

# THE FOOD ISSUE

Issue 12 – 22<sup>nd</sup> May 2011



Double Down Extravaganza | Dumpster Divin' | Nigella Lawson  
PDA and why it's bad | Should NZ Become a Republic? | Laurence Arabia  
OUSA By-Election and Referendum



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# Let's Get Po-Litical



If you're reading this, it means the apocalypse, as predicted by various Christian groups in the US never occurred. Oh well. Better luck next time, crazies.

This week's issue is the food issue, and if there's one thing I like, it's food. Like the food editor, Nigella Lawson is both my girl crush and ultimate hero (see page 45 for more girl crushin'), more so even than either Helen Clark or Blair Waldorf. There is nothing that cures embarrassment, pain or suffering better than cheesy pasta, and my favourite pastime is paying someone to feed me. Although the statement I'm about to make creeps into obsessive-compulsive/ sad old-woman territory, it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say food is my bestie.

We decided not to focus on all that healthy eating, food pyramid, nutrition-toting nonsense, and instead put the majority of our attention on the now infamous Double Down. It's fair to say that this week's issue is a not-so-subtle ode to the Double Down, not so much for its culinary value, but more for its novelty beauty. In an attempt to take off *Super Size Me*, Lozz Holding was given the mission of living solely off Double Downs for a week, and the results will hopefully surprise and entertain you (page 18). We also talk dumpster diving, becoming a republic and, crime of all crimes, personal displays of affection.

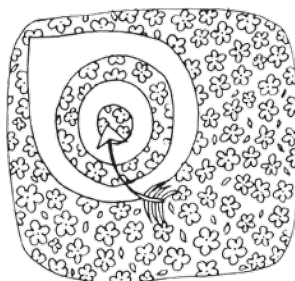
Things are getting political this week, with the OUSA referendum opening and the presidential by-election looming. As this issue comes out, the nominations for OUSA president are about to end (Tuesday is the last day to throw your hat in the ring). As uninspiring as student politics may sound when compared to practically any other social activity, if there was ever a time to care or vote in an election, it's now. Make sure you attend the presidential debate on Thursday (see our Facebook page for more details nearer the time). Read up on the candidates (see next week's *Critic*). And most importantly, vote. Student apathy, though it may be tempting, is not the answer.

See you round,

*Julia*



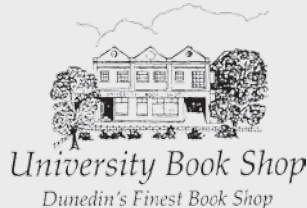
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## Letter of the Week

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



### WE CAN HAZ MOAR LOLCATZ? HELLZ YEA!

Dear Critic,

I noted with pleasure the inclusion of two lolcats on page 42 of last week's Critic.

These lolcats were highly amusing to me, and provided a brief moment of happiness in the middle of an otherwise unmitigatedly horrific Monday fraught with general unhappiness and BSNS102.

I am thinking that more lolcats could be incorporated into Critic. I have noticed that pages 1 to 50 generally contain nothing worth reading, and could as such be dedicated to lolcats. However I would like the comics page to remain just comics as I feel this would help provide a balanced publication attractive to all readers.

Yours lolzingly,

Lolcat admirer

Dear Lolcat admirer,

*We have taken your wise advice on board and have decided to simultaneously broaden our horizons and better our magazine. We think you will be pleasantly suprised by our newest addition, "advice animals", which can be found on pg 50.*

Yours benevolently,

Andrew and Julia

### PLZ GIVE US HEAVEN ON EARTH

Critic

I am one pissed off distance student. After finishing up my degree last year, I wanted a change of scene and moved to Auckland to do post grad by distance. What I really want to know is where the fuck my \$1313.75 goes. For this paper I have received a small stack of notes that are given to the 200-level fuckwits (the notes suck a fat cock) and nothing else. It cost them about 5 bucks to photocopy that. Where does the rest of that money go? I doubt it costs \$1308.75 for a stamp and to read my one shitty assignment, and arbitrarily give it a mark. The library can never send me the books I need coz the fucking undergrads have them all. And then they don't even ask me to join them on blackboard? Cunts. The AU theology students get the access to local theological libraries but I don't suck Jesus? dick so I'm screwed. And don't even get me started on why the fuck I have to pay OUSA levies. What the

fuck do I get? Auckland doesn't even do fucking student fries. Fuck fuck fuck.

Regards,

*Calm and peaceful theology student.*

### LOVE LOVE ME DO

Dear Critic,

I just wanted to say how much I love the magazine this year. I've been reading Critic for a few years, but this year's team is the best thus far, I think. It's such an excellent start to the week to be able to grab Critic first thing on a Monday. I have two other points to make in this love letter - the first is to congratulate Mrs John Wilmot on consistently making my week, your column is fantastic, please publish a book or something. The second is about your fashion column... I dig it, and sometimes I think it can be quite interesting. But in Dunedin, which has such an amazing multi-cultural approach to the idea of fashion, I feel you are short-changing your publication and your readers to portray such a one dimensional view of it - I know most of the girls on campus dress like homeless grannies or Ke\$ha and sometimes both, and that's great, but what about all of the other people who actually look interesting and not like everyone else? Isn't it in your interest to report on them as well?

<3

Anna Wintour

### CHEAPSKATES

Dear Jonathon Jong,

How out of touch are you...? How many students do you think can afford this (beautifully tailored) suit at \$1300 or spend \$300 on a poncy cardigan. Wow - being "counter-cultural" sure got expensive all of a sudden didn't it?

It may surprise you that most of us don't have a spare \$1600 lying around to spend on designer clothing. If you really want to keep people in work and be sustainable why don't you get a \$13 suit or a \$3 cardigan at the local opshop - that will leave you with a spare \$1584 to spend on a pair of trendy (and I am sure ethically sound) sunglasses or whatever.

Max.

Dear Max,

*Oh certainly, I'm definitely pro-opshopping. Perhaps it wasn't clear, but the comparison was between locally-designed, locally-made fashion and mass-produced, consumable, cheaper fashion. I didn't mention op-shopping or making your own clothes because, well, that isn't what the article is about. But on that point: well-made clothes last long enough to make it into op-shops. I don't know about you, but most of my favourite and longest lasting secondhand items were designed and made*

*in New Zealand decades ago. Indeed, I've also replaced cheap shirts and jerseys many times over; the price difference between a well-made pair of McKinlay shoes and a mass-produced pair from the Warehouse, for example, is drastically reduced once you keep replacement costs into consideration. However, I personally think that we should invest in our local talent, especially when their work is informed by ethical considerations. Buying organic, buying free range, buying fairtrade; it all comes at a financial cost (and we can't always plant our own veggies), and so does buying local. But I think it's worth it.*

Jon

### BAD ROMANCE

Dear Mr. John Wilmot/Peter,

As luck would have it I currently have an opening in my research team for a future column, a position which promises to be even more super-duper exciting than a Toast date. If you think this sounds like you please send a dick pic to mrsjohnwilmot@gmail.com with accompanying resume and cover letter.

Big smoochies,

Mrs JW.

### TAKE UR CAP OFF 2 CAPPING SHOW LOL

Just wanted to say a quick thanks to everyone who made the capping show awesome this year. I've been to the last 5 capping shows during my time at Otago and this year was undoubtedly the best. The story line was actually funny, they had a REAL token black guy who could dance AND sing (sorry Trubie you're just not black enough) and they managed it all without skimping on the cringe-worthy politically incorrect humour that we wait all year for. It was good to see the Sexytet are finally giving the Sextet a run for their money, comedy-wise but Most Improved Player goes to the Selwyn Ballet & their choreographer (who I'm guessing is new) because for the first time there was a proper story line, a tear-jerking finale and it looked like someone had reminded these boys that ballerinas are NOT elephants (2010 Selwyn ballet missed the memo). Well done Selwyn, you gave the art a real salute with your showcase of NZ male talent, I'm sure if you send a video through to Elton John he will want you boys supporting him in November.

Ka Pai and Pakipaki all round

Anna Tangata

### LYK, 100 PPL DOESN'T EQUAL STUDENT INVOLVEMENT

I just wanted to write this letter to thank all those who voted on the OUSA facebook poll. I also want to thank all those who took part in the straw



poll in the classes I asked on when they wanted to have the by-election. Your views were taken into account when the Executive decided to hold the by-election during the first semester. Even if you didn't get the option you prefer – your engagement and participation is still something to be applauded and taken note of. People often talk about student apathy – but you've proven them partly wrong. Continue proving them wrong by voting in the Presidential by-election and the Referenda!

Warm Regards,

Francisco Hernandez

OUSA Colleges and Communications Officer

## DANGER ON THE STREETS

Dear Hippy Beatnick No Good Skateboarders, I'm getting increasingly sick to fucking death of your dangerous antics around campus. Some of us actually get up in the morning just aiming to get to class without you and your creepy unwashed long hair skating way too close to my ankles for comfort. I realise that you think your weird skateboards make you edgy and cool and that your disdain for skating etiquette probably stems from a lack of protein, but you are getting too close to my feet when you do your creepy little tricks through the busy herd of freshers going to class. You annoy me more than girls who buy longboards just to look cool.

Regards,

*The girl who is going to squirt her drink bottle at you next time we meet.*

## PIKACHU I CHOOSE YOU

To whom it may concern:

After just watching this years rendition of the capping show, I must say I am appalled at some of the things that the writers have inserted. I'm not talking about the racist remarks inserted throughout (because, lets be honest, we all do think those sometimes), but the regard into the lack of research for some of the skits. I am of course referring to the Pokemon skit, in were Ash comes across a wild Diglett and faints it with his Pikachu. The amount of

incorrect things in the scene made me almost vomit and nearly leave the show then and there.

For starters, Diglett is a ground type Pokemon, meaning that Pikachu's Thunderbolt attack wouldn't be able to damage it as Ground is resistant to electric typing. Not to mention that they incorrectly assumed that Pikachu would attack first, when in fact Diglett has a higher base speed statistic, which would allow the Diglett to outspeed Pikachu and one hit KO it with a STAB (same type attack bonus for the uneducated) magnitude, dig, or earthquake attack as ground attacks are super effective against electric types, and Pikachu has a poor defence statistic, so it shouldn't be able to survive.

It just goes to show that if the integrity of a fine revue such as this is to be maintained and as to not insult the highly complicated nature of the Pokemon meta-game, then correct research should be done in order to not destroy the reputation of both.

Yours

Ground Type Gym Leader

Dear Ground Type Gym Leader,

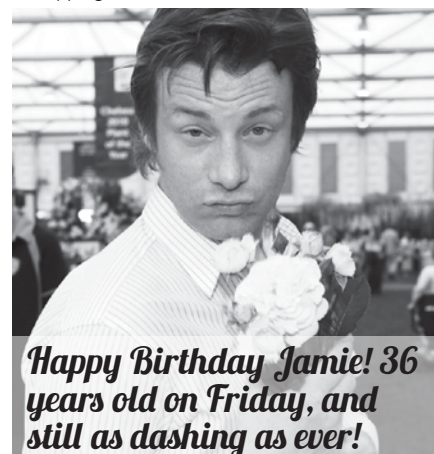
GTGL I am impressed with your Poke-knowledge, although I am afraid this sketch was in fact a cleverly designed metaphor and you may have missed its dark undertones. What this sketch aims to do is to point out how society today is raising children that are caught up in a false reality, with parents raising children using television, electronic games and THE INTERNET as a substitute for love, listening and lots of good touching. The Capping Show and its gang of writers sees this and the damage it is causing our nation and the world. We in fact use this sketch to show how poor parenting can lead to disastrous consequences, with Ash (real name Jarod) believing so much in the fiction he is told by his parents, he is lead into a world of confusion and lives (for some 47 years) in the false reality his parents have created "Pokemon". When confronted by a homeless person, Ash (J-bomb), too sensitive to deal with such harsh realities of the world, instead shields

himself from the pain of seeing someone without a home and pretends the bum (fun fact: the bum is actually played by a girl) is a Pokémon (the Diglett you mention) and treats it as a threat, he then uses his Pikachu, which is actually a rat, to beat him to death. We do apologise for not getting the facts right. We need more people like you sticking up for the Poke-verse. Wasn't the band good though?!

Yours in the fight for good parenting,

AJ

Capping Show Producer and Team Rocket



## Notices

### New Zealand Model Security Council

The NZMSC is an annual United Nations Youth event. As part of 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, Dunedin. Cost: \$100-\$160. Registration now open at [www.unyouth.org.nz](http://www.unyouth.org.nz)

Close July 21.

### Public debate

Otago Debating Society is holding a public debate at St David's, Wednesday May 25, 7pm. The topic is "should NZ go green or go underground (i.e.; mining, oil-drilling etc)? All welcome to attend.

## LETTERS POLICY

Letters should be 200 words or less. Deadline is Wednesday at 5pm. Send letters to [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto: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.




# HIGHLANDERS v LIONS

## SAT 28 MAY - Carisbrook Kick off 7:35pm




TICKETS FROM



or 0800 224 224

# TOP 10

This week, *Critic* rates the top ten most expensive food items. And we thought the Double Down combo was hard on the pocket...

**01** Italian White Alba Truffle (\$160,406 USD)

**02** Almas Caviar (\$25,000 USD)

Usually served via a mother of pearl spoon.

**03** Yubari Melon (\$22,872 USD)

**04** Dansuke Watermelon (\$6100 USD)

Only 65 are produced from the first harvest of the season.

**05** Domenico Crolla's Pizza Royale 007 (\$4200 USD) Topped with champagne-soaked caviar, lobsters marinated in high-end cognac and 24 carat gold shavings.

**06** Samundari Khazana (a.k.a. The World's Most Expensive Curry, \$3200 USD) More caviar, truffle and gold leaves ...except in a curry.

**07** Wagyu Steak (\$2800 USD) Made from cows that are fed only beer and massaged by human hands to create an elite tenderness from their relaxation. Afterwards, they get butchered.

**08** The "Zillion Dollar" Frittata (\$1000 USD) Consisting of eggs, lobster and ten ounces of sevruga caviar, this is the world's most expensive breakfast.

**09** Westin Hotel, New York's *Frank Tujague* Bagel (\$1000 USD)

**10** Matsutake Mushrooms (\$1000 USD a pound) The word "matsutake" is almost synonymous with "autumn" in Japanese. Cool.

## On the piss

Philadelphia police who stopped an erratically-driven ice cream truck discovered several bottles filled with urine, including one in a freezer where some of the ice cream products were kept.

Yassir Hassan, the 46-year-old driver of the ice cream truck, was visibly shit faced when police pulled him over in Bucks County. Upon investigating the vehicle, they discovered a substantial quantity of ice cream, several boxes of wine, and the bottles of urine the man had apparently used to relieve himself when on duty.

Hassan faces a few drunk driving charges, and a few questions about his hygiene standards. Whether he will continue to serve ice cream to young children with one hand and drunkenly piss in a bottle with the other is unknown.

Sources speculate that Hassan's sloppy snack of choice is none other than a KFC Double Down (page 18).



## Lots of people in world, inevitably some are fucking retarded

An Israeli couple has decided to commit a baby-naming slop-up of epic proportions, and named their newborn daughter "Like", after the annoying button on Facebook that allows people to jump on bandwagons with a minimal expenditure of effort.

The couple, whose first child escaped lightly with the name "Honey", and whose

second bundle of joy somehow ended up with the moniker "Pie", clearly have a track record of marginal naming decisions. As one news source pointed out, however, at least they didn't go the full hog and call the kid "Facebook" like that poor Egyptian girl. Or Double Down (page 18). That would have been sloppy.

156

kilos, weight of the world's heaviest dog

2.02

kilos of French fries eaten in 6 minutes by Cookie Jarvis

7.9

length of the world's longest poo in metres



## Deluded

A sloppy LA gas station owner accidentally sold a shit ton of petrol at the bargain rate of US\$1.10 a gallon, after a computer glitch knocked a cheerful 75% of the normal price of the black gold.

Commuters took full advantage, with lines snaking around the block and punters ringing up friends and family to come take advantage of the station owner's misfortune. Hilariously the forecourt attendant didn't think to check

the price of the fuel, despite the unprecedented volume of trade and the necessity of police units to control the masses of traffic around the station.

The deluded owner stated that he was hopeful motorists would come back and pay the full price for their petrol. Lol, they've already spent that dough at K-Fry.



Snippets News

Snippets page  
sponsored  
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Pizza



To all concerned crackers; apologies for my absence! As any true crackhead would NOT admit to, I have been living a secret life and hiding a dark secret. I've moved on from crack. I've found something much stronger, with a better hit and a whole lot more crunch - the Bagel Crisp! Oh me oh my, how I enjoy the fact that the rough texture slightly rips my tongue, allowing the salt to penetrate much deeper than any crack has ever managed. I froth on how each crisp has a Herculean-like strength, allowing the Kapiti Kahurangi Creamy Blue to be mashed atop it. This means no more embarrassing cracker explosions, and more importantly no more smelly sticky fingers from having a rich, blue vein pulsating with flavour forced upon them. I encourage you to make the change, no more crack, move on, be totally Wellington and smoke a Bagel Crisp.

— Munch Box



This week, Roger Hall's play *Middle Age Spread* is on at the Fire Station Theatre in Mosgiel. The play centres on Colin, deputy principal of a city high school. Colin's wife throws a dinner party and, as the play evolves, flashbacks reveal the secrets of all the dinner guests, most importantly the growing affair between Colin and another of the diners. *Middle Age Spread* is absorbing, exciting and hilarious.

*Middle Age Spread* shows at 8pm from Tuesday May 24 to Saturday May 28 May, with an extra show at 2pm on Saturday. Tickets are \$20, or \$15 each for a group of ten or more. Tickets are selling fast, with the first two shows already booked out. To book, pop into Paper Plus Mosgiel or call the Fire Station Theatre on 489 3008.

To celebrate the show, *Middle Age Spread* and *Critic* are giving away six tickets. To be in to win, email [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz). First in, first served. Don't miss out on your chance to win!

## Mutt

The American man Don Gorske, made famous by the film *Super Size Me*, has eaten his 25,000th Big Mac, comfortably knocking off the milestone before his sixtieth birthday.

Gorske, a model of health despite his diet consisting mostly of Maccas, showboated for onlookers as he tackled the milestone burger, even showing off his collection of Big Mac containers from bygone days.

At the event he revealed that he had gone only eight days without a Big Mac since May 1972, which is a pretty fucking good effort, especially when you consider *Critic* "scarfie" reporter Lozz Holding was bitching about his Double Down diet after 24 hours (see page 18).

## Must have needed this one for a Double Down

A pig in Washington State has experienced some Rodney King-style police brutality after first being tasered, then shot, by a state trooper. The pig had to be taken down after it escaped from a minivan parked in a suburban street.

Unfortunately the runaway porker failed to be slowed by the officer's taser, unsurprising really since the 500 pound piggy is probably a little chubbier than your average meth addict. This necessitated the use of a good old-fashioned firearm, which felled the beast before it could escape from the fate of all pigs these days: becoming the filling in a KFC Double Down (for *Critic* reporter Lozz Holding's feature on the Double Down see page 18).

3.68

kilos of  
mayonnaise  
eaten in 8  
minutes

84.2

litres of soda  
per person  
consumed in  
NZ annually

# OUSA Student Forum mobbed by capacity crowd of politically-informed students. Lol.

Last Tuesday OUSA held its first student forum of 2011. Eight motions were discussed, all of which are to be put to online referendum between May 23 and June 2.

Included in the referendum will be motions addressing amendments to the OUSA constitution, the Code of Student Conduct and interest free student loans.

Turnout to the forum was lacklustre, with the crowd comprised mostly of the Executive and OUSA staff members. At one point, a count showed that of the 50 people in the Main Common Room, only 16 were watching the forum. Of the 16 people that attended, only three were not associated with the Exec or OUSA in some way.

Online streaming of the meeting meant those who were unable to attend in person were still able to watch the debate live. Unfortunately, online viewers amounted to only eight in total, one of which was the *Critic* office.

Motions 1-4 concerned OUSA's financial reporting and were all discussed with no objections. Motion five proposed amendments to the OUSA constitution regarding the process of moving motions to referendum, of which two different options were put forward.

Recently resigned OUSA President Harriet Geoghegan spoke to Constitution option A, where motions are reviewed by the Executive when they are first proposed. The Executive would then have a choice to send the motion straight to referendum for voting, or alternatively to send the motion to an independent mediator, who would then decide whether the motion should be moved using a specific set of criteria. The criteria consist of; being frivolous, being unfair to an individual or individuals, being biased, or relating to finance or expenditure.

Finance and Services Officer Dan Stride spoke to Option B, which would send all motions to an SGM to be debated upon. Stride argued that Option A would reduce the student body to "passive rubber stamps" and "computer clicks," and contended that the poor forum turnout was possibly due to OUSA's move to online referendums. Unfortunately for Stride the ensuing debate made it clear that most of the 16 crowd members were firmly in support of Option A.

The issue of the Code of Student Conduct, however, unified the crowd. University Council Student Representative Jonathan Rowe spoke in support of official recognition of the code by OUSA, saying it would enhance the chances of student representation at

disciplinary cases. As it stands there is no student representation on the disciplinary board. This was backed up by speeches from both Geoghegan and Stride.

The final two motions discussed OUSA's policy towards interest-free student loans. Both Geoghegan and Stride spoke to opposing any 2011 government budget changes that would reduce access to interest-free student loans.

The meeting was finally wrapped with a motion put forward to thank Geoghegan for her work with OUSA over the past two years. After a brief moment of awkwardness where it was put to the audience whether anyone opposed this, cheers and applause broke out.

When asked about the poor turnout and lack of promotion of the meeting, Geoghegan said that extra publicity given to last year's forum had been unsuccessful in increasing student attendance.

Nevertheless, some members of the Exec still felt more advertising should have been done. The lack of interest from students does not bode well for OUSA and student politics in general, especially with VSM looming. As Stride so ardently summarised it in one of his dialogues, "this meeting is a joke."

Student forums and online referenda were introduced last year to replace Student General Meetings (SGM). Students are able to vote on the referendum motions online from 23<sup>rd</sup> May to 2<sup>nd</sup> June off the OUSA website ([ousa.org.nz](http://ousa.org.nz))

– **Teuila Fuatai**



*Stride, with his game face on, addresses the assembled masses.*

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# Student loan system plundered like Scandinavian township in Viking times

The 2011 Budget announcement has slashed student loan and allowance entitlements, as the government tightens the collective belt in an effort to get New Zealand to stop bleeding money like a drunk in Vegas.

As expected, borrowing for over 55s is to be restricted to course fees only, and borrowing entitlements will be suspended for students who owe over \$500 in repayment obligations for longer than a year.

Other major changes include a shortening of the repayment holiday for overseas graduates from three years to one year, and a freezing of the student loan repayment threshold at the current level of \$19,084 until 2015.

The Big Brother government also introduced a requirement that borrowers heading overseas will have to list a contact person resident in New Zealand. This is sure to lead to greater efficiency in the system, as a random relation/friend of the borrower can now be mercilessly subjected to email, phone and snail mail harassment when the IRD realises that the borrower's "OE" has turned into a permanent move to Equatorial Guinea.

The announcements were predictably slammed by both the left and the right, the former mostly whining about ageism, and the latter bitching about no-one having the balls to whack interest on the loan balances and make those students feel the full force of personal responsibility and the market system.

In a press release, the Green Party slammed the government's changes. "Part timers, students over 55 and those who've previously defaulted on student loan repayments are the big losers in this budget," MP Gareth Hughes said.

"Students are bearing the costs of the National-ACT government's fiscal mismanagement and it's unfair that those who can least afford it are bearing the burden."

Of more interest than boring political stuff, however, was the revelation that the top 50 student loan scheme borrowers collectively owe over \$11million. Quite how one racks up a quarter of a million in loans is not clear, but it probably involves some fleeing of the country and some very sexy compound interest.

*Critic's* rudimentary calculations show that the average top 50 borrower could have bought 203,000 cans of Southern Gold at 2011 prices instead of getting an education. With an average night on the SoGos being about a tray, this is enough for 23 years of continuous drinking. Now that is a sobering fact.

– Gregor Whyte

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# Dodgy Dude gets Double Downed

Police have praised two Otago students for their quick actions in apprehending a man lurking around their community. *Critic* understands that the 49 year old was caught masturbating over a girl getting changed through the window.

Sam Howie and Henry Caulton chased the man in the early hours of Tuesday May 9, in the area surrounding Cosy Dell Road in North Dunedin.

Caulton awoke just after midnight on the morning in question, and saw a "suspicious character" lurking around the carport of the neighbouring flat. Reports have been circulating over the past two years that there has been a "Peeping Tom character lurking around, looking into girls' bedrooms while they are getting changed." Howie had in fact chased the same man on two previous occasions but failed to catch him.

Caulton rang Howie from the neighbouring flat to alert him to the man's presence, as it has been "his prime goal to catch this bastard for the past two years." *Critic* can only imagine the amount of time this has taken up for Howie, who should probably start some form of Scarfie Neighbourhood Watch scheme. If it wouldn't start further rumours of Peeping Poms, *Critic* would definitely shout him a pair of binoculars.

Howie and Caulton coordinated a plan to corner the man, foiled only by an oncoming car spooking their target. Further alarmed by Caulton's shout of "OI CUNT," which apparently woke "the whole of Cosy Dell," the man sprinted away up Queen Street. Our heroes immediately pursued him barefoot and armed only with a torch - lucky they don't sleep naked or the police could have been arresting all three of them.

Caulton and Howie found the man hiding in a bush on a private property, where they

apprehended him and "put him under a citizen's arrest." Howie searched the man for a weapon of any sort while Caulton called the police. The two then "escorted the man back to the Cosy Dell area and waited for the police to arrive."

*Critic* understands that the man in question had been lurking around the Cosy Dell area for around four hours before the two apprehended him, leaving his car on Park Street before walking to his "hot spots."

Caulton describes Cosy Dell as a "hot spot" because of the large proportion of female inhabitants of the area, who are now "too scared to even walk to their cars outside at night." He indicated that the man knew the area very well; "he knew exactly where he was running" and "admitted that he had been around the Cosy Dell area many times before." Caulton said that an incident like this is "not such an issue for guys, but girls need to be careful and close those curtains."

Caulton told *Critic* that the suspect is an "old guy," and he has been charged with similar things before. He expressed uncertainty about the level of threat posed by "this type of person," but speculates that "if he is going to be masturbating over girls getting changed then God only knows what he could do."

Caulton is dubious about the ability of the New Zealand justice system to deal with this particular individual, saying "he will probably get a slap on the hand and then be back at it again."

"This sort of human piece of shit should be put away for the rest of his life."

*Critic* understands the suspect has been charged with acting indecently in public and was due to appear in the Dunedin District Court last week.

— Aimee Gulliver

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# Exec votes on Planet Media Review recommendations; results still unclear

The OUSA Executive has asked the Planet Media Review Panel to revisit the majority of its findings, including recommendations that *Critic* and Radio 1 be immediately absorbed under the OUSA umbrella.

At a meeting just over a week ago, the Executive officially considered the recommendations following their release.

A large majority were sent back to the panel to be revisited, including the immediate dissolution of Planet Media. All recommendations regarding Radio 1 were accepted, most notably the recommendation that Radio 1 become responsible for organising all music events on campus including Orientation and Re-Orientation. More research and planning will be undertaken before this recommendation is finalised.

Former *Critic* editors have had an overwhelming response to the recommendations, including the proposal that *Critic* have a set of guidelines drawn up to guide the editor in publication and content decisions. Holly Walker, *Critic* editor in 2005, has expressed concern that “producing new

guidelines for publication would risk undermining *Critic*’s important editorial independence from OUSA.”

2002-3 editor Patrick Crewdson, now the Head of News at the *Dominion Post*, echoes this sentiment. “*Critic*’s independence and editorial integrity would be compromised by greater integration with OUSA. Tempting as it must be for the executive with VSM looming, using *Critic* as a propaganda vehicle to support OUSA is bound to backfire,” Crewdson says.

Hamish McKenzie, 2004 *Critic* editor, says that of all the options laid out he would “vote for *Critic* to go it alone rather than become a pawn of OUSA.” He urges *Critic* to “hold tight” to the charter protecting editorial independence, and “keep reminding OUSA that they only fund 10% of the operation. The value they get for that small amount of funding is already immense.”

Former *Salient* editor Jackson James Wood agrees with the former *Critic* editors. “Rolling Planet Media into OUSA is a very bad idea. Sure, rationalise resources but keep Planet Media independent,” Wood says.

Planet Media managers were invited to

the Exec meeting where the changes were discussed. Current and former editors Julia Hollingsworth and Ben Thomson spoke to the Executive about the informal support network that already exists among past editors, and the recommendation that a mentor be appointed for the *Critic* editor was also sent back to the panel for reconsideration.

The recommendations were made on the premise of the following statement received in the submission period of the review; “Planet Media Dunedin Limited should work proactively with OUSA to create a culture where OUSA membership is seen as desirable and natural.” The panel made the recommendations regarding Planet Media with “an unsure climate of VSM” in mind, and believes that all the recommendations are in the “best interest of PMDL and OUSA, taking the association forward seeking sustainability.”

The convener of the Planet Media Review Panel, current OUSA Events Manager Vanessa Reddy, did not wish to comment on the findings or recommendations of the panel.

– Aimee Gulliver

## Graduation speech didn’t fly?

The graduation address given by Air New Zealand senior manager Vanessa Stoddart at the May 15 ceremony has been criticised by many of those present, with some attendees claiming the speech was more of an Air New Zealand promotion than an inspiration to the graduates.

Stoddart, an Otago law and commerce graduate, imparted various pieces of advice to the graduates of 2011 in an address to about 460 people who had just graduated in commerce, tourism and law at a 3pm capping ceremony at the Dunedin Town Hall on Saturday.

Fifth year student Brooke White said that Stoddart’s speech was “the most uninspiring speech I have ever heard.”

A graduating student based in Auckland, who declined to be named, stated that whilst the speech was at times funny, it had “far too

many references to Air New Zealand and the things their staff did or had done. It seemed incongruous for a graduation speech and I am not sure she quite hit the nail on the head.”

Stoddart, Air New Zealand’s people and technical operations group general manager, stated in her speech that she had earlier been responsible for looking after 11,000 Air New Zealand staff and the company’s engineering division had also been added more recently. She also told graduates that Air New Zealand received 40,000 C.V.s a year, and that to stand out was difficult.

However, not all attendees thought that the speech was off-topic. A second year BSci student who attended to watch her brother graduate said that criticism of Stoddart was unfair. “She was drawing on her life experiences to give the speech and if many of those experiences involved Air New Zealand

or managing people, I don’t see why she shouldn’t tell us about them. I liked it.”

*Critic* questioned the University about their choice to have Stoddart speak, and how relevant they found the content of her address. A University media spokesperson replied only with “she is an accomplished Otago graduate and that is why we chose her to speak.”

– Aimee Gulliver

**Correction:** Last week, in the news article entitled “Like a rat from a sinking ship...”, we incorrectly stated that Harriet Geoghegan was the first President to resign mid-way through a term since Ross Blanch in 1986. This is incorrect. In fact, Ross Blanch was elected OUSA president in the by-election after the resignation. We apologise for our mistake.

# Blackboard misuse rampant

## Critic happy as makes good filler story.

*Critic's* continued coverage of nonsense filler stories relating to students sending silly messages on the Blackboard email system has sparked further silly messages, resulting in *Critic* writing another filler story. Aware of - but ultimately unconcerned by - the self-perpetuating cycle of lowest common denominator news reporting this has caused, we turn to coverage of the latest drama.

Firstly ANAT241 student Regan Ross turned to his class for help with his problem in effectively absorbing drugs into his system. Ross' message was as pithy as it was poorly punctuated: "when i put suppositories up my anus im not sure how deep they need to be before the start working. I thought some people might be able to help but if your an expert in the area of shelving contact chunkylover32 @ 0276345326. I will pay top dollar for a one on one consultation."

Concerned students told *Critic* that they had tried to contact Ross to help with his issue, but had discovered that "chunkylover32 @ 0276345326" was not a working email address.

One ANAT241 student who *Critic* spoke to said she was not sure which of her fellow classmates Ross was, but that she had seen "a real skeezy looking hipster in lectures who always looks like he is hungover

from last night's mega-boozier" which she would now assume was Ross unless evidence to the contrary arose.

*Critic* made no attempt to contact Ross because we were afraid we might have to shake his hand.

Meanwhile a more enterprising but also probably less amusing student in ECOL111 sent around an email to her class attempting to sell them bargain price cosmetics.

The email, from student Elly Haycox, was almost certainly modeled on the successful template used to sell fake Viagra and penis enlargement drugs on the internet, with liberal employment of \* symbols and capitalised statements like "FULL REFUND" and "PAY ON DELIVERY" to entice buyers.

Haycox invited students in the class to join her in St David's café from 4pm Thursday May 19, where "AVON COSMETICS" would be sold at "student friendly prices".

*Critic* attempted to contact Haycox in order to source some cut-price cosmetics, but she wasn't answering her phone. Poor customer service there, Elly.

— *Gregor Whyte*

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## "Double Down" Burger = Double Workload for KFC Staff

Employees of KFC have said that the introduction of the bun-less Double Down Burger has greatly increased their workload and created tension in their restaurants.

The new limited-edition burger consists of "bacon, two different kinds of melted cheese, and the Colonel's 'secret' sauce...pinched in between two pieces of Original Recipe chicken fillets."

Essentially consisting of fried meat and cheese, this \$7.90 heart attack has become overwhelmingly popular since its NZ release day on May 10, selling out for the first two days and literally doubling KFC sales in the process.

Despite the large increase in productivity, KFC workers have said this new burger has made their life hell.

KFC chef and Workers Party member Ian Anderson said: "I'm used to being overworked and underpaid, but when the workload goes up, the poverty wages stay the same." Many employees are now working over-time, surrendering their breaks and days off to help keep up with this huge increase in demand

and popularity. Customer service has also been put under strain, workers claiming that fat bastards coming into their stores have been rude and difficult in response to the product selling out.

The burger has been said to only be available for five weeks, but whether this item will actually cease to be made after that period of time is anyone's guess.

Mr. Anderson added, "The burger's also not that amazing."

— Basti Menkes

## Kidnapped by Mickey

Despite being at the bottom of the world, Otago students are attracting attention from the wonderful world of Disney. Last Monday Disney World recruiters visited Burns (the Arts building) to promote their range of Florida-based work programmes. Disney recruiters visited the University for the first time last year and lured a few students into their work placement schemes.

Earlier this week, a University of Otago career graduate adviser told *the Otago Daily Times* that "the world of Disney has a lot of pulling power." The Disney International

Programmes website describes participants as being able to "experience the magic of Disney", "gain real world experience" and "learn important business philosophies" while working in roles such as "operations, merchandise, quick service food and beverage and lifeguards".

— Hana Aoake

## University appoints new Deputy Vice-Chancellor

University of Otago has appointed a new Deputy Vice Chancellor to replace the newly announced Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne.

Professor Richard Blaikie, currently a Professor at the University of Canterbury and Director of the MacDiarmid Institute for Advanced Materials and Nanotechnology, will assume the Deputy Vice-Chancellorship in December of this year.

Prof Blaikie is a very distinguished academic, having gained his PhD in Physics from the University of Cambridge, although it must be noted that he has fewer tertiary qualifications than actor James Franco.

— Staff Reporter

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# execrable

execs. **ORIGIN** late 19th cent.: abbreviation.  
 /'eksɪkrəb(ə)/ **▶ adjective** extremely bad  
 or unpleasant: *execrable* cheap wine.  
*execrably* adverb.

Tuesday's Exec meeting was a lengthy one, and to make matters worse the temperature of the room was conducive only to freezing the balls off a brass monkey. Luckily *Critic* was put in charge of ordering pizza partway into the ordeal, which significantly increased our tolerance for boring Exec stuff. As Ariana wisely pointed out, it was a decision best made by one person, otherwise the Exec would have tried to turn it into a "lengthy discussion" about the merits of each different pizza, how many to get, etc.

It was Acting President Brad Russell's first time chairing a meeting, and after a bit of gentle guidance from Secretary Donna Jones and policy pedant Dan, he got there in the end and did a pretty darn good job (*Critic's* praising of Brad is in no way related to him letting us use his credit card for ordering the pizza).

Education Officer Katie Reid has been appointed to the University Council, replacing former President Harriet Geoghegan in the role. Reid also sits on the University Senate, and

would now like to be referred to as Councillor Senator Reid at all times. Recreation Rep Sarah van Ballekom endorsed this with a rousing "You go, girl!" and later tried to usurp Russell from chairing the meeting – simmer down there please Sarah. Pizza clearly has a strange effect on some of the Exec.

Budget discussions resulted in the Postgraduate budget being increased from \$4,000 to \$10,000, after a very determined case was put forward by PG Rep Thomas Koentges. Increased monies = their shout at Starters this week? Or just a bigger jelly bath?

Colleges and Communications Rep Francisco Hernandez was also asking for a budget increase, having provisionally planned to spend his entire budget on prizes for a chess tournament for first year students. Russell pretty much summed this idea up when he called it "fiscally irresponsible," and Ariana's suggestion that the money could have been better spent on a trophy or shield which could suffice for future years seemed a little more sensible.

*Critic* doesn't know how many first years even know how to play chess, but any event which involves randomly handing out \$50 to each student who emerges as 'College Champion' seems a little fucked up. Kinda like that Triwizard Tournament, except with fewer dragons and mermaids, and more boring board games dominated by former Soviet Bloc nations.

Former Finance and Services Officer James Meager made another guest appearance (he should get a hobby, perhaps chess?) at the meeting to speak to the proposal that the Exec pushes forward the date of the presidential by-election to first semester, to allow greater certainty for the student body and fairness to candidates who may wish to run. The motion passed and nominations for President opened the next day. *Critic* has a lovely looking pot plant in the office that we'd like to nominate; it's very charismatic and seemed to be quite keen on the idea when asked. Watch this space for candidate endorsement.

– Aimee Gulliver

## Bouncing off the Halls

Freshers are hated by everyone at university, there is no arguing that. Cruelly no freshers understand why this is at the moment, but don't worry my young squires; it will all make sense next year. To be honest, I don't really know exactly why we all hate you, but rest assured we can all spot a fresher a mile away, and by God do they make your blood boil.

One reason might be that most freshers sink piss about as well as an undernourished African child plays water polo; it's slow going, hard to watch, and usually ends badly. Case in point; a recent night on the turps left two fresher girls in A&E. I can't tell you what hall they are from. All I can say is that it's the one that only takes in ex-prefects, where the residents love themselves, and the name sounds like a zoo in Christchurch. Anyway, the two boozehags had been "training" that night and found themselves barely clinging onto consciousness

as they were teleported to the Emergency department. One of the girls was reported to have the highest blood alcohol level recorded in recent times by the attending physician. However, this is probably because only a stupid and inexperienced fresher would go to A&E. Any normal person would of course head straight to the Monkey, then politely coma out in a Coupland's dumpster.

As the less retarded of you will have noticed, it's getting cold, dark and scary out there kids. Fucking stupid freshers especially are thus being officially warned to be vigilant whilst out on the streets at night. Special caution is to be advised concerning the latest addition to Dunedin's long list of crazy people. There have recently been sightings of a scrap metal collector out late at night. Eyewitnesses report that a male of small build, sporting greasy black hair and glasses, has been seen lurking

the student area. He is known to dress in a kilt, dress or gaiters, and mutter the phrase "CANS" to himself every time he sees a piece of metal.

His goal in life is to apparently steal all the aluminium cans he can find, and his modus operandi is to break into flats and rob drunks of their recycling. Experts at dealing with the "can man" advise residents to put all their cans outside in a pile so he does not need to enter. This character is determined to find cans and will snarl at you if provoked. We also warn those encountering this ghost not to approach; one male in his early twenties informed *Critic* that he was attacked outside Malbas after trying to take cans from him.

You have been warned. Look after yourselves out there young Dunedinites and keep it scarfie.

– Lozz Holding

# Lawrence Arabia

Lawrence Arabia is not Arabic. He's more of the European Caucasian variety, hailing from that most shaky of South Island centres, Christchurch. In fact, his name isn't even Lawrence. It's James. James Milne. He produces some pretty kick-ass beats though, and is putting some more together for our consumption over the next few months. Expect an album out in January 2012.

Georgie Fenwicke spoke to the muso about alter-egos, politics and, of course, recording.



**May is New Zealand Music Month; what effect does it have on the way you promote your music?**

To be honest, it doesn't make any difference to me in the slightest. Every month is New Zealand Music Month to me.

**I understand you've been working on an album since the end of last year, where were you working on it?**

I was living in England for most of last year, well between tours at least. Then I started recording my album in October last year and I am still working on it in Auckland at the moment.

**So how would you describe the general feel of it so far?**

It is a little bit more moody than the last one; it is definitely not an out and out pop album with upbeat songs. It is a bit more atmospheric, less melody. It is a lot slower and it doesn't forget itself.

**From 2002-2005 you were part of The Brunettes, how was the transition from band to going it alone and what inspired the transition?**

In terms of what inspired the transition, we got to do a tour of the States for three months and basically it took off as a commitment at that point. Up until that point, it was fun and involving but it wasn't three months away from home-involving. I guess during that three year period, I spent time learning from the process and watching Jonathan record the band and learning about various techniques, sound engineering and all sorts of stuff. So I was accumulating a lot of inspiration and ideas while I was in the band and then I started recording my own music during that period.

By the time we were about to do the South American tour, I was already in the process of recording a couple of albums, or a couple of reduction albums. I was increasingly interested in recording my own music and I had my own band playing. Also, The Brunettes were working in such a way that it wasn't going to allow both things to happen. So I had to choose my own path, at that point.

**In terms of your name, Lawrence Arabia, you have said that when you "dressed up in robes, there was a sense of occasion and theatre that there never could be as James Milne", I wondered what it is that the stage name allows you to do that James Milne does not?**

I have always been uncomfortable to a certain degree. I guess I just like the idea that I can play a character and I'd be a character myself. It is a crutch against criticism in a way. In New Zealand, if you are pretentious or self-important or think you have grand ideas, people will call you up for being a dick. I guess playing everything through a character

allows me to have pretentious, grand ideas but I can deflect it in the sense that it is not me as a person. I can just be normal, down-to-earth, and yet my pseudonym, my character, gets to be pretentious and say ridiculous things and be a bit pompous and be a bit grandiose and be a bit big-headed. It just allows me to be a bigger personality and still hopefully get to be a normal New Zealander who is self-effacing, humble and overly modest.

**It sounds like the perfect plan! I understand you studied Political Science at the University of Canterbury, how would you describe your political orientation?**

When I was studying politics, I wasn't really nursing much of a political agenda. It was more for the discipline and the historical point of view that I found it interesting. I am more fascinated by history, I find the future slightly daunting and depressing.

**Really, what about it?**

The fact that it just seems a bit overwhelming. Going back to the political question, I find politics at the moment somewhat disempowering, like I am not represented by the government and I have got no chance of being because [of] the whole economic structure of the country and the population demographics, the weighting towards the baby boomers and that kind of stuff. There is no hope. It is like being in a country that is run by your parents. It is like living a teenage nightmare and you are not allowed to do what you want to do.

**What do you feel restricted by or what do you feel restricted from?**

The only thing I feel restricted from is that I feel not-represented. That is a restriction in the sense that the people who run your country do not accurately represent your beliefs and feeling like you have no way of changing it.

**How would you categorise your view?**

I would like New Zealand to be more focused towards the environment and have the environment as a guiding principal behind its economic decisions. I would like it to be more socially conscious.

**Would you ever like to pursue a career in politics? Would you like to become the next PM given that your band is called The Prime Ministers?**

I don't foresee myself entering office, but I don't know, we'll see. I wouldn't discount it, I enjoy engaging with people but I see politicians as being akin to nothing more than aging school prefects.



A close-up photograph of a man with dark, curly hair and a beard, looking directly at the camera. He has visible acne on his face. He is holding a white cardboard food box that contains a large, breaded chicken sandwich with a slice of melted cheese. The background is dark and out of focus.

# When the Double Down came to Town

By Lozz Holding

**W**hen the Double Down landed in little old New Zealand, Julia, our editor-in-chief, was inspired by the beauty of such a creation and came up with a fantastic idea for a feature: someone should eat only Double Downs for a week and see what happens. Obviously, anyone stupid enough to volunteer for such a high-risk challenge would have to be fairly disposable, should anything go wrong. Due to this, it was a very simple decision that said volunteer would come from *Critic's* disgraced news team. After this had been determined, who better to undertake such a challenge than the news team's very own fat-fascist, yours truly? Seeing as how I am often heard abusing fat people and complaining in the office about how they ruin everything (if you don't believe me, what the fuck happened to 1kg Easter eggs?), it seemed suitable that I should put myself in the enemy's shoes and live life as a fatty for a week.

The concept was discussed and the final rules were as follows:

1. The participant must consume three Double Down regular sized combos (Pepsi as the drink) per day for seven days.
2. No other food or beverage can be consumed during the time period, with the one exception of alcohol.
3. The participant may not consume water unless they begin to hallucinate or show serious signs of illness that may get *Critic* in trouble.

This would mean an intake of 13000 KJ per day (3108 calories), including 143.4g of fat, 40g of that being saturated fat. According to my age and size my daily needs are significantly less, especially in the fat department. On a more positive note, however, I would be shovelling down 185.4g of protein per day, more than the recommended amount for a bodybuilder.

Anyway, after 45 minutes of lecturing from Julia about not spending *Critic* money at Liquorland or Lucky 7, I was off to the PE department to get measured up by the living legend himself: long-term professional scarfie, Chris Harvey. I was weighed by fancy machines as well as having skinfolds taken and my body fat and lean muscle mass were measured. At 1.85m tall and 81.2kg, I am considered a healthy weight with a BMI of 23.7. My body fat percentage was measured at 11.9% and I apparently have a high level of lean muscle mass. Stoked.

Unfortunately due to the spontaneity and time constraints of this cutting-edge scientific research project, I was unable to get blood tests done to measure my cholesterol. Which is a shame, but maybe there are some things you just don't want to find out.

	KJ	Protein cal	Carb (g)	Fat (g)	Trans (g)	Sat (g)
<b>Combo</b>	4337	1036	61.8	58.6	47.8	0.6
<i>Double Down</i>	2536	604	57.6	12.6	34.4	0.5
<i>Regular fries</i>	1180	282	4.2	33.4	13.4	0.1
<i>Regular Pepsi</i>	621	148	0	39.1	0	0
<b>Double Down day</b>	13001	3108	185.4	175.8	143.4	1.8
<b>Recommended daily needs</b>	11199	2677.2	64	130	91	N/A

## Night Beforehand:

I helped myself to a bag of mandarins and three bananas before bed in an attempt to load up on vitamins before the torture began. I'm not going to lie, I was pretty nervous about what I had gotten myself into. But news editor-cum-nutritional expert, Gregor Whyte, had reassured me that nothing could possibly go wrong drinking just Pepsi for a week. Sweet.

## Day One:

The first hurdle I faced was the fact that KFC doesn't actually open until 10am. However, being such a scarfie, this wasn't a big deal and it actually worked well with my sleep-ins. Fuck going to lectures in the morning, especially when it's a 10am Human Nutrition lecture. What on earth would I learn there?

I jumped into my car and drove to North Dunedin KFC, an illustrious tourist attraction that us locals take for granted. It is officially the slowest fast food outlet in the southern hemisphere. Fact. So distracted I was with the terrible service that I nearly missed another gem. Believe it or not, I was about to be served by the world's most unattractive woman. Wow. My excitement drained after about 10 minutes of waiting for my burger (I was the only person there) and pondering where the shit KFC finds these chimps. Finally, the woman-thing handed me my first ever Double Down combo.

After discovering the hard way that the dumb bitch didn't know how to put the lid on my Pepsi properly, I stormed into the lounge and opened up the first wee devil. Like a newborn baby still covered in amniotic sac, it was hideous. The chicken was greasy and the bacon had the texture of Jeremy Clarkson's neck. Not wanting to look at it much longer, I bit right into it. It tasted okay, but I wouldn't toy with words like "good" or "nice". I struggled to get it all down; being more a cereal and toast man when it comes to breakfast, eating this was hard. Overall I would give the burger a 6/10 and, given the choice, I wouldn't eat one again. It was going to be a long week.

Being a genius, I had purchased two at once to save having to line up as much, so I reheated lunch which was equally disappointing and by now I was gagging for water.

An adventure though the drive-through that evening took 40 minutes to get my food. I could have slaughtered and cooked the animals myself in that time. At least this time, the girl that served me was hot and appeared to have the correct number of chromosomes. The burger was just as shit as the last two and by late evening my kidneys were beginning to ache. I was so thirsty. But Gregor had said it would be fine.

## Day Two:

At 1am I still couldn't sleep, my head was thudding like a fat girl in high heels and my back was now very painful. I got up and sculled half a litre of water. It was amazing. I hadn't hallucinated but the thought of passing kidney stones in later life was enough to give up the "no water" rule. Fuck you Gregor.

I had chucked a Double Down in the fridge overnight to reheat for breakfast. Bad idea. The chicken had dried out and the cheese



had turned solid. I retched my way through it and decided never to do that again. I would rather catch salmonella than eat that skanky cheese again.

Lunchtime rolled around and it was about now that I realised I hadn't shat yet. Usually a three-a-day man, this definitely wasn't normal. Ignoring this, I decided to try out Roslyn KFC for lunch. I arrived and was served my meal in about 30 seconds, it was incredible. The burger was a lot nicer as well. Thumbs up Roslyn.

That afternoon, I had a Human Nutrition lab and it was hard not to laugh when we had to do a 24hr diet recall, but it was very easy work for my partner. After class it was time to hit the gym and with one burger left for the day, I cut it in half and had one pre-workout and one post-workout. With 58g of protein per burger this is the ultimate protein shake replacement. Thanks to the water, I was feeling a lot better than yesterday, despite worrying that I still had not "dropped the kids off at the pool".

## Day Three:

I had a rather large assignment due today but before I could run to the computer lab, my sphincter informed me it was time to get to a toilet, ASAP. I won't go into details but let's just say the sound of six Double Downs coming out in liquid form wasn't nice.

I don't know if it was the assignment, the KFC, or perhaps my destroyed bumhole but I was an angry man. My hair was greasy, my face was greasy and my girlfriend had informed me that I reeked of KFC, and not in a good way. I got the assignment done just in time and then our team won our indoor soccer match. I even nabbed two goals. That's two more than usual. Afterwards, the team headed to KFC for a celebratory Double Down each. Despite being cheery after the game, I was on edge and when someone cut in front of us in the line I nearly smacked him. It was that same sensation as when you are drunk and someone pisses you off, like an uncontrollable rage. Not good. Plus apparently now even my breath and farts smelled like KFC.

## Day Four:

I awoke with a Hiroshima-like visit to the toilet followed by a foul mood. I was very irritable, easily agitated and quite possibly depressed. Let's just say it's lucky no Jehovah's Witnesses came door knocking that day or I would be writing this from a cell in Milton. All I wanted was the taste of something other than a Double Down, chips or Pepsi so I decided to take advantage of the rules and get really drunk. The taste of cheap rosé wine against my lips was like my mouth had grown a penis and Samantha Hayes from 3 News was touching it. The night quickly got

out of hand. I heated up a Double Down in the microwave and it was the best thing ever. It finally all clicked. The Double Down is the ultimate drunk man food. Better than cheeseburgers. I'm serious.

## Day Five:

After an extremely eventful night, I awoke moderately hungover but in a much better mood. I cured my depression by tasting something else. I rolled out of bed, filled the loo with muck and waddled uncomfortably to a very bustling KFC. I was then horrified to find that after another 30-minute wait, the bacon in my Double Down was

rancid. The smell was worse than my craps. I did my best to eat what I could but I ended up throwing out the bacon. What made it worse was that I had bought two. I would rather go down on Susan Boyle for several hours than to ever have to eat that again.

## Day Six:

I had a lab at 9am so it was just chips I had saved from last night for breakfast. After looking at the insides of rats and deciding that I would rather eat that than another Double Down, it was off to KFC for a midday brekkie. I decided to try mayo in the burger instead of the normal sauce. Asking for a different sauce really confused the North Dunedin staff who took 10 minutes to work out how to do it. They then handed me a Double Down with normal sauce. What. The. Fuck. They had run out of Pepsi as well, however this meant I could drink Mirinda, which was a lovely change of scenery. By now my diarrhoea was getting out of hand. I was back to my 3-a-day but it now had the texture of soggy mash potato and was bright yellow.

I went out for a run and threw up chicken-Mirinda all over the Logan Park stairs.

I decided I had to try out South Dunedin before the end of this experiment. Despite not being able to understand the woman serving me, the overall experience was still far superior to North Dunedin.

## Day Seven:

Thank fuck. The home straight. Another midday breakfast, this time I was served by Andy M. This guy was incredible, the speed and grace he displayed while putting my order together was outstanding. This guy could run the North Dunedin branch single-handedly and it would be a far superior establishment than what it is now. Give that man a pay rise. I trawled through my day waiting for it to end. Finally I chomped down the last Double Down I will ever eat and then cried myself to sleep.

*“I would rather go down on Susan Boyle for several hours than to ever have to eat that again.”*



## Results

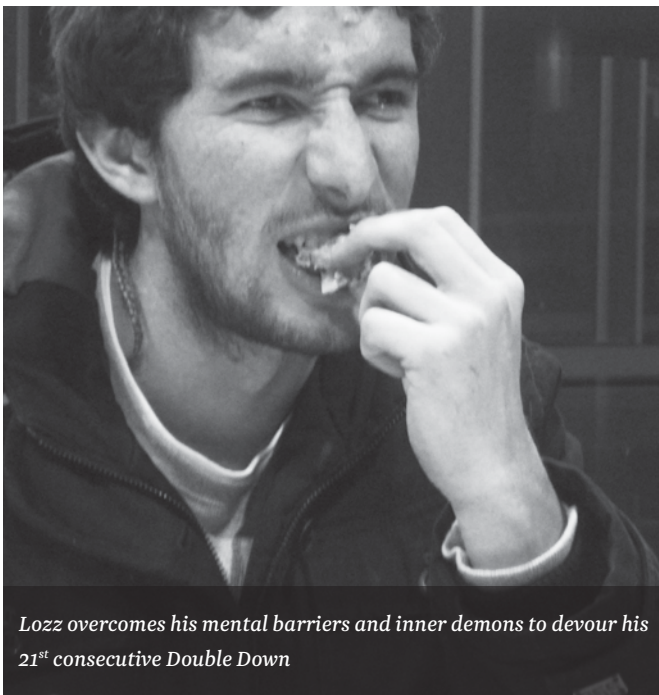
The KFC Double Down diet is not one I would recommend to anyone. I turned into an absolute cunt; I was irritable and angry. This was possibly more to do with the fact that I was eating the same thing over and over more than the KFC itself.

My bowel movements became sporadic and unpleasant and my lips became crusty and dry from all the grease and salt. Or perhaps it was the first signs of scurvy. As far as pimples go, there wasn't any noticeable change. I honestly imagined myself ending up like a 15-year old elite *World of Warcraft* player, but this didn't occur, despite the huge quantity of grease all over my skin.

The hilarious thing is that after eating 21 Double Down burgers, approximately 525 KFC chips and drinking 7.5 litres of fizzy, I now weighed in at 78.6kg meaning I had lost 2.6kg. At first I thought this was quite a cool finding until further analysis revealed that my body fat percentage had actually increased to 12.2%, therefore everything I had lost was from lean muscle mass. *Lame*. I can't really see this diet as anything useful unless you are a girl wanting to lose weight without your boobs shrinking and even then, it's so not worth it.

I would like to thank *Critic* for funding the research, my flatmates for tolerating my vicious mood swings and my girlfriend for tolerating my KFC body odour, breath and gas. Also a massive thanks to Chris Harvey for helping me out with anthropometric data.

I would also like to kill Julia and Gregor.



*Lozz overcomes his mental barriers and inner demons to devour his 21<sup>st</sup> consecutive Double Down*



*A triumphant Lozz: "We knocked the bastard off!"*

# PDA - What it is and why you should stop doing it

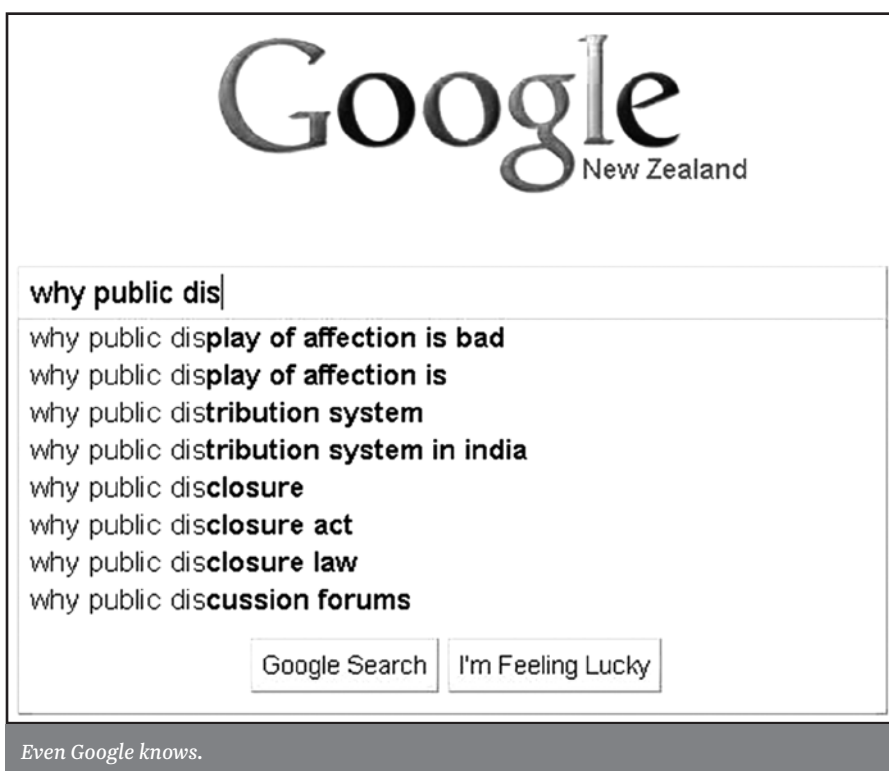
by Josh Hercus

PDA stands for “public display of affection”. It’s not PDF, that’s a computer file you moron. A PDA has absolutely no place in civilised society because it is distasteful and rude. Not only that, it’s absolutely unnecessary. It’s not a big deal that you have a partner and love them. But touting it to the world is not necessary. Everyone else knows this, and it’s time you learn too.

## Holding hands and walking

Ohhhh isn’t that cute? Two young lovebirds walking round holding hands. Well, no it’s not. We’re not at high school anymore. There are a couple of reasons why it’s so frustrating. First off, I nearly always get stuck behind these people and without fail they walk about 0.1km/hr. It’s like being stuck behind two enormous sloths. Since they’re holding hands they usually take up the entire footpath, so you can’t get round them. The only way to try to get through (if you’re in a hurry) is to possibly go over their linked hands. But of course the fleshy love barrier that has been created is usually too low to limbo and just too high to step over because once you’ve got the first leg over, there’s a 89% chance of getting your nads caught by their linked arms, unless you can leap like a fucking gazelle. Neither the most subtle way of working towards a threesome nor an effective method of passing them.

But all of this is overlooking a key factor – why do you need to cling to someone for such a long period of time? Of course, the more astute (and hopefully agitated) readers might point out that you could just politely ask the couple to move. Yeah, maybe –you could also politely ask the person who stands outside your window at night to stop breathing heavily and masturbating but that doesn’t mean they should be doing it in the first place.



# Hooking up in public

Quick question: why is it necessary to start making out with your partner in public? Spoiler alert: it's not. I'm not talking about a sneaky peck on the cheek. I'm talking about getting right into it or just generally smothering each other. While you probably just think you're having an intimate moment and proclaiming your love to the world, what you're actually doing is making everyone feel awkward. Like, more awkward than Parents' Day at an orphanage. You also look really silly to the people around you because your lustful mouth movements suggest a number of things. Perhaps you're really horny and have the self-control of a fatty in a chocolate factory? Maybe you're extremely clingy and need constant human touch to help dissipate your self-conscious issues? It may be that you're a chronic attention seeker? Either way it makes you like a slobbering goober. The only exception to this rule is hot chicks hooking up. There is nothing distasteful about that. Ever.



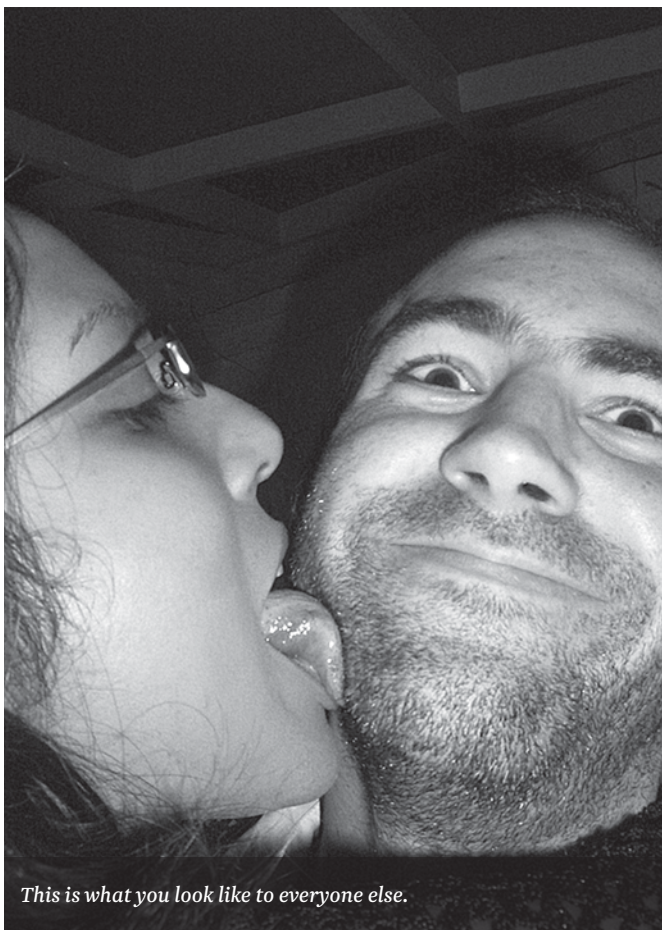
*Excuse me madam, could you please stop that?*

# Pet names

You know what? There's a pretty obvious reason why we don't want to know that your partner calls your balls "cuddleberries". Pet names make everyone cringe and should NEVER be shared outside the bedroom, bush and - in Mrs John Wilmot's case - sex dungeon or where ever else you choose to fornicate. If you even sense that someone is going to mention a pet name, you need to be immediately ready to interrupt them. Are you able to projectile vomit on cue? Do it. Maybe you should start wearing a cape and carrying about smoke bombs exclusively to let off a smoke bomb and throw your cape over yourself right before they say those nasty words, allowing you to disappear into the shadows. It's better than finding out that one of your friends named their penis after one of the Transformers. You'll never be able to look at Bumblebee the same again.



*Although, sometimes she wishes he'd transform into one of these.*

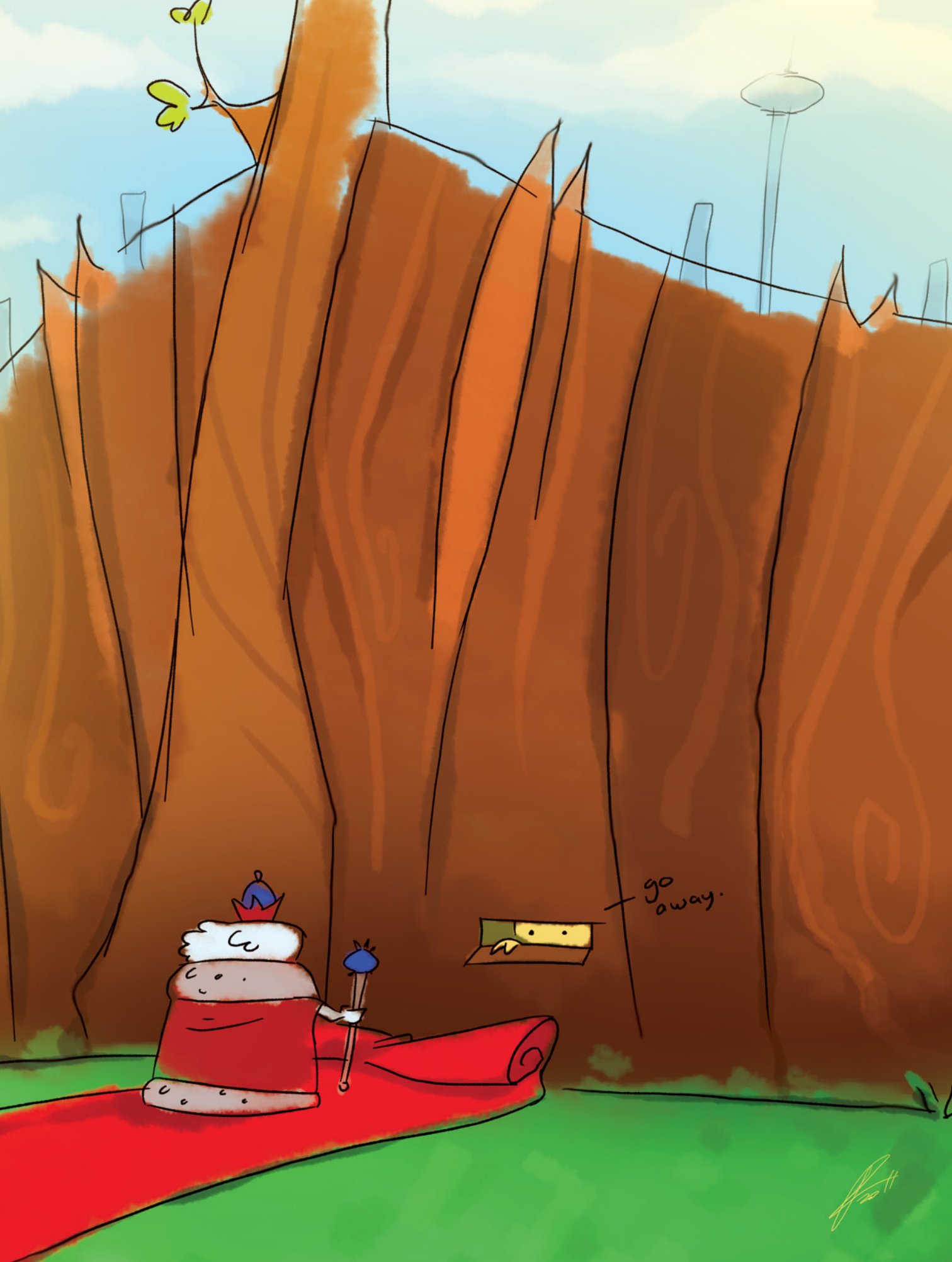


*This is what you look like to everyone else.*

On a completely unrelated note that will fill up the word count so I don't get locked in *Critic's* 'time out' cage again, let me share with you some profound wisdom. Where in the nursery rhyme "Humpty Dumpty" does it say that Humpty Dumpty was an egg?

This is only the beginning, young grasshopper.





# GOD Save THE QUEEN

By Phoebe Harrop

The Royal Wedding was a smashing occasion; a time for the females of this country to live out (vicariously) their girlhood princess dreams; a time to gobble scones with jam and cream; a time to sip tea with one's little finger extended. It was a time to giggle at Eugenie's choice of hat and to speculate as to whether it was an octopus or a pair of reindeer antlers adorning the royal cranium.

For many, the wedding was a shameless indulgence in and celebration of all things English. But did it register in many of our decidedly non-royal craniums that it was *our* future king – not just Britain's – being wed? If and when Wills becomes king, he will be King William of New Zealand, just as his grandma is Queen Elizabeth II of New Zealand. Most people seem to think that sounds splendid. He's a good looking, charismatic sort, and he's clearly got fabulous taste in women.

But others are not so sure. While Queen Elizabeth is doing remarkably well, at some point the mantle of responsibility will pass to her mildly annoying son, Charles, the Prince of Wales. When this fateful day comes to pass, will New Zealand still want to be a constitutional monarchy, or has the time come to cut the apron strings holding us to Mother England?

At the moment, the Queen is our Head of State. However, far from running the country, she plays only a ceremonial role in our day-to-day constitutional environment. She acts through the Governor-General, her New Zealand representative (currently Anand Satyanand, soon to be Jerry Mataparae). Both the Queen and Governor-General in turn do more or less whatever the Prime Minister tells them to, as long as the PM has the confidence of parliament.

Unlike the Governor-General and the PM, the Queen isn't paid for her role. Sure, we put on some kai when she comes to visit, but she receives no personal salary from New Zealand, and no contribution to royal residences outside our shores. So it's fair to say we don't ask much of the Queen and she doesn't ask much of us. Nevertheless, we get to call ourselves a Commonwealth realm (along with fifteen others, such as Canada, Australia, Jamaica, Papua New Guinea and Tuvalu),

enjoy the wedding like it's our own grandson tying the knot, and retain a sense of our forefathers' nostalgia for the homeland.

For some people though, the monarchy's role in New Zealand is an outdated and unnecessary sham. Organisations such as the Republic Movement of Aotearoa New Zealand, a self-described "non-partisan group, with members drawn from all walks of life, and all sides of the political spectrum" are campaigning for a New Zealand Republic. Not so crass as to want to kick Queen Liz off her jewelled perch right away, they are doing so on the basis of constitutional change upon her death. So what would it mean for us to become a republic, and how would we get there?

My BFF, Wikipedia, tells me that a republic is "a form of government in which the people, or some significant portion of them, retain supreme control over the government...[a] monarchy is today generally considered to be incompatible with being a republic". In general then, to lapse into legalese, in a republic the power of the executive and legislative branches of government is controlled ultimately by the people, through democratic elections. That power is legitimised by what is usually a written constitution (though that's not essential) and the right of all citizens to vote. In this sense, NZ is already a *de facto* republic.

But the plot thickens: there are several kinds of republic. Parliamentary republics, such as Poland, Pakistan and Portugal, have a PM who has the support of Parliament, and a head of state appointed by the PM. This is essentially the position in New Zealand, if you consider that the Governor-General and the Queen don't play active constitutional roles, and act on the PM's advice. Presidential republics, such as Chile, Colombia and Comoros, have a president who is Head of State and the executive, but remains in office independently of the legislature. The paradigm case of that – and its political intricacies – is of course the USA. Some countries have other variations on those two models, but lest I start sounding like a Public Law lecturer, let's move on to what this means for Aotearoa.

Once upon a time, there were many more constitutional monarchies under the wing of the British monarchy. But, one by one, many have dropped off and become republics. If this is what New Zealand's planning on doing, we should learn from our commonwealth cousins: Ireland passed an Act of Parliament (and became a Republic in 1949), Ghana held a referendum, Trinidad and Tobago wrote it into their constitution, and Fiji underwent a military coup. Don't get me wrong, military coups are exciting, but following in Fiji's footsteps seems particularly unlikely given that our armed forces are more peacekeeper than pugilist.

Actually, it's likely to be a combination of approaches. While technically parliament could abolish the monarchy with a simple majority tomorrow, that's fairly unlikely to happen. Instead, if the government felt the time was right, they would set up a public referendum. This would ensure that at least a majority of New Zealanders would be ready to sever ties with Britain. Framing the question to be put to a referendum would no doubt take many hours and cause a plethora of ministerial headaches, but ultimately it might be something like "When the Queen dies, which option would you prefer: Prince Charles becoming King of New Zealand or New Zealand to becoming a republic?"

The answer might seem like a simple choice between two alternatives but it would open a veritable Pandora's box, says Professor John Dawson, of Otago's Faculty of Law. While it could be as simple as the Crown signing over its rights and obligations to the State of New Zealand, and essentially retaining the political status quo, this change is likely to spark debate about a whole lot of others.

For starters, the Treaty of Waitangi is a partnership that was signed by representatives of New Zealand's Maori population, and representatives of the British Crown. Take away a Treaty partner, and you might cause some serious disruption. Maori, as Treaty signatories, would probably want (with good reason) a chance for special consultation over and above the public referendum process. That in turn could set a precedent for separate Maori/State dialogue that many conservative New Zealanders wouldn't like. The question of whether New Zealand should have an entrenched constitution, and what place the Treaty might have in that, would inevitably be raised.

In short, says Dawson, it could cause a lot of strife, disagreement and division among New Zealanders. And for what? As it is, New Zealand is a de facto republic, as the monarch's role is more or less symbolic. A move to republicanism would be unlikely to change a lot, and the process of getting there simply may not be worth the trouble.

And let's not forget there's something a bit special about the Royal Family. Nicholas Darlington, a London-based journalist says: "there

aren't many certain things in this world...but if there is a certainty, it is that the British people love their monarchy." And deep down, New Zealanders do too. There's also something special about having a politically-neutral head of state, who is not democratically elected or appointed by the Prime Minister. All Commonwealth citizens, of whichever political persuasion, can join in celebrating events like William's wedding. On the other hand, countries like America, even with such an excellent and inspiring head of state as Barack Obama, can never enjoy celebrations in such a bipartisan manner.

While the monarchy acts as a sort of umbilical cord between New Zealand and Britain, its cutting might not have too many ramifications for inter-country relations. "It would weaken the ties between Britain and New Zealand," says Darlington, "but only on a very ephemeral level

because there are [still] enormous cultural ties." On a practical level, he says, any trading agreements would remain unchanged as they are all effected through the European Union rather than bilaterally.

One point of difference is that perhaps New Zealand would feel "less obliged to help out" where Britain becomes involved in international conflict. However, that issue also raises the question of what New Zealand has already contributed to Britain in times of war. New Zealand has surviving World War II veterans who gave up a significant portion of their lives to fighting "For King and Country", and had countless friends who died in the same pursuit. It would be disrespectful, says Dawson, to renounce the monarchy while these soldiers live.

There are those who think the status quo is far from satisfactory. One of the key pro-republican arguments is that Queen Elizabeth II isn't a New Zealander, and under our citizenship law couldn't be one if she applied (without living here for a minimum of

five years, that is). We are an independent country, not some Southern Hemisphere British outpost, and we should have a New Zealander as our Head of State. As Helen Hope wrote in her 1995 LLB(Hons) dissertation on the subject, "[the queen's] presence is an affront to our nationalist spirit and our reputation as a democratic nation." Bob Jones, New Zealand businessman and writer, agrees: "the British monarchy is no longer appropriate in a country with such a broad range of cultures and races."

Those arguments are compelling. But, arguably, since abolishing the monarchy would have little impact on the way New Zealand is run now – and since our Governor-General, the Queen's representative is a New Zealander – it seems that opening the constitutional can of worms labelled "Republic?" might not be worth the controversy.

**“The answer  
might seem like  
a simple choice  
between two  
alternatives  
but it would  
open a veritable  
Pandora’s box”**



With food prices sky rocketing, Oscar the Grouch gives dumpster diving a try.

Students aren't the only ones feeling the food pinch. As New Zealand goes crazy over KFC's latest piece of fried obesity, the Double Down (turn to page 18 for more on the ubiquitous burger), the Food and Agriculture Organisation of the United Nations estimates 925 million people suffer from chronic hunger worldwide. This has multiple causes including global warming (increased drought) and attempts to cure it (using crops for biofuels) and the recession and what caused it (financial speculation in food markets has caused price increases).

This is in contrast with anecdotes from people who have another alternative to buying food: dumpster diving. My favourite story is of a bunch of students who threw a party when they found one full of cask wine. So with two conflicting views, the only option was to check for ourselves.

# The Challenge:

With a crack team of four eager students, we're ready to check how much food supermarkets really throw away. Starting at 10pm, we're going to go and hit the dumpster of every supermarket we can think of, and see how much goodies we can find. "The Don" (a.k.a. our getaway driver) has classily decided to wear a suit: the rest of us are in black jeans, jackets and balaclavas, partly to feel cool, partly to protect ourselves from dumpster grunge and partly because we don't know if these supermarkets will have cameras to identify us.

Roslyn New World is almost laughably simple. They've got a couple of dumpsters on the edge of their car park, with getaways on all sides including the car park exit just next to them. They're also unlocked. We throw back the lids and look in – both of them just seem to have cardboard boxes. This is fine for one of them, which is labelled as being for cardboard only, but for the other it seems a bit odd. Not wanting to give up, I pull back some of the boxes, and bingo! We have a bag of bagels. Digging further I see a couple of lettuces and pull them out. Then we get serious: I jump entirely into the dumpster, and a bit of digging realises more bagels, more lettuce, several bags of beans and a box of what looks like broccoli. Happy with what we've found, we run back to the car and toss them in the back. I make sure we close up the dumpster lids to be polite.

Just up the road is Fresh Choice. This looks a bit scarier. The dumpsters are lit, and it looks like there is a camera nearby. There is also a car parked outside the supermarket, and it looks like it belongs to a security guard. The dumpsters are unlocked, but a quick glance in them shows them to be mostly empty. On the way out we see a few extra bins, and this time the glance reveals a whole lot of meat bones in one, and meat scraps in the other, including a pig snout. It's gross and unappetizing, so we leave it where it is.

Coupland's, everyone's favourite bakery, is next. It's a bit more public, with houses around and right next to the highway. The dumpster is barred this time, so the only option is to lift them slightly and put my skinny arm in. I manage to pull out one pie and one bacon bap.

Gardens New World is the biggest challenge yet. It has fences on all sides, and there's a large van parked at one entrance, and we can't tell if there are any people in it. It's also heavily lit. We climb one fence, onto some crates and onto the ground next to the dumpster. There's music coming from inside – hopefully no one hears us. True to Greg's word, there's no food in the dumpster. However, in racks beside the door to the place are a several dozen loaves of bread and some bags of English muffins. We check the best-before date. It's two days away; they must be due to go on shelf tomorrow. Although I love English muffins, we opt not to take them and jump back over the fence.







## The results:

Centre City New World is genuinely intimidating. The dumpster is in a dark alleyway, with walls on three sides, and a gate to the street with some quite threatening spikes on top. However, there's a large gap between the gate and the ground, enough to crawl under. Rookie error. Unfortunately the dumpster is locked, and also looks fairly unfruitful from what we can see. No joy.

After a brief and uneventful glance around Pak 'n' Save, we return to Countdown for our final effort. Thanks to some industry knowledge we know they have people shelving until 3am, so they might as well still be open. We walk up to their dumpster, which is well lit and (we think) monitored by camera. Fortunately the dumpster isn't locked, and we lift the lid slightly, keeping quiet. At first it looks empty, but then I see a full bag of potatoes in one corner. I jump in, grab it and pass it out, and then go for a few more potatoes on the bottom of the dumpster. Problem: there are people coming from the supermarket. Taking drastic action, my comrades close the lid of the dumpster with me in it, so I'm crouched in the dark with an armful of potatoes, not sure if we're about to get busted. After a few moments the lid is opened and I can pull myself out, with potatoes and an extra carrot I found for good measure.

Countdown has a couple more dumpsters out the back, which we briefly check but again find them locked. It's now 1am, and we decide to end our mission there.

Although most of the dumpsters didn't yield much, and we didn't find any wine, it was still a reasonably fruitful night. We finished with 2 bags of bagels, 1 bag of potatoes, 5 bags of green beans, 2 lettuces, a big bunch of silver beet, 5 heads of broccoli, 1 loaf of bread, 1 carrot, 1 banana, 1 bap and one pie. That should help keep us healthy for a while. We're especially happy with the bagels and beans, which aren't things usually on our shopping list.

These are the basic lessons we learned for future dives:

- 1 – Roslyn New World was definitely the best place to go. Security was lax and it had a lot of food. Gardens, Countdown and Roslyn Fresh Choice also might have potential, but didn't have much when we went out.
- 2 – We chose to go on a Sunday night, which could be the worst time, as supermarkets don't get new stock during the weekend. Friday may be the best yield, although during the week is likely to be best on aggregate as people won't be out then. It's hard to believe the dumpsters would usually not have food in them, considering the multiple security efforts some supermarkets put in.
- 3 – Rubber gloves are also a good idea, as dumpsters don't only have food in them.
- 4 – The OUSA Food Bank and the Salvation Army are probably easier ways to get free food. No pig snouts, no prison visits, no need to wear balaclavas.

**Disclaimer:** Critic in no way condones or endorses breaking the law. Dumpster diving is illegal, and the consequences can be severe. People caught dumpster diving could be charged with theft, burglary and unlawfully being in an enclosed area or building. These are offences for which imprisonment could be imposed. Students charged with burglary should not assume that they will be able to use their diversion as burglary is considered a serious offence. Students who commit offences off campus may also be dealt with by the University under the Code of Conduct.



# opinion



**31** Debatable | **32** Two Left Feet, The Eagle of Liberty

**33** Let's get out of this country, The F Word

**34** Sex and... Religion, ODT Watch | **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 **"Should the US have shot Osama bin Laden?"** Todd Dickens argues the affirmative while Keegan Burrow argues the negative.



## Affirmative

Sometimes it is simply not good enough to do your best, you have to actually succeed at doing what is necessary. Obama knows this. He took care of two of America's biggest problems in one month: Donald Trump and Osama bin Laden. The first involved producing a birth certificate and a scene from *The Lion King*. The second some Navy SEALs and two bullets. It is what was needed.

No other approach would have worked. Maybe in some ideal world the Dundas Dairy would never run out of Snickers, the Labour Party might manage to put together some half decent policy that would make beating them actually satisfying, we would be wealthier than that big desert across the ditch and bin Laden would have been captured and put on trial. Say we put him on trial in NYC where his biggest claim to fame went down. No one would have accepted a secret trial, it would have been a media circus attracting terrorist sorts from all over. You may claim his shooting has sparked an uplifting of hatred; can you imagine the consequences of having him in a US prison and getting mass media attention? The trial itself would be ridiculous, twelve "unbiased" Americans would send him down immediately. In NYC there is no death penalty so he would have become a martyr for his followers, and many would have attempted to set him free. Another option being he goes to a jurisdiction where he can be strapped to a chair and electrocuted, or injected with the right stuff to paralyse him and close down his organs. A bullet to the head saves the time, money, hassle and keeps it all off American soil. Adding to the execution the treatment that bin Laden would get on the way there, the Navy SEALs' bullets seem far more humane.

The US could have worked with Pakistan to capture him, right? The man was living in a multi-million dollar compound just out of Abbottabad. By the time America would have managed to even get a step in through the bureaucracy, somebody would have passed the knowledge on to bin Laden. Just like that, the hunt goes on for another year at least. If you want something done, do it yourself. America did what they knew was the only option and succeeded.

In a democracy we try to give all a fair trial. A woman who robbed a Vodafone store in Whangarei late last year with a small air rifle was shot dead for being a threat. It happens. You lose your rights when you become a threat. If a small time criminal classes as one, then most certainly the US should have shot Osama.

– Todd Dickens

## Negative

"Love liberty and freedom". Osama may not have loved America, by destroying others' freedoms he voided his own and he believed that he was working for the liberty of his people.

There are three reasons that mean that another option for Osama would have been suitable: precedent, America's own ideals and the factor of the ideal world.

There is a large precedent that is understandable for the capture of suspect criminals. Even in New Zealand, with fair proof of guilt the police are able to take you in your sleep; it is simply safer for them. As America is seen as the "international police unit", it may be seen for them to find and capture such collaborators. But even the police cannot be bailiff, judge, jury and executioner. These jobs must be separated, for the sanctity of justice. The Nuremberg trials are an example of a combination of justice and fair recourse to the law; why not have the Baghdad trials as well? There is precedent, there is evidence, there is justice.

"We the People of the United States... establish Justice...provide... common defence, promote the general Welfare, and ...[the] Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity" —United States Constitution, Preamble.

America has decided to go against its own founding ideals, mainly justice. I agree a court battle at the base of the twin towers probably would create Osama into a martyr, but this does not mean that every individual involved in international atrocities should be shot on the spot. As described under precedent, there are many examples in which justice has been provided where many do not think it is fit. Justice is a process, not only for those who are in the wrong but those who have been wronged and this is why it is key for justice to occur.

The policy of "if you want a job done right, do it yourself" has led to Bruce Emery, the infamous tagger killer, being jailed for four years. This may not be a perfect world but we can work at it. This can start with justice, recourse to the law and communication. America is acting like the world police but little do they stop to think that maybe they should obey the rules that they set out themselves. That would be a perfect world. Now, I am not after a Europa, for that would be boring, but this scenario reminds me of 1984 and the powers allowed to the government within the story. All I hope is that by 2984 we are not in the same place.

All I can say is "Team America fuck yeah".

– Keegan Burrow



Human rights are an excellent thing. The idea that everybody has intrinsic rights which nobody may take away is a wonderful and optimistic ideology, founded out of concern for human dignity and the protection of the most vulnerable.

The political recognition of rights can be traced back to the Charter of Medina in the seventh century. However, this did not become prominent in the West until the Enlightenment, a period of cultural, social and philosophical reform which began in the seventeenth century. From feudal societies based on class, paternalism and monarchical rule, the great European powers became open, democratic and capitalist, and this transformation was both aided and reflected by the expanding ideology of human rights. Through a newfound focus on the rights of every individual, serfs became liberated from their bondage, states became accountable to the masses and feudal production was overtaken by the vastly more efficient forces of capitalism.

Throughout most of their history, rights have been progressive, concerned primarily with protecting the vulnerable and ensuring justice and fairness in society is upheld. In a modern society such as New Zealand, to retain this progressive nature rights must be given a substantial character. Rather than just protecting individuals from unwanted interference, rights must be seen as granting entitlements to those without. People have rights to food, shelter, healthcare and education, and these rights don't just mean that such things must be available, but that people must actually be able to access them.

The opponents of this view of rights as entitlements don't reject talk of rights. Instead, they shift the goalposts and redefine rights in a way that suits them. Libertarians argue that whether or not a person is in a position to exercise their rights is irrelevant – all that matters is that people are not actively interfered with. In effect, they deny that an individual's power is relevant to ideas of rights. Of course, they offer some excellent reasons for doing so, like...um...well, okay, they don't offer any. This isn't really surprising though, since libertarians tend to come from wealthy backgrounds, sport receding hairlines, and are primarily motivated by retaining (and widening) the inequalities of wealth from which they benefit. In other words, they pervert the language of rights to promote an inherently conservative agenda. When it comes to promoting liberal social causes, their record is patchy at best (scrap that, I'm being too generous – most are about as liberal as Vlad the Impaler).

Fun fact for the week: Hitler's military command bunker in the Taunus ranges was called "Eagle's eyrie".

– Sam McChesney

## ***The Eagle Boycotts "Fairtrade"***

Before buying anything, the Eagle always checks for two labels. One is "toxic", the other is "Fairtrade". And the Eagle would rather take his chances with a bottle of meths than consume anything branded with the mark of the "Fairtrade" beast. By the end of this column, the Eagle expects all his eaglets to join the boycott of Fairtrade goods – together we can make a difference!

When socialists use words, they usually mean the opposite of what they say. For example, socialists sometimes claim to be "liberal" despite spending every waking moment looking for new ways to interfere in peoples' private lives. "Fair trade" is no exception. Genuine fair trade involves people trading freely with each other in a free market where no particular industries (e.g. farming) are favoured or subsidised by the government, and thus the most efficient and hardworking businesses get the most reward. But when socialists talk about 'fair trade', they're talking about the selection of consumer goods sold by the cartel known as Fairtrade International and its ominous-sounding minion, FLO-CERT.

Fairtrade subsidises a selection of lucky farmers, primarily from Mexico. Very charitable, you might think. But these subsidies will be swiftly cut off if the Mexican farmers aspire to the nasty capitalist dream of growing their business and using twenty-first century mechanical harvesters instead of toiling by hand. Meanwhile, other Mexican farmers struggle to compete against their subsidised rivals. The beautiful, fair face of the free market is distorted by the randomness of Fairtrade.

Fairtrade clearly keeps Third World countries in the Stone Age rather than helping them to grow their economies. The only way the Third World will ever enjoy the same quality of life as the West is by embracing one of liberalism's greatest victories – free trade. Free trade breaks down the ridiculous socialist barriers that block international trade, such as tariffs (penalty taxes) on imported goods, restrictions on migrant workers and subsidies for inefficient NZ-made goods (like cars and shoes). Everyone wins from free trade. Singapore is a great example; over the last 45 years Singapore rode the elevator of free trade from the basement of socialism to the penthouse of liberalism. Now, their economy is the third strongest (per person) in the world. Such are the benefits of free trade that even Helen Clark, archenemy of liberty, signed Free Trade Agreements with China, Singapore, and others.

So in conclusion, free trade good, Fairtrade bad (and expensive). Sometimes it's worth paying more for a worthwhile cause, like with freerange eggs (the Eagle's all about bird living conditions). But Fairtrade isn't worth your cash. Join the Winged Protector of Freedom in boycotting Fairtrade today!

Liberalism in our Lifetimes,

***The Eagle***





## Paris

Paris – it's one place guaranteed to awaken passion even in those who haven't been there. Some gush that that's where they'll propose to their beautiful French bride (dreams are free) and some dream of jaunting down the Champs-Élysées with Gucci and Louis Vitton bags stuffed full of new, expensive wares (which won't even be in NZ until a year or so later). In sum, Paris is a place laden with expectations, which may be its downfall.

The worst story of disappointment in Paris I've heard came from a young Turk. He had fallen head over heels in love with a Korean girl and, connected by their love of language, they ventured together into the romantic mystery which is Paris. They were greeted by hostile Frenchies who refused to speak any language other than French or heavily accented English, and their celebratory bottle of champagne was confiscated at the bottom of the Eiffel Tower. Disillusioned, scared and embarrassed by her man's inability to look after her, the Korean girl waited for the sun to romantically set behind the Sacré Coeur – which stunk of smog – before ditching her

Turkish lover and fleeing the country. Emasculated, her (ex)man swore never to return to the hell-hole of Paris.

Slightly milder was the disappointment of two backpackers looking for wild New Year's Eve parties in the French capital. They had heard of the massive party that takes place beneath the Eiffel Tower every year and bravely wrapped up, faced the icy evening air and crammed into the delayed metro to get downtown. They were greeted by excited mobs of people who, like them, were drinking the cheapest of wine on the streets to warm the place up. At the strike of 10, the police and their riot gear showed up. At the strike of 11, the temperature approached freezing. At the strike of 12, the fireworks went off invisibly in the smoky, overcast sky.

It pays not to build fantasies of Paris in your mind, because you'll probably be disappointed. Movies like *Amélie* are lying; you're better off trusting *Paris: Je t'aime*. There will be ugliness and unpleasantness, but if you realise you're still on Planet Earth, you may just have a few laughs.

– **Bridget Gilchrist**



## Contemporary Feminism

Feminism sometimes has a tendency to sound like a one track record. Yes, sexism still exists. Yes, after thousands of years of repression women are not yet entirely equal with men. We still need to be aware of various issues, to connect with our contemporary situation and to actively reject sexism in our everyday lives. It's really that simple. Perhaps that's the reason why we get sick of hearing about it – given that it's actually so obvious and simple, it shouldn't still be an issue, but it is. So, with that in mind, I've decided to talk about awesome contemporary feminist related actions, things we can all relate to because of the very fact of their being present.

Hollaback! is a modern group formed to reject violence against women on any grounds. Wolf whistling etc may be deemed harmless flirtation, but many women consider it patronising and objectifying and such behaviours can escalate to more serious violence, promoting as they do a culture where it is acceptable to push such boundaries further and further. In Hollaback! women can also share their experiences of

being violently assaulted on the street, identify their assailants and share maps of where such incidents have occurred.

Filament created an entire magazine dedicated to the female gaze, we have women such as Anna Arrowsmith and Louise Lush making porn exclusively for women and men in Venezuela partaking in beauty contests.

What about that boy in the US whose mom painted his fingernails pink? Fox News reacted in their typically right-wing, narrow-minded way by saying the kid would probably need some form of psychotherapy. Rugby player Nonu was also criticised by Colin Meads for wearing eye make-up a few years ago. In many countries today girls are allowed and even encouraged to partake in traditionally male-dominated practices such as sport. But if males experiment with traditionally feminine practices, such as wearing skirts, make up or jewellery, or even if they are simply more open with their feelings, this is deemed unacceptable. They are seen to be weak, feminine and/or homosexual. This isn't just a reflection of a double standard in terms of men and women but also a reflection of how society sees females (as well as homosexuals) in our culture. After all, "girls can wear jeans and cut their hair short, wear shirts and boots, because it's okay to be a boy, but for a boy to look like a girl is degrading, because you think that being a girl is degrading. But secretly you'd love to know what it's like, wouldn't you? What it feels like for a girl?" – *Cement Garden*.

– **Kari Schmidt**

It should be pointed out straight away that I despise religion (I refuse to call it “organised” religion. There is nothing organised about worshipping an invisible man in the sky whose teachings have magically been transcribed by a hodgepodge of shepherds and pastors at some point in prehistory, all of whom were clearly predisposed to incest and extreme sadomasochism. Actually, the only organised thing about religion is its extensive network of pious workers devoted solely to liberating people from their sins, oh wait I mean cash. Tax-free, obviously).

Although my issues with religion are too numerous to enumerate, most of them are not deal-breakers. The whole preying-on-innocent-people-for-financial-gain thing is in fact not so dissimilar to my own dabbling in the distribution of certain items of value in my younger days. Actually, now that I think about it, your average Catholic priest is basically just a more paedophilic version of the shady dealer who gets pretty girls over to his place, gets them fucked up on his own merchandise and then makes them touch his penis.

But I digress. The place where religion has misunderstood the human race since the dawn of time is sex. Admittedly our oppressed faith-imbued sexual history hasn’t been a total loss – without it we wouldn’t be able to yell “Oh God!” nor could we exclaim “Jesus fucking Christ, that was the best Dirty Sanchez/spit roast/tea-bagging of my life!” But other than that it’s just a whole load of killjoy please-refrain-from-blowing-your-load-anywhere-but-your-wife’s-sad-stretched-out-child-bearing-vagina. Blech.

If God exists he is clearly impotent, not omnipotent. Fat ugly Christians who wear “Garage”-brand clothing will probably disagree, but I happen to know for a fact that a person’s level of faith is the inverse percentile of their bedroom prowess. I normally never interact with religious people because they create their own vilely wholesome-smelling forcefield that repels me in a similar manner to those Raid mosquito-repellent plug-ins. However, my perception of the forcefield must be less acute when drunk because I did once engage in a five-second-fuck with a guy who upon removing my underwear said in wonder, “Wow, you have like no pubes.” The truth began to dawn on my intoxicated brain and I said slowly, “You’re not, um, religious are you?” He replied, with all the earnestness and excitement of Tamati Coffey reporting live on some light drizzle in the Auckland region, “Yeah, I’m fully into that shit ay.” After poking around in the general region of my lower abs for a few minutes he proceeded to tell me about how he “had a blast” helping out some “great kids” at a summer camp for disabled children in the US over the holidays.

I rest my case.

– Mrs John Wilmot



It’s been a while since ODT has provided pun-tastic headings worth commenting on, but this week saw ODT getting back to what they do “best”. Introducing their article on climate change was the following “witty” headline:

## The coal, hard facts

Helpfully, ODT even emphasised “coal” just in case readers hadn’t already got the “subtle joke”. They went on to lol at sick children:

## Tips on hindering flu spread not be sneezed at

Proving that you can teach an old dog new tricks, ODT has decided to move with the times and even do bilingual puns now.

## Mai mai, how quickly 40 years flew by

ODT attracts crazies with the same force as a Philosophy attracts metal heads. Using unfaultable logic, one ODT-reading crazy wrote in last week claiming that the real reason behind the soaring rates of child abuse in NZ is that we call our children “kids”.

**We in New Zealand have over the years dehumanised our children. They are**

**just “kids”, a lower form of a human and therefore treated as such.**

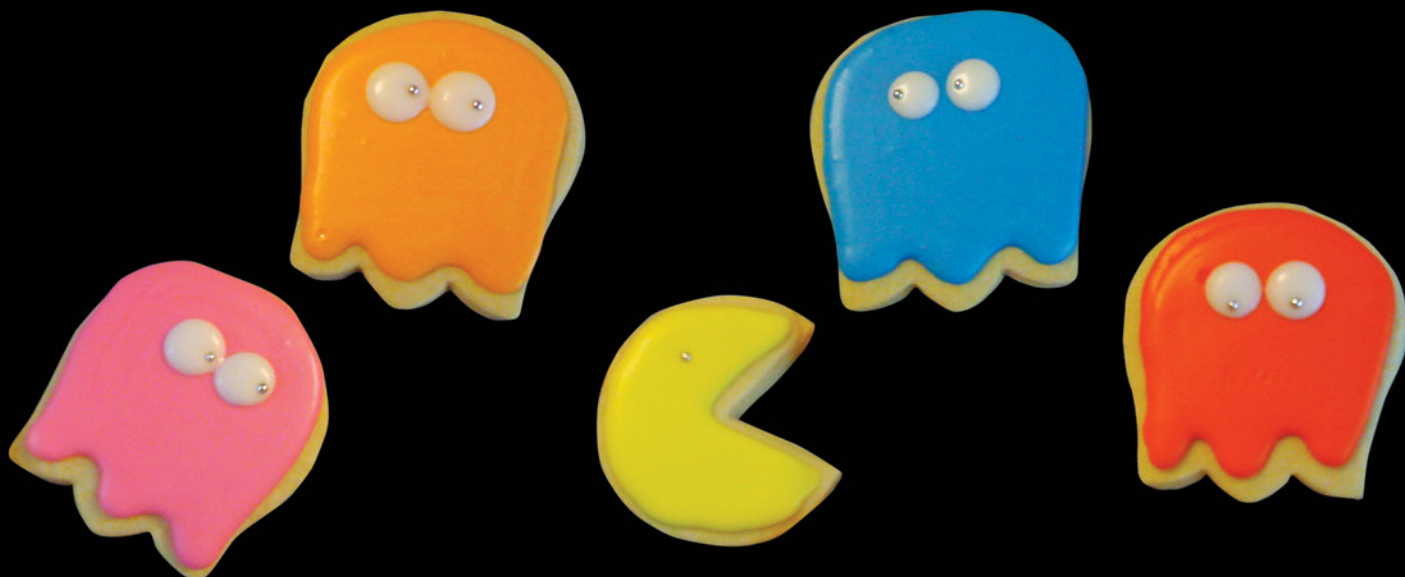
The impassioned letter writer goes on to offer policy advice, stating that making politicians use the word “children” is likely to “fight against the epidemic”.

**Let the PM set a Government policy, that in the House, and in all official statements, the term “children” and “brother and sister” be used. It could be a start that will lead to us being proud we have “children”. It is not going to cost millions, and it might just help in the fight against the epidemic of child abuse in New Zealand. After all, we have nothing to lose except “our children”.**

Lastly, *Critic* thoroughly enjoyed ODT’s creative work with a feature on skateboard-ing, in which ODT blurred out a pic, put blurry effects around it and “wittily” referred to it as being blurry. Cute.



Just a blur . . . Nic Hart skateboards down London St.



# State of the Nation

## THE FOOD EDITION

### Who should be the next OUSA president?

*Kim:* Chris Laing

*Emily and Irene:* Graeme Henry

*Raphael:* You

*Rosie:* The guy in my MAOR102 class that wears brown overalls. He's cool

### Will you be planking in the near future?

*Kim:* I will be but not on a balcony

*Emily and Irene:* No

*Raphael:* Yea, that sounds like something I would do

*Rosie:* Neh

### What is your guilty food pleasure?

*Kim:* Caramel Slice

*Emily and Irene:* Salt and Vinegar Chips + Pies

*Raphael:* Double Down

*Rosie:* Coffee

### If you had to pick one what would you choose: food or sex?

*Kim:* Sex, because it's exercise

*Emily and Irene:* Food

*Raphael:* Food

*Rosie:* Sex!

### What are your thoughts on PDA?

*Kim:* Get a room

*Emily and Irene:* Keep it at home

*Raphael:* Pass

*Rosie:* Hot! Keep sharing the love



**KIM**

**EMILY & IRENE**

**RAPHAEL**

**ROSIE**



# 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](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz).

## Ann

Dear best friend.

Went on a blind date last night. A bit random; I get a call at 4.30pm from a friend of *Critic* saying someone had pulled out and they needed a replacement. Poor guy had already been rejected before she'd even seen him!

So I psyched myself up and my flatmates gave me three pieces of advice: don't talk too much (LOL), ask lots of questions and for God's sake don't be weird! Totally crapping myself when I walked into Toast fashionably late and looking quite fashionable (of course). The only single guy in the place was who I had pictured in my worst case scenario image! WTF! This is so typically something that would happen to me!! If a big fish is a good fish, then this guy would be a great catch! Thanks *Critic*!

But you know me, always down for a laugh so I figured I'd give him a chance. I introduced myself and started to talk to him. I decided to talk heaps to avoid any awkward silences. So I was raving away and then realised the guy hadn't even offered to buy me a drink. Here I am trying to be polite and he's hogging all the bar tab! I was hardly going to tell daddy barman to make him share so I figured I'd just buy my own drinks. Speaking of the barman what a cool guy - wish he was my date! I ran out of steam and let the guy talk a bit about this and that. I wasn't really listening, whoops can't even remember his name.

How much of a room is it okay to check out without making it obvious that's what you're doing? I noticed a hot looking couple in one of the booths. There was a gentleman! Buying his lady heaps of drinks, maybe he was trying to liquor her up! Why wasn't my guy trying to liquor me up? Maybe he wasn't into me! Rude! I got over the whole thing pretty quickly and decided to play the "lots of study tomorrow card" He seemed pretty keen to walk me home but COME ON! you have to buy a lady at least one drink before you can expect that! All in all, average intro to blind dating, maybe speed dating would be cooler. We should totally go speed dating! Oh weird as; Speedy came into the bar at one point, not sure what he was up to but I'm sure he would've been a more interesting date.

xxx

## King Kong

I got to Toast six minutes early to at least give the appearance of being gentlemanly. Unfortunately the gentlemanly-ness was completely lost when I saw that my date was already there. But when I laid my beady eyes on her, I couldn't have been happier. She was perched on her bar stool like a porcelain angel atop an Exclusive Brethren Christmas tree. She was easily in the 98<sup>th</sup> percentile for hot girls in Dunedin. For those of you who are not familiar with Dunedin, this translates to around a 7.2 out of 10 on a national scale. I introduced myself and she looked puzzled at first, but this bemusement soon turned to gratitude when I got our first drink with our bar tab.

We started talking and she was lapping my chat up like a prematurely weaned kitten getting their first taste of milk in six cat-days. We were getting on so well that I didn't immediately notice another couple who must have sneaked in unnoticed minutes earlier. They were an incredibly odd couple. For a start, they looked completely different and the girl (who was a wee cutie) had obviously lost some sort of bet as she was buying all the drinks and had a facial expression that reminded me of an adolescent North African wombat frustrated at his lack of sexual prowess. In short, she didn't look totally happy.

But enough about them. The night continued to go swimmingly for the goddess and I until Speedy turned up to Toast and started to dart around like he does. We all know Speedy is a harmless fella, but unfortunately my date suffers from a debilitating case of hobophobia, a fear of homeless people. Thus we had to leave the bar immediately with a whole \$10 left on the tab. I was moderately annoyed by this but this annoyance promptly turned to joy when we got into Fever Club and the goddess got on the pole. She worked it like a second year law student, swinging and grinding away. This was enough for me to want to take her home in the naive thought that I'd get a bit of action. Or was I so naive? We got back to her place and things started getting a little hot. Then, just as she was unbuckling my belt, I remembered I hadn't trimmed down below in three months and it was like Fangorn Forest down there and there wasn't a weed-eater in sight. I was so embarrassed I raced out the door screaming, "I'm sorry, I've got a girlfriend who loves me" and ran all the way home with my pubes flowing in the wind.

# Review



**38 Music;** *Die Antwoord*, Marrow Zine Launch Party

**40 Film;** *Water for Elephants*, *King George VI*, *Queen of the Sun*, *Source Code*, Cult Film

**42 Art;** *Suji Park* | **44 Books;** *Athiest Manifesto*, *Sweet Valley Confidential*

**45 Art;** *Coca-Cola Cake* | **46 Performance;** *My First Attempt*

**47 Games;** *Lume*, *Morrowind* | **48 Fashion**

## Die Antwoord – \$O\$

From their Afrikaans accents, wack dance moves, insane videos, rapping skills, attitude, sex appeal, haircuts, fashion, names, use of rats, incorporation of South African references (e.g. tokoloshes, fish paste, racial culture) and the female gaze, there is nothing that doesn't appeal to me about Die Antwoord. They are, in the words of Bret Easton Ellis, totally "post-empire", subverting the now dead empire of polished, divine celebrity. Die Antwoord is trashy, obvious; they wear weed sunglasses and teach their fans to swear in Afrikaans. They incorporate tunes from Mariah Carey and Dance Dance Revolution amidst their beat box raps, and from Ninja talking about his big cock to Yolandi rapping in a spa amidst topless boys in silken gold boxers, they tear the now ridiculous image of the rapper surrounded by his adoring female whores apart.

With the attitude surrounding the likes of Lady Gaga, Charlie Sheen, Megan Fox and Die Antwoord, those who understand that they are at the forefront of the most exhibitionist playing field in the world are pushing boundaries and sometimes facilitating real creativity, actually entertaining us instead of boring us with unattainable divine celebrity.

From Ninja's schlong bouncing around in his Pink Floyd shorts in "Zef Side" to Yolanda's gold lamé catsuit in "Rich Bitch", you can't help but relate to and embrace their flagrant bravado. The audacity of their name says it all; they are "the answer" and in the words of Yolandi Vi\$\$er, they've been sent to fuck you up.

– Kari Schmidt



## VOID CLOTHING PLAYTIME REPORT



**mon 23/5** **ReFuel: ReFuel Unplugged Presents NZ Music Month Open Mic Night**  
w/ Matt Langley. Gold coin entry from 8.30pm.

**wed 25/5** **ReFuel: Dunedins Finest Female Musicians**  
w/ Amanda Goodwin & The Mighty Mightys, Hana Fahy & The Low Tones, Cult Disney, and Midnight Kitchen. Free entry from 9pm.

**thur 26/5** **Mayfair Theatre: Comedy Convoy**  
Hosted by ex-pat comic Jarred Christmas (Best Comper 2010 - Chortle.co.uk) and featuring performances by Carey Marx (UK); Felicity Ward (AUS); Rhys Mathewson (2010 Billy T Award Winner); and the darling of the Edinburgh Fringe Festival this year, The Boy with Tape on his Face. Tickets from ticketdirect.co.nz

**fri 27/5** **ReFuel: OUSA Battle Of The Bands - Heat 4**  
Gold coin entry from 9pm.

**sat 28/5** **Chicks Hotel: CHICKSTOCK**  
w/ Alizarin Lizard, Idiot Prayer and Mr. Biscuits. Free. All ages.

**56 Parry Street: CREATE & SKATE**  
An art installation transitioning into a skate jam ft NZ's best skaters and artists with hip-hop DJs. FREE ENTRY from 4pm.

**The Crown Hotel: Idiot Prayer and Opposite Sex**  
Koha, doors 9pm.

**COPA: LOCO PRESENTS: DEBACLE 4.0**  
D'n'B / Dubstep / Hip-Hop / Breaks. Free entry.

**ReFuel: OUSA Battle Of The Bands - FINAL**  
Gold coin entry from 9pm.

1  
91 FM

see the full gig guide at [r1.co.nz](http://r1.co.nz)







# Marrow Zine's May Release Launch Party

May 14 – Re:Fuel Bar

With Thundercub, Black Yoghurt, Surgical Department, Max Waots, Nicole Van Vuuren (DJ)

Photo by Zane Pocock

## “The little zine that could?”

With the current flood of self-produced gig guides (INK), comic collections, (DUD), culture mags (Crop) and zines, Dunedin's independent publishing “industry” seems in relatively good health. Among these excellent, no-strings-attached publications is *Marrow*. Co-edited by two *Critic* contributors (wassup' nepotism!), *Marrow* promotes itself, as “a self published and promoted zine intent on providing freedom of artistic and intellectual expression”. Sounds pretty good, right?

With frequent articles, both pertaining to and provided by the Dunedin music community, last Saturday *Marrow* undertook the cleverly obvious move of hosting a musically-endowed release (with bonus Twister and limbo) for their May issue.

Beginning my night in the classic “idiot reviewer” fashion, I arrived sadly too late to witness the opening band and my musical entertainment instead began with solo act Black Yoghurt.

As the side project of busy Dunedin musician Sefton Holmes, Black Yoghurt sees a move away from the nosier elements often heard on other Holmes' projects. With distorted synth lines, and a drum machine his weapons of choice, Holmes creates a deadly hypnotic groove which slinks underneath his casual (and often subversively funny) half-spoken vocals. With a rhythm that could be described as “sexual”, Holmes man-

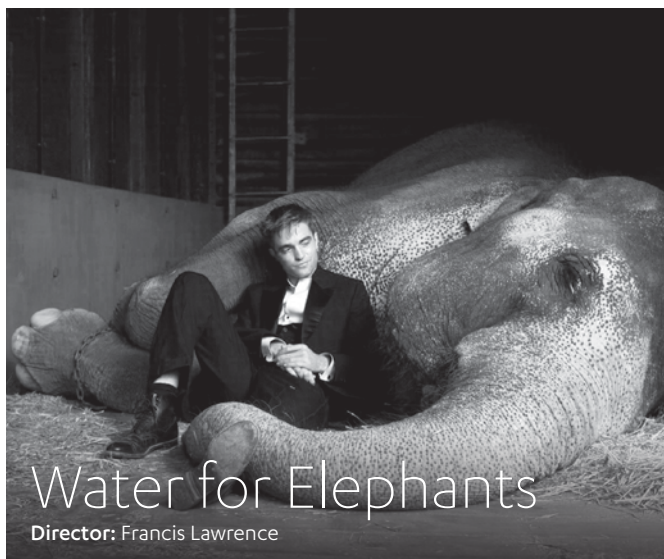
ages to create an almost club-style repetition in a highly unexpected context. And with the amount of girls I saw dancing during his set, who's to argue?

Catching my attention with their already uncommon combination of violin and drums, it was safe to say I was quite interested as I watched Motoko Kikkawa of the Surgical Department don a blindfold before beginning their set. While a slight gimmick, it was soon forgotten as the department began what seemed from afar to be a largely free-form and unplanned set. With their drummer on top of the beat in hip-hop style reminiscent of the Roots' Questlove, and the violin coming fast, liquid and freeform, the both visually and aurally arresting music captured the attention of all present.

Concluding the night were electronic three-piece Thundercub, a band already praised in far too much detail throughout this year. So please, just remember this one thing: one of Dunedin's best bands and often breathtaking live, Thundercub are a must for any local music fan.

With great performances and an even greater communal atmosphere, be sure to check out *Marrow* both online or at their next zine release.

– Sam Valentine



*Water for Elephants* combines two fantasies – running away to the circus and a forbidden romance – offering itself as the ultimate escapist movie. The story: hopeful student Jacob Jancowski (Robert Pattinson) is about to finish veterinary school when his parents are both killed in a car accident, leaving him with nothing. He hops on a train, and as luck would have it, it turns out that he has stumbled into the famous Benzini Brothers’ travelling circus. After some initial antagonism, Jacob joins the motley crew as a circus-hand. He tells them of his love for animals and is appointed vet, shortly before the troupe acquires a new animal: an elephant named Rosie.

At the same time he becomes infatuated with the mysterious older “woman with the horses”, who unfortunately turns out to be Marlena (Reese Witherspoon), the wife of the intimidating circus owner, August (Christoph Waltz). August, despite taking a shine to Jacob (as does Marlena), has a streak of sadism and displays uncontrollable bursts of rage, at one point mauling Rosie with a bull hook until she is unable to stand up. Jacob and Marlena, bonded by their love of animals and mistrust of August, begin an affair, but worry that August, in his domination over the circus and his wife, is all-knowing.

The circus life into which Jacob is initiated is thrilling; depicted as freewheeling and wild, the circus folk run with Jacob over the tops of moving trains, drink and dance raucously with him, and teach him to tame the wild beasts. In this aspect, the fantasy is gripping. But to be truly fantastical, a story needs to have interesting leads, and unfortunately Jacob and Marlena just don’t cut it. Despite the actors’ tolerable performances and good looks (Pattinson, going for the dirty vagabond look, is relievingly much less sparkly than you’d expect), Jacob and Marlena are so nice they’re boring, and their romance is insipid.

*Water for Elephants* won’t affect you deeply, with the possible exception of the fear-inspiring August, who, played by the masterful Waltz, is chillingly evil and appealingly pitiful by turns. The film has moments of good fun though, picking up speed after the first hour for a circus extravaganza of a finale.

– Nicole Phillipson



You can’t blame a guy for trying to cash in on *The King’s Speech*. The film was massive, winning an awful amount of awards. It doesn’t take a movie mogul to realise that the real-life “spinoff” could make a serious quick buck, especially amidst the recent royal wedding hype. You’d only need to splice together some archival footage and a few filler interviews, mix in a touch of Colin Firth, and voilà! You’d be holding a totally marketable documentary. It’s just too bad that marketable and entertaining aren’t always the same thing.

*King George VI: The Man Behind the King’s Speech* tells the life story of King George VI of England. If you’ve seen *The King’s Speech* (or know your twentieth century history), there’s really nothing new presented by this documentary. Colin Firth makes a short appearance, but once you get past the movie plugs, the film is nothing but some old newsreels and a few ho-hum interviews. It’s not exactly gripping stuff. Worst of all, the documentary seems to have been extended from a shorter TV-friendly format, and there’s just not enough archival footage to fill the extra twenty minutes. This means there’s a lot of repetition.

At a technical level, things aren’t much better. You get the feeling the producers skipped a little too much Documentary-Making 101 back in film school, and, while they were getting high at the beach, missed some vital lessons. *The Man Behind the King’s Speech* is noticeably shoddy, especially in the sound editing department.

It’s not all bad, however. The newsreels do show some interesting footage of the king’s wedding and funeral, as well as some adorable shots of Queen Elizabeth when she was a cute little princess. The abdication of King Edward VIII is given a lot more screen time here than in *The King’s Speech*, and this definitely is one redeeming feature of the documentary. If Tom Hooper wants a *King’s Speech* follow up, the love story of Edward and Wallis Simpson would be a brilliant choice.

Overall, I wouldn’t recommend making any effort to see this documentary. It really doesn’t present anything you couldn’t easily find on the internet. It was promoted as “remarkable”, but *The Man Behind the King’s Speech* falls seriously short of the mark.

– Lauren Hayes





## Source Code

Director: Duncan Jones



## Queen of the Sun

Director: Taggart Siegel

*Source Code* is 2011's *Inception* but with less ambiguity and fewer close ups on Leonardo DiCaprio's concerned, faraway gaze.

Bird's-eye view and panning shots of Chicago open this action/sci-fi gift of a movie. Our protagonist, Colter Stevens (Jake Gyllenhaal), wakes in the body of a school teacher who regularly catches the particular commuter train he is on. Initially he panics, as the last things he remembers was flying a Black Hawk in Afghanistan and the helicopter going down. After eight minutes a bomb explodes, and Stevens finds himself strapped to a chair in a metal capsule. On a small screen inside this capsule the blue-eyed Colleen Goodwin (Vera Farmiga) appears, playing the blunt but progressively more humane military handler who explains his mission. Goodwin tells Stevens that he is on a mission to discover the identity of the person who planted the bomb on the Chicago commuter train. Goodwin reluctantly explains that this explosion has already occurred, killing all passengers. She tells him the *Source Code* is about discovering information from the past to save the present. Goodwin stresses that any heroic actions Stevens may attempt to make will not affect the present day but he disagrees. Cue alternative reality concept and an audience desperately fumbling for the little pieces of scientific logic on the floor of a very dark room.

I hate it when films take on outlandish ideas and can't make it work, but thank goodness *Source Code* doesn't do this. Despite the scientific explanations being quickly described, the film narrative is graspable. The mis-en-scene is minimal in order not to conflict with the overwhelming quantum physics. The acting fits snugly inside the action film genre sock.

When you realise *Source Code* revolves around a secret U.S. military group out to destroy a terrorist, it may induce a slight twitch in the eye. Don't let that twitch turn into an eye roll. Duncan Jones has executed a disciplined film; as commercial and audience-caressing it is, it's also smart and very nicely paced. We can forgive the icky preposterousness and move through to the elegant lounge where *Source Code* is playing on a huge flat screen.

– Loulou Callister-Baker



One of the hardest things to do with documentary filmmaking is find the perfect "talent". Talent in a documentary is the person or people who represent the face of the film, building the story with their dialogue, and, importantly, creating an emotional attachment. *Queen of the Sun* is a marvelous, beautiful film that suffers, slightly, from some interesting talent choices.

The tale of the movie is that man's choices with pesticides and farming practices are not being kind to the bee. It is believed that the pesticides we apply so liberally, combined with genetically modified crops, are killing the bees, causing colony collapse disease (CCD), a disastrous occurrence whereby bees simply disappear from a hive. The documentary is centred on this and is basically telling us that if we don't get our act together all the bees will be gone - followed closely by us. This film tells the story with beautiful footage and cinematography and you certainly feel a strong sense of responsibility for CCD.

However, having a topless French yogi rub his moustache on a bunch of bees saying that "zay loov zizz" is a little strange. This guy was just one of many somewhat marginal characters in the film, the majority bordering on being "crazy hippies". There is nothing wrong with being a crazy hippy but in terms of a film appearances I think that the directors are risking alienating their audience by having some French yogi rub his moustache on a hapless bee. As a Kiwi, I felt a little cringe creep down my spine when the New Zealand beekeeper in the movie gets out of his ute and baas at a bunch of sheep before having his words, in English, subtitled.

Overall, the movie was great. The message is such a strong one that you can't help but feel that familiar Western guilt when you watch it and realise the Coke Zero you're sucking down probably killed a bunch of bees. Funky animation, interesting music and a big issue make the film a "must see", or at least a definite "should see". Be warned though, you run the risk of being sucked into an addictive world of bulky white suits, smoke guns, and honey-soaked moustaches.

– Gareth Barton







Imagine if your dad and a bunch of his mates got together and decided to film a *Mothra*. It's kinda naff cause it's your dad and he's a bit naff and so are his mates, but it's funny all the same. That's kinda what *Bad Taste* is like – a bit dorky, zero budget, and lots of brains, blood, and gore.

Peter Jackson's first foray into feature film-making is a far cry from the Oscar award-winning material that we have seen of late. Aliens have landed in good ole' Nu Zeland - Kaihoro to be exact - and have killed all 75 people in the town to take back to their home planet as samples of a new fast food delicacy.

All is not lost, however, as the Astro Investigation and Defence Services (AIDS) are on the job. AIDS are Derek (Jackson), Frank (Minett), Ozzy (Potter), and Barry (O'Herne); and they've come to sort out the evildoers. Jackson also has the distinction of playing Robert, an alien henchman (Derek wears glasses and is clean-shaven, Robert does not wear glasses and has a beard; tricky shit going

on here). That's essentially all there is to it. Pretty simple.

Extending out the 88 minute running time are lots of hacking, shooting, cutting, chain sawing and rocket-launching. This results in lots of blood spilling, guts flying and brain splattering. The special effects are crude at best but they get the job done. Sure, it probably doesn't look like the characters are eating actual brains, or drinking vomit, but the fact is it looks gross. Plus there are some pretty cool explosions courtesy of the rocket launcher – a car, the side of a house, and a sheep – they all go up in a blaze of glory. A must see New Zealand film.

– Ben Blakely

**Note:** You can watch the entire movie online for free at [youtube.com/movie/bad-taste/](http://youtube.com/movie/bad-taste/).

**Written/Directed by:** Peter Jackson

**Starring:** Terry Potter, Peter O'Herne,

Craig Smith, Mike Minett, Peter Jackson and Doug Wren

#### A GALLERY 393 PRINCES ST

*The art of going over:* VS

#### THE ARTISTS ROOM 2 DOWLING ST

*Paperworks:* V11

#### 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 ST

*That which opens:* Suji Park

#### 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 19<sup>th</sup> century fashion plates. *Radiant Matter part II:* Dane Mitchell. *Nollywood*

#### HOCKEN GALLERY 90 ANZAC AVE

*Honey in the rock:* Joanna Langford

#### MILFORD GALLERY 18 DOWLING ST

*Hens teeth:* Joanna Braithwaite, *Deluge:* Lorraine Rastorfer

#### MODAKS CAFE 337-339 GEORGE ST

*Kids here (a wee show for wee humans)*

#### MONUMENTAL GALLERY 7 ANZAC AVE

*Fabrication:* Sandra Thomson

#### NONE GALLERY 24 STAFFORD ST

*Zombie Load Blast: Accounts of the Perpetually Fucked:* Tedd Anderson

#### RICE AND BEANS 127 STUART ST

*Pate Canape`:* Zhonghao Chen, Oscar Enberg, Gaby Motejo and Sebastian Warne

#### TEMPLE GALLERY

*As it is on Earth:* Peter Nicholls



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## SUJI PARK: *That which opens.*

Brett McDowell Gallery. Closes May 26.



Suji Park via Brett McDowell

The question which I often ask myself when encountering any ceramicist's work is how have they transferred a medium which is thousands of years old and which always appears to me to be static into something dynamic.

Suji Park is an Auckland-based artist whose first solo exhibition, *That which opens*, combines ceramics with illustration and watercolour. *That which opens* consists of a room filled with methodically arranged white wooden plinths at an array of heights, as if the viewer were sliding through a maze of tiny islands, gazing upon each of these clusters of creatures. The arrangement creates a feeling of dislocation, which can be likened to that created by the ethnographically-charged space of a museum.

Park's clay creatures have strange, macabre, twisted body shapes, yet are composed of Schiele-like figurative elements, as each is christened in splashes of autonomous colour and marked by expressive graphite lines. It is as though the process is a matter of chance. This is evident by the process of change from rough, disproportionately rendered clay, which is seemingly then moulded and transformed into these various

and yet unsettling human-animal creatures. This is achieved by the simple stroke of a graphite pencil and the smearing of watercolour, staining the clay into an amalgamation of different colours carrying rhythmic properties.

The twelve distorted human figures in *Sermon* (2011) appear as if they are unaware that they are nude, which instils a sense of vulnerability in the viewer when gazing upon these engrossingly detailed figures. What is particularly striking about all the human figures in this exhibition is their gestural subtlety, for example the simple clasping of each figure's claw-like hands in many of the figures in *Sermon*. Park has captured a sense of individualism in each, through their emphasised facial features.

The totemic, nightmarish figures in *Witching hour* (2010) produce the unnerving feeling of being watched. There is an undercurrent of unease surrounding these figures who willfully stare into your eyes. Two of the trio are vividly coloured, hauntingly evil and ever watchful half man/bird creatures, while the third of the trio is a teeth-baring, red-eyed bear seemingly ready to attack you at any given point. This uneasiness is also experienced when encountering *Conspiracy* (2011), which depicts a human figure secretly communicating with a sphinx-like creature. The viewer feels as if they are witnessing the detailing of a deadly secret.

Set aside from the maze of islands is a singular lowered plinth to the left of the gallery, which contains figures with more of a degree of lightness. *Swimmers* (2010) is the most playful and light-hearted work in the exhibition. It consists of two human figures of distorted proportions and relaxed dispositions, seemingly sunbathing in the gallery. Park has further exaggerated the bodies through their gestures and cartoonish facial arrangements.

To some degree it seems that Suji Park is engaging with and paying homage to a range of historical references. *Liars* (2010-11) depicts a figure performing hand puppetry, seemingly a reference to ancient Chinese shadow puppetry. Park purposefully damaged one of her works, *Monolith* (2010), to give it the appearance of an archaeological relic thousands of years old. Works such as these recreate the sense of dislocation experienced in a museum. Suji Park's *That which opens* is otherworldly, eerie and entices the viewer to gaze beyond that which is presented in front of them.

— Hana Aoake

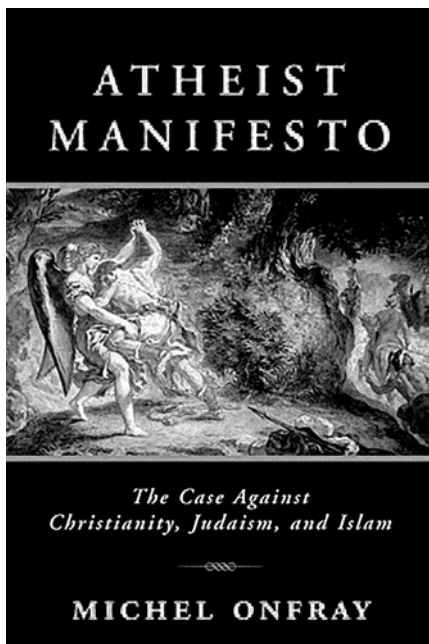
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# Posterwall

curated by **Luke Wood** for Dunedin Public Art Gallery's **Rear Window**. This work features NZ alternative music posters from the 1980s selected from the Hocken Collections. **FREE opens 11 May**

## Atheist Manifesto – *Michel Onfray*



In a modern world that is (sadly) still bombarded with the irrationality of religion, Onfray's *Atheist Manifesto* book is a welcome read, arming the rationalist with arguments, counter-arguments, and facts to rebut the ever-persistent door knocking Mormons, sanctimonious Muslims and a whole raft of other "believers".

As a student with a genetics background who is currently studying medicine, I find social science books a bit daunting. Onfray, however, presents his book in a well-structured style that constantly engrosses the reader. His four main sections (Atheology, Monotheisms, Christianity and Theocracy) are peppered with his witty and often very personal (and sarcastic) inserts, yet which never take away from the beautiful intellectualism of his work. His arguments are clearly laid out and backed up with quotes from all three of the main monotheistic faiths' books. In addition to these revealing contradictions of the said "holy" books, Onfray quotes from numerous literary and historical sources throughout the main body, as well as listing them in a user friendly bibliography to give

strength to his arguments.

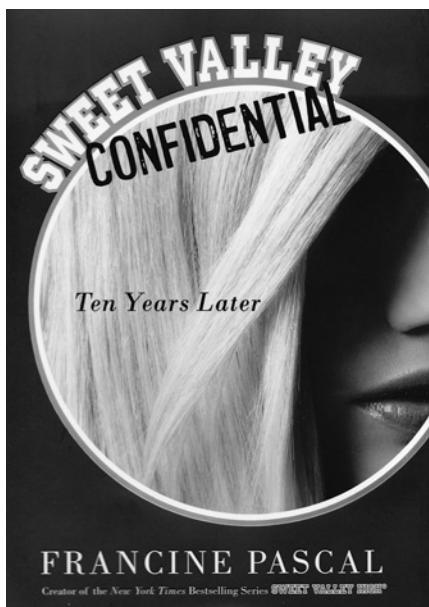
My favourite part of the book? The bit between the front and the back cover! My 200-page paperback copy has a dog-ear literally every second page marking illuminating historical references, articulately stated logic of the rational mind and whole paragraphs that counter the nonsense of religion. Not only is the book a historical analysis of the mainstream theisms, but Onfray also discusses the modern day implications of religious belief systems and how believers justify everything from Islamic extremism to the Israeli occupation of Palestine.

This book will appeal to anybody who introspects from time to time and questions why, at eighteen plus years of age, they have stopped believing in the tooth fairy, the Easter Bunny and Santa Claus, yet they continue to let part or all of their lives' values and behaviours be dictated by fairy tales involving a schizophrenic Jewish carpenter (who in all probability never actually existed) or an illiterate desert nomad riding a winged horse to heaven.

– *Stefan Fairweather*



## Sweet Valley Confidential – *Francine Pascal*



This is a must-read if you ever read the *Sweet Valley High* series. Set 10 years on, twins Jessica and Elizabeth Wakefield from sunny Sweet Valley, Southern California, are now archrivals. Jessica, the ever flirtatious, popular and fun-loving 16 year old, has grown up to be exactly as you'd think she'd become: conniving, deceitful and selfish. And of course, lovely Elizabeth, the intelligent, caring and thoughtful twin, grows up being the same as she was at 16, until her twin Jessica pushes her too far and ruins Elizabeth's life.

Broken and hurt, Elizabeth moves to New York City, and plans her evil revenge on Jessica, proving that the twins are not so different after all. What did Jessica do to make Elizabeth turn into a monster like her? You'll have to read this book to find out (though you can easily guess if you've read even one *Sweet*

*Valley High* book).

It's a light, easy and smutty read, and I have to admit that I had a very guilty satisfaction reading it (but then again, I was a HUGE fan of *Sweet Valley* when I was in intermediate school). This book brings back all the old characters from the series, and is full of twists, lies, cheating, divorce, and even homosexuality and is a rather funny parody of the "American Dream". If you aren't familiar with the *Sweet Valley* series, than give it a pass. But if you're like me and you know the series well, run out and get this book, read it in a day, laugh at the silliness of it all, and be grateful that it's just fiction and that the characters in this book don't actually exist somewhere in this world (or at least hope that they don't).

– *Ilka Fedor*





# Homage to a domestic goddess

Nigella Lawson is the only deity I worship.

This being the food issue, I felt a reasonable amount of pressure to write something awesome. I ended up deciding that the most awesome thing/person of all is Nigella Lawson. Thus in the food column this week I pay homage to Nigella Lawson, a true domestic goddess.

Nigella really is fabulous. I imagine that in real life she is constantly surrounded by a haze of nutmeggy deliciousness and the lingering smell of freshly-baked cake. She manages to make cooking variously poetic, philosophical and sexual all at once. She makes us want to eat things we've never wanted to eat before. She is mesmerising and seductive. She is busty and voluptuous in an amazing Joan Holloway

kind of way. If you have yet to experience the delightfulness that is Nigella go to your computer immediately and google "Nigella+Lawson+youtube+chocolate+cheesecake". Now. Clearly, I'm quite obsessed.

A cynical person could be right in saying that her domestic goddess-ness and the sexualisation of the kitchen is detrimental to the feminist cause and I guess they have a point. But at the same time, feminism preaches that a woman can be whatever she wants to be and fuck it! some of us want to make delicious food.

Speaking of delicious food, here is my favourite Nigella recipe from her seminal text, incidentally the best Christmas gift I have ever received, *How to be a Domestic Goddess*.

## Coca-Cola Cake

### For the cake:

200 g plain flour  
250g caster sugar  
Half tsp baking soda  
Quarter tsp salt  
1 large egg  
125ml buttermilk (can be substituted with 30g yoghurt mixed with 100ml milk)  
1 tsp vanilla extract

125 g unsalted butter  
2 tbsp cocoa  
175ml Coca-Cola

### For the icing:

225 g icing sugar  
2 tbsp butter  
3 tbsp Coca-Cola  
1 tbsp cocoa  
Half tsp vanilla essence

Preheat the oven to 180 degrees. In a large bowl combine the flour, sugar, baking soda and salt. Beat the egg, buttermilk (or yoghurt and milk) and vanilla in a measuring jug. In a saucepan melt the butter, cocoa and Coca-Cola, heating it gently. Pour in the dry ingredients, stir well with a wooden spoon, then add liquid ingredients and beat until well blended. Pour into a greased 20cm cake tin and bake for 40 minutes or until a tester comes out clean.

Leave to stand for 15 mins. Then turn out cake onto a wire rack and leave while you make the icing. Sieve the icing sugar and set aside. Melt the butter, cocoa and Coca-Cola in a saucepan. Remove from heat, add vanilla and then the icing sugar until you have a good spreadable but runny icing. Transfer cake onto a plate and pour icing over.

One final piece of truly brilliant universally applicable Nigella advice quoted from aforementioned seminal text: "*When in doubt, or in need, phone the Chocolate Society (01 423 322 230)*". In an attempt to make this advice more antipodean-centric I googled "New Zealand Chocolate Society" but unfortunately no such organisation exists. A damn shame.



# My First Attempt

**Theatre As Is** Jimmy Currin, Luke Agnew, Feather Shaw and Hahna Briggs



As I arrived at Allen Hall Theatre, joining an already eager audience in the foyer, *My First Attempt* was giving nothing away. This latest piece from the Theatre As Is was devised “using chance operations by the Theatre As Is” according to the simple yet intriguing programme and this again gave nothing away!

In terms of reviewing the piece, where do I begin? After entering the (clean and dry) theatre and taking our seats, the audience was left in total blackout for almost half a minute. At this point my “fight or flight” reactions kicked in, as unnerving, dull tones filled the space and were soon joined by footsteps. Lights up.

On stage were Feather Shaw (wearing a very complimentary pair of large “grandad pants”) and Luke Agnew (in a fetching floral dress). The pair looked interesting, with their outfits supposedly reversed, as they indulged in some rather intriguing dance moves. Agnew and Shaw were on one side of the stage and Jimmy Currin and Hahna Briggs complimented their visual offers on the other. Currin’s costume reminded me of *A Clockwork Orange* and he deeply moved the audience with his variety of facial expressions while Briggs, an excellent dancer, weaved her way around the stage, intermittently grasping all of our attention.

For those of you who also saw this piece, I’m sure you all left debating its symbolic meaning. The giant light stick entering Currin’s mouth, grass cuttings falling from the roof and the mud fights. Was the teddy bear versus golf club sequence a distressing dream for Currin, as Shaw and Agnew taunted in the background? Was Currin, in fact, victim to all of their mischievous games in some sort of drug trip? Or, was it a piece of performance art that everyone can enjoy and leave feeling enlightened? One could read into this for hours.

The lighting complimented each scene (the fantastic work of Martyn Roberts) and the music (Jimmy Currin and Ray Off from Ghost Wolf) set a perfectly eerie atmosphere. Currin did a fantastic job of holding the audience’s attention and keeping them wanting more. All senses were craftily attacked by the actors, with the smell of mud and orange zest filling the theatre. After being advised to sit in the front row, I left with red juice on my legs and shaving foam on my bag from Agnew’s slippery close encounter with the seats. That alone spells out a great show, does it not?

– Bronwyn Wallace





## Lume

Platforms: *PC, Mac*



I'm still not certain what the elder scrolls actually are. Old rolled-up papers, presumably with something mega-important written on them. I guess. If the third in the seventeen-year old series, *Morrowind*, doesn't ring a bell then maybe the forth will: 2006's *Oblivion*. No? What if I told you they are a series of RPGs set in enormous worlds. Marketing campaigns tended to revolve around many permutations of the phrase. "go anywhere, do anything". If by "anywhere" they really mean "caves" and by "anything" they really mean "kill stuff and sometimes talk to people", then that's a pretty darn accurate description of the game.

*Oblivion*, which gained more critical acclaim and probably a touch more commercial success as well, was an improvement over *Morrowind* in every conceivable way except for the one way that actually matters. It was prettier with more rewarding combat, more interesting quests and hours of voice acting. Townsfolk sat down and ate stuff. They ate stuff, like real live people. Amazing. It's a shame that it took place in one of the most bland fantasy regions ever conceived.

I paid \$8.13 for *Lume*, which follows from prices listed in round US dollar figures. As cheap as Steam's prices tend to be (I got *Portal 2* for about \$62.73, give or take \$3.09), I can't say that *Lume* was worth it. The question then becomes then what to say about an overpriced generic adventure game, composed of a couple of middling disparate puzzles, but presented with one of the most remarkable art-styles I have ever seen? The answer is to babble on about the style I think. Yeah, that sounds sensible.

Every inch of *Lume*'s environment is hand-crafted. You'll see detailed wallpaper, hand-cut cardboard-backed wallpaper, rugs on the floor, a mirror and individual books on a shelf. Each of the rooms you enter is lit by a miniature toy light bulb, wired like a doll's house. It's called a diorama, I think, though I only know of that primary education American custom from that one *Simpsons* episode. The game is immediately striking, fusing the stock motion

inspired background with adorable patchwork characters.

It gets difficult to distinguish between the digital and the organic after staring at one of the three-or-so rooms *Lume* offers, but the illusion of the environment being 2D vanishes as soon as you navigate to a new area. These moments - mundane timewasting necessities in any other game - are *Lume*'s best part because the game's camera pans slowly into the next room, showing off the craft that's gone into the level design.

As I said before, there's little to discuss about the actual gameplay; it's nothing more than a couple of puzzles lifted from a car-journey style book of problems. Most are really easy, one is quite good, and one is so nonsensical that I guesstimate most players would spend 90% of the game time on it alone (unless they look up a walkthrough, which is totally what I did.)

I feel bad reviewing a game by contrasting it with its sequel. But honestly, I do think it's the best way to do it justice, because I couldn't even call the world of *Oblivion* generic. It needed more cool stuff, like dragons and orcs, before it could even become generic. It's sub-generic. Where *Morrowind* had, for example, alits (crocodile head with two legs), and corpus disease victims (Joseph Merrick-like zombies) as enemies, *Oblivion* had wolves and goblins. Where *Oblivion*'s towns were plain, even comfortable, European-style villages *Morrowind* had the Telvanni (egocentric wizards who would prefer to levitate than build stairs) and the Redoran, who live inside the hollowed-out carapaces of giant insect creatures. Armour, in *Morrowind*, is often made of chitin (arthropod shells) and bonemeld (whatever that is), but in its sequel armour is just made of chain-mail and steel. In retrospect, neither were incredible games, but I was totally okay with a *Morrowind* quest being nothing more than going to a bookshop. Why? Because the world was so fantastic.



## Morrowind

Platforms: *PC, Xbox*

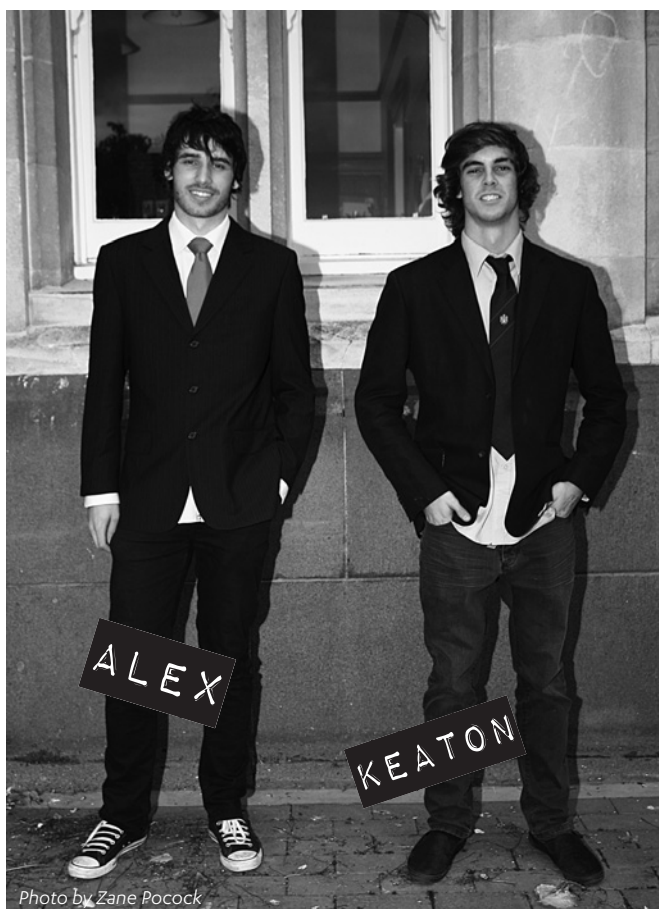


## Teetering Precariously

Here goes a rant on a particular craze that a small minority seem to mindlessly follow on campus. As Peter Griffin would say, it's really grinding my gears. Let me preface this by saying it is not the item itself which causes me to do double-takes, but rather the times and places in which this item is employed. Away we go: why is there a following of people who take it upon themselves to wear heels to uni, becoming painfully visible as they flock between lecture theatre and library, wobbling around like the Cycle 2 winner of *New Zealand's Next Top Model* before she learnt to walk? I cannot fathom why you would willingly put that extra pressure on your legs when clearly the mental stimulation of ~~lectures, labs and assignments~~ deciding what fillings to have in your Frankly sandwich is so great.

Don't get me wrong; the extra height these lofty numbers provide, in an array of ankle-twisting styles, I find very welcome. However, some people need to realise that the social function of university is quite different to that of an evening out or a formal gathering. Invariably, this show-off-your-calves cult seems to have missed the balance gene. This is essentially the opposite extreme to the I-don't-give-a-toss-but-check-out-my-arse leggings-as-pants-wearing skanks, but after years of hate littered through *Critic* I am doubtful they will ever take heed of the "advice" directed towards them. So, teetering campus princesses; take your ridiculous day-time gallivanting elsewhere. Self-expression is great; self-humiliation is not. And don't even get me started on kitten heels.

— Ines Shennan



### Alex

**Shoes:** Chucks  
**Pants:** Black jeans  
**The Rest:** Suited up  
**Style Icon:** Citizen Kane?  
**Favorite Shop:** Anywhere with suits

### Keaton

**Shoes:** Loafers  
**Pants:** Jeans  
**The Rest:** Suited up  
**Style Icon:** Same as Alex  
**Favorite Shop:** Same as Alex

## No More Fat Pants

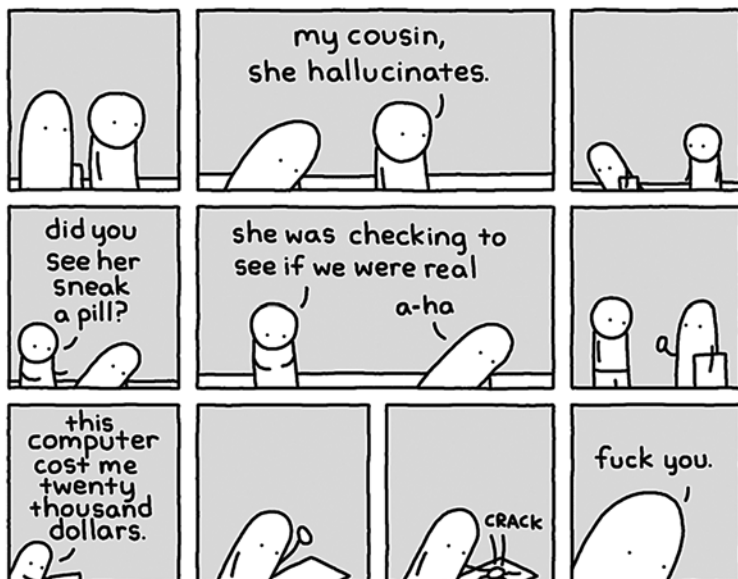
Fat pants. The Warehouse's finest. Whatever you call them, I think they are disgusting. You know what I'm talking about; those dirty grey fleecy-lined track pants that everyone seems to be sporting these days. Retailing for \$8.50 during the holy grail of yellow dot sales, a recently conducted survey (that didn't involve me leaving my flat) suggests that 90% of Otago University students own at least one pair.

Although originally aimed at the kind of creepy men you would avoid on public transport, they have now been adopted by both trendy girls and too-cool guys and are making the elderly shudder everywhere they look. They seem to be a very versatile item of fashion and can be dressed up or down, depending on whether they are paired with jandals or the equally fluffy ugg boots. A personal favourite is when they are teamed with a Karen Walker necklace: you're wearing

a necklace that is worth more than my car (don't judge), but you're wearing pants that belong in South Dunedin.

For the boys, another great look is when their jiggling bulge lets you know they are rocking the bare balls look underneath. Due to the high quality of the materials, regular machine washing is usually avoided, which creates a crusty pungent musk embedded deep in the fibres. For the life of me, I can't understand why. They make thin girls look chubby, and chubby girls look like Kirstie Alley. I know how vain our generation is and have seen how quickly we untag unflattering Facebook photos, but the trendy of today are still willing to wear these heinous ragtag homeless man pants. Unless you actually do sit on the bus muttering under your breath, take them off. And don't even think of replacing them with tights as pants.

— Melissa Letica



Pictures for Sad Children by John Cambell <http://www.picturesforsadchildren.com/>



[www.anticscomic.com](http://www.anticscomic.com)

EVERY\_DEMOGRAPHIC  
MELONJAYWALK.BLOGSPOT.COM







## THIS WEEK IN POLITICS

What do you think the highly quotable Phil Goff could have been saying in the adjacent 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](mailto: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.

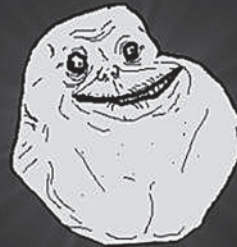
**Changed my iPod name to  
Titanic**



**It's syncing now.**

quickmeme.com

**GET A TEXT**



**DON'T CHECK IT FOR A WHILE SO  
I HAVE SOMETHING TO LOOK  
FORWARD TO**

quickmeme.com

**CLIMBED THE CORPORATE  
LADDER**



**CAN'T GET DOWN. CALL  
FIREMEN**

memegenerator.net

**IF SHE'S SINGLE, YOU'RE  
COMPETING AGAINST THE WORLD**



**IF SHE'S TAKEN, THEN  
IT'S JUST ONE**



## TAIWAN Centenary! 7pm, Saturday 28th May 2011

Celebrating 100 years of Taiwan's independence, the Otago Taiwanese Students' Association bring you their very own Cultural night! Come enjoy the full Taiwanese experience and see what this special culture is all about. They guarantee it to be a massive night!

Tickets can be purchased from the Hunter Centre.

\$6 OUTSA member, \$8 non-members and \$10 door sales!!

## HAVE YOUR SAY, VOTE AND YOU COULD WIN A UNION GRILL FLAT FEED!\*

■ OUSA ONLINE REFERENDA  
23 MAY - 2 JUNE

■ PRESIDENTIAL BY-ELECTION  
NOMINATIONS 18 - 24 MAY,  
VOTING 1-3 JUNE

■ POSTGRAD COMMITTEE REPS  
NOMINATIONS 18 - 24 MAY,  
VOTING 1-3 JUNE

[WWW.USA.ORG.NZ](http://WWW.USA.ORG.NZ)

\*5 X BURGERS+CHIPS



## PRESIDENTIAL COMMENT

So Harriet has left the building, leaving an office full of post-it notes detailing information on how to be an interim president. Highlights of her office so far have been a 6ft high stack of papers and the keys to the OUSA BMW (jokes, it's an Audi). It's all go here at OUSA with a referendum well and truly underway, as well as a by-election (SURPRISE). Nominations for the by-election will be open from the 18th to the 24th of May, and voting from the 1st until the 3rd of June. As well as the referendum and the by-election it is also time for the post grads to have their say; nominations are open for the ten positions on the post-grad committee. Post-grads are needed from all syllabuses to decide on important matters and events regarding post-grads. On the fun side of things, Capping Show has come and gone and it was fantastic, selling out 7/10 nights. In fact, it was so good I had to go a second time sober. I take my cap off to everyone that was involved in a show that was very 'ROFL.' Battle of the bands had its 3rd heated round last weekend and finals will be this Saturday at Refuel. Any way that's my rant for the week, it is coming down to the crunch for many students academically, with only TWO WEEKS left of classes. I wish you the best of luck in your studies and your impending exams.

Ngā mihi, nā Bradley

## Battle of the Bands

Dont miss the last heat this Friday 27, and the Battle of the Bands Final on Saturday 28th!

Congratulations to the winners of Heat 2, Ignite the Helix, good luck with the Final's on the 28th.

### Results Heat 1:

1st - The Doyleys  
2nd - Honeybone  
Wildcard - TLA

### Results Heat 2:

1st - Ignite the Helix  
2nd - The Altar Vendetta  
Wildcard - Littlegeist



Congratulations to all those involved in the hilarious Capping Show! For more Capping Show and Battle of the Bands photos check out the OUSA Facebook page. Search OUSA - Otago University Students' Association. Photos courtesy of She Said Photography, [www.shesaidphoto.com](http://www.shesaidphoto.com).

CONVERSE  
**BATTLE of the BANDS '11**  
BROUGHT TO YOU BY OUSA & RADIO ONE

HEAT 4, FRI 27th MAY  
**FINAL, SAT 28th MAY**  
REFUEL, GOLD COIN ENTRY



# More than just a BCom

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- Entrepreneurial ideas competition (\$60,000 prize pool).

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- Test your business skills and solve real business problems
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## o *OCOM*

- Otago Commerce Students Association.

## o *Scholarships*

- Funding to assist your studies or student exchange.

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- Over 40 specific business exchange partners.

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