which has been recording for 11 years and is due to end in 2999.
- 02 The Beatles had the most top singles with seventeen Number Ones on the UK charts.
- 03 Akim Camara was the youngest musical prodigy, having his musical debut on the violin at age 2.
- 04 The longest singing marathon by a number of singers lasted for 101 hours, 5 minutes and 1 second.
- 05 The youngest musician to enter the UK charts at Number One was Billie Piper, with "Because we want to" when she was just 15.
- 06 A carillon is the heaviest musical instrument, usually housed in a bell tower, which weighs in at over 100 tonnes.
- 07 The richest music millionaire is Clive Calder with a £1.3 billion fortune.
- 08 The most times a piano key has been hit in a minute is 498.
- 09 The longest scream from a crowd at a concert was induced by Ozzy Osbourne, totalling a record 1 minute and 8 seconds.
- 10 The fastest banjo playing was by Todd Taylor, who managed 210 beats per minute.

Worse than lemurs

A horde of rampaging raccoons has rapaciously ransacked river boats in a pleasingly alliterative turn of events in Chicago, America.

The raccoons apparently came out in never before seen numbers to terrorise the lakefront park area of the city, causing a mass exodus of other wildlife. The furry little creatures are

so aggressive and frightening that they have apparently even attacked passing walkers and joggers and broken into boats.

Local authorities responded to the uprising by euthanatising 120 of the little fuckers. That'll learn them.



Heavy flow

An oil spill near the native village of Little Buffalo in the Canadian province of Alberta was prevented from spreading by the fortuitous placement of a beaver dam.

Oil began leaking from a pipeline about 7km from the village, spilling a total of 28,000 barrels. The break point in the pipeline has since been isolated and the flow of crude oil has been stopped.

Critic is of the opinion that BP could have done with getting a few beavers to the Gulf of Mexico last year, either of the furry rodent variety, or just the plain furry type. Seem to be pretty absorbent things, especially if the Librad on telly is anything to go by.

14

years *Dark Side of the Moon* stayed in the Billboard top 200.

13

age of Rolling Stones' bassist's girlfriend. When he was 47.

Snippets page
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Bucket list



A man's body has been discovered nailed to a wooden cross in an empty South Korean stone pit, next to a mirror so he could supposedly see himself suffer. He was wearing a loincloth and a crown of thorns, had a stab wound in his side and had his hands and feet nailed to the cross. There were also two smaller crosses on either side of the man. That truly is some biblical shit.

Police found a hammer, nails, mirror, electric drill, more pieces of wood, and a "how-to" guide for constructing crosses. Police are unsure if this was a suicide or a homicide, but neighbours claimed the man had intense religious beliefs. And to think, we just spent Easter having the noms on Crème Eggs.



Every now and again, one desperately wants to reply to an email with a wild and aggressive response but common decency prevents one from doing so. Everyone, that is, apart from Australian David Thorne, the aggravator behind 27bslash6.com. 27b/6 is a blog made up predominantly of crazed email exchanges between annoyed citizens and Thorne himself, who politely pushes each emailer's buttons.

In one such exchange, Thorne emails a guy who had recently moved into his apartment, intentionally misinterpreting the poor guy's hello note as an invite to his housewarming and eventually asking to borrow the guy's car. In another exchange, a man named Les emails in expressing disgust about Thorne's blog, causing Thorne to entirely misinterpret Les's email. Thorne goes on to call him Lesley, Lesbian and finally moLester, despite Les' insistence that his name is in fact Lester.

I'm not doing the blog justice. The posts are laugh-out-loud, gasping-for-breath, painful-stomach-muscles funny. I have rarely LOLed out loud with such intensity. And if my winning endorsement isn't enough to convince you, the guy's published a book. How's that for impressive?

Confused

The mayor of a German town has rescued a local man who became trapped in a women's prison.

The man apparently wandered into the prison whilst out on a stroll and became trapped when the gate was shut behind him.

The passing mayor heard the man's cry for help and rescued him. Police say they are unsure as to why the gate was open.

Everyone is presumably unsure as to how a person vacant enough to accidentally wander into a penitentiary is living unassisted.



27

age at which Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison, Jimi Hendrix and Kurt Cobain all died.

12

age Curtis Jackson (aka 50Cent) started his crack business.

SHIT HITS

Critic brutalised. *Prison Style*

The OUSA-initiated review of Planet Media, the parent company of which *Critic* forms a part, has been presented to the OUSA Executive meeting, with *Critic*'s present performance and future independence being brought sharply into question.

The results were discussed by panel convenor, OUSA Events Manager Vanessa Reddy, at the Executive meeting of Thursday May 5. The review dealt with the three constituent parts of Planet Media; Radio One, *Critic* and the sales team. The key overall recommendation was that all elements of Planet Media be subsumed under the general OUSA umbrella, which calls into question the future editorial independence of *Critic*.

The report also dealt with each arm of the company separately. The panel was highly positive about Radio One, commending the station for "adding to the cultural value and the soul of the University of Otago environment and the wider Dunedin City area". Sales were also praised for their excellent work in attracting advertising revenue in a tough economic climate.

However, the section dealing with *Critic* effectively amounted to a broadside against the magazine, with the implication being that *Critic* lacked journalistic balance, integrity and direction. The commendations section of the report for *Critic* was damning by the sheer faintness of its praise, with the best the panel could muster being that *Critic* was "a good looking magazine which is well laid out" and that the *Critic* team were "very happy working together".

The review meanwhile recommended that a mentor be appointed to guide the *Critic* editor in "balanced reporting, professional journalism practices, as well as being a sounding board." An additional recommendation was that "a set of guidelines be written to guide the editor in publication and content decisions." Overall, the

recommendations were intended to "guide *Critic* towards communicating more harmoniously within OUSA and supporting OUSA in a VSM environment".

At the meeting, Executive member Sarah Van Ballekom questioned Reddy on whether *Critic* would continue to enjoy editorial freedom if subsumed into the OUSA structure. Reddy stated that it would remain editorially independent despite the recommended changes, and added that the mandate of *Critic* needed to be "critique and not attack".

Last year's editor Ben Thomson slammed the reports findings. "The report makes no sense at all. The panel seems to have no idea what *Critic* is or why it exists. They make it quite clear that they want to turn the magazine into a promotional vehicle for OUSA and there is not one mention of editorial independence." OUSA Recreation Officer Sarah Van Bellekom agreed with Thomson, calling the recommendation that *Critic* become incorporated under OUSA "ridiculous". "OUSA and its executive needs a check on its power, which an independent body, like *Critic*, provides. Surely there must be a better solution to protect *Critic* from VSM than forcing it to amalgamate with OUSA?"

However, OUSA President Harriet Geoghegan insists that editorial independence for both Radio One and *Critic* will be maintained, even if Planet Media does come under the OUSA umbrella. "I don't think anyone is advocating getting rid of editorial independence". Editorial freedom is currently guaranteed by the *Critic* Charter which established *Critic* as independent body. If *Critic* is amalgamated, Geoghegan believes the Charter will be of the same if not greater importance.

Prior to the release of the panel's findings, a number of Planet Media employees and OUSA

Exec members had questioned the appropriateness of having Reddy as the convenor of the panel, given the fractious nature of relationship between Reddy and *Critic* in recent times. Last year *Critic* published an article which questioned the value of Reddy's "40 point action plan" to combat student binge-drinking. The four and a half page report was the result of Reddy spending a year in the USA, for which she received funding from OUSA, the University of Otago, and Dunedin City Council. Reddy received over \$40,000 in funding to produce the brief report and the story was picked up on by national media outlets. This year Reddy also pulled all OUSA Events advertising from *Critic*, unhappy with the way in which OUSA's Orientation week events were covered in the magazine.

Thomson suggested that this was exactly the type of reporting that would not be possible in the future if the panel's recommendations were accepted. "It is reasons like this that *Critic* is essential. No one else is going to keep OUSA in-check. It is also reasons like this that people like Reddy want to see *Critic* muzzled."

The report has not yet been voted on as it was felt that the changes needed proper consideration. The Executive plan to further consult Planet Media managers later this week, and Geoghegan notes that a lot more research is needed before such a big decision is made. It is not yet clear whether the executive will choose to vote on the recommendations or whether they will wait until an overall review of OUSA is completed.

Due to the lateness of this story, Reddy could not be contacted for comment, however *Critic* plans to speak to her for our follow-up article on this story. A full copy of the review is available to read at the *Critic* office or on *Critic*'s Facebook page.

— **Gregor Whyte**



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Executive not happy family

(apparently *Critic* are though?)

Last week's Executive meeting took place on Thursday night as *Critic* was going to print. Dramas, clusterfucks, and resignation threats ensued.

At the meeting, Administrative Vice President Brad Russell and Education Officer Katie Reid moved a motion to send amended constitutional changes to the May 23 referendum. The constitutional amendments moved by Russell and Reid had been discussed at PolCom, OUSA's Policy Committee, earlier on the day of the meeting. The motion was passed, but an alternative amended constitution was also produced by Colleges and Communications Representative Francisco Hernandez, which he and others wanted to send to the referendum in addition to the other one, providing a choice for students between the two. The alternative amendments were written by former OUSA Finance and Services Officer James Meager and failed to reach quorum by seven votes when taken to referendum in 2010.

Critic understands that the fundamental difference between the two documents are that Meager's version sends issues to a Student General Meeting before a referendum, whereas the other amendments would mean that all issues would go via the Executive, who would then decide what would go to a referendum and what would not. This includes matters such as taking a vote of no confidence on an Executive member, amendments to the constitution, and appointing OUSA's honorary solicitor.

The Executive voted on whether to send the alternative amendments to the referendum, which resulted in a tied vote. The vote ended up being taken twice, due to issues arising over objectivity from the chair. The result was the same on both

occasions, and the motion to send Meager's constitutional amendments to referendum failed.

Hernandez had been getting increasingly worked up over the course of these events, which culminated in a threat to resign, as he "can't serve on this Executive any more." Hernandez told President Harriet Geoghegan that "you can't fucking do this," and seemed close to tears. *Critic* was under the impression that the only time tears were associated with the constitution was when those reading it were bored to tears, making this passionate outburst an historic event.

Hernandez abruptly left the room before the second vote was taken (seemingly to shake hands with an old friend), but it transpired that he was using his phone to communicate with Finance and Services Officer Dan Stride, who was unable to attend the Executive meeting due to work commitments. Returning to the room, Hernandez asked the meeting if votes on motions could be phoned in from absent Executive members, and was swiftly told no. Had Stride been present at the meeting, the motion would have passed and both versions of the constitution would have been available for students to vote on at the referendum.

Geoghegan told Hernandez that there was "no breach of process" involved in the vote, and as the motion had failed, the meeting had to move on. Hernandez launched a tirade in response, saying that there had been a "moral breach of process," and that the vote represented a "shocking betrayal of trust." After the meeting, Geoghegan commented that Hernandez's actions were "a bit disappointing", noting that he would have had to have been "sitting in meeting with his eyes closed and fingers in his ear for a month" to not know what the proposed amendments entailed. "It was

totally open for him to say what he thought about the amendments the whole time".

Although Hernandez admitted that, if given the choice he would vote for the original amendments rather than the alternative one, he advocated putting both to referendum on the principle that "students should be able to have their say". OUSA Finance and Services Officer Dan Stride was not present at the meeting, however he too was irate over the decision, arguing that the alternative constitution was far superior. "The new constitution took power away from students and gave it to the exec", he noted solemnly.

Stride was further concerned that the amendments left the quorum for passing a budget at 5% of the student population, noting that reaching quorum to pass last year's budget had been a frantic exercise. Geoghegan disagreed, stating that the budget should have the same threshold as other motions. "It's really easy to get over 1000 voting online".

As *Critic* went to print, there remained a possibility that Meager's version could still be voted on by students at the referendum. If a total of 208 signatures (1% of the student population of the University of Otago) are gained on a petition supporting taking the amendments to a referendum, Stride and Hernandez intend to call an emergency Executive meeting to pass this through. A motion moved by Hernandez at the end of the meeting to move the referendum dates forward a week in order to gain extra time to get the required amount of signatures on the petition was denied.

Stay tuned on the *Critic* Facebook page for updates on how they got on.

— Aimee Gulliver

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Critic's coverage of teaching resource misuse continues.

We are not encouraging it though. Well actually we kind of are.

The Blackboard dating craze predicted by *Critic* has partially eventuated, with BSNS102 student Sam Poulter being the latest in a short line of University of Otago Commerce students to misuse the online learning tool.

Just after 1pm on Tuesday May 3, Poulter sent a Blackboard email to the entire BSNS102 class entitled "Hi all". The message stated that Poulter had noticed that he was "so much better looking than every one else around me" in the paper and followed this revelation with handy tips for improving the sartorial elegance of the average business statistics student.

The message also singled out by name some female members of the class that Poulter considered not bad looking, though made no substantive effort to follow up on this lofty praise by inviting communications from the chosen ladies.

Indeed, it is likely that some, or all, of the females listed have been dissuaded from pursuing Poulter after the rest of his email divulged that he was most likely a diet-obsessed, steroid-using fan of hit TV show *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy*.

Some sources within the class speculated that Poulter's rambling, poorly spelt, and atrociously punctuated email may have been a "hijack" of his Blackboard account effected while Poulter was engaged in a ferocious battle of wills with a particularly stubborn poo.

Others, however, suggested that Poulter was merely trying to copy the highly successful dating email sent by celebrity Commerce student Sam Love (covered on page 12 of *Critic* issue 6). However, Poulter's attempt has been slammed by some commentators as a hollow shell of the charming love-missive sent by Love.

A prominent Dunedin dating consultant, found procrastinating in the Link, told *Critic* that the only commonality between the two emails was the method of distribution. "This guy Poulter has clearly fucked up if he was trying to copy Love. Love's email was amusing and whimsical, and everyone could appreciate that he was simply reaching out to that Sarah girl because of the depth of his feelings for her. Poulter by contrast sounds like a degenerate".

Due to printing deadlines and a strong desire not to have to retract the rampant speculation contained in this article, *Critic* could not reach Poulter for comment, though sources removed from the individual concerned stated that he would have been unlikely to respond anyway, as MTV was showing a *Queer Eye* marathon over the weekend.

– Gregor Whyte

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Nation mourns as Auckland Uni wins something

The annual University Games competition took place in Auckland over four days during the Easter Break from April 26 to 29. At least 2000 participants in over 20 sporting disciplines competed in the event that was nonsensically named "2011 Super City Uni Games".

Otago University went into the games as defending champions, having taken the 2010 title in Invercargill. Due to the logistical hurdle of travelling to Auckland on expensive flights, as well as a universal dislike for Aucklanders and their tight jeans, Otago was unable to field as strong a team this year.

Auckland University managed to take the title thanks to consistent results in all sports as well as the blatant advantage of being from Auckland. It was the first time they got their well-manicured hands on the shield since 2002.

"Super City Uni Games" hosts AUT came in second, with Victoria University rounding out the podium. Otago put up a valiant fight to take fourth, with some outstanding performances in several sports.

Scott Thomas fuelled up on Easter Bunny chocolate and rode away from the bunch to take a comfortable win in the men's cycling event, nabbing a gold medal for the Otago Team. Scott was stoked with his result and described the games as "a memorable event [and] I encourage others to make the effort to travel to in the future."

Otago also took gold in the lawn bowls, with Abbey Dugdale and Rebecca Jelley putting in a stellar performance to bring home some bling for the poolroom.

Otago's third gold came from Sophie-Ann Chin in the women's karate kata event.

Otago managed silver in the netball after a tough battle against AUT. The mixed touch team came in third, along with the women's basketball team, who won their bronze medal match 47-32 against Auckland.

The Otago badminton team came up against stiff competition from the North so were ecstatic to come home with a bronze medal. "It was an epic trip and a great way to spend our Easter Break," team captain Pavithar Gill exclaimed.

– *Lozz Holding*

Results:

Gold – Lawn Bowls
Gold – Men's Cycling
Gold – Karate Kata
Silver – Netball
Bronze – Men's Badminton
Bronze – Mixed Touch
Bronze – Women's Basketball

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Obituary

On Monday May 2, Dunedin personality Larry Matthews was found dead in his George Street apartment. His death came as a shock to those who knew him, and he will be sorely missed both within the arts community and throughout wider Dunedin.

Larry was an artist, designer, poet, writer, magician, musician and curator. He taught Design at Otago Polytechnic and was the Arts Editor for D Scene for a period of time before shifting his focus to street performance and art. With a small sign stating "Happy as Larry", Larry could often be seen performing magic tricks along George Street, brightening many a cold, dreary Dunedin day. Over the past year, a number of Larry's poems were published in local zine INK.

Early last year, Larry opened {Lanyop} Langniappe, a small art gallery which was only open when the sun went down. The word "lagniappe" means "a little extra something for nothing". The gallery was located inside Larry's residence, behind Mou Very on George Street. Lit by candle and accompanied by Larry's piano playing, Lanyop offered the most intimate, beautiful, interactive and spiritual way to experience art. It showcased both Larry's work and the work of many other local and international emerging and established artists, including Jo Robertson and James Robinson, a former student of Larry. Unfortunately for both Larry and the people of Dunedin, Lanyop was shut down earlier this year.

He was also a beloved friend of many. A friend of Larry commented that "his presence immediately made your day special. Larry Matthews was a person with limitless ideas, more ideas than most people could even fathom. He was a person whose enthusiasm encouraged you to be creative, because he genuinely cared about what you were doing. He was a wonderful human being and was loved by so many people. It's made me realise that we all must take care of each other and look after the ones that we love and who inspire us."

—Hana Aoake





Alcohol Reform Bill

According to University of Otago analysis, the Alcohol Reform Bill will fall short of having a significant impact on New Zealand drinking culture.

Presently before parliament, the bill is designed to minimise the harm caused by excessive or inappropriate consumption of liquor. If passed, it would affect bar hours, off-license trading, liquor advertising and the alcohol purchase age.

Performed by the university's Department of Preventive and Social Medicine, the analysis report showed that the bill largely ignored evidence-based advice provided by a Law Commission review. Included in the commission's recommendations was an increase of alcohol excise taxes which would raise alcohol prices by 10%, a return to the previous purchase age of 20, and regulation of the advertising of alcohol.

The New Zealand public have weighed in on the issue, with a record number of public submissions totalling more than 9000. The bill is due to be reported back to parliament in June.

– Teuila Fuatai

Government shovels money at youth unemployment

The government announced that \$55.2million over four years will be allocated to a youth training program in a bid to fight unemployment.

The scheme will pay employers in high demand areas a subsidy in return for supporting the training of young people and giving them employment. Employers would be drip fed up to \$5000 over the course of a year provided that the employee remained employed or in training. Among the identified areas were aged-care, horticulture and agriculture.

The scheme replaces the widely criticised "Community Max" scheme,

which spent \$57million over two years on projects that included youths training horses which were later freed into the wild.

– Staff Reporter

University of Auckland graduation drama

The University of Auckland graduation ceremony of Monday May 2 got testy when university staff tried to prevent a graduating student from wearing a rosette in support of academic staff.

Vernon Tava, a Masters of Law student, was asked to remove the rosette, which was identical to those being worn by many academics at the ceremony, or face being prevented from graduating.

Tava stated in a press release that "I pointed out that there were no grounds for them preventing me from entering the theatre, [and] a male member of staff put a restraining hand on my chest and another official asked rhetorically, 'would you like us to search your pockets Sir?'".

Tava was able to graduate by hiding the rosette in his trencher according to Auckland University Students' Association President Joe McCrory.

The incident has drawn further attention to the University of Auckland's attempts to renegotiate key provisions of academic staff's collective agreement.

– Gregor Whyte



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Labour



Bouncing off the Halls

Most of us are here at uni in the hope of scoring ourselves a comfortable job, as well as a big fat paycheque, at the end of it all. Two boys from Arana, however, are not on the same wavelength. Forget a desk job; these two daredevils appear to prefer the adrenaline rush of adventure and the opportunity to stare death in the face. Maybe they've been watching a bit too much *Man vs Wild*.

Anyway, the two clowns in question had been hard on the piss all night and decided what they wanted more than anything was to have a ride in their hall's service elevator. Unfortunately the two thrill-seekers soon got more than they bargained for when they found themselves trapped inside the steel box of death. Apparently it took over three hours before the pair were able to be rescued by the lift's manufacturers. *Critic* was told that the lads are now in a stable condition, but it has been speculated almost beyond doubt that

they would have had to consume their own urine to survive. Hot.

Carrington hasn't gathered any mention in this year's feature, so some of you may have assumed they haven't been up to much. You couldn't be more wrong. During the holidays, while one unsuspecting resident was away for the week his friends filled his room with newspaper. Newspaper! I've met some feral cunts in my time, but that is something else. The sick fucks even filmed the poor bastard's response and posted it on Youtube. Sickening. My heart goes out to that lad and I hope he makes a full recovery from such a disturbing and vulgar act.

On a more cheerful note, hilarious purple graffiti has been popping up around North Dunedin. My personal favourites include "I am a drain" and "I am a window". However the next one takes the cake. Some cheeky scallywag pasted "I don't like Selwyn very

much", right on the Selwyn fence. One can only assume the culprit of such a ruthless hate crime must almost certainly be from Carrington.

I'll leave you with something to ponder. When you think of first year sluts, you typically associate them with UniCol. Or Carrington. But one of the sluttiest efforts of recent times has been tracked back to CityCol. In one weekend this lass brought four different men back to her room, thoroughly dealing to the phallus of each and every one. What makes this feat all the more impressive is that the sausage-loving Citycollian is engaged. Appears she isn't letting monogamy stand in the way of her fun.

– **Lozz Holding**

(H)RONICLES OF (A)STLE

After the Easter break, Castle Street residents have quickly slipped back into the routine of getting drunk and doing drugs to escape the cold, damp reality that is flattening in Dunedin. This routine is broken only by the odd assignment or, in some cases, if it's time to go for a wave. It's a well-known fact that most Castle Street residents don't venture far from the street's warm, safe environment, only really leaving the street to get cash out or get a feed.

As not much was happening on Castle Street, I decided to venture to a neighbouring street to see what happens in their 'hood. After the rip-roaring failure of the Leith Street keg party, I didn't hold high hopes for a street where everyone parks their cars to stop them being destroyed on Castle Street. My instinct was quickly proved correct; to cement the fact that Leith Street is definitely up to fuck all,

there are unconfirmed rumours that one flat is having a Kronic vending machine installed this week. This news was enough to turn me back and I abandoned the adventure for this week anyway.

Drama has been caused by Mrs Wong (the dairy owner) as over Easter she not only got a new haircut but she also got new prices. She has upped the price of a can of Coke from \$1.90 to \$2.00, her reasons for the price increase seem somewhat confused because when questioned she said it was because the price of petrol had gone up?! Other exciting news is that a very special someone now has a job. He'd been avoiding employment like Osama avoided Obama but, like Osama, eventually he was cornered and he didn't have his wife to use as a human shield.

The frequency of people calling the SPCA is becoming disturbingly high; most pets on

Castle Street are well looked after with the pets eating the same as or better than the flat that looks after them. This is not what SPCA thinks, being rumoured to have said to one pet owner that "I'm gonna stick to you like herpes". We would rather herpes (the gift that keeps on giving) stays in South D as any sexually transmitted disease would spread like a fresher's waistline in North Dunedin.

Now that the Royal Wedding has been and gone, we really don't have much else to look forward to this year. All we can do is fantasise about Kate's sister and continue to bitch about how much sweeter Castle would be if Gardies was still here. Keep it real.

– **Sam Reynolds**

Robert Patman

What a week! Wills and Kate got married, the Breakers won the Australasian Basketball League, NATO killed Ghaddafi's son, Trump got roasted by Obama, Syria took out some more of its citizens and the US killed their number one enemy, Osama Bin Laden. Robert Patman is the Professor of International Relations at this fine institution. **Georgie Fenwicke** talked to him last week about seeing history in the making.



Yesterday, we bore witness to quite an historic occasion with announcement of the death of Osama Bin Laden. What do you think the wider global political implications of this will be?

Well, I think there are both strategic and political implications. Al Qaeda has been a thorn in the side of the United States since 1993-94, particularly since 9/11. Al Qaeda has lost its founder. I think [Bin Laden] served as a charismatic inspiration to discontented youth who were frustrated by what they saw as blatant injustices, not least in the Middle East. So I think, in strategic terms, that Al Qaeda has had a setback.

I think that the United States has made some progress. Of course, the confrontation between the United States and Al Qaeda is not over, as Obama made quite clear. With 2012 looming, I think he will be saying that he refocused national security strategy when he came to office and his fine-tuning of America's position on global terrorism, in contrast to that of President Bush has apparently paid off.

Do you think there will be a backlash from Al Qaeda because of the operation in Pakistan?

One can't rule it out. But, put it this way, Al Qaeda has been consistently attacking the United States when it can since about 1993. For much of the Nineties, the US weren't even aware that it was on the receiving end of attacks from Al Qaeda. I don't think this will lend fresh urgency to attacks on the US. It might energise them, but it certainly won't change their agenda.

Much of the information that led to the killing of Osama Bin Laden was attained via America's questionable interrogation methods; do you think this end result will justify further use of such force?

I think one of the most interesting aspects of what has happened in the last day or so is a vindication of Obama's decision to try to draw a line in the sand between the policies of his predecessor in the "War on Terror" as Mr Bush called it.

Mr Obama has gone for a two-pronged strategy. He has tried to rebuild America's good name, particularly in the Islamic world. He went to Cairo and he also visited Istanbul and made important speeches in these two important Islamic capitals in Egypt and Turkey respectively. He has tried to marginalise groups like Al Qaeda politically. I am not saying that the death of Bin Laden is irrelevant, but that the organisation has been on the slide since Obama came to office. This has been demonstrated by the wider events in the Middle East where you have a series of uprisings – Tunisia, Egypt, now Libya – yet, where is Al Qaeda? It is not participating in the uprising; it is completely side-lined. Young people there are much more

fired up by the idea of democracy and social media than the prescription or policies that fundamentalist Islamist groups, like Al Qaeda, are offering.

While you are talking about the wider uprisings in the Middle East, why do you think that NATO have decided to go into Libya in particular and not the other nations also experiencing similar social revolutions?

I wouldn't yet rule out, in Syria, increased Western support for the protesters, although I admit it doesn't look like increased Western involvement will translate into NATO involvement. I think the reason NATO got involved was because after Egypt, there seemed to be a sense that the revolutionaries or the protesters had the upper hand and the reason NATO got involved was that there was a concern that Ghaddafi would simply use the full machinery of the state including his military capability against defenceless civilians unless military force was used to restrain him.

You talked about the already strained relations between Pakistan and the US on Close Up last week; I wondered if you could elaborate on what you said?

The relationship is at a very delicate stage. The government of Mr Zardari is particularly fragile and it has to deal with quite a range of militant, extremist groups in its society and that means that sometimes it tries to cut deals and has dialogues with groups that the US believe are opposed to American security. Pakistan has done this for some time and the US has become increasingly frustrated. On the one hand, Pakistan certainly lent its military and strategic operational support, but on the other hand, despite assurances that they were not consciously providing any sanctuary for Al Qaeda leadership, it turns out that this must not have been the case. Bin Laden had been there since 2005, it transpires. There is a feeling, from the American angle, that Pakistan is trying to have its cake and eat it.

On a lighter note, what do you think of Donald Trump's chances of winning the Republican candidacy for the 2012 Presidential race?

I think Mr Obama must be praying for it. Personally, I don't think his chances are good. He is facing a groundswell of growing criticism from the right that he is becoming ridiculous. I think Mitt Romney may be a more likely candidate. He is a Mormon which may count against him. But then again, America didn't have a Catholic president before John F. Kennedy and before Barack Obama they had had no African American [president]. Romney is wealthy, more wealthy than Trump. I would say that Trump is becoming more of a media buffoon. But that is just my personal opinion; my crystal ball is as good as any other.

Congratulations!

Bla bla bla media bla bla fucking bla....

Scott

Cinderella Has a New Name: *Kate Middleton*

Once upon a time there lived a band of women's magazine editors, who ruled the media empire with their weekly chronicles of gossip and slander. One day, a fair young maiden named Catherine appeared in their midst – for she was courting the handsome Prince William. In November 2010, a royal announcement was proclaimed across the lands – the fair young maiden and the handsome prince were to be married! The women's magazine editors were scandalised, for the fair young maiden was a mere commoner – how could she marry the prince? They decided to become the fair young maiden's fairy godmothers, determined as they were to turn her into a true princess. **Siobhan Downes** tracks the coverage of Kate Middleton in the media, and discusses the problem with fairytales.

We all know the story of Cinderella. A beautiful girl is forced to be a servant to her evil stepmother and ugly stepsisters, but one night her fairy godmother appears and she gets to go to the ball and marry Prince Charming. Yes, Kate Middleton is also beautiful, with her glossy hair and perfect teeth, and sure, she's a commoner – her parents own a mail-order party supplies business. She has siblings, too. The big giveaway connection is that she has clinched herself a prince. But the similarities more or less end there. Cinderella didn't have a university degree. She didn't have other boyfriends before she met Prince Charming. She didn't have a career, she didn't get to go travelling or partying (except for that one time at the ball, I guess), she didn't get to enjoy the life that most 21st century women are entitled to. We live in a very different world to that of Cinderella. But the media insists on painting Kate Middleton as Cinderella, living the classic Cinderella story, complete with the fairytale happy ending.

The media have demonstrated what is known as the Cinderella Complex in their reporting about Kate Middleton. The term "Cinderella Complex" was coined by psychotherapist and writer Colette Dowling, who wrote that women are unconsciously afraid of independence and

need to be "rescued" by a "Prince Charming". In other words, we want to live the life of a fairytale. With the Royal Wedding, the media has catapulted us back to an era of traditional values found in fairytales, where a woman's sole destiny is to love, honour and obey her husband. It is suggested that rather than having dreams of ambitious careers and independence, women have only one dream; to be married.

According to *New Zealand Woman's Weekly*, this dream starts from childhood. Childhood is when we are first spoon-fed the fairytale ideals of man and wife – princesses have their princes, just like Barbie has her Ken. In February, *Woman's Weekly* reported that becoming a princess had always been Kate Middleton's dream. "As a child, Kate always wanted to marry a prince. 'It just shows that dreams can come true,' says her old friend Jessica Hay. 'She's going to be a princess.'" A British tabloid wrote how Kate had been in love with Prince William before they even met. "She had a schoolgirl crush on the Prince and was dubbed 'Princess-in-Waiting' for having a poster of him in his polo gear on her wall." Kate and William dated for eight years, during which time Kate was dubbed "Waity Katie" by the media, supposedly signaling her determination to nab that 18-carat sapphire-and-diamond rock – I mean, marry her beloved

prince. The media has further emphasised the fairytale quality of Kate's royal engagement by sharing with the world the fact that her parents were once both working-class flight attendants, in their quest to provide the perfect rags-to-riches Cinderella story. They carefully neglect to mention that Mr. and Mrs. Middleton later became self-made millionaires with their own business. The important thing is that, like Cinderella, Kate Middleton had a dream, and dreams come true. Like Kate, you too can claw your way up the social chain, get your prince, and be free to live out the rest of your days sitting safe and smug in a stately home.

In fairytales, in order to achieve your lifelong dream of becoming a princess, you have to change your appearance so that the prince will love you. Why else would Cinderella need her fairy godmother to transform her old servant clothes into a totally babin' gown? Kate Middleton, too, could not escape her looks coming under scrutiny, as the media worked to transform her into their ideal fairytale princess. Wrote one disappointed blogger in January 2011, "when we think of royal women we picture long, ladylike coats, fancy hats, and elegant cocktail dresses. What we don't conjure up: jeans, miniskirts, leather jackets and sheer tops." As the date of the Royal Wedding drew closer, however, Kate suddenly became a style icon – as if a fairy godmother had waved her magic wand. Journalists traipsed the United Kingdom, trying to hunt down Kate's wedding dress, to no avail. "Secrecy Surrounds Kate Middleton's Dress", lamented the headlines. Not even Julian Assange was going to WikiLeaks that dress. So the media worked with what they had, analysing every outfit that the princess-to-be had ever worn. Quoted *Woman's Weekly* the week before the wedding, "Her style is definitely evolving," says celebrity stylist Camilla Ridley-Day. 'She is dressing rather more formally, as befits a royal bride.'" There is one new requirement for the physical appearance of the modern fairytale princess, however – 21st century Cinderella has to be sexy. Reported *Woman's Weekly*, "[Kate] is positively glowing with good health and happiness," said one royal watcher. 'And she looks smoking hot in a bikini'."

Princesses in fairytales are also graceful and charming, and are usually friends with small and cute animals. In the week before the wedding, the *Woman's Weekly* proudly wrote about Kate Middleton's developing "regal etiquette": "Polished to perfection, a new Kate Middleton is emerging as her wedding day draws near," they boasted, "it seemed some serious work had gone on behind the scenes to transform the princess-to-be." They got an expert in to analyse Kate's body language, "'There is a definite change in the way Kate is carrying herself, which would imply instruction,' says body language expert Judi James. 'She appears choreographed. Her head is held much higher and her shoul-

ders have dropped, suggesting she's been told to stand straighter.'" All fairytale heroines must undergo some kind of transformation to become princesses – and Kate Middleton is no exception. Even the Queen is said to have played a part in Kate's princess makeover, encouraging her to become involved with an animal rights charity to complete the Disney image. What the Queen and recent media conveniently ignored was the fact that back in 2007, PETA slammed the princess-to-be, when she was spotted deer hunting with the rest of the royal family. You read it here first: it was Cinderella who shot Bambi's mum.

“The important thing is that, like Cinderella, Kate Middleton had a dream, and dreams come true”

What fairytales tend to leave out is what happens after that fairytale kiss. We watch Cinderella and Prince Charming ride off into the sunset in ambiguous marital bliss, and the happy ending is kept G-rated. But with Kate Middleton's 'modern' Cinderella story, the media want the more intimate details. They don't just want the fairytale wedding and fairytale princess; they want the fairytale wedding night, ending in the fairytale conception of a fairytale heir to the throne. As early as January, the *Woman's Weekly* was speculating on Kate's reproductive capability. "Unlike many brides who embark on strict diets so they'll look good in their wedding dress, slim Kate Middleton has no need to lose any weight. But she may be only eating certain foods for another reason – so that when the time comes to get pregnant, she'll be able to provide her royal in-laws with an heir to the throne." The current British law states that any male royal heirs have precedence over females to

the throne, so the pressure is on for Kate to bear a son. The *Woman's Weekly* had some helpful tips for Kate: "There are many theories on how to influence the sex of your unborn child, and limiting your diet to particular foods is a very popular method. In one study, scientists at Oxford University found that the more calories women eat, the more likely they are to conceive a boy."

The completely ironic thing is that the media seem to have truly convinced themselves that the story of Kate Middleton is a 21st century fairytale, for all women to aspire to. In actual fact, their "fairytale" Royal Wedding reports have taken feminist progress back about two hundred years. What do fairytales teach us, anyway? Princesses need rescuing by a prince. Princesses are obsessed with getting married. Princesses need to be beautiful to be married. Princesses shouldn't have sex; they are only allowed to kiss their one true love. But if they do have sex, they'd better use it as an opportunity to produce a male heir to the throne. According to the media, princesses should be perfection. Give Kate a break – no woman could possibly live up to that. This is the real world, there are no fairy godmothers, and there is no such thing as a "perfect princess". And hey - even Cinderella was a badass and broke her curfew.

YOU WOULDN'T STEAL A HANDBAG

The recent Copyright Amendment Bill was created to protect artists' copyright, and ensure that the money for their ideas went to the right person. But how effective is the legislation? Will the change encourage people to buy CDs? **Charlotte Greenfield** asks the million dollar question: is it possible to make money from making music?

An increasingly insistent voice of doom and gloom is predicting that there is no longer a viable way of making money out of music. No one is assuming this is the end of music itself. But it certainly does raise some problems because, as Frank Zappa put it, "art is making something out of nothing and selling it."

Parliament has controversially responded to this problem in the form of a new piece of legislation, the Copyright (Infringing File Sharing) Amendment Bill, dubbed the "Skynet" laws thanks to MP Jonathon Young's misguided comparison of the internet to the artificial intelligence network from the *Terminator* movies. From September of this year, copyright owners will be able to notify Internet Service Providers (ISPs) if someone downloads material through filesharing without paying for it. ISPs will then send warning notices to customers. After three warnings, the copyright owner can take a claim to the Copyright Tribunal, which can award them up to \$15 000 in damages. In proceedings before the tribunal, it will be presumed copyright has been violated, leaving the burden on the alleged infringer to prove they

are innocent. However, the law is less heavy-handed than its previous incarnations before the select committee, which would have allowed ISPs to cut off customers' internet connection after their third warning.

What the law is going to achieve is a moot point (especially when the people drafting it confuse the internet with a self-aware computer trying to rule the world). *The Listener's* technology commentator Peter Griffin speculates that the "hardcore downloaders...will chuckle as the infringement letters arrive, then switch to an internet provider that has contract-free terms, hopping from one ISP to the next as the entertainment bounty hunters chase after them." Meanwhile, smalltime downloaders will come up before the Tribunal "sparking *Close Up* and *Fair Go* items and a backlash against the entertainment industry".

Scott Muir, manager of ReFuel and a contributor to the Dunedin music.com's Industry blog, doesn't believe this is the purpose of the legislation. "That law really isn't about you sharing a couple of songs with your friends, it's about the people who are doing bulk infringe-

"The music industry's not over, but it is changing"

ments. [Think of] the guy at the Otara markets who had thousands and thousands of CDs for sale and he was at home burning them and selling them. It's that kind of thing I think that the law is there to work on." But, like Griffin, Muir concedes that there is always the chance for small-scale users to be penalised. "It's a balancing act and it all goes back to the copyright issue."

These laws are new but copyright is not. Whether or not you agree with the laws comes down to whether you think copyright is a good or a bad thing. "The law is as even handed as it can be at the moment," says Muir, "but whether or not copyright should exist is a different matter." It is not hard to accept that artists should have the ability to protect the music they generate, both for creative reasons and to give them the ability to sustain themselves economically. However, the game changes in a world where the copyright holder is not necessarily the creator of the music. In many instances, it's a major record label rather than the artist that owns the copyright to a work and, of course, it is the major record labels that have deep enough pockets to use go after copyright infringers. There is also the more fundamental question of whether conferring a monopoly over a work to one person reflects the reality of artistic and creative endeavours, which do not always exist in a vacuum and are often more collaborative and less economically focused than the legal model would have us believe.

Nevertheless, money is a core component of the music industry. While not everyone in the music industry is aiming to become the next Madonna or Lady Gaga, the majority of musicians are only going to pursue the starving artist path for so long. So how do you make money out of music? Music companies have built their business around CD sales. Universal Music, Sony, EMI and Warners together control approximately three quarters of the music industry but the basis of their business is failing. "[CD] sales peaked in 1999 and 2000, at around US\$1.1 billion for album sales and now they've slid to the same level as in 1972," says Muir.

David Kusek, Vice President of Berklee College of Music, expressed the concerns of the record industry when he said, "I think the days of making money selling recordings are largely over." But as Scott Muir points out, there is some overreaction going on; "I would argue that in 1972 there was still a perfectly healthy music industry and people were still making money from it." But the times are a-changing and the record companies are not keeping up. "The big ones buried their heads in the sand and said 'this internet's not going to happen' and now they are suffering because of that." The music industry's not over, but it is changing. "The people who are savvy and smart are coming up with new ways to monetise around music."

The internet is creating many new ways to do this. Songs and albums can now be sold from retail giants Amazon and iTunes, independent distributors such as cdbaby or direct from the websites of artists themselves. Streaming is another online avenue. As well as YouTube,



websites such as LastFm and Jango are creating an experience that is part radio, part social network. Listeners do not have to work at compiling their music, but they are given much more freedom than from a radio station to choose and reject music based on their and their friends' preferences. However, streaming is not as beneficial to musicians as it is to listeners. For a solo artist to earn US minimum wage (US\$1160 a month), they would have to receive more than 1.5 million plays per month on LastFM which is not surprising given one play earns them a mere US\$0.00075 (in comparison, a track downloaded on iTunes would earn them US\$0.09).

Live shows are a more traditional option, but their roles too are changing. According to Muir, "at the high level artists are no longer doing live shows to sell records, they are putting records out to attract people to live shows...you see artists touring and having to tour because there's not enough record sales and that applies to your U2s and those sort of bands. If they don't keep touring, there isn't any way their music keeps selling." The same is true at all levels of the industry. "Bands like Left or Right or Alizarin Lizard who tour up and down New Zealand incessantly are not doing it for free. If they were losing money they would stop doing it."

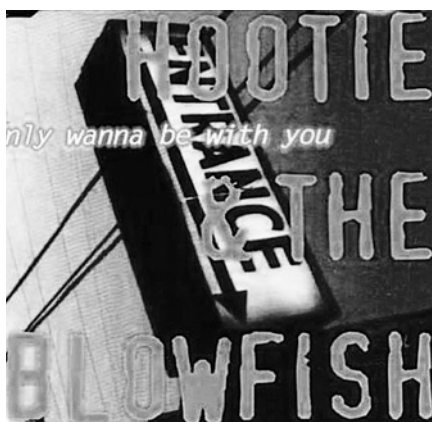
In the new and digitalised music industry, no one of these media will be enough for an artist to survive. Instead, according to Muir, the solution is "everything, it's doing it all." At the same time, "it doesn't matter if you're U2 or a band in Dunedin, your connection to the audience has to be the same."

MySpace, Facebook and Twitter have created a new environment for this to take place in, and one that can bypass professional record labels. But not every member of an audience or fanbase is alike. Says Muir, "The people who buy the knock-off versions of Nike are not the same people who buy the real versions. The markets are different. Fashion has recognised that and music needs to recognise that too." Astute artists are beginning to. Bands such as Nine Inch Nails provide different versions of products on their online stores, each aimed at a different strata of fans. Muir continues, "The idea is that they give away a copy of a song probably as a low quality mp3. Then if you want high quality mp3, you might pay \$4-5. If you want high quality mp3s and a t-shirt, you might pay \$10. If you want it on CD, you'll pay \$15. If you'd like the vinyl version with the mp3 and the CD, you'll pay \$75" and so on and so forth. Radiohead took a slightly different approach in 2007 when releasing their album *In Rainbows* as a digital download that customers could order for whatever price they saw fit. The profits were similar to those projected from CD sales, and in a world where CD sales are dropping rapidly, it was a smart risk.

Such risks are essential in an industry that is in a constant state of fluctuation. "The 8 track car stereo was disrupted by cassettes. Cassettes were disrupted by CDs and CDs have been disrupted by the internet," say Muir. "All of these disruptions are going to keep going. It's just if an artist wants to use their musical skills to make them a living, they actually need to do more than just play. You've got to think of how many other income streams there can be."

7 stupidest song lyrics ever

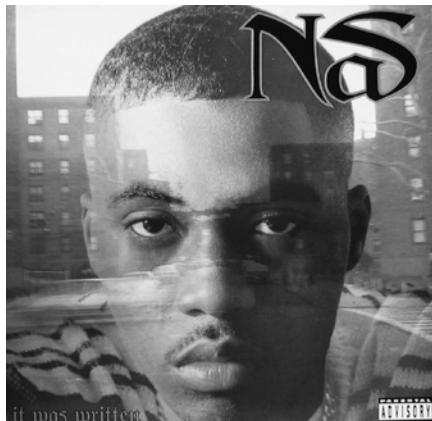
There are a lot of stupid lyrics about, from the nonsensical to the downright disingenuous (Rebecca Black's "Friday" comes to mind). An avid listener of music with "inspiring" lyrics, **Josh Hercus** rates the 7 stupidest song lyrics.



Hootie and the Blowfish — *"Only Wanna Be With You"*

*"Sometimes you're crazy and you wonder why
I'm such a baby
'Cause the Dolphins make me cry"*

What kind of loser tries to write a romantic song that incorporates his emotional sensitivity to dolphins? Is this meant to be one of those attempts at opening up your heart so that women will open their pants? If so, you'd think he'd use a more rational, less wimpy fear. Like fear of clowns or the bathrooms in Metro.



Nas — *"Affirmative Action"*

"Thirty-two grams raw, chop it in half, get sixteen, double it times three / We got forty-eight, which mean a whole lot of cream / Divide the profit by four, subtract it by eight / We back to sixteen, now add the other two that 'Mega bringin through"

This is probably the most mathematically incorrect lyrics of all time. *Critic's* resident mathematician, who happens to be an 8-year-old boy, confirmed that this entire equation is wrong at multiple levels. It also doesn't help that the entire song is about as comprehensible as Ozzy Osborne reading Shakespeare.



Emerson, Lake and Palmer — *"Karn Evil 9 (First Impression, Part II)"*

*"Performing on a stool
We've a sight to make you drool
Seven virgins and a mule
Keep it cool. Keep it cool."*

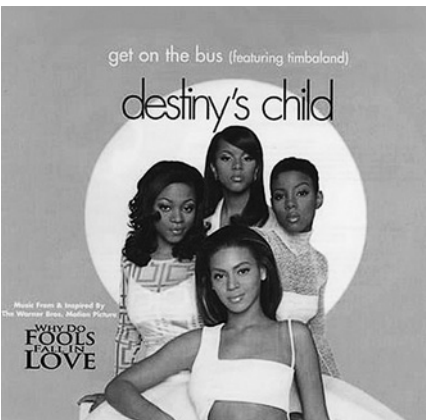
This Seventies band, whose name sounds like some sort of mediocre law firm, has provided us with one of the best examples of rhyme crime. It is also evidence that our parents are wrong – music wasn't "better back in the day" – this song is horrible and there are many, many more like it. The nonsensical rhyme you see above could just as easily be found in a song by that whining banshee Miley Cyrus.



Canibus — “Funk Master Flex Freestyle”

“I can double my density from 360 degrees to 720 instantly”

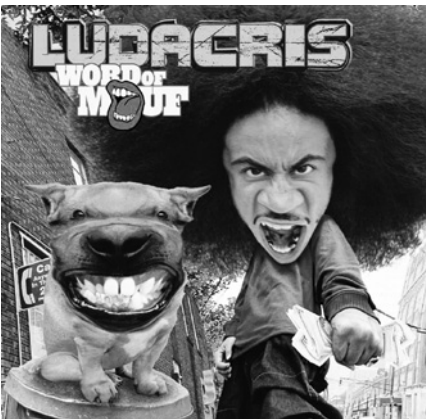
NO YOU CAN'T! BECAUSE YOU CAN'T MEASURE DENSITY WITH DEGREES YOU STUPID KNOBGOBLIN!



Destiny's Child (feat. Timbaland) — “Get on the Bus”

“Why you sleepin’ with ya eyes closed?”

It's not as if we were expecting anything insightful considering the artists involved, but come on! What kind of fucking question is this? Unless that was a question directed at someone who is dead or doesn't have eyelids, this is an absurd thing to put in a song.

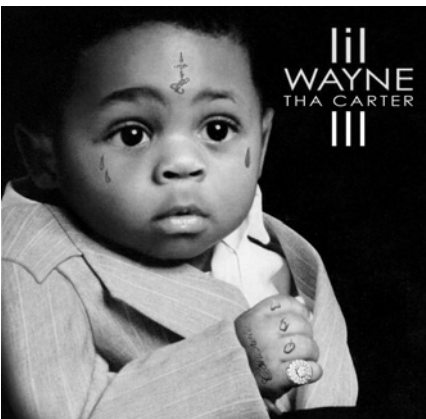


Ludacris — “Coming 2 America”

“The royal penis is clean your highness

Thank you, king shit”

You know, I spent a bit of time trying to come up with the appropriate dick joke for this lyric. But the truth is, there's nothing to add. Because really, what do you expect from a song that replaces words with numbers?



Lil' Wayne — “Pussy Monster”

“I'm da pussy monster, da pussy monster / Da pussy monster, da pussy monster / Girl, you gotta feed me, pussy, pussy / Pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy / Now let me get back to her / She call me Dracula, and I'll vacuum her / Catfish, dat fish, dat cat, tuna / I'll smack it up flip it like a spatula / Dat lil' puss there runnin' so I'll tackle ya”

Once again, Lil' Wayne demonstrates that his songs are about as tasteful as a human centipede Christmas ornament. His attitude towards muff diving is brusquely laid out in this song. Sometimes I wonder how he even comes up with these songs/lyrics. I like to assume that he's actually an extremely intelligent gentleman who sits in front of the fireplace in his lavish mansion, reading the *National Geographic* while wearing a full tuxedo with top hat and monocle. In a proper, high-class English accent, Wayne the Small says to his butler “George, I do say, I have come up with a splendid idea for a new serenade! It is called “Pussy Monster” and will portray my infatuation with cunnilingus.” George would reply “this sounds absolutely marvellous, old chap! You have always been quite the *cunning linguist*!” They would then merrily laugh. And then I'd wake up.

Antipodean Elite

It's that time again. New Zealand Music Month. A time to reflect on the good, the bad and all that is ugly in New Zealand music. Half in celebration and half in disgust, Critic's very own Music Editor **Sam Valentine** put together a list of the best New Zealand bands, demonstrating that New Zealand Music isn't all sales projections, Autozamn, Kids of 88 and the NZ on Air funding scheme. So here we are; the antipodean elite. Ten current New Zealand acts you really must hear.



Die! Die! Die!

Intensifying the melody while easing the anguish did wonders for semi-Dunedin based Die! Die! Die! on their latest album *Form*. Textured and dynamic arrangements based upon possibly New Zealand's best rhythm section render the album a triumph. With an unmatched ferocity and presence, Die! Die! Die! are simultaneously the inspiration for a generation of young New Zealand acts and frontrunners in the current era. A crucial experience, both live and in your headphones. myspace.com/diediedienz

Listen to: *Form*

Street Chant

While front-woman Emily Littler's seeming contempt for the audience can be initially off-putting, her ambivalence is soon turned into a rare charm, with her "please don't call me a brat" brattyness fueling the angst of Street Chants' pop-punk. Like Die! Die! Die! Street Chant's rhythm section is powerful and precise with drummer Alex Brown astonishing audiences despite his minimal kit. With the song-writing prowess to back up any qualms the internet may have with Littler's attitude, Street Chant are already gaining momentum playing American festivals such as CMJ and playing coveted support slots for the likes of Jack White's Dead Weather. Clever, outspoken, hip and worthy of all the hype. streetchant.com

Listen to: *Means*



Coolies

Both sickly sweet and wholly nihilistic in their music, the Coolies could be seen as the mothers of the New Zealand punk scene both in career and sound. With dexterously erratic yet danceable rhythm changes developing underneath the understated, almost Kim Deal-ish bass, the Coolies bring more than a touch of noise to punk's usual sonic palate. With the brevity only punk can know, the Coolies are masters of the delicate interface between pop and their unique vision. "Lo-Fi" doesn't even cover it.

myspace.com/thecoolies

Listen to: *Masterv*

Glass Vaults

With a sound akin to psychedelic waves washing over the listener, Wellington duo Richard Larsen and Rowan Pierce create some of most astonishingly beautiful and emotionally powerful music to ever emerge from these shores. Combining a thick pounding wall of drums, densely layered guitar and looped, heavily reverbed vocals, Glass Vaults create an ambiance all of their own. Part of the entirely excellent "Sonorous Circle" group, Glass Vaults would provide the perfect backdrop to any life-changing experience. Exquisite pop hooks buried within push the group past simple background music. glassvaults.bandcamp.com

Listen to: *Glass EP*

For a free download of the *Glass EP* see: glassvaults.bandcamp.com/album/glass-ep

Scratch 22

Hugely respected and talented DJ Scratch 22 has slowly been building his production talents towards his debut album released last month. Pushing the same musical buttons as the now extremely influential *Introducing* released by DJ Shadow in 1996, 22's blend of jazz, tribal samples and spacious beats is a talented sonic collage of hip-hop sounds and rhythms, even if it isn't groundbreaking. If you're a sucker for a killer beat, Scratch 22 is your man. distancefromview.bandcamp.com

Listen to: *Distance From A View*

Operation Rolling Thunder

With their self-descriptive name pointing towards the sheer power of their sound, Operation Rolling Thunder trade in the business of sonic landscapes. Composed of brothers Rob and Adam Falconer, the searing layered and looped guitar counterpointed with tasteful, powerful and crisp drumming propels the group's cerebral compositions. With the creation and release of tension a huge factor in the sound, ORT manage to remain interesting despite their seemingly limited sonic palate. monkeykillerrecords.com

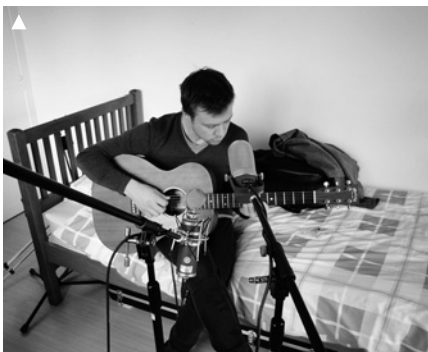
Listen to: *///*



Tono and the Finance Company

With lyricism and intelligence leading his approach to songwriting, Dunedin-born (and now Auckland-based) Anthonie Tonnon has a rare touch for story telling. With a broad range of characters and tales, and with ever-present dry wit and insight, Tono could be a modern day crooner, his exceptional voice only adding to his songs' impact. His minimal (often single note) guitar playing is supported by a switching cast of extremely talented musicians who always maintain total cohesiveness; in particular the bass playing of Chris Miller provides incredible melody and inventiveness. Tono is making intellectual cool again. tonotonight.tumblr.com

Listen to: *Fragile Thing EP*



Nevernudes

Three line-up changes and a rapid evolution in sound and songwriting haven't stopped Nevernudes from staying grounded as the cathartic outlet for front man Anthony Drent. Justifiably naming their debut album *Creepy Crawlies*, Nevernudes effectively evoke the term in their spidery dual guitar leads and their haunting choice of sonic texture. An angst-ridden and frightening music, reinforced by one of the best young songwriters in New Zealand, Nevernudes create beautifully dark bass for Drent's teenage whine of a voice as he laments the humdrum of suburbia. A songwriter and a band to watch for years to come. nevernudes.net

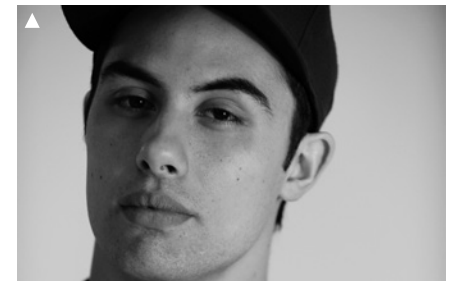
Listen to: *Creepy Crawlies*

David Dallas

With a silky smooth delivery, refreshingly local subject matter and ear for the beat, along with Homebrew, David Dallas sees New Zealand hip-hop producing some of best talents since its Scribe-fuelled public heyday. Weeks away from the release of his album *The Rose Tint*, the MC formally known as Con-spy - whom you may know from his guest verse on the "Not Many" remix - has submitted to the groove under his new moniker. Drop-ping the rapid fire spit certainly works; his casually clever style is a pleasure to listen to. If the fabulous lead single "Caught in a Daze" (featuring a killer verse from rising American star Freddie Gibbs) is any indication, the album should be tight as all hell.

daviddallas.co.nz

Listen to: *The Rose Tint* (Released May 11)



Lawrence Arabia

2009 Silver Scroll winner James Milne, aka Lawrence Arabia, knows a thing or two about songwriting. With stunning melody and harmony always present in his joyous pop ditties, Arabia is no slouch lyrically either. With sunny hooks and delicate Sixties production, Milne will have you hooked without breaking a sweat. Don't be fooled though, while his recorded output can be quiet and restrained, Milne transforms his pieces into more rock-orientated numbers live. Simply a joy.

lawrencearabia.com

Listen to: *Chant Darling*

Tunes about Town

We may be at the bottom of the world, but there's still a sort-of-happening music scene. Sometimes the tricky part isn't knowing what's on, but where to go. With that in mind, *Critic* gives you a run down of the music venues you should be frequenting. Most aren't "cool" in the traditional big city sense, but once you get past their strange appearances, you'll be a regular.



- 01 Chicks Hotel, Port Chalmers** It may be quite the trek, but Chicks is worth the drive (not least of all because of the Indian curries and Emerson's pints). There is always someone playing, from the obscure to the more popularly known, such as the Ruby Suns and Laurence Arabia.
- 02 The Cook** While the ground floor may be a cess pit of first years and beers, upstairs doubles as the location for some of the best Dunedin shows over the past year, including Die!Die!Die! and The Bats.
- 03 Copa** Down a back alley off George Street, Copa is one of the coolest bars in town. Not only is it cool, it also plays host to grimey bass music.
- 04 Di Lusso** Although it's in the central hub for drunken scarfies (the Octagon), Di Lusso is about the DJs, making it the place to be for hip-hop, reggae, dancehall and dubstep.
- 05 Dunedin Musos Club** Musos Club experiences long periods of hibernation, only to reappear with a great show. Hidden upstairs, the place has a strange school disco feel and is often populated with music old-timers.
- 06 The Empire** Ageing Irish pub by day, a sometimes music hub by night. Over the years, Dunedin big wigs such as The Chills and David Kilgour have played there.
- 07 Mou Bar** For a bar that draws tourists due to its title as "the smallest bar in the world", Mou manages to have a fair few shows. From jazz to DJs to Dunedin bands, Mou is a good place for casual pint drinking/ band watching.
- 08 None Gallery** While, as its name suggests, None is generally used as a gallery space, both the upstairs and downstairs areas are often used as venues for bands, usually of the experimental noise-music variety.
- 09 Pop** Early on in the night, underground Pop is a great place for a classy cocktail. Later on, dance music DJs play indie electro, hip-hop, drum and bass and funk.
- 10 Refuel** As far as music genres go, Refuel is the town slut, with everything from hip-hop and drum and bass to indie, metal and jazz playing there. It has a strange old school vibe, but there's something comforting about the cheap pints and booth seating.
- 11 Sammy's** It's huge, and as a result, Sammy's barely ever fills to capacity. Everything from reggae to hip-hop, alternative bands to metal finds a home here.
- 12 XIIB** It's pronounced as twelve below, for those not up with the roman numerals, and it becomes a venue for specific events. XIIB isn't spacious, but that works in its favour for intimate shows with local bands such as Mountaineater and Operation Rolling Thunder.
- 13 Urban Factory** In its past life as "The Outback", it was a sticky trap for classless first years, but now the cavernous Urban Factory plays host to international acts such as Skrillex, Samonella Dub and De La Soul.

Opinion



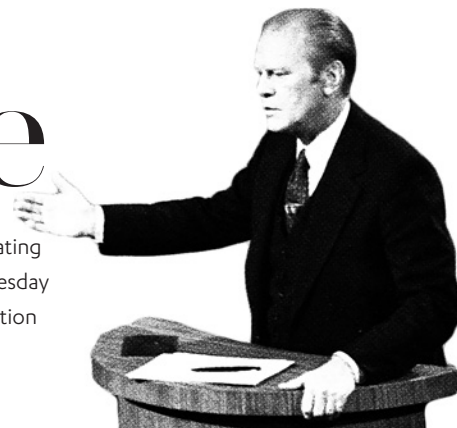
- 30** Debatable | **31** Two Left Feet, The Eagle of Liberty
32 Diatribe | **33** Let's get out of this country, ODT Watch
34 The F Word, Sex and... The Threesome | **35** State of the Nation
36 Summer Lovin'



Debatable

Debatable is written by the Otago University Debating Society, which meets for social debating every Tuesday at 7pm in the Commerce Building. This week's motion is *"We should ban offensive material in songs"*.

John Brinsley-Pirie argues the affirmative while **Tiho Mijatov** argues the negative.



Affirmative

By offensive, what I mean is violent and denigrating material. I don't care about some dude swearing or telling people he wants to get "fucked up" in the weekend. I mean stuff that is found almost universally offensive. When Eminem states he wants to tie a woman to the bed and set the house on fire – that's offensive, that's wrong and that should not be anywhere near mainstream media.

Firstly, the socialising effect this has. Rappers like Eminem and Lil Wayne have massive followings and when they release a song, millions listen to it. Essentially they are trendsetters and role models. This is harmful to our society because of the content of their songs. When these trendsetters rap about killing and raping people, when they tell you it is okay to beat a woman if she disagrees with you or makes you angry AND people buy this, there is harm. It shows that society is prepared to accept this content. Obviously people are willing to buy this hate speech. But just like we don't allow people to go around talking in public about how they are the master race and all others should be killed, we should not allow this kind of hate speech to permeate into society.

This has a long lasting effect on children; they grow up in a society where saying this and thinking this seems okay, because their role models say it is. When this kind of acceptance is allowed to permeate into a child's psyche, there is serious harm. Children follow what their role models do, it's fairly clear rappers and so on are role models for children and teens (main market, right?) and it's not okay to simply say "it's a parent's job to censor", because these rappers are huge and society generally accepts them. There is harm when the acceptance of such offensive material is allowed to ingrain itself as acceptable in a child's mind, because their viewpoint of the world is set by role models in their life.

Finally, the idea that people can profit off this shit is repulsive. Eminem made millions off "Love the way you lie", his music video which shows a couple beating each other up. Domestic violence and violent material which is marketed to children and teens should never be something a so-called "artist" can make millions off. That is just sick.

There is harm when society sees this material as acceptable and this is harmful to the next generation. Finally in spite of these harms, millions are made off this material. Songs which have such offensive material should be banned.

– John Brinsley-Pirie

Negative

Musicians aren't *actually* role models in our lives. They are merely celebrities – unusual personalities whose lifestyles intrigue us. We do follow their actions, we don't model our behaviour on them – when has Lindsay Lohan's latest scandal ever made you want to snort cocaine to be "like her"?

"Universally" offensive material should be especially protected from censoring, because if these things truly are that offensive, the general population will realise the wrongness of the content rather than embrace it. Just because Eminem sings about domestic abuse does not mean domestic abuse is suddenly considered great. It's (still) not okay. In fact, the lyrics serve as a useful reminder that certain things are "wrong" and "sick". It does not mean people begin to lock their partners in burning houses. On a brief tangent, a popular Eighties song is also about burning houses (burning beds, actually). This is offensive. However, it was written about Aborigines being exploited and assimilated into white Australian society; the song was used to speak out against these atrocities. Suddenly banning "offensive" material isn't so alluring.

Music is art and art should have no limits. If people want to express anything from their creative genius, they should be able to. So when Eminem sings about beating a woman up, he may be using this graphic scenario as a metaphor for his anger-ridden life. This does as good a job of expressing raw human emotions just as Picasso's *Guernica* expresses despair and Da Vinci's *Mona Lisa* expresses beauty and intrigue. And nobody wants to burn *these* masterpieces. Because music is art, offensive material differs from people walking around inciting racial hatred. Why? There is no risk that people will act on these lyrics. On the other hand, inciting hatred on the streets *instructs* people to kill and hate others, and so is rightly illegal.

Basically, songs can't harm people. If people feel that some songs are so offensive, they do not have to listen to that song again and again! And to say that this is impossible because rappers dominate our society is to ignore the warnings, the shrink-wrapping and even sometimes the criticism in Debate articles that comes with offensive music.

Finally, let's (re)think of the children. To say that young people emulate artists is just not true – if my friend calls me a homie and wants to bust a cap in my ass, I tell him he's being a moron. More seriously, teens have not rampantly started raping, burning, and/or killing others even though offensive music is on the rise.

The fact remains: if a boy flicks his hair a la Bieber and serenades a lady-friend, he will be laughed at all the way back to his mother's bosom.

– Tiho Mijatov

Two
Left Feet

Politics

The Eagle
of Liberty

The Copyright (Infringing File Sharing) Bill will come into effect on July 1 this year. Depending on one's point of view, it could save New Zealand's music industry, steer us down the path towards a fascist dictatorship, or do absolutely nothing at all.

I'm inclined to the latter view; however, several aspects of the Bill do give pause for thought (and perhaps a little paranoia). For those of you unfamiliar with the Bill, it is a new law designed to crack down on illegal file-sharing over the internet. Given that the internet is extremely difficult to police, the legislation mostly relies on the threat of extravagant penalties to deter offences, and it is this aspect which is most concerning.

Under the new law, those with intellectual property rights in files illegally shared over the internet can report the IP addresses of suspected "infringers" to the suspect's Internet Service Provider. The ISP is then obliged to serve the alleged infringer with an infringement notice; if the suspect receives three notices within nine months of each other, they can be taken to the Copyright Tribunal. But get this: at the tribunal, the fact that an infringement notice has been served is to be treated as conclusive evidence that a file has been illegally shared. This despite the fact that an infringement notice is a mere allegation, one which needs no supporting evidence before being served. Defendants are allowed to rebut this presumption of guilt, but this involves proving a negative.

The penalties able to be imposed by the tribunal are hefty: the market value of the files shared plus up to \$15,000 in damages. Thus the tribunal is a highly coercive tool almost entirely beholden to the music and movie industries. This is especially of concern if anyone within these industries is able to match IP addresses to a person's actual identity. Given that accused parties are given virtually no protection under the new law, this could result in the malicious targeting of specific individuals by anybody with an intellectual property right and a grudge.

All this to protect intellectual property in music and film, a paradigm which is becoming more and more obsolete in the internet age. Increasingly, the only marketable element of these media is the show: going to a gig, seeing a film at the cinema. The digital recording of the song or movie has, in practice, undeniably become a public good. It is time for the law to recognise this and show a bit more flexibility, rather than clinging to the old ways with unjust and heavy-handed idiocy.

- Sam McChesney

The Eagle Takes Out Student Loans

When the Eagle completes his prestigious and impressive degrees, his student loan will be nearly \$70k. But the Eagle is a rational bird – this money is a worthy investment in the Eagle's bright future and will yield an income high enough to make the repayments seem like loose change. Other eaglets may decide that university is not their scene; they might prefer a sporting career, learn a trade or go into business. Disgracefully, these eaglets are taxed heavily to subsidise those who choose to go to university and get a student loan. The government's incompetent meddling in matters of personal choice is harming liberty and distorting peoples' decisions.

The dodo of the economic world, retarded and doomed to extinction, is the student allowance system. Words cannot describe the buffoonery of this socialist scheme. Let's say little Timmy's parents don't earn much. Timmy slogs through uni on basically the same per week as the rich kids, even though they're probably getting top-ups from their nasty capitalist parents. In Timmy's hour of "need", he gets almost nothing. But once Timmy finishes uni and starts earning \$40k per year, his loan is effectively waived, even though he could easily afford to repay it!

Now imagine little Timmy is 24. His friends organise a birthday party, but Timmy's mind is on more important things than saveloys and fairy bread; now he's 24, Studylink is little Timmy's bitch. He gets a student allowance plus an extra \$33 per week. It wouldn't matter if Timmy had \$80k in the bank. It wouldn't even matter if his parents were millionaires. 24 year-olds apparently just deserve more cash. Such is the logic of student allowances.

The student loan system is merely "very" retarded, as opposed to the earth-shattering retardation of student allowances. Interest-free student loans provide incentives more perverse than Josef Fritzl. Every logical eaglet borrows the maximum and pays it back as slowly as possible, at enormous cost to taxpayers. The government should not be administering student loans – leave this to the private sector. Financers would offer loans to students with good academic records, who are solid investments. Good students would also receive private scholarships, like in the USA. This would encourage students to work hard at high school – let's be honest, none of us NZers did, because there was no incentive! People who did badly at school could save and go to uni – but realistically they probably won't benefit from churning out a mediocre BA in Media Studies. Every person has a strength, and uni might not be the place to develop it. Regardless, nobody should be taxed to fund uni students.

You are the wind beneath my wings,

The Eagle

DIATRIBE

JUST ANOTHER FUCKING HIPSTER

No social factor is contrived to be so important, or used so divisively, as one's music taste. Seemingly above all other things, the particular pressure oscillations of air that one grants unhindered passage into one's auditory senses is THE defining social boundary.

Imagine walking into a pot-luck dinner you weren't invited to, scoffing at others' efforts, disposing of everyone's offerings and filling their plates with your idea of a meal. Think of the anger and tension that would generate! Now remember that scruffy guy you don't even know the name of who hijacked the stereo (which was once playing your carefully selected playlist) at your party and imposed his idea of good music upon everyone. He was even douchebaggish enough to bring his own equipment and acted like he was the saviour of the party! Whilst these two cases are not quite perfectly parallel, it is absurd that some think that it is their duty to impose their tastes upon others.

Worse still are those of us who use music as a way of quickly profiling or stereotyping others. Music taste is used as a tool to judge if others are "cool" or "interesting" and enables people to quickly decide if a newcomer is a worthy friend. For some reason, this is deemed to be of greater importance than their moral values, political views, personal hygiene or even, in some ludicrous cases, attractiveness (never mind their appreciation of other art forms; prose, literature etc). The reality is, most of the music scenesters just feed off online sources to develop their "taste". A few hours a week trawling online blogs for "new" and "underground" artists requires very little cognitive effort. Ironically, what the scenesters have done is made everything "obscure" as disposable as they perceive mainstream music. With the need for everything to be new, underground and unpopular, artists quickly gain attention from the blogs and websites the scenesters religiously follow. A tipping point is quickly reached, where the artists become too popular for the scenesters, at which point they begin hating on what they took part in building up and look for something new to satisfy their craving.

The good news is, this won't last. Remember that hot older guy you used to lust after in high school while you lingered around the video store he worked at? Then you saw him after going home at the end of third year. He no longer seemed so "cool" and "interesting". He was still in the same video store, but with four more years of his youth spent. You grew up, your own tastes developed, you became more assured and more mature. You were no longer impressed by such superficial things and realised how pathetic your attraction to such a person was. You actually felt a bit sad for him, standing there in the same place he did four years ago.

In short, don't be a music hijacker. And don't be so short-sighted as to think that someone's so-called "love" of the newest cool band says anything whatsoever about them as a person.

— Robert Smith

Want to get your angry voice heard? Write us a 500 word diatribe on whatever grinds your gears, and it could be featured on this page. Send it to us at critic@critic.co.nz by 4pm Wednesday.



Dublin

People might be disappointed that I was not involved in - and didn't even witness - any drunken brawls while in Dublin, nor did I drink any whiskey or beer. Like any true BA student, I just really got into the symbolism of the place.

A bit of accidental symbolism was the name of my hostel - "The Shining". Many dirty Irishmen who spoke some crazy dialect seemed happy enough in the place, but it really took the grotty feel of Dublin to extremes. Sure, there's rubbish on the streets and drunkards pissing in alleyways outside, but inside this place I didn't even want to take a shower for fear of it somehow making me dirtier and/or giving me diseases.

A symbol everyone sees is the "Stiffy by the Liffey" - more formally known as the Spire of Dublin. You can wiki the thing to find a list of nicknames for it, but to fully appreciate what must be one of the world's greatest phallic monuments, you just have to approach the centre of Dublin. It's visible city-wide, standing prominently where used to be a statue of Lord Horatio Nelson, a man whose own monument couldn't stand up to the IRA so was replaced by something a bit grander. It's official purpose was to lighten up the grotty look of Dublin's main street to make it a more pleasant place to visit, but its elegance and inspiring title "Monument of Light" don't stand a shit show against Dublin's sordid tradition soaked in booze and blood.

Political issues about the warring and general unrest in Ireland are very present and very much a part of what Dublin is about, which brings me to my favourite piece of symbolism. Dublin Castle is right in the middle of the older part of town and isn't without its dungeons and murderous stories. More interestingly, though, while it was under the control of the British, they put a very cheeky little statue atop the "Gates of Fortitude and Justice" by the castle. Unlike the Lady of Justice allowed to the rest of the world, the British thought they needed to keep an eye on those drunken rascals to the west, so they built a statue of the Lady of Justice, minus her blindfold. As if the Irish weren't already causing enough trouble for themselves, they became and continue to be haunted by the watchful and biased "justice" forced on them by the British...or so the statue indicates - make of Dublin's symbols what you will!

— Bridget Gilchrist



Here at *Critic*, sport isn't necessarily our favourite thing, but the sports pages in last week's *ODT* proved an entertaining read. *ODT* are always trendsetters, and last week they decided to invent a new word.

Transtasman

At first, *Critic* assumed we were ignorant of some little known basketball team, "transtasman". But no. It appears *ODT* cast aside conservative grammar constraints such as hyphens to patent a new word.

Further on, *ODT* interviewed All Black physiotherapist Pete Gallagher. The interview was short and sweet, and even included moments of absolute honesty:

Greatest moment:
There hasn't been one.

Of course, *ODT* doesn't restrict its ground-breaking stories to the sports pages. In the business section, an "enterprising woman" behind two regional magazines dished the dirt on how she balanced her busy life.

Asked how she managed to juggle motherhood, work and farm life, Mrs Robertson said it was a matter of being organised. "That's what crock pots are for."

Words of wisdom. Of course, her multi-tasking becomes slightly less impressive when one takes a look at the magazines in question which appear to be a collaboration between Word Art and a photocopier.

Sometimes, as unfortunate as it may be, *ODT* doesn't quite live up to its forward thinking reputation. Last week, *ODT* tried to make news from something all of us know all too well already.

Friday quiet, Saturday not

Perhaps it was in condemnation of Rebecca Black's public proclamation of affection for her favourite day. We tend to think *ODT* just needs to get out of their ivory tower a little more often. Like *Critic*! Last week, *ODT* mistook our Editor-in-chief for a student and mistook the Union Food Court for a café.





On the Guerrilla Girls

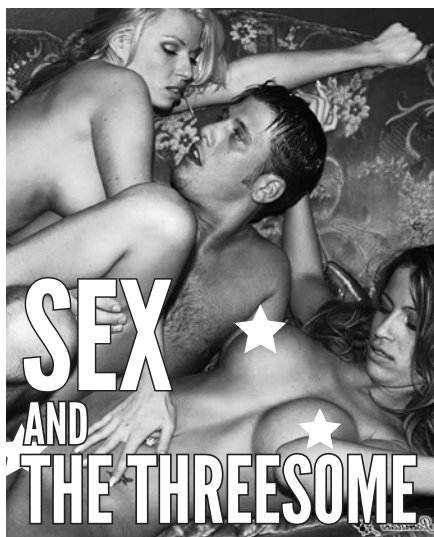
This column usually looks to the future, but sometimes it's worth looking back into the past, especially when it contains some truly awesome aspects of feminist history. Given that we generally consider artists to be eccentric, outsiders, liberals etc, you might think that the art world would facilitate equality in a way that other worlds do not. But no. In the past, the value of art has traditionally been determined by art benefactors i.e. the patrons of arts, the gallery owners, dealers and buyers, most of whom have had a distinct artistic preference of the white male variety.

In 1985 *An International Survey of Painting and Sculpture* was pitched as an "up-to-the minute" survey of contemporary art. Only 13 of the 169 artists were women, all the artists were white and from either Europe or America. The Guerrilla Girls formed in opposition to this, a group of talented female artists, art writers and art lovers who adopted the names of various famous female artists and feminists (e.g. Frida Kahlo, Georgia O'Keefe, Germaine Greer etc). The group obtained the records of the most powerful artistic institutions which exhibited next to no work by females, made them into posters and put them up all over New York whilst wearing gorilla masks. Their goal was to be the conscience

of the male-dominated art world, to expose its patriarchal bullshit and sexist prejudices, to be in people's faces and to create controversy. The idea was that this state of affairs deserved some recognition and that one scandal warranted another.

What I love about the Guerrilla Girls is that they had so much attitude but they weren't bitchy and they didn't spout feminist rhetoric. They were smart-assed and all about the facts, for example that less than 5% of the artists in the Modern Art section at the Met Museum were women, but 85% of the nudes are female. The Advantages of Being a Woman Artist: "working without the pressures of success", "having an escape from the art world in your four free-lance jobs", "seeing your ideas live on in the work of others" and so on. In the words of Romaine Brooks, "we also wanted to make feminism (that 'f' word) fashionable again, with new tactics and strategies." And that's where they really hit the nail on the head. Ostensibly we're all feminists; most people don't support sexism in our society. Yet nobody feels comfortable being called a feminist because you never know what connotations others will attach to that label. Somehow, we need to reclaim the concept of feminism, either through exposing sexist practices in the same way as the Guerrilla Girls, talking about feminism or educating ourselves on the numerous issues. The Guerrilla Girls show us that fighting for gender equality can actually be awesome. Once women are paid the same amount as men and we see roughly 50% of women working in all the different job sectors in our society, then we can get over it and stop talking about feminism. But it hasn't happened yet.

— Kari Schmidt



It has come to my attention that certain Dunedinites don't like my column because all I do is take drugs and "they get it already". I was shocked to hear this because actually I have sex in addition to, and sometimes even more often than, taking drugs. I have always firmly believed in leading by example, and I like to think my balanced bifocal sex-drugs approach to life inspires my readers to live just a little

better every Monday. Unbelievable as it is that readers might fail to pick up on the profound themes of self-betterment I tirelessly espouse week after week, apparently precisely this has happened. To show these disaffected souls that I simply want to make the world a happier place, clearly I am duty-bound to discuss the threesome.

My latest threesome was a predictably feral exercise. High as a kite and hornier than Colin Mathura-Jeffree at a twinks convention, I decided to scour Queenstown's dingiest backpacker haunts for a hot female addition to my fuckbuddy's Frankton bed. Scanning Winnies with the cold detached gaze of an underfed crocodile, I homed in on a brunette who looked sort of like an au naturel version of the second-hottest Kardashian. It transpired that she was a 30-year old nurse from Stewart Island who had recently borne two children. Undeterred, I fed her shots and lines till she agreed to come home with us, where I am pleased to report that she put in a heroic eating-out effort. Also, her boobs were simultaneously soft and pillowy yet surprisingly pert

for a mother of two (and without the creepily large areolae that I have an irrational phobia of. Sometimes I wonder if a huge areola did horrible things to me as a child).

So what can we all learn from this? First, I am a sexual predator. Second, the threesome is gloriously democratic. With a penis/vagina/combination thereof, a healthy dose of self-belief, persistence and a few mind-altering substances, anyone can make it happen! Most people have no idea of the giant capacity we can immediately command when we focus all of our resources on mastering a single area of our lives. Well, a threesome is a far easier area of your life to master during your time at Otago than an A average. Let's face it, you're not going to get into Med. Why not focus all your resources on three-way fucking? Enroll in a BA, don your sexiest Bendon Outlet lingerie or Calvin Klein boxer briefs, get thee to Winnies or even Altitude Bar and go follow your sordid sexual dreams and reach for the sky! Coz you know what? The air feels nice up here. Real nice.

— Mrs John Wilmot



MICHAEL



JULIET



HAMISH



MIKEY



LOUISE



IF YOU COULD BE A MEMBER OF A BAND, WHAT WOULD IT BE AND WHY?

MICHAEL: RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS, SO I COULD BE ON THE ALBUM COVER WITH THE SOCK ON MY DICK

JULIET: I THINK I WOULD LIKE TO BE THE DRUMMER OF A ROCK BAND, BECAUSE YOU DON'T GET THE SHIT THE SINGER GETS **HAMISH:** I'D PROBABLY GO WITH RADIOHEAD BECAUSE I LOVE THEIR MUSIC BUT THEY DON'T SEEM TO BE IN THE LIMELIGHT TOO MUCH **MIKEY:** ARCADE FIRE, BECAUSE THEY'RE POPULAR BUT THEY'RE NOT JUSTIN BIEBER

LOUISE: THE WIGGLES

WHAT WAS YOUR FAVOURITE MOMENT OF KATE AND WILL'S WEDDING?

MICHAEL: SEEING PIPPA MIDDLETON **JULIET:** THE QUEEN, SHE WAS SO CUTE WHEN SHE CAME OUT IN HER YELLOW DRESS

HAMISH: THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF HER DRESS, IT WAS AMAZING **MIKEY:** FLYBY

LOUISE: DIDN'T WATCH IT

DO YOU THINK NZ SHOULD BE A REPUBLIC?

MICHAEL: NAH, KEEP THE KING AND QUEEN **JULIET:** I LIKE US BEING PART OF THE MONARCHY BECAUSE IT'S A TRADITIONAL TIE THAT DOESN'T DO US ANY HARM **HAMISH:** I DON'T REALLY SEE ANY RUSH TO BECOME A REPUBLIC

MIKEY: NO, IT REQUIRES TOO MANY RESOURCES FOR AN OUTCOME THAT'S NOT REALLY WORTH IT. COST TOO MUCH **LOUISE:** NO, IT WOULDN'T WORK

YOU HAVE TO OBLITERATE ONE GENRE OF MUSIC. YOU CHOOSE:

MICHAEL: DEATH METAL, IT'S ABSOLUTELY HORRIBLE **JULIET:** NINETIES POP **HAMISH:** TWEEN POP

MIKEY: JUSTIN BIEBER **LOUISE:** JUSTIN BIEBER AND REBECCA BLACK

SHOOT, SHAG, MARRY: MARILYN MANSON, AMY WINEHOUSE, KE\$HA

MICHAEL: MARRY KE\$HA, SHAG AMY WINEHOUSE AND SHOOT MARILYN **JULIET:** MARRY MARILYN MANSON, SHOOT KE\$HA, SHAG AMY WINEHOUSE **HAMISH:** PROBABLY SHOOT MARILYN, SHAG KE\$HA BUT GET A THOROUGH CHECK UP, MARRY AMY WINEHOUSE

MIKEY: MARRY AMY, SHOOT MARILYN AND FUCK IT I'LL SHAG KE\$HA **LOUISE:** SHAG KE\$HA, MARRY MARILYN MANSON, SHOOT AMY WINEHOUSE

Summer Lovin'

brought to you by:
TOAST

In *Summer Lovin'*, *Critic* sets up two lucky students on a blind date (courtesy of the lovely people at Toast), complete with a bar tab and positive vibes, in an attempt to prove that Dunedinites can date. The only catch: the love birds each divulge all the salacious details of their date in a short snappy article after the fact. If you want the chance to meet your very own Romeo or Juliet, or to at least get some free booze and *Critic* space, email your age/gender/interests/cell number/sexual orientation to critic@critic.co.nz.

Justin Bieber

The evening kicked off at home with a couple of pies, some good music and a 15 box to calm the nerves. The flatmates showed more interest in the grand event than in either the Royal Wedding or a free sausage from the Christians.

Showered and shaved up and down, I was feeling on form for the big evening. It had been quite a while since going out on a date, let alone a blind one. I thought to myself, fuck I hope she isn't blind or porky like Mike King.

I arrived at the bar nice and early, trying to make a good impression. The dimmed lighting clearly wasn't working in my favour, as when the attractive young lady walked into the bar she asked the wrong guy if he would like to sit down. Not the greatest start.

We laughed it off and got a cheeky beer and wine to kick it off.

Starting with the usual questions; wax or shave, scrunch or fold, spit or swallow, and does your old man own a brewery? Usual Kevin bloody Wilson convo. I rated the banter we had with a few un-forced laughs and a couple of thigh grabs. We moved on to some fruity shakers to heat up the evening. My date (I'm sorry, I have forgotten your name for the third time) exceeded expectations in the looks department, so I was keen to see where things led.

Once the bar tab ran out we moved on to The Bog, as it seems the place to be on these blind date nights. We ordered a couple more beers and gins, then before I knew it she was on the waters. Maybe she was suggesting something? Either she's DTF or she's fuckin' over it. I did the gentlemanly deed and walked her home. A raunchy tongue wrestle at the door lead to our hands caressing all sorts, we stumbled down the hallway tearing each other's clothes off. This led to the bathroom where things got steamy (the shower isn't even on yet), at this point she goes down south and gives me a mean hummer before riding the shaft reverse cowgirl style. Yeah right (fucking fourth year law holdout).

A pash at the door was as far as it went before I walked back home and cooked up the goodies. All in all, cheers *Critic* and Toast for the date, you have brought together true love.

P.S. I may have ventured into Lucky7 on the way home for some late night activities.

Selena Gomez

8pm was looming. The anticipation was killing me. After a drink or two to calm the nerves, my flatmates dropped me off to the much-awaited date. One was even so excited she came along in her pyjamas.

Entering Toast bar, some confusion arose. Two potential dates stood at the bar, one already with a drink. We all looked expectantly at each other. Oh dear. Who was it? The bartender asked what we each wanted. I said gin and tonic, with the hope that I wouldn't have to pay. The barman asked if we were paying together. I said no. I wanted to work out which guy had the bar tab so I didn't have to pay. The male closest to me said "If I wasn't meeting someone, I would buy you a drink". This confused me. Was it me he was meeting? Apparently not, as he walked away. Never mind, I got the hotter of the two.

To quell the awkwardness, we thought we'd get started with some easy questions. I ask first. "So what did you get up to over summer?" His turn. "So have you been in many relationships before?" The awkwardness was overwhelming. When he went to the toilet I texted my flatmates his last name so they could find him on Facebook (mainly for age verification).

A positive was that neither of us showed up drunk (he did mention I wasn't the drunk girl he expected). After this, we kept the questions less serious like "what is your favourite animal?" and "how does someone studying zoology not have a favourite animal?"

When the silences came along we became aware of the need for another drink. This was often. Gin and tonics. Shakers. More gin and tonics. The tab didn't last long. My mind starts to fog a little and I honestly don't know what we talked about most of the time. Why was it only 10pm? After Toast emptied out we may or may not have continued on to The Bog.

Somehow it was 1am and everything was a haze. How he managed to follow me into my flat and then my room "to get a pen to write my number on his hand" was beyond me. The alcohol, the stranger, it was all a bit much. I somehow got him to leave. I might have written my number down though.

Review



38 Music; *Feastock* | **40** Performance; *God of Carnage* | **41** Fashion
42 Film; *Never Say Never*, *Sarah's Key*, *Mozart's Sister*, *Fast Five*, *Scream 4*, *Cult Film*
45 Art; *Sacha Lauchlan* | **46** Books; *From Under the Overcoat*, *Fosterling*
47 Food; *Three Mince Recipes* | **47** Games; *Hector*, *Outland*



Photos by John Needham – flickr.com/photos/johnneedham/

Feastock; The Arrival of the Invercargill Sound

Say the word “Invercargill” to many musicians, and you’ll probably get a rather mixed response. But standing amongst the damp, leafy surroundings of 3 Fea Street, in secluded Pine Hill, I was struck by an interesting concept. Has the country’s most southern city better known for, um, well let’s be honest, not a whole lot, transformed into a musical capital? Are we witnessing the birth of “the Invercargill sound”?

Slight joking aside, it was a interesting surprise to see what many consider Dunedin’s premier music festival filled with a line-up almost solely concocted of acts with deep south roots. As if to almost re-affirm my belief, at that very moment the crowd was roused by an anthemic call of “let’s hear it for Invercargill!” Brilliant.

Don’t get me wrong though; this isn’t hating. If credit is to be given where credit is due, then the four Invercargill natives who organised Feastock deserve to have their pride. Set in a unique backyard surrounding in the secluded and quiet Dalmore, Feastock sees a natural amphitheatre transformed into a beautiful full stage for one single day of community, beer and of course music.

After the quiet and groovy opening pair of the Fea Street Hustle and Ash and the Matadors, the day really began to pick up with loop wizard Oleh. His impressive command of technology allowed a one-man take on the New Zealand roots sound, based around beat-boxing and guitar. Although he verges on being a one trick pony, his funky up-strums and harmony managed to inspire some dancing and more than one hushed whisper of “how is he doing that?”.

Cult Disney have always aimed to be different with their demented take on simple pop, and their outrageous and often, erm, revealing stage costume. While their entirely bassist-driven music is surprising, complex and interesting, their lack of overt melody lines that another instrument could provide can cause their songs to blend into one heavy-pop wash. While they are certainly capable of putting on a visual show, and their lineup features undeniably talented musicians, further use of keyboard or synth could see their songs taken to the next level.

Continuing the heavy bass-driven theme, sonic powerhouses Idiot Prayer were up next. I was more familiar with their material at bonecrushingly loud volume, where drummer Sam Brookland’s every

hit is a punch in the chest. However, the group seemed to suffer under the festival conditions, with Tim Smith's vocal dominating the mix, sadly lessening the impact of the group's terrific rhythm section.

While suffering through numerous technical difficulties which plagued their set, Thundercub continued to prove why they are possibly Dunedin's best band. Although they played a set of newer material (leaving some hardcore fans disappointed), the groups heady electronica is hard to ignore and even easier to enjoy. Guitarist Lee Nicolson is one of Dunedin's (via Invercargill, of course) most talented musicians and his mastery of his instrument is both a pleasure and exercise in supreme self-doubt for fellow musicians to witness. Bonus points for the fastest onstage guitar repair I've ever seen.

Those with yesteryear's performances in mind were likely taken aback by the unnerving confidence of a tour-aged Alizarin Lizard. Looking more rock'n'roll than Lou Reed, Paul Cathro fronted the four-piece with an air of indifference. The rhythm section was flawless throughout, allowing the keys and guitar to slide in and out of strict timing. Boasting almost an entirely new set, Alizarin Lizard reflected their intense focus to progress beyond previous stagnation. From the looks of things they have a heap to prove, and clearly possess the musicality to back it up.

As the night closed in on the already dreary day, Left of Right began, pulling the weary attendees from their damp drunken haze. Even with the footing below turning to mud, a clearly relaxed crowd surged towards the stage, away from the swamp rapidly forming behind. Left or Right's balanced amalgamation of grunge and roots set a fantastic and familiar rhythm, playing to what seemed to be an audience of friends and fans.

Operation Rolling Thunder more than lived up to their billing as the evening's penultimate act. A rare sonic beauty resides within the droning, tumultuous guitars and thundering, snarling drums of the Falconer brothers. With loops and unsettling vocal samples used to complete the landscapes, Operation Rolling Thunder really do sound like the voice of war. Forceful, complex and layered, their brief sets are always to be marveled.

In a similar vein, Mountaineater's brutal, heavy yet sonically beautiful sound closed the evening, their set bringing the Fea Street evening to an end with overwhelming force and intensity. With a sound far beyond any expectation of a three piece, they shook the small venue with vigorous but entrancing new material. The crowd appeared sufficiently worn and wholly satisfied by the time Mountaineater's aural armada had ceased, signalling an end to Feastock for 2011.

But is this the end of Feastock forever? With rumors floating of the festival being unable to continue in its current state, I think it's crucial to remember this: the sense of familiarity and community is what makes Feastock great. However, it is also what may turn people away, stopping the festival from growing and changing in a natural way. A different line-up could really boost diversity and the overall value of the festival as a whole. Whatever happens, over its three-year journey Feastock has established a special place in the hearts of many locals, which can never be replaced.

"Lets hear it for Invercargill".

— Sam Valentine

VOID CLOTHING PLAYTIME REPORT



mon
9/5

**ReFuel: ReFuel Unplugged Presents
NZ Music Month Open Mic Night**
w/ Midnight Kitchen. Gold coin entry from 8.30pm.

thur
12/5

Mou Very: *INK Presents: MY.OH. & MANTHYNG LIVE
Free from 8.30pm.

**Ground Floor, Dunedin Public Library:
NZMM Gig Night**
w/ Both Sides Of The Line, Catgut And Steel, and
Black Boy Peaches. 5.30-7pm.

**ReFuel: NZMM Punk Night - Not For You!,
Honeybone, Black Sky Hustler and Flower**
9pm doors.

fri
13/5

ReFuel: OUSA Battle Of The Bands - Heat 2
Gold coin entry from 9pm.

sat
14/5

Chicks Hotel: Gig #3 for the Chicks Project
A non-profit youth music programme for high school bands. Free, all ages, no alcohol from 1-3pm
w/ Bronwyn Halley, Astro Children, Bullet Bill, Mr Cool, The Suds. 12.30 Cumberland Street bus gets to Port right on time!

Sammy's: Grad Party 2011
Optimus Gryme ft. MC Beau/Cool Kids Club/
Homebrew/Chaos in the CBD/Sound Forge.
Earlybird presales from 1-night.co.nz.

XII Below: Songwriters Special
w/ Matt Langley, Rusty Pilot, Oleh, Ash and the
Matadors & Honeybone. All ages show 1pm-5.30pm,
18+ show 9pm. \$10 on the door.

FUTURE GIGS

21/5 Chicks Hotel: Beastwars Album Release Tour
w/ Operation Rolling Thunder and Kahu. 9pm.

1
91 FM

see the full gig guide at r1.co.nz



God of Carnage

Directed by **Lara MacGregor**

Staring **Phil Vaughn, John Glass, Claire Dougan and Barbara Power**

Written by **Yasmina Reza** and translated by **Christopher Hampton**



Carnage: the killing of a large number of people. Although *God of Carnage* did not actually present on stage the killing of a large number of people, it is safe to say the god of these forces, if there is such a thing, was at work the night two sets of parents met to discuss a playground incident between their two eleven year old boys.

From the moment I entered the theatre, I knew all my expectations of MacGregor would be met. MacGregor, the new Artistic Director of the Fortune Theatre, set the bar high with her first production and I can't wait to see more from this very talented theatre practitioner. Similarly, her actors were all fantastic, each character had their definitive quirks and allegiances and all four actors committed themselves emotionally and physically to every second of the 90 minutes they were on stage.

The play having been translated from French, there was a slightly uneasy balance between the French vocabulary in the script and the French pronunciation on the stage, with the actors committing to the French elements in varying degrees - I know I'm being picky but when a show ticks all the boxes it's hard to find fault!

The set, designed and constructed by Peter King and Matt Best, with its angles, curves and vivid colours, complimented the mood of the piece perfectly.

God of Carnage was stellar and it must be said just how cathartic it is to see four adults (under the influence of alcohol) tear each other to shreds all in the name of civilisation.



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Queen gives McQueen the royal seal of approval

Sarah Burton, quiet achiever of the House of McQueen; what a stunner of a dress. Make that plural sorry, dresses, even if they were curiously similar - you'd swear the latter was a refinement of the first. But when Westminster's at stake, hell, why not?

As the newest addition to the Royal Family, Kate is the girl to follow. So, How to Look

Like a Princess 101: one must always wear a good coat. Long slim boots are key. As is a body skimming, not hugging, dress. Keep accessories discreet and jewellery tasteful. That is, unless one is able to source a mother of a lump of sapphire - now that's some bling worthy of attention. And lastly, be calm with those god-forsaken fascinators. Bloody

Beatrice looked like she was head of Santa's sleigh, and not because of a noteworthy nose.

Speaking of sartorial elegance, this week **Eloise Callister-Baker** sheds some light on style icons we can channel this season. Enter: Dunedin's take on being a Lady.

Style shepherds

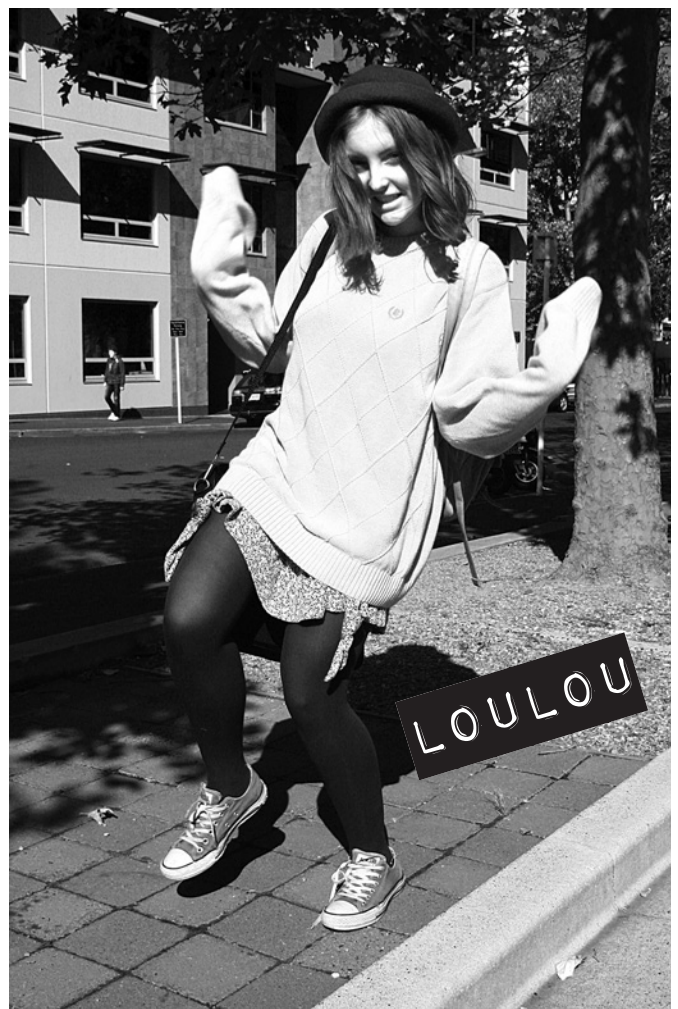
In New Zealand we seem to be living in the time of choice, so why do we limit our outfits to clothing that will blend into a crowd? Why do girls enjoy oversized off-the-shoulder knits with black tights; why do boys save up for their Lower jeans and black t-shirts? It seems that there is such a thing as too much freedom. Perhaps we are lost. Thank goodness there's a solution. When the little sheep are lost and frightened, who can they look to but the wise fashion shepherds?

These shepherds are NOT the quick-to-come, quick-to-go It Girls - no. They are the old dames who dress because they love art, love style and most of all love wearing whatever they can dream up next. Vivienne Westwood is one of the greatest designers of our time, not solely for the fashion label she created, nor because she clothed the punk sub-cultural wave, but because all she creates, she very much *is*. We see a now 70-year-old diva with a tangle of orange hair, painted lips, laughing in an advertisement with her good friend Pamela Anderson. She slaps judgment in its pink flushed face, but she also sets a style standard that many of us crave or obsesses over.

The website and my visual shrine Nowness recently posted a short video of beautifully aged women who the fashion world bow down to. When my friend and I watched it, we fell in love with their way of being, how they costumed their day-to-day performance. There is Iris Apfel whose eyes blink at you from behind her famous huge owl spectacles. There is artist Ilona Royce Smithkin looking charmingly eccentric with extended orange eyelashes. What is central to these women's layered, elaborate and beautiful dress is that each piece is stitched with its own little stories. Their outfits are creative, certainly, but what is most important is that they are wearing their lives AND they are consistently doing so every day.

Fashionable older ladies adorned with glorious brooches, tailored coats, ironic prints and token glasses are the people that we should pause, consider and be influenced by. We don't necessarily have to worry about dressing as near to the oddball line as we can without crossing it; it's not about that balance. But it is about being bold and slightly more eccentric and individual. Avoid splurging on cheap nothings and wear outfits that carry your stories within them.

– **Eloise Callister-Baker**



Studying: Law and Chinese and Visual Culture

Wearing: Savemart Hat, Wood Wood dress (from Good as Gold), Izod Jumper, Converse Shoes

Fashion icons: Vivienne Westwood, Tilda Swinton, Iris Apfel, my mum

Winter Buys: Narwhal titties for your head

You'll Never See Me Shopping In: clothes, I like to shop in the nude, it adds a whole new urgency/necessity to the process

Favourite Clothes Shop: Peaches and Cream

I am not afraid to admit it; I am in love with Justin Bieber. Knowing little about the phenomenon of Bieber fever but thinking it would be hilariously awesome to go and see “the Justin Bieber movie”, I headed down to Hoyts, 3D glasses in hand. Little did I know that in the short space of 105 minutes I would be converted into something resembling a 14-year old babbling Justin-obsessed lunatic. Post-*Never Say Never*, I listened to his album four times in a row. And I’m still not sick of it.

Never Say Never charts Justin’s ascent from small town kid to the 17-year old superstar who most teenage girls (and some not-so-teenage girls) want to marry. Woven amongst interviews with Bieber’s family, his tour entourage and crazed fans (hilarious), super cute home videos and many a beauty shot of the boy wonder, is a glorious amount of concert footage, leading up to his sell-out show at Madison Square Garden in NYC. All the hits! Contrary to what you may believe, Justin Bieber is an incredibly talented musician and a great performer. A self-taught drummer, pianist, singer and guitarist, his fame is

no fluke. You should see his dance moves – amazing. I’m not kidding.

Justin Bieber gets a lot of flak from “the haterz” and the media. Sure, sometimes he says stupid things, but what were you like when you were 16? *Never Say Never* reminds us that teenage pop-stars are just kids trying their hardest to be “normal”, whilst living a completely abnormal, stressful lifestyle. Justin really does seem like a typical, down-to-earth teenage boy. So come on, give JB a chance.

The only disappointing thing about the film was that the 3D wasn’t that great. Sure, it was amazing when Justin reached out to the audience/reached out to me and when he flicked his beautiful multi-dimensional fringe, but I’m not sure if those few moments really justified the whole thing being in 3D. It was still pretty cool though. To quote John Waters, “when he leaned in and shook his hair, it was a great moment in cinema.” Really, the whole film was one big “great moment in cinema.” Go and see it, you will love it.

– Sarah Baillie



I haven’t read the best-selling novel by journalist Tatiana de Rosnay on which this film is based, but going by what director Gilles Paquet-Brenner has produced, my guess is that it would be well worth it. Like most Holocaust films, this will bring tears to your eyes on several occasions. It follows two seemingly juxtaposed stories which come together quite quickly – that of a Jewish family evicted from their Paris apartment during the Vel d’Hiv roundup in 1942, and that of a middle-aged modern-day family planning to move into the same apartment without realising its history. The wife, whose husband wants her to abort a surprise pregnancy (idealists and moralists will enjoy it), is a journalist and it just so happens that she’s currently embarking on a ten-page assignment about this dark event in French history.

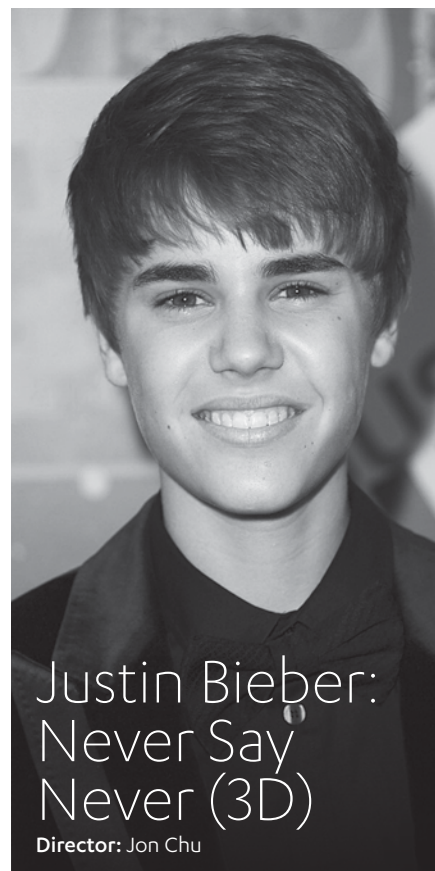
Thematically, *Sarah’s Key* is primarily concerned with truth and catharsis (English students will sigh at the blatant symbolism of the key in relation to these themes). But what the film does, which makes it quite different, is focus on the psychological effects that the Holocaust had on survivors. This seems to be

frequently forgotten in films and novels of the genre. Although there are painful scenes of families being separated, the main focus of the war-time scenes is on 10-year-old Sarah’s life journey after escaping Auschwitz, rather than the atrocities which happened there, which are only ever alluded to. Insofar as the plot goes, you more or less know what’s going to happen. The power of the film thus lies not in a shock ending but rather in a building, looming depression which consumes you entirely by the end.

There’s some pretty good acting in the film too. Kristin Scott Thomas makes a great effort in the role of the journalist Julia, and Melusine Mayance (Sarah) is absolutely stunning considering her age. As far as child acting goes, it’s a performance from which I would even draw comparisons to Danny Lloyd in *The Shining*.

And the moral of the story? It helps not to lock your little brother in a closet when nasty men in uniform come to take you away. Because when you return half a year later the place will probably smell.

– Zane Pocock





Mozart's Sister

Director: René Féret

Mozart's Sister portrays the life of Anna Maria Mozart (nicknamed "Nannerl"), who was denied a similar path to that of her younger brother, Wolfgang. In the beginning, she is still performing, though overshadowed and sidelined as an accompanist by Wolfgang's growing fame. Her father bows to social strictures, refusing to let her continue with the violin or compose music (supposedly both beyond a woman's feeble brain), while privately conceding Nannerl's talent to his wife. The film explores questions of whether some of Wolfgang's work was actually Nannerl's, and what has been lost due to the assumptions of past generations that women were incapable of musical achievement.

The movie takes on the history of the 18th century, with characters very much products of their own age. Hence, gender inequality comes into play, though a pounding of feminist undertones in one's ear is thankfully avoided. There is no finger-wagging in *Mozart's Sister*; it merely attempts to be a picture in time, inhabited by characters restrained by their own gender. It would be far too easy to chastise generations for assuming that ability was dictated by sex; such judgments are still made today in the darkness of one's own mind. For this reason, *Mozart's Sister* was well poised to show the striking music of a neglected "Mozart", from an unbiased view.

However, the story line was patchy at best. The film attempts to show Nannerl defining herself as a young woman in a time that put women firmly "in their place". It felt as if the writer had difficulty deciding which element of Nannerl's young womanhood they really wanted to focus on. As it bounced between Nannerl's sexual awakening (sorry guys, no "money shot" moments), and her as an artist, it was difficult to tell which side of her story deserved more exploration. When it tried to give each strand an equal amount of time, the movie lost its way. This lack of conviction makes the movie difficult to invest in as it drudges along. A lack of commitment is apparent as one begins to question the validity of landmark events in Nannerl's life. What results is that when the curtain finally falls, there is no feeling of loss, just a cinematic reminder that art doesn't give you a hug.

— Nick Hornstein



Fast Five

Director: Justin Lin

We've come a long way since *2 Fast 2 Furious*, and *Fast Five* wants to make that known. Vin Diesel, Paul Walker, Jordana Brewster return for the fifth installment in the *Fast and the Furious* series, and Justin Lin returns as director. Yet, Lin takes a different approach to what you might expect. Although the faces are familiar, the rest of the movie is almost unrecognisable as a *Fast and Furious* film.

Fast Five takes off straight after the events of *Fast and Furious*, where Brian, Mia, and Dom are on the run after breaking Dom (Diesel) out of a prison bus. Forced to escape America due to their notoriety, they find themselves in Rio de Janeiro. After a simple job goes bad, they find themselves on the wrong side of Rio's most powerful crime lord, while also being hunted by an expert team of American agents. With enemies on all sides and no options left to them, Brian, Mia, and Dom call in a few of their old friends and hatch an elaborate scheme that will make them rich, free, and even. That is, if all goes to plan.

While I appreciate Lin's efforts to take the series in a new direction, I'm not really sure if it works. To be honest, the film just feels confused. Although it starts explosively and concludes satisfyingly, the movie loses momentum throughout. It suddenly takes on the look and feel of a "heist" movie, while also seemingly attempting to be an action blockbuster, not to mention the fact that it is trying to be a street racing film at the same time. The film doesn't capture the essence of the *Fast and the Furious* series; in fact, there's barely any racing at all.

The film does have some great elements: the cinematography is stunning, the action is gripping, there are plenty of laughs to be had, and there truly are some awesomely cool moments. In each of its individual aspects, the film is great; the heist plot is inventive and engaging and there are some fantastic action scenes. Yet by trying to do too many things at once, the film ultimately misses its mark. While it's an awesome way to kill a couple of hours, it's not what you'd expect from a *Fast and Furious* film.

— Matt Chapman





Scream 4

Director: Wes Craven

The *Scream* franchise gets another edition courtesy of director Wes Craven and writer Kevin Williamson. The requirement of staying true to the self-aware nature of the first three entries, while still providing semi-serious horror scares, while at the same time forging new territory for the series was a task that I understandably had my doubts about. But Craven and co. were mostly one step ahead of me, making sure to tick off every notable horror trend of the last decade from their list of cultural references. Within the first ten minutes we had torture porn, *Shaun of the Dead*, mockumentary horror and the original *Scream* trilogy targeted for parody. The film even managed to raise the question of whether its own ultra-self conscious narrative was clever or merely daftness masquerading as wit so as to dodge any possible criticism.

In many ways *Scream 4* can be considered a remake of the original. Therefore, chosen for prime parodying was the Hollywood remake machine, with Craven obviously not being too chuffed at the attempted 21st-century reboots of his babies. A moment of brilliant satire came when the antagonist forces a female victim via a cellphone call to list off every classic horror remake of the last decade she can think of in order to save the life of the object of her affection. Whether she succeeds is not something I'll spoil here, but as a moment of dual and suspense and comedy it succeeds immensely, pointing out the ridiculous lack of creativity of contemporary Hollywood.

Scream films have always benefited from strong ensemble casts, and the fourth is no different. All the key characters are back from the first three films and the chemistry between these actors keeps things interesting. Of the new additions, Emma Roberts stood out for me the most, and Anna Paquin makes an amusing cameo; watch for the blonde wig. While not essential viewing, *Scream 4* succeeds as an entertaining comedy/horror, albeit one with more comedy than horror.

– Hamish Gavin

Cult Film
of the Week



Hedwig and the Angry Inch

Director: John Cameron Mitchell

Hedwig is in a bit of a slump. She's on tour with the band the Angry Inch, but the gigs they play aren't in flashy arenas; they are in fast food and cafés. The band is tailing superstar Tommy Gnosis. Hedwig's after him because she wrote all his songs - that are now becoming mega hits - but, due to a messy breakup between the two, he's gone solo and has taken all her songs with him.

While following Tommy and seeking revenge, she's also looking for her other half, someone who completes her. On the way we find out where Hedwig came from. Born a boy (Hansel) in East Germany the very same year the Berlin Wall was erected, life was a wee bit shit. Music kept the wee lad going, even if he may have been confined to playing it in the oven. An opportunity to escape the hellhole comes in the form of an American G.I. The only problem is that in order to make a convincing bride, Hansel has to remove his ding-dong. The operation is a complete catastrophe leaving Hansel, who has now become Hedwig, with just an "angry inch". As the song goes, "Six inches forward/Five inches back/I've got an angry inch". The G.I divorces her on their one-year anniversary, which just happens to be the very same day the Berlin Wall comes down - guts bro. Left in America with next to nothing, Hedwig slaps on a bit of make-up and a wig and starts up a band to make some coin. The band grows into its current form - Hedwig and the Angry Inch.

I probably should have mentioned that this is a musical, which is pretty important. So if you aren't into plot being propelled by song, then this possibly won't be the movie for you. In saying that, it's not in the vein of *Hairspray* or *Annie* but more akin to *Rocky Horror* or *Rent*, with glam rock being the genre of music. It certainly took me a wee while to get into, but the film soon grabs you. While the music is frequent I didn't find it too overpowering; then again I have been known to indulge in a musical or two. While the story is sad in moments, it's also, most importantly, hilarious.

– Ben Blakely

A GALLERY 393 PRINCES ST

Soil: Sharon Singer

BLUE OYSTER GALLERY 24B MORAY PLACE

Boy love dummy heart: Angela Lyon. *Indigo blues*: Ana Terry and Don Hunter. *Nervous system*: Ben Pearce

BRETT MCDOWELL GALLERY 5 DOWLING STREET

The heat of winter: Michael Harrison

DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY OCTAGON

The first city in history: Fiona Amunsden. *Seat assignment*: Nina Katchadourian. *Te Putahitanga a Rehua*: Reuben Paterson. *Hauaga (arrivals)*: John Pule. *Black watercolour 2010*: Simon Morris. *A la mode*: Early 19th century fashion plates. *Dane Mitchell*: Talk, Thursday, 2:30pm. *NZ MUSIC MONTH Flying Nun special*: Film archive in

conversation, Saturday, 3pm. *Curators Conversation: the French connection*: Talk, Sunday, 3pm

DUNEDIN SCHOOL OF ART GALLERY RIEGO ST

MFA examination exhibition: Col Fay

GALLERY DE NOVO 101 STUART ST

Feathers wheels and things: Vanessa Paton-Myers and Don Myers; *Dracula, Spooks and Alley Cats*: Ivan Hill

HOCKEN GALLERY 90 ANZAC AVE

Honey in the rock: Joanna Langford

MODAKS CAFE, 337-339 GEORGE ST

Kids here a wee show for wee humans

TEMPLE GALLERY

As it is on Earth: Peter Nicholls

Sacha Lauchlan: Dunedin sculptress



While Dunedin's art scene may attract less attention than our famous music scene, promising young graduates from the Dunedin School of Art have the potential to reverse the "underground" nature of Dunedin art. One such artist is sculptress Sacha Lauchlan, the inaugural winner of the Feldspar Award, an initiative formed to help new artists transition from study into practice.

Sacha Lauchlan focuses on figurative sculpture, especially the female nude. She finds herself drawn to figurative sculpture as "there is a lot to be learnt in trying to replicate what your eyes see." While wary of placing Lauchlan in a "type", it is obvious that she is working within the hallowed tradition of Renaissance sculptors. However, displaying an awareness of being perceived as simply a "stale" reworking, she instead views this tradition as a history that she has to make relevant today, saying "my work revolves around creating fluid relationships between

the artist and the audience." Lauchlan is conscious of the importance of the audience, the viewer, to her work and accommodates them accordingly.

Her most prominent, large-scale work to date was exhibited at Site10, the graduating exhibition of the School of Art, and was called *Living Sacrifice*. A life-size sculpture of resin and bone dust, the work is a nude self-portrait of the artist holding her head *à la* David and Goliath. This work explores many broad and diverse themes. At one end of the spectrum is an exploration of the objectification of women and censorship in the arts, an inheritance of questions raised by 1970s feminism. Here, one senses dedication to and respect for the female form, a determination to engage with these questions from a female point of view. At the other end of the spectrum is a nod to Western Christian heritage. While subtly incorporating traditional sculptural techniques, for example the use of *contrapposto*, Lauchlan is not afraid to blur the boundaries, for example substituting Goliath's head with her own. This refers to how the believer must live their life like Christ, as a living sacrifice. The double self-portrait is also a reference to Jewish animal sacrifice where the head is a place for the transfer. Biblically the head is also a place for the reception of blessing, for example Isaac blessing Esau and Jacob. There is also the reverse: the head as the place to curse, a removal of blessing.

Lauchlan also explores the duality between Christ as our (male) redeemer and the body of the believer (male or female). Lauchlan says, "The relationship between Christ's body and the body of the believer is explored. Furthermore, I have engaged with the concept of Christ's body as an interface or site for relation between God and humanity. Christ's body is seen as the place where God and man meet and are reconciled." Historically, art and religion have overlapped to an enormous degree. This is demonstrated by her second important work, *Triptych*. Also displayed at Site10, it was a polished entry at the latest exhibition at the Dowling Street Project. The work consists of three large photographic images transferred onto doors. The subject matter is based on Christ's descent from the cross, but what we see is a nude female arranged as if coming down from an invisible cross. Rather than being controversial, it is an intelligent, thoughtful work, encompassing the idea of the Church body, and again linking to ideas of sacrifice.

Sacha Lauchlan's work is an intelligent mixture of the reflective and participatory, more of which shall be exciting to see throughout the year.

— Elaine Stevens



From Under the Overcoat Sue Orr

You are told all your life to never judge a book by its cover, but secretly everyone does. The cover of *From Under the Overcoat* by Sue Orr isn't exactly the most appealing. It first gave me the impression that it would be a light-hearted, cheap and not particularly absorbing book. However, the aphorism doesn't exist without reason because this collection of short stories wasn't like my expectations at all.

To make a book outstanding you need an innovative concept. Orr certainly attempts this with each story in this collection being linked to a famous classic including "Sleeping Beauty" by the Brothers Grimm and "The Dolls House" by Katherine Mansfield, and also explores other concepts such as Maori legend. The stories collectively are inspired by the illustrious story "The Overcoat" by great writer Nikolay Gogol, which is included at the back and is well worth reading. Overall the collection attempts to celebrate the techniques, revolutionary literary ideas and concepts explored by the great writers to whom Orr links each of her stories. The extent of her research, including into our own country's history, is impressive.

However, I found her "voice" to be a little clunky, the dialogue stiff and overall the writing very obvious. It isn't boundary-pushing either. There is no exploration of language, techniques, structure; all in all she's playing it a little safe (despite what Fiona Kidman says on the front cover). However, writing an incredible short story is next to impossible. I will give Orr credit because her introduction was very interesting and there was some compelling stuff in there.

– Charlotte Doyle



Fosterling Emma Neale

"Dave—there's no such thing as yetis." But what if there were? And how would we react? These are the questions behind Emma Neale's new novel *Fosterling*. Bu, the main character, is found in a remote forest after falling and breaking his leg. When he wakes up in Dunedin Hospital, he won't talk. Not that most people really want to talk to him anyway; his gigantic height and the fact that he's hairy all over ("His dark-blondish, silken pelt seemed to cover everything except his lips") make him kinda scary to almost everyone who sees him. The media get wind of him and they, and the ugly reactions of the public, drive him into hiding.

Told mostly from the points of view of Bu and Sandrine, the woman who befriends him, Neale allows us to sink into her warmly told tale. Bu's voice and character are brought to life with a deft hand and a great deal of sympathy. In fact, all the characters, even the ones we only encounter for a few pages, feel well-rounded and deep; like icebergs, they seem to have much more below the surface than what we actually see.

Having said that, Neale's dialogue sometimes rings false and the ending seems abrupt. Plus the novel as a whole seemed, if not clichéd, then certainly not wholly original. *Fosterling* is about how society treats those who are different and Neale's treatment of this theme, while fleshed out with a sure hand and in beautiful prose, nevertheless runs along an already well-worn groove instead of carving out a new one. Because of this, the emotional impact of the novel is somehow muted. So if you're looking for a masterclass in characterisation and lyrical writing, *Fosterling* is your book. Just don't expect your whole world to change when you read it.

– Feby Idrus



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Photo by Lisa Randel – sundayhotpants.nocturne.net.nz

Meatballs

Ingredients:

1 small onion chopped finely, 2 cloves of garlic, 1 1/2 cups bread-crumbs, 1 small apple grated, 700g mince, 1 egg, 1 tsp fennel seeds ground to a powder, 1/4 tsp dried basil or 1 sprig of fresh basil, 1/2 tsp dried oregano, 1/2 tsp dried thyme, Salt and pepper, 1 packet of pasta

Sauce: 2 cans whole peeled tomatoes, 25g butter, 1/2 an onion chopped finely, 1 grated medium carrot, 1 grated medium zucchini, 1 tsp brown sugar, Salt and pepper

Instructions:

1. Combine all ingredients and shape into meatballs.
2. Heat oil in a large pan, and fry until cooked (cut one in half to check)
3. In a saucepan, cook the onion in the butter until the onion is see-through
4. Add everything else, and simmer for about 30-45 minutes, breaking up the whole tomatoes with a wooden spoon.
5. Cook pasta in a large pot of boiling water, and serve meatballs and sauce on top.

Thanks to Lisa Randel at Sunday Hotpants for the inspiration for this recipe.

Rosie's Meatloaf

Ingredients:

500g mince, 500g sausage meat, 2 onions, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 1 tsp curry powder, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 cup water

Sauce: 1/2 cup water, 1/2 cup tomato sauce, 1 tbsp brown sugar, 1 oz melted butter, 1 tsp lemon juice or vinegar, 1 tsp instant coffee powder

Instructions:

1. Squash all together and shape into a loaf in a baking dish.
2. Cook for one hour at 180 degrees Celsius, then cook for a further 15 minutes with the sauce (see below).
3. Mix all together and pour over meatloaf. Baste regularly.
4. This meatloaf is best left to sit about 10 minutes before you try and cut it, as it can be a little fragile when it is very hot.

Three Mince Recipes

By Leah Hamilton

Mince is really cheap, isn't it? Doesn't taste too shabby either. Well, unless your flatmate, like mine, simply fries it and serves it plain on gooeey rice. Mmmm. To save you all from Mincezilla, here are three delicious recipes that will put your mince to good use. Enjoy!

Chilli Con Carne

Ingredients:

500g mince, 1 large onion, Cooking oil, 1 tsp crushed garlic or 3 cloves chopped, 1 tin chilli beans (Delmaine brand is good) or 1 tin black beans, 1 tin red kidney beans, 1 tin chopped or whole peeled tomatoes, 1 tsp cocoa or around 50g dark chocolate (4 pieces of Whittakers), 1 tsp ground cumin, 1 tsp fresh ground red chillies or 1 tsp cayenne pepper, 1 tsp paprika, A pinch of salt and pepper.

Optional: frozen corn, red or green capsicums, fresh tomatoes

Instructions:

1. Put about 1 tablespoon of cooking oil into a pan on medium heat. Finely chop the onion and cook it in the oil until it begins to go see-through. Once this happens, put the chopped/crushed garlic in and cook on a lower heat – don't let it burn or it will be bitter!
2. Put the mince in the pan, and cook it (stirring it around) until the mince is browned.
3. Add everything else and heat until simmering, then turn the heat to medium-low.
4. Cook (stirring occasionally) until it's thick.
5. Put on top of nachos, inside burritos or tacos, or have with cornbread and rice.



Mature Students!

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Otago University Students' Association

Hector: Badge of Carnage: Episode 1 – We Negotiate With Terrorists



Platforms: *iOS, Mac, PC*



A trend is developing, and it's kind of frustrating. Twice this year I've had to admit that - despite proudly displaying the juvenile shades that are kind-of-sort-of crippling the industry's artsy potential - I really appreciate it when games like *Bulletstorm* and *Mortal Kombat* take it to such an honest, self-aware degree that they come out the other end. *Hector: Badge of Carnage: We Negotiate With Terrorists* lives up to its double-colon title, opening with a puzzle that involves you taking mouthwash from a tramp to treat the halitosis of an obese prostitute so she can entertain a client, leaving you free to steal her garters to use as a replacement engine belt. Yeah. But that's really entertaining, goddamit.

Hector is a by-the-numbers point-and-click adventure game, but a polished one with an endearing and original aesthetic and tone. You play, shockingly, as Detective Inspector Hector, who wakes up at the start of the game in a cell in his own police station, uncertain of the location of his pants. The game has an understated 2D cartoony art style that does a good job making you feel the gross, greasy aura of the characters and their habitat; the British town of Clappers Wreake. The puzzles do require thought, but they avoid the cheap pixel-hunting that so many hard-core adventure games dissolve into. You rarely reach the point where you simply combine everything with everything else in every single way; the puzzles never become that obtuse.

It's the combination of the puzzles themselves, the style of the game, and the great writing that make *Badge of Carnage* special. I described one puzzle above, and they are all pretty much on that level. Solutions make a scary amount of intuitive sense and are pretty hilarious. And you know the best part? At least one of the female characters is voiced by a dude in a way that sounds a lot like the mother in *Life of Brian*.

Outland



Platforms: *XBLA, PSN*



Outland is alchemy. Take a sickle's worth of *Mario Bros* 2D platforming, and heat in a geo-thermal pool with the polarity mechanic most famous in *Ikaruga*. Distill a generous ounce of *Metroid's* adventuring with a batch of art and sound design reminiscent of *Shadow of the Colossus* fresh from the calcinator. Each component, however subtle, has been lifted from another title but in *Outland* they are combined to more than the sum of their parts.

Outland is a platformer that combines platforming and combat, not as two discrete disciplines but as a cohesive whole bound together by a clever colour-changing mechanic. Essentially, enemies you face and environmental obstacles will either be toned red or blue, and your avatar gains the ability to switch between the two at will. If the dragon attacking you is red you must be blue to damage it, however matching its colour also makes you vulnerable to its attacks. Some platforms are incorporeal unless you match their hue, and these are combined with energy beams regularly to form the foundation of some incredibly tense platforming sections that are visually and mechanically extremely satisfying.

The fighting is not quite as flawless as the jumping. Several of the abilities that you gain, most notable the sword swipes and the energy rays (obvious staples of any game protagonist's arsenal), are superfluous in all but the occasional boss fight and you will tend to focus on the ground-pound and the slide moves. That said, the boss battles are, quite literally, the shining moments of the game, when the beauty of the sound, art design and the bitonal animated graphics come to life.

MAMMA MIA PIZZA

Authentic ITALIAN PIZZA

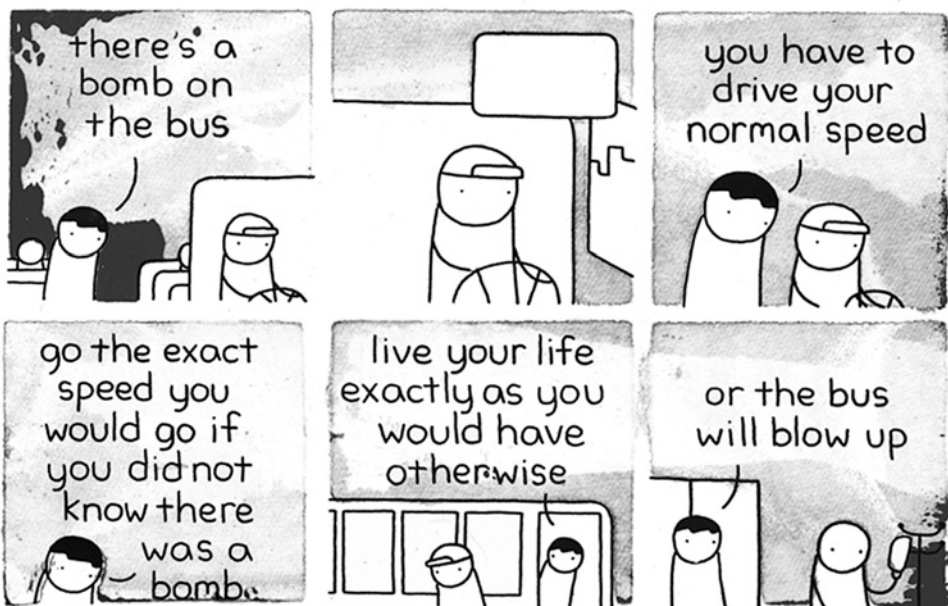
menu and info @ www.mammapiapizza.co.nz and on Facebook
74 Crawford st @ The Clean (car wash) opposite Sammys

477 9425 to order
OPEN 7 DAYS

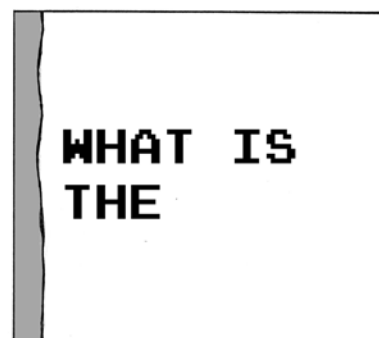
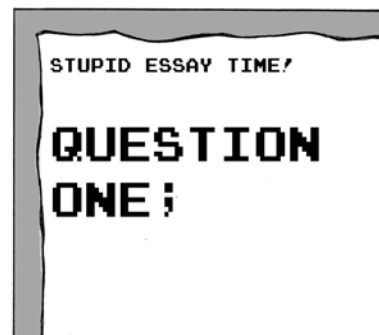


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Te Roopu Māori

Kia Ora koutou. We are Te Oranga ki Otakou, the Otago Maori Medical Students Association. We are the Otago branch of Te Oranga, a group which represents all Maori Medical Students in New Zealand.

The 2011 Komiti:

Amber-Lea Rerekura – Tumuaki/President, Te Atihaunui a paparangi

Joseph Gourlay-Gudex – Tumuaki Tuarua/Vice President, Nga Puhi

Laura Overton – Kaituhi/Secretary, Ngai Tahu

Sam Cutfield – Kaitiaki Putea/Treasurer, Nga Puhi

Clarence Kerrison – Clinical Years Representative, Te Arawa

Established in 1999, this is our thirteenth year in operation, with the main purpose of providing support to our taura as they go through medical school and beyond.

Throughout the year we host various events to allow tuakana-teina relationships to be formed, and to create a sense of whakawhanaunga-tanga between us. So far we've had the annual fresher's hui at Otakou Marae, which was a weekend thoroughly enjoyed by all. We look forward to Te Reo Wananga, Hui a Tau and scientific conference, hosted by Te Ohu Rata o Aotearoa (Maori Practitioners Association of New Zealand), both in Auckland later this year. This is a great opportunity for us as we get the opportunity to meet prestigious Maori doctors and our whanau at the Auckland med school.

We also run study groups, social events and kapa haka. We will be performing on June 3 at Med performance night, so come along and support our roopu.

So to all the taura rata who are involved, keep it up, and take advantage of all the awesome things in store. And if not, come along and get amongst it.

THIS WEEK IN POLITICS



What do you think the highly quotable Hone Harawira could have been saying in the above candid picture? The wittiest entry wins a free pizza courtesy of the lovely people from Mamma Mia Pizza. Send your entries to critic@critic.co.nz or write in the speech bubble above and bring it into the Critic office. Check our Facebook page on Friday to see if you're the lucky winner.



Laser Force

[DOWNSTAIRS]

- **Laser Tag**
- **Ten Pin Bowling**
- **Mini Golf**
- **Licensed Bar**



STUDENT DEALS AVAILABLE



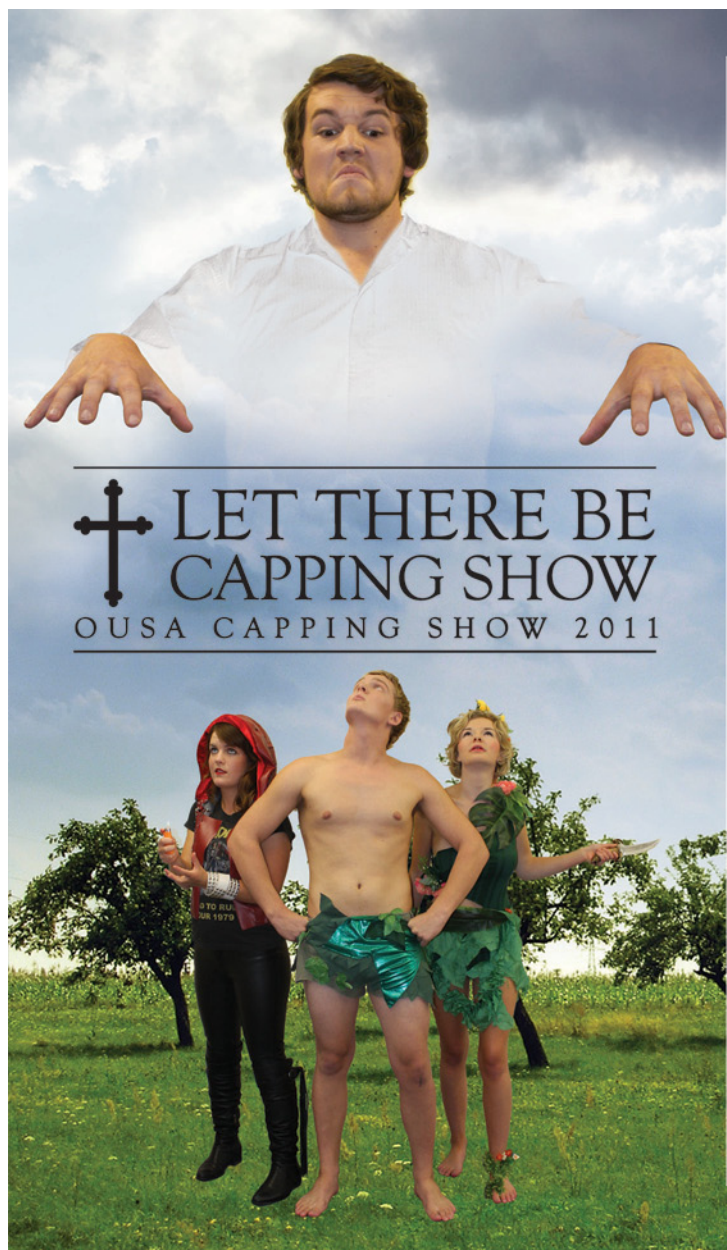
Mars Bar

[UPSTAIRS]

- **Dunedin's Number 1 Private Function Bar**
- **Awesome Drink Deals**
- **Great Music**
- **Mid Week Super Deals Available...**

If you can find a better deal at another venue we will beat it!!!

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The OUSA Capping Show

The Otago University Capping Show, the world's second longest running capping revue, is back for it's 117th year of political incorrectness, boys in tutus, sexy singers, and gut busting hilarity!

This year Let There Be Capping Show rewrites the Bible, taking Adam and Eve on a journey of self discovery, fighting their way into and out of flattening trouble all while running into our favourite Biblical characters... and a few we've stolen from other plots... and Castle Street.

The show welcomes along its renowned traditional guests the Selwyn Ballet (underwear not always included), and The Sextet and Sexytet bring their vocal talents back for another year of barbershop parodies and hot looking hotness. Selected nights also include special appearances from the Knox Farce and the OUSA Executive.

The show is the culmination of months of work by Otago students who write, perform, direct, dance and act out the show they've created. Add our favourite guests, and 'Let There Be Capping Show' has it all, from puns to parodies, sketches to scandal, topical taunts to tantalising and tempting tutus! It's all wrapped up into a show that's guaranteed to both offend and amuse so "LET THERE BE CAPPING SHOW!"

Otago University College of Education Auditorium, 7.30pm, May 11th till the 21st (except Sunday the 15th). Tickets are \$15 for students, \$20 for the public, available from OUSA and www.ousa.org.nz

Referendum

The OUSA referendum is coming up soon, Voting will be open from the 23rd May - 2nd June! Get thinking about questions you'd like asked, and have them in by this Wednesday at 4pm.

Email your questions to secretary@ousa.org.nz or for more info check out ousa.org.nz/main/your-executive/

Uni Games – Hi 5's all round!

Congratulations to all our Otago students who competed in the Uni Games in Auckland over the Easter Break. We know you were outnumbered but thanks to you we still took out fourth! We're super proud of you and would like to congratulate; Scott Thomas on his cycling Gold, Abbey Dugdale and Rebecca Jelley for their Lawn Bowls Gold, the Netballers for their Silver and the Badminton squad for their Bronze. We'd also like to congratulate the Touch team, who are still fighting it out for Silver, but for now we'll say well done on the Bronze, let's hope justice is served!

