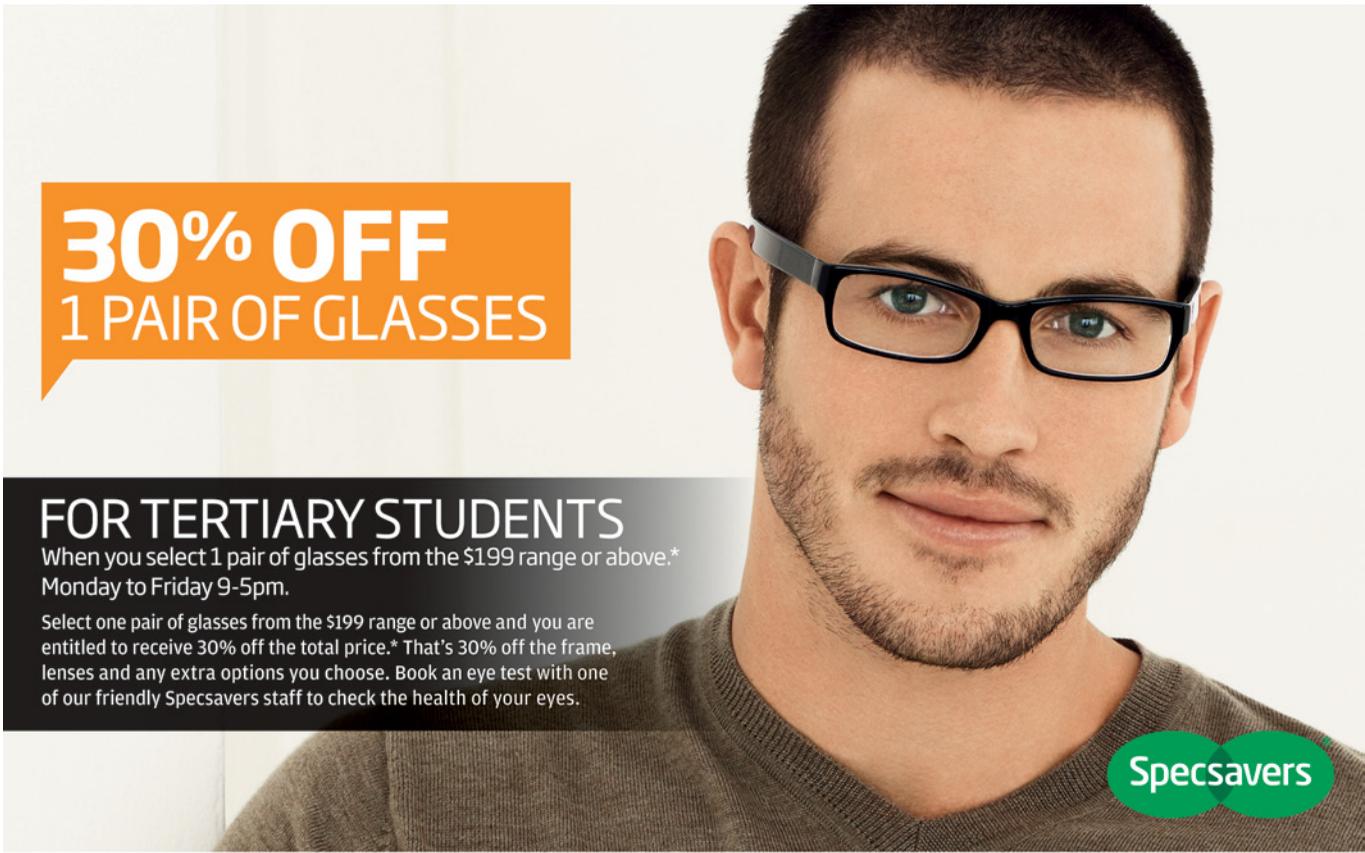


THE CRIMINALS ISSUE

Issue 03 – 14th March 2011



Wikileaks; Beneath the Hype | The Downfall of New Zealand's Legal Aid System
Crazy Crimes & Criminals | News, Reviews & More



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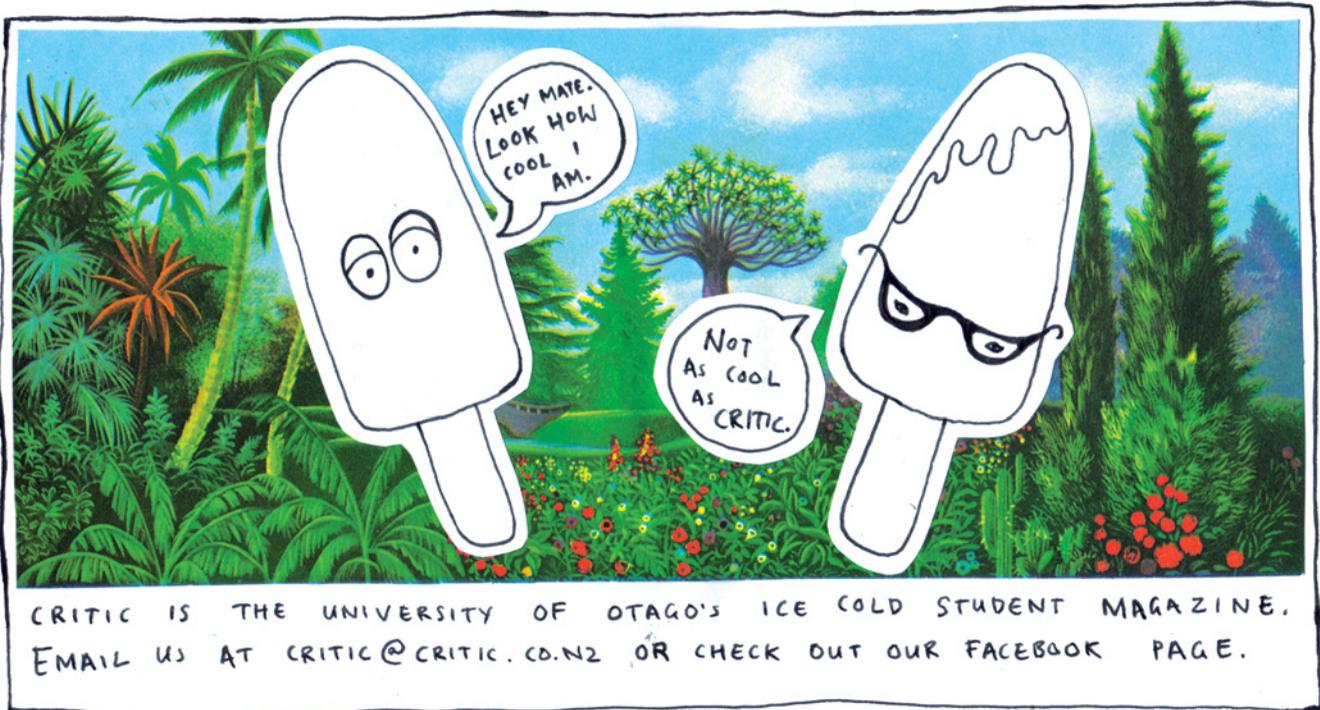
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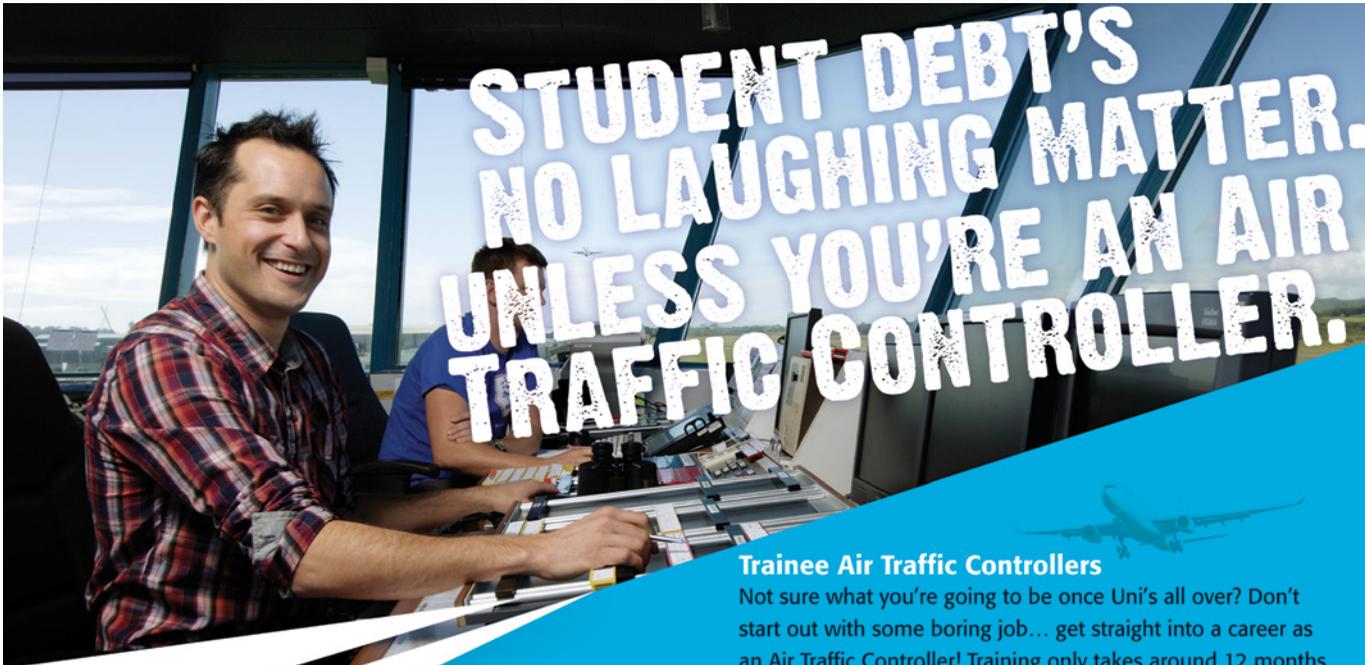
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AWOU2011

I gots me a tattoo



It's sort of hard to know what to write about for a "criminal" themed *Critic*. Like, criminal activities are real bad for society and stuff, but I don't wanna be all intense about it. As one buddy of mine pointed out, without criminals, many quality crime shows (see page 9) would go down the gurgler. It's a strange irony really- despite the fact crime is generally considered bad for society, you need criminals to entertain other would-be criminals to keep said would-be crims off the streets. Unfaultable logic. This week, *Critic* relies on a similar logic and presents the best crazy court cases and criminal convictions of the bunch (page 18).

Strangely, the big U. S. of A. didn't get all that much of a look in, despite desperately clinging onto some bizarre laws. Among the most notable are bans against going to the movies with your pet lion (Maryland), falling asleep with your shoes on (North Dakota), and farting in a public place after 6.00pm on a Thursday (thanks, Florida). Too good.

Although our criminal justice system is light-years ahead of the afore mentioned USA, it appears change is afoot. Georgie Fenwicke reports on the operational changes to the Legal Services Agency and the impacts this is having for legal aid (page 24).

Wanganui's gang insignia bylaw hit headlines again last week when a court decision found the bylaw to be unlawful and invalid. We offer our take on page 11. The decision is great for freedom of speech and freedom of association advocates alike, but mostly it's just great because it makes Michael Laws look like even more of a ratty-eye-liner-wearing-twat than he already did.

As a slight but vaguely related diversion from the criminal theme, Charlotte Greenfield tackles the huge issue of Wikileaks. To me, perhaps one of the most interesting aspects of the whole Wikileaks saga is the wildly disparate views it inspires amongst people. The staunch Wikileaks believers are prepared to cast aside women's rights in order to get "The Truth" out there, while Wikileaks haters are crying "security threat" as they ready their guns to kill off more civilians in the Middle East. With subjects this complex, it's hard to pick teams. My thoughts are this: "The Truth" is rarely as straightforward as a marketing paper. There's the 'context', a term which is bandied about like no one's business, but with good reason, and there's the fact that, even when "The Truth" is being leaked, there's still a fair amount of undisclosed censorship going on. Turn to page 20 for a far better Wikileaks analysis.

Stay cool,

Julia Hollingsworth

Letter of the Week

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



University Book Shop
Dunedin's Finest Book Shop

WE H8 RICH WANKERS TOO.

To the Girl in My Classics Class with an iPad,
LOL.

Regards,
Amused Classmate

BUZZ KILL

Dear *Critic*,

Is it your aim to ensure every student in Dunedin catches Chlamydia or genital warts?

Your article "Fresher FAQ" truly was one of your most misleading pieces of shit I have yet to read. At the risk of being a "pussy", I want to voice a quick note about exposing YOUR pussy or penis. So let's get all "Scarfie up in this shit", and encourage our new students to go out and 'sleep with as many people as you can- it's the NZ way'. YAAAAAY- let's get shit faced and have sex with randoms because that's what I'm expected to do. You HAVE to if you want to be a real Scarfie. Do you wake up in the morning and piss fire? Do you have strange bumps all over your genital area? Is your penis dripping weird shit? How about a hundred tiny, crusty blisters so painful you can't wear underwear or sit down comfortably? Well this is the result of being a "true Scarfie". So young Scarfies, if you take the advice of the "cool Scarfie" then be prepared to reduce your fertility rate, your happiness, your confidence and your ability to have relationships.

Concerned regards,
Advocate for your Pussy or Penis.

NAH HE'S 4 REAL LOL.

Was your 'eagle' employed/volunteered to be an ignorant wanker for the sake of sparking debate? The scary thing is even if he isn't genuine (surely he isn't) there are people who genuinely push his line of argument regarding

alcohol laws, namely pricks like Douglas Kerr of the business roundtable, smug looking marketing fucks who work for beer companies and a whole raft of National supporters ranging from the made-up dollies who skulked around the young Nats stand at Clubs Day right through to the asshole at the top. Your "Eagle" ignores fact and spouts lies to support a dangerous ideal that alcohol doesn't harm others, only the individual. Please. Maybe the cock-sucking 2nd year economics student who hides behind his birdie pseudonym could take a look at the work of Otago's own Professor Jennie Connor. 1000 deaths a year attributed to alcohol, 44% of all homicides involve someone who has been drinking. We police driving through licensing laws and a raft of other laws to try make it safer for the vast majority who drive sensibly so why not the same for alcohol, especially in the face of all the cold hard truths? Look at the facts, eagle-tosser. Get informed.

Stefan Fairweather

WE GOT TOLD

Dear *Critic*,

Just writing to correct a few mistakes in the article on Jim Flynn's new book.

First off, European is not a nationality any more than Asian or Middle Eastern. America didn't start producing really first-rate literature until the nineteenth century, and none of it had much critical recognition overseas until the early twentieth. Counting the Western tradition from Homer on, America has been involved in about 1/30th of it.

The last bit, about authors forsaking their national language for English, is just baffling. Certainly English has some fantastic writers. But even the most conservative cultural imperialists venerate Plato (Greek), Virgil (Latin), Dante (Italian), Montaigne (French), Cervantes (Spanish), Tolstoy (Russian) and Goethe (German). Along with, you know, the Bible (Hebrew and Greek). Kierkegaard wrote in Danish; Ibsen in Norwegian; Burns in Scots; the *Kalevala* is in Finnish and Karelian, the *Tain* in Old Irish; Camoens wrote in Portuguese.

Fortunately your journalist is open-minded and multicultural enough to dismiss three millennia's worth of people writing in vastly

diverse cultural situations throughout the West as dead white men. We could all stand to read more from the various Eastern and Latin American traditions, but I don't see any reason to sneer at our own. Hope you can find someone who has read a book to write your next article on books. (I am aware this is Dunedin.)

Sincerely,
A stupid pretentious cunt

DOWN WITH FRESHERS

After having OUSA's Orientation reviewed by a "charming first year", I feel the urge to offer the musings of a somewhat "more experienced" student... First up for us was Kids of 88. "Fuck this, let's go to Monkey Bar" was an oft-heard remark, but somehow we didn't mind seeing these kids leave. My personal highlight was the call to scream if you were born in the late 80s, and the crowd going nuts... Apparently this round of freshers don't even know when they were born! Kora was awesome, as always, and Left or Right did a great job of introducing newbies to Dunedin musical goodness. The most irritating thing this year was the one-way door policy. We were not the only non-freshers to turn up on Saturday night amping for the sweet sounds of Ladi 6, only to be faced with a very disappointing DJ Rheka, and drunken first years falling over the place in obscenely short skirts/belts. Faced with the thought of waiting an hour amidst this spectacle, and no option of heading outside for a respite, we chose to sacrifice our night and head home. Freshers, you have won this round.

Signed,
Disappointed

FACTS DO MATTER. PRINCE ALBERT=KING GEORGE VI. DO UR HISTORY OLD WOMAN.

I am a post menopausal mother of three who always picks up a copy of *Critic* whilst striding through the hospital foyer!

Now, The Kings Speech wasn't a bad review except Colin Firth wasn't playing Prince Albert.....it was George...who became King George when his brother abdicated from the throne, in order to follow his heart. Albert was Queen Victoria's husband and I don't

think he stuttered, but probably spoke fluent German. It's a fact thing. Facts matter.

Liz Benny

Post Menopausal Mother of 3.

FATTIES ARE NOT AT FAULT

Subtlety Grant has raised the highly contentious issue of what s(he) refers to as "fat acceptance", vehemently arguing against the idea "that being fat is acceptable". SG is by no means alone in holding this view.

Yes, overweight is associated with significant health risks. Yes, this is costly to our healthcare system. But there are two important questions here: 1. Are those people experiencing this condition entirely and solely responsible for the high prevalence of overweight in our society? 2. Is a judgemental, blaming stance helping the situation?

UK research has shown higher concentrations of fast food outlets in lower socio-economic areas. US research has shown fruit and vegetables to cost substantially more in lower socio-economic areas. Serving sizes of many common foods (eg. Fast foods, bottled drinks, chocolate bars, French fries) have increased substantially since the 1950s. Some major tobacco industry companies have purchased food companies and strongly promote the consumption of many high fat/high sugar foods. The diet industry promotes an ever-expanding range of diets; however, research shows the long-term success rate of dieting to be very poor. In fact, several prospective studies show dieting to be a *predictor of weight*

gain over time. So we live in a society where the lower socio-economic groups are likely to be exposed to a more obesogenic environment, and where the diet industry promotes a so-called 'solution' that doesn't work in the long term.

Secondly, research shows that people living with the experience of being above a healthy, comfortable weight are highly stigmatized and face many forms of prejudice. In the US, weight discrimination has increased by 66% over the past decade. People facing this health challenge are therefore also vulnerable to social injustice and impaired quality of life as a result of stigma.

Changing one's eating and physical activity behaviours and sustaining such changes long-term can be hard. In order to be able to make such changes, people need to be empowered rather than judged, blamed and stigmatized.

Dr Caroline Horwath

Senior Lecturer in Human Nutrition

Notices

Mentor Programme

- Mentoring is a great opportunity to share
- new experiences, build positive friendships
- and strengthen our community. Otago Youth
- Wellness Trust is looking for adult volunteers
- who are motivated, positive and passionate
- about the wellbeing of young people aged
- between 11-16 years old. Interested
- contact administrator@oywt.org.nz
- or at (03) 474 9547.

NZ Blood University Collect

- The Gazebo Room, Union Building. Tuesday,
- March 15, 12.00pm – 4.30pm. Wednesday,
- March 16, 10.00am – 3.00pm. Please book
- your appointment now at www.nzblood.co.nz or phone 0800GIVEBLOOD to avoid a
- long wait. Remember to eat and drink before
- you come and bring ID.

Snooker

- Enrolments are now open for the 14th annual
- snooker tournament. Play snooker!
- Meet other people! Defeat them! Win
- money! Enrolments close Sunday March
- 20. Enrol now at Clubs and Societies, 84
- Albany St Dunedin, ph: 03 479 5960 or
- email clubsandsocieties@ousa.org.nz

Marrow

- Marrow magazine is looking for new graphic
- designers, artists, writers, photographers
- and anybody else to contribute to this
- local publication. Great opportunity to get
- involved in Dunedin culture, meet new
- people, get some practical experience and
- have your work published. Contact Kari &
- Hana at marrowmagazine@gmail.com (or
- check us out on facemail or at our blog
- marrowzine.blogspot.com)

LETTERS POLICY

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

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Griffin's Meal Mates: The Original Poppy & Sesame Crackers

"It's a Meal Mate, mate"

Meal Mates, Meal Mates, lunch and dinner; will your poppy seed crack deliver?

I can't deny it. Meal Mates are true to their tagline claim - a pie and three hits and I'm full. Apart from lacking a little salt (which is easily solved by the salad-tossing upside-down approach) and having about as much buzzout factor as mild butter chicken and a garlic naan, they are delightful and are totally a meal in my health-conscious housewife (with an alcohol addiction) opinion. They have quality crunch without the fall-apart crapness of some of the poppy seed crack the glorious Boxmunch and I have had before. As for the stale test, we were blown away by the weekend open test and the fact that even when stale they still had a good crunch behind the moistness. Add some tomato, avo and hummus and your day will be semi-made.

But with all this poppy chat I'm now sick of the comedowns and I'm sick of putting things down. For once I'm going to get rid of the Kiwi attitude and let Griffins grow them poppies big. Let's sort ourselves out and get stoking Nuzulund; tell your mate he's smart, tell reception babe she has a mean dress and tell your mum she's cool when she says dude. Then we'll have a killer crop, epic poppy seed crackers, and a thriving drug trade to back it all up if we ever fall short of our debt repayments.

Good crack,
- Munchbox



Honest

An American man played it straight with police after being stopped for exceeding the speed limit. 25 year old Stephen Supers calmly sacked a beer in front of the officer who pulled him over, before mulling over his answer to the (somewhat redundant) question: "have you been drinking?".

Playing it safe, Supers answered in the affirmative then promptly failed a series of field sobriety tests. Supers was arrested for drink-driving and possession of marijuana. Sources were unclear as to whether Supers lit one up in front of the officer as well. Given his form, we think he probably did.

Burn

An American teenager who imitated a scene from the hit movie "American Pie" was severely burned when he tried to shag a hot apple pie.

Dwight Emburger, 17, was rushed to the hospital with serious burns to his penis after slotting it in the dessert treat. Emburger apparently could not quell his desire until the tasty pastry had cooled, and his reward was a penis badly scarred and scalded by the hot filling.

A hospital spokesperson in Idaho said, "this demonstrates that producers should consider the effects their films have on the idiot gene pool". We are thinking poor Dwight probably didn't get the most sympathetic treatment.



Unlucky

Continuing the theme of American motorway-related stupidity, an Ohio man was arrested on suspicion of car theft. Unremarkable perhaps, except this car thief actually flagged down a passing cop and asked for a ride.

Why the car thief didn't have a ride of his own, given the nature of his profession, is a legitimate question. Why he chose to flag down a cop is an even more legitimate one.

The cop, who immediately recognised the recidivist local criminal, simply drove the thief to the nearest nick and processed him. They don't come easier than that.

2/3

of the world's executions take place in China

2/3

of the world's kidnappings occur in Colombia

78

violent crimes per 100,000 people in North Dakota, the lowest rate in the U.S. The highest rate? 822 per 100,000 in South Carolina

Ouch

A mile down the road from Middle Tennessee State University, a couple of young, very drunk MTSU frat boys climbed a barbed wire fence that was intended to keep lesser mortals out of an electric substation.

One frat boy climbed to the top of a transformer. That alone was obviously a bad idea. But it got worse when he urinated on the transformer on which he stood. As if electrocution via genitalia wasn't bad enough, consider his motivation to pee: a wasp nest "target" attached to the transformer. Needless to say, the wasps were the least of his worries.

He did not live long.



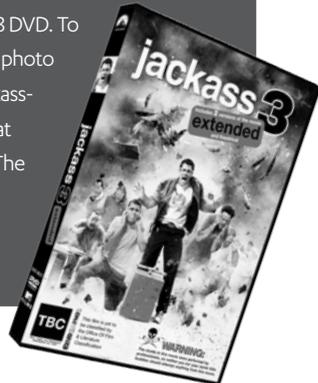
The cardinal sin of Facebook is writing a comment, be it on a friend's wall or post, and subsequently deleting it. Thanks to the freaks who receive emails from Facebook every single time anything remotely of note occurs (seriously, how many emails do you have in your inbox?) it will invariably get out. And you will look like the douche who wrote a comment, read it, decided it wasn't witty enough and re-wrote it. Dude you are not getting marked on your fb-ing.

After this ego-crushing experience it's nice to go laugh at someone douchier than yourself. This is where Catalog Living (<http://catalogliving.net>) comes in. This is one of the only blogs that genuinely causes one to LOL. It is a truly random concept that centres around a hypothetical family who inhabit (obscurely enough) furniture catalogues. Each catalogue-home pic is coupled with a hilarious caption that details the family's everyday life. Check it out for more LOLs than a "witty" facebook comment.



Three times the laughs. Three times the stupidity. Three times the pain. The *Jackass* guys are back for their wildest round of mischief and mayhem yet! You'll laugh 'til your bladder pops or your spleen spleens as Johnny Knoxville goes roller-skating in a buffalo herd, Bam Margera barrels through a hallway of high-voltage stun guns and Steve-O takes to the skies in a fully-loaded porta-potty.

This week *Critic* is giving away two copies of the much-anticipated *Jackass 3* DVD. To win, send a video or photo of your craziest *Jackass*-inspired stunt to us at critic@critic.co.nz. The crazier, the better. These DVDs need good homes.



TOP 10



Top Ten Crime shows according to *Critic*

1. The Wire
2. CSI
3. *Twins Peaks*
4. The Closer
5. Dexter
6. Prime Suspect
7. Taggart
8. Chips
9. Life on Mars
10. Hustle

Special mention: although they missed out on a place in our prestigious Top Ten list, we feel *CSI: Miami* deserves a special mention for the comedic, and very golden-haired, Horatio. A second special mention goes to Trinny and Susannah in *What Not To Wear* for aggressively combating dangerous perpetrators of fashion crimes.

1 in 700

the number of identity thieves that get caught

1386

the year that a pig was executed by public hanging for the murder of a small child in France

Scarfie Card scheme unfairly compared to slavery in this title

details

180 points: an entry to the OUSA Sauna

180 points: a trip to Moana Pools (including slides)

300 points: one free main at LoneStar

540 points: a trip on the Taieri Gorge Train

\$3.50: pay rate per hour if you take the swim

2.4: LoneStar ribs you will earn per hour

\$13: the New Zealand minimum wage from April 1 this year

An initiative set up to “invigorate Dunedin’s social connectedness” is sending Otago students out into the local community to do odd jobs, with the aim of letting Dunedin residents know that students aren’t just OTP in Dunedin the whole time they’re here. The Scarfie Card scheme, run by Student Life, is in its pilot year and looks to match young student volunteers with old people.

Student Life Campus Director Aaron Thompson set up Scarfie Card as a way of reconnecting students to their community, and diverting attention from Dunedin’s perceived student drinking culture. *Critic* wishes him the best of luck with his ambitious goal.

Thompson has said that students have taken some time to get their heads around the concept of getting something for volunteering. *Critic* can see why – “volunteering” tends to imply doing something out of the goodness of your heart, and receiving reward for one’s work is generally what a paid job is for. This scheme could perhaps be said to occupy an awkward middle ground.

Current jobs listed on the website include “Arrgh the triffids are up to the window sills”, “Can’t see out my windows :)” and “Mowing Lawns/trimming a bush”. At a remuneration rate of 60 “Scarfie Points” per hour of volunteer work, students can start redeeming their points for rewards after a minimum of three hours work.

Thompson describes the rewards provided by Scarfie Card as “stuff which is actually worthwhile” and that students “probably thought they would get balloons or lollipops”. Rewards listed on the Scarfie Card website include the option to cash in 180 points (three hours volunteering) for a trip to Moana Pool,

worth a whopping \$10.70. That said, the rewards scheme is nothing if not arbitrary, as 600 points (10 hours volunteering) can get you a day pass to Cardrona, priced at \$73 for students.

As mentioned above, the scheme is currently in its pilot stages, and when *Critic* attempted to sign up to the website to get a profile, a message popped up saying “Oops! I’m sorry only students from Castle Street, Aquinas College and City College are part of the 2011 pilot”. Original devastation at not being allowed to join gave way to confusion about what students from Castle St have in common with first years at Aquinas and City College.

Scarfie Card currently has more than twenty partners, including the Dunedin City Council, Otago University Students Association, University of Otago, Age Concern and a variety of local businesses. Thompson recently told the *Otago Daily Times* that “more than a hundred students” had signed on to the scheme and at the time *Critic* was going to print there were 53 jobs listed.

In a seemingly unrelated move, the scheme is also distributing packs of cards to the students involved in the pilot scheme. The 20,000 decks of cards aim to “showcase the beauty of Dunedin” and list things to do and places to see in the city. The move is in line with the aim of the scheme to “change the perception among some students that excessive drinking was the norm”.

Critic recommends using the cards next time your flat is playing Circle of Death.

– Aimee Gulliver



Gangs bang laws.

In a piece of news completely unrelated to students, but thankfully tenuously connected to this week's theme, *Critic* can un-exclusively report that the Wanganui gang patch ban has gone down in flames after the High Court ruled the ban was illegal. Justice Clifford found that the Wanganui Council had exceeded its power in creating the bylaw.

A special act of parliament allowed the council to control the wearing of gang patches in the Wanganui urban area. However, the act did not give the council the power to ban patches and Justice Clifford found that the bylaw exceeded the delegated mandate of control, and effectively operated such as to ban the wearing of patches.

The ruling is a significant setback for the council, and in particular for former Wanganui major Michael Laws. Laws was particularly invested in the issue, having led the fight to pass the bylaw. Upon the release of the ruling, Laws urged his fellow councillors to lobby police national headquarters to fund an appeal against the ruling.

However, the wisdom of an appeal is questionable. Kensington Swan, lawyers for the council, stated that costs to take the case to the Court of Appeal are estimated at a minimum of \$30,000, and a hearing in the higher court would not be expected until at least October, the *Dominion Post* reported. By contrast a simple redrafting of the bylaw could see a new control on patches in force by September.

The legal challenge to the ban was initiated by Philip Schubert, a member of the Auckland chapter of the Hells Angels Motorcycle Club. Duncan Webb, one of the lawyers acting for Schubert, told the *Dominion Post*, "to take away the right to wear insignia is to take away the right almost to be a member [of the Hells Angels], but certainly the right to identify yourself as a member in public. You're driven underground, you cannot speak".

The decision is particularly embarrassing for the council given the earlier trumpeting of the bylaw as a blow against the power and profile of such gangs in New Zealand. In effect, the ruling has only served to highlight the ability of these gangs to fund expensive legal action and win decisively, while showing the Wanganui Council to be guilty of sloppy drafting and exceeding their mandate.

– Gregor Whyte

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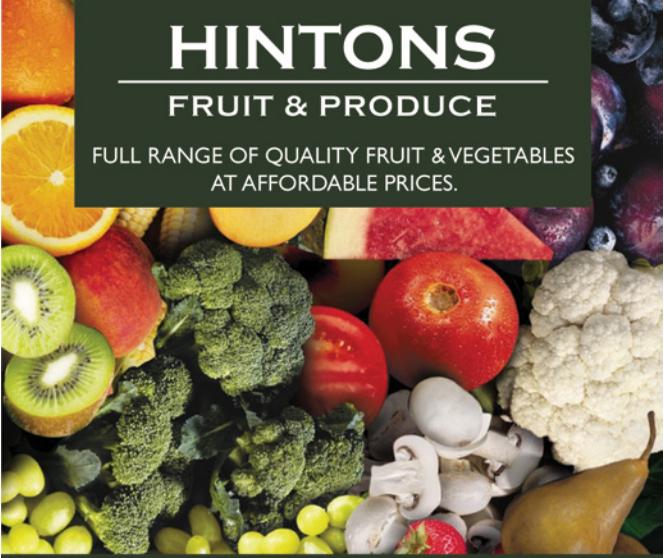


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 University, under Radio One, most days.

Postgrads unenthused about enforced Monday night Jelly Wrestling

Postgraduate students, incensed at the possible cancellation of their Friday night Gazebo drinks, have taken to the walls of Facebook for a regular old-fashioned bitching session. OUSA Postgraduate Representative Stephanie Ruddock, responsible for the Gazebo drinks, has threatened to send any future communication containing any “abuse, slander or profanity” to the Proctor. How naughty these postgrads get after they’ve had a few ports.

Ruddock claims that “Friday Night Gazebo Lounge used up 92% of the postgraduate budget and was attended by 5% of students” in 2010. Ruddock further asserts that it “has NOT been cancelled” but that the format of the event is to be discussed by the Postgraduate Committee. As an alternative activity, Ruddock has organized a Monday night

shindig with Starters Bar, which is providing postgrads with “competitive food and drink deals...in a casual, relaxed setting”.

However some of her fellow postgrads aren’t so convinced. Student Cait O’Donnell posted a link on the Facebook event in question to Starters Bar’s website, along with the comment “This is where Stephanie wants to send us? Bull riding? Bikini contests? Drunken undergrads?... Oh and Starters also has JELLY WRESTLING”.

Critic speculates that O’Donnell seems excited by all of the above, presumably none of which were available at the Gazebo. Former Postgraduate Rep Margi Macmurdo-Reading also seems down for a throw in the jelly if her comment “Dude, I am so there!” is anything to go by.

Grant Michael McKenna also doesn’t seem too fazed by the potential cancellation of Gazebo, and seems to be really embracing the Scarfie life... “Hey, drinks at Starters! Awesome! When is the next wet T-shirt competition? Pity about any non-drinkers/women who don’t flash their tits at strangers, but if they’re like that they shouldn’t come to Duffers, hey?”. *Critic* has never seen any non-drinkers flash their tits at strangers at Starters Bar, but if this is the sort of behaviour that goes on, we’re looking at an office outing next week.

The potential cancellation of the “beloved” Gazebo event has clearly proved controversial, despite the obvious enthusiasm for a new location from more radical quarters of the postgrad ranks. Local celebrity OUSA President Harriet Geoghegan even stepped into the debate on Facebook, commenting that “there have been concerns that Gazebo Lounge doesn’t satisfy everyone, but obviously from this page it is important to a number of people as well”.

Critic notes that Starters Bar is likely to become very important to quite a few male scarfies if all the claimed antics that go on there are true; UniCol boys, it’s on the corner of Frederick and Grange Sts, and Monday nights look like a real goer.

– Aimee Gulliver

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S.E.A What I Did There?



On Sunday March 6, Students for Environmental Action (S.E.A) set out on a trek to tidy up the St. Leonards area on the way out to Port Chalmers.

Their aim was a “coastal cleanup” of the beach to help raise awareness of “Sea-Week” which this year ran from February 26 to March 6. S.E.A’s clean-up ran in conjunction with a larger event run by DOC which aimed to collect inorganic rubbish from any part of the coast between Taieri Mouth and Waikouaiti.

The student group all cycled out from Clubs and Socs, using one car to bring back the collected trash. Their haul included seven big black bags full of all sorts, ranging from fast food wrappers to a rotten Blackberry cell phone.

S.E.A is a busy organisation at the moment, with a number of events planned for the near future. Their Organic Fest - which gives students and the public an opportunity to try out organic wine, beer and food - will be held later this year. The goal for the festival will be to raise awareness of organic goods that are available locally. Details are currently being finalised.

There will also be a seedling giveaway in second semester and S.E.A are currently working with OUSA on a proposal for a Campus Gardens.

To get involved with S.E.A, send them an email at: seaotago@gmail.com stating your interest.

– *Lozz Holding*

SBK & URBAN FACTORY PRESENT

✖ the

upbeats

LIVE

feat **jess chambers & mc LowQui**

✖ Non Vogue

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 URBAN FACTORY
 WITH DJ WOOSH, ESPIONAGE & HOOVES

PRESALES \$15 ONECARD
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Photos: Nicholas Sherlock

Let them eat roadkill.

While most were wallowing in their own filth and bewailing their hangovers, twelve innocent little freshers were being put through their paces in a series of challenges known as the “OUSA Fresher Comp”.

The event ran from Sunday through to Friday with the selected group facing multiple challenges each day. The winner, or sole remaining fresher at the end, would walk away with a fully paid-for Queenstown adventure weekend, a \$300 Domino’s Pizza party, grooming vouchers from Why Not? and an iPod Touch.

The prize pack, and the inevitable glory, was incentive enough for this gaggle of first years to face torture from the Les Mills tent every day, alongside each of the scheduled sponsored challenges. Sunday and Monday eased into the challenges gently with some ‘bonding games’ which lulled the competitors into a false sense of security before the eliminations started.

Monday afternoon played host to the Fly Buys Gauntlet Challenge, which involved trolleys with oversized wheels being raced around an obstacle course outside the museum.

Tuesday played host to the AJ Hackett Horizontal Bungy Challenge where the competitors had to battle a bungy in order to grab a drink and chop it, an essential scarfie skill. It was tears before beers for the slowest two, who were sent back to their halls in disgrace.

Wednesday saw a slightly disturbing event, the aptly named “Road Kill Comp”, courtesy of the Otago Farmers’ Market. In this event the freshers were transformed into hardened southerners. This time, they had to skin a rabbit and make a meal out of it, another essential skill that will prepare the wee ones for when their flatmate blows the food money at Lucky 7s.

Thursday had two events in store for the remaining competitors. First was the Clocktower Race, followed by karaoke where the freshers had to wow the judges with their croaky mid-o-week voices and ridiculous costumes. Apparently no substantial record label signings were made.

Friday was the final day of torture for the elite few freshers who had made it this far. In the morning they were taken to the top of the Chemistry building and told to abseil down for the penultimate challenge. If relying on the structure and stability of perhaps the crumbliest looking building on campus wasn’t enough to test the first years, they also had to blow up a balloon until it popped midway through the descent.

After this, only the two fastest competitors remained to duel it out in the final event: the Velvet Burger eating contest. The two finalists had one bottle of iced tea to wash down three burgers as fast as possible. In an incredible display, Cumberland’s very own Nic Christie (18) took out the competition and the prize pack. What a fucking legend.

– *Lozz Holding*

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Bouncing off the Halls

It's common knowledge that the week after O Week is shit. After all, it's very hard to make the transfer from a week of constant partying to the cruel, unforgiving world of nine-hour weeks at uni. Ten in the morning no longer means time to crack open another bag of Country Red but instead it's time to go to class. No longer do random people from your hall sleep with you; sober, they in fact find you repulsive. This sudden reversal in fortunes is a shock for even the most hardened sixth year Marketing and Tourism student. But no one feels the pain more than the rosy little first years who have naively been planning how to get into Med School AND have a social life. In the week after O Week they suddenly realise they will have to choose one or the other.

What makes the week after O Week even more arse is the fact that the entire population of North Dunedin becomes infected with what scientists scientifically refer to as the "fresher flu". This highly evolved microbe, endemic in Dunedin, feeds off the weakened immune system of severely hungover people. Symptoms include blocked sinuses, fever, headache and regretting recent sexual encounters with that fatty from UniCol.

That being, one poor first year jock may be suffering more than the usual portion of regret after sleeping with a mad bitch who refused to accept any excuse for his failing to pleasure her. Said rugby jock type was on his way to getting his jollies off inside the lucky lady when he inexplicably put his shoulder out and collapsed on top of her in a quivering pile of agony. Yet despite the roars of pain bellowing from her partner, this girl was not satisfied with the encounter just yet so she whacked the poor bastard's arm back into its socket, mounted him and finished herself off. Sweet Jesus.

While halls like to put firm rules in place in order to keep rampant first years under some sort of control, certain of these guidelines have to be questioned. One example is an odd mandate at Arana. Eyewitness reports have informed us that those of the female gender must now squat and urinate in sinks, while those of the male persuasion are encouraged to use the common-room piano. The reasoning behind these rules is unknown, as before I was able to get to the bottom of the mystery I was removed from the property by an Arana official. It appears they didn't appreciate my cutting-edge journalism. Oh well. Fuck Arana.

– *Lozz Holding*

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(H)RONICLES OF (A)STLE

As the dust settles around Castle Street, alcohol abuse has slowed down, leading to other substances going up in smoke. Frequent late-night runs to the 2-4 and Maccas have lead to many food-induced comas. There have been rumours of whole flats waking up, still sitting on the couch, Big Mac in hand, after blowing a cool hundred on the flatcard to satisfy the munchies.

On the subject of substance abuse, two bum buddies who were doing their room initiation went on a special adventure. After smoking copious amounts of Kronic they went for a wander in the Botanic where they came across a Bob Marley concert. Sadly they soon became surrounded by gremlins. The gremlins had cranny fingers and chased the

trippers out of the gardens; they now had to navigate their way down Castle Street. No easy task when you think you're a skateboard and need someone to push you home. Finally the boys rolled back to their flat where they stroked the furry wall for a couple of hours.

Landlords have popped up on Castle Street, coming to survey the damage after O Week. One such flat who were obviously not expecting a visit had celebrated – purchasing a new lava lamp by hot boxing the lounge – only to have a knock at the door. Luckily one flatmate could still walk and let the landlord in. He was lost for words when the landlord asked where the back fence had disappeared to or why there was a goat in the kitchen. The flat has been given two weeks to replace the fence

and dispose of the goat. Other pets have been going missing in the North Dunedin vicinity; Dale, a midget Kune Kune pig, is missing from Howe Street. Her owners are worried about her as this pig has developed an alcohol addiction and without a beer with her food tends to lose the plot. So please look out for one of the ugliest little pigs you will ever see.

There is also a phantom shitter rampant on Castle Street who has been leaving little treats on people's doormats. Residents may want to be vigilant of any dodgy people who look like they might want a shit; send them to Invercargill as it already resembles a public toilet. In the meantime, Real World Castle Street keeps ticking on.

– Sam Reynolds

execrable

exec /ɪgˈzɛk, ɛg-/ ► noun informal an executive: top execs.
ORIGIN late 19th cent.: abbreviation.
 /ˈɛksɪkrəb(ə)l/ ► adjective extremely bad or unpleasant: execrable cheap wine.
DERIVATIVES execrably adverb.

Feeling somewhat excited about this week's meeting (having heard rumours we could be in for a bit of a show), *Critic* decided to rock up early to see what the Execcies were up to prior to start time.

Upon arrival *Critic* was greeted by Campaigns Officer Daniel Beck, who seemed to be going out of his way to be extra nice to *Critic*. Maybe he didn't want us saying anything about finding Francisco Hernandez topless in his office with three bottles of booze sitting on his desk? We were quickly advised by Beck that the alcohol was neither his nor Francisco's and in fact belonged to maverick renegade Daniel Stride. They always blame Stride, poor guy.

On arrival at the boardroom *Critic* felt the need to gag as the smell that wafted over me was reminiscent of a Mexican internet café. Smell aside, the meeting started off in fairly good spirits although there seemed to be a

bit of tension between Stride and Geoghegan. *Critic* speculates that the tension may in fact not be sexual, but rather was down to Stride's insistence on correcting Geoghegan on the OUSA constitution every other minute.

Special guest at this week's meeting was David Do from the New Zealand Union of Students' Association (NZUSA), who came to speak to the Exec about this year's annual plan. Unfortunately Do was present only via speakerphone and it was very hard to hear anything he was saying. *Critic* inevitably drifted off and, upon waking, found we weren't the only ones.

However, Welfare Officer Shonelle Eastwood, who was among the few actually listening, had some good questions which Do struggled to answer. Overall the Exec was not impressed by NZUSA's annual plan and thought that they had nice ideas but, to paraphrase, they really amounted to pipedreams.

Then the ever-charitable Exec members confirmed that the Red Cross would be the official Capping charity for 2011, and also that \$2000 from the Community Grants and Donations line be donated to the Dunedin Community Law Centre for the service they provide to the community, i.e. helping our more enthusiastic students get out of couch-burning and riot charges.

The most exciting bit of the meeting for *Critic* is unfortunately not going to be exciting for you, the reader, as it was dealt with in complete confidentiality and we are forbidden from mentioning any details on pain of excommunication.

Also whilst writing this column we again noted how Word's spell checker insists that "Geoghegan" should really be "egghead". Cool.

– Anthony Riseley



Christchurch Campus to Reopen

The University of Otago will resume teaching at its Christchurch campus this week. A temporary teaching facility has been set up in the Hagley Golf Club building whilst repairs to buildings damaged in last month's earthquake take place. Whilst most of the 800 Otago students in Christchurch will be able to use the makeshift campus, research staff and postgraduate students relying on laboratory facilities are still searching for suitable alternative accommodation.

The University's main building on Riccarton Avenue, which was attached to Christchurch Hospital, suffered significant structural damage in the quake. Vice-Chancellor Sir Professor David Skegg told the Otago Daily Times that it would eight weeks, or possibly even longer, before the main facility was reopened. Meanwhile some of the smaller Otago University buildings also located within the Civil Defence CBD cordon are yet to undergo a damage assessment by University staff.

- Teuila Fuatai

Sloppy students pissing off Emergency Department

Those who find themselves in need of the services of Dunedin Hospital's Emergency Department (ED) could be in for quite a wait, as drunken university students are stretching hospital resources. Southern District Health Board chief operations officer Vivian Blake told the Otago Daily Times that the ED response time is being hampered by students with alcohol-related attendances, 46 over Orientation weekend alone.

The hospital's advisory committee is considering implementing a separate filtering system, called a medical assessment and planning unit, which could aid in reducing the wait time in ED. The unit involves an initial assessment upon arrival to ED to determine whether a patient requires admission to a ward or short term treatment and monitoring

before being sent home. The committee is reviewing computer modelling simulations and meeting with patients to determine what other improvements might be required to improve patient service in this area.

- Andrew Oliver

Grassroots Cancelled

The inaugural Grassroots music festival, which was to be held on the Puhinui Peninsula over Easter weekend, has been cancelled after the Christchurch earthquake led to a collapse in ticket sales.

The two-day, 15,000 person capacity event had been on track to achieve sales of around 12,000 tickets. However after the February 6 quake, sales dropped from around 80 tickets per day to less than ten, making the event commercially unviable.

The festival had secured several high profile performers, including BB King, Ben Harper and Imogen Heap.

- Staff Reporter

Qantas lends a helping hand

Qantas has helped to relocate Cantab students to the University of Adelaide for a semester exchange.

The exchange has been set up as part of the response to the devastating earthquake and Cantab students have been shuttled over the Tasman by Qantas in both a chartered Boeing 747 and on various commercial flights. The University of Adelaide has offered the students billeting and also purpose-built apartment accommodation.

The University of Canterbury was effusive in its praise of Qantas, stating "Qantas provided a very reasonable price for the Boeing 747 charter flight and has also accommodated additional students on commercial flights this week. Such assistance is very much appreciated". Everyone loves a reasonable price after all.

- Staff Reporter



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3 hilarious shows a night at the Polson Higgs Comedy Club

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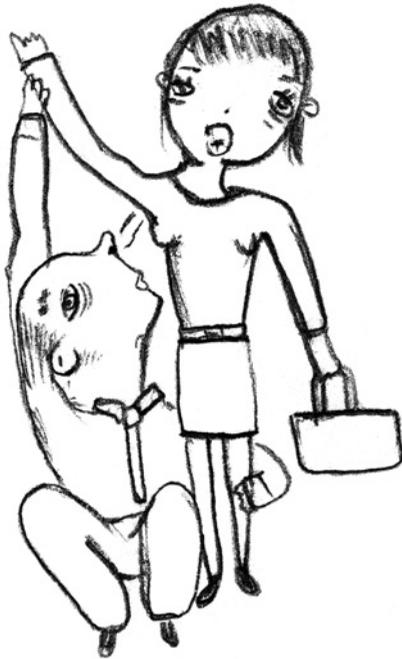
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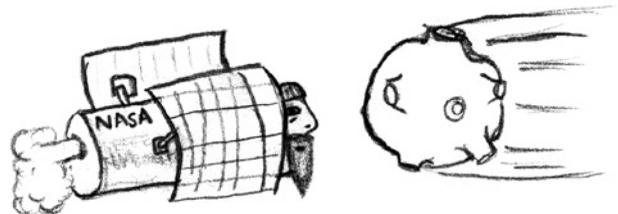
Bizarre Crimes

If you're gonna get locked up, it might as well be for something that will make a good story. **Josh Hercus** has done his research, and come up with eight of the most bizarre crimes and court cases from around the world.



Something smells off

A man in Singapore was sentenced to 14 years in prison and 18 cane strokes on the butt for smelling the armpits of women and touching them in lifts. Over 15 months he managed to "interact" with 23 women. The origins of his behaviour are unexplained but appear to be on par with those who regularly attend Monkey Bar.



A disturbance in the force?

In 2005, a Russian astrologer attempted to sue NASA for £165 million on the grounds of "disrupting the balance of the universe". Her argument was that NASA's Deep Impact space probe, which was going to smash into a comet to obtain samples from the impact, was a "terrorist act". *Critic* is unsure of the exact details but suspects that NASA must have been astounded when they found out that someone who practices astrology actually had enough cognitive ability to read. Needless to say, the claim was eventually rejected but hopefully the astrologer was sent a gold star and a certificate.



Just a quiet night

In 2008, a Russian man dressed in full military attire drove a tank into a house and a shop. He was seen clambering out of the tank "holding two bottles of vodka." Apparently, the tank was en route to a military exercise when it took a detour to buy some more vodka. Speculation surrounds whether it was a military exercise to combat-train the liver or a precision attack on the morale of western armies by showing how much more alcohol Russian soldiers can drink.



Wanna try karma sutra now?

In 2005, a long-term couple in Massachusetts engaged in consensual sexual intercourse. The lecherous activity was painfully interrupted when the female, without the consent of the male, suddenly moved in such a way that caused a "penile fracture" which required emergency surgery. Essentially, the court ruled that it wasn't "reckless" but "merely negligent" and the case was dismissed. As men shudder around the world, questions are now being raised as to what on earth would constitute "reckless" sexual conduct. Attempts to contact Charlie Sheen for his expert opinion were unsuccessful.



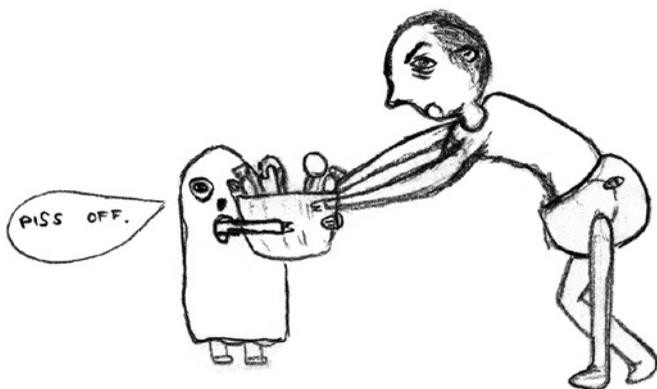
Cab collector

In 2010, a Louisiana cab driver picked up a female at a motel, who refused to get out once she reached her destination. Instead, she decided to remove all her clothing and told the driver to take her to Michigan, which was over 1500km away. Wondering what the fuck was going on, the cab driver took her to the nearest police station and when he got out of the car to get help, the naked cab bandit stole the car and fled. The police managed to find her about a block away, still naked in the back seat. Reports confirm that she was blonde and probably drunk/on drugs, all of which are known to be navigational inhibitors.



Everybody knows that the bird is the word!

A man was charged with breaking and entering offences in New South Wales after unsuccessfully attempting to break into a cafe using "a frozen chicken and some rocks." After stealing the frozen chicken from a nearby butcher, the delinquent managed to injure himself while attempting to bust through the cafe's front window and had to call authorities for help. While this provides anecdotal evidence that frozen chickens are not the ideal tool for breaking and entering, further research is required to ascertain which frozen bird will perform best. Critic's money is on a frozen ostrich.



Like taking candy from a baby

In 2010, a 47-year-old man from Florida, dressed in a full onesie and a nappy, attempted to trick-or-treat around his neighbourhood. After being annoyed about not receiving any lollies, he started stealing them from the other - younger - trick-or-treaters. When finally arrested by police he was found "intoxicated and disorderly" and "yelling profanities at passing children". All he had to do was start throwing faeces and urine, and it would have been like the 2010 Toga Parade all over again.



DTF

In 2009, conducting a standard Australian mating ritual, an Aussie male broke into three sex shops where he proceeded to blow up and have sex with several blow up dolls named "Jungle Jane" and then discarded them in an alley. Police took DNA samples and fingerprints but were unable to find any traces of the man's dignity.

Illustrations by Loulou Callister-Baker



Wikileaks; Freedom, Law and Politics

The New Yorker's George Packer calls him “super-secretive, thin-skinned, [and] megalomaniacal.” Sarah Palin claims he’s “an anti-American operative with blood on his hands” whom we should pursue “with the same urgency we pursue al Qaeda and Taliban leaders.” Meanwhile, he is the darling of left-leaning believers everywhere, revered for democratizing the media. Whether his actions are to be encouraged or vilified, one thing’s for sure: Julian Assange and Wikileaks have had a huge impact. CHARLOTTE GREENFIELD reports on the effects of the Wikileaks, from alleged security threats, to how the leaks might change politics.

Last year a political storm appeared on the horizon of journalism thanks to the work of three newspapers, one website, an unidentifiable number of hackers and leakers, and a man with eerily snow-white hair.

Julian Assange, the public face of Wikileaks, is not by any means the first to leak information that scandalised the world. Even the name of Wikileaks’ most recent initiative - ‘Cablegate’ – is a reference to one of the most famous leaks in history. In 1972 reporters Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein uncovered the White House’s cover-up of an attempted break in at the opposing Democratic Party’s headquarters. President Nixon was forced to resign and, as noted by the film *Frost/Nixon*, “his most lasting legacy is that today any political wrong doing is immediately given the suffix ‘-gate’.”

The first Wikileak had a very different beginning. It all started with Kenya. In 2007 Wikileaks released a secret report detailing corruption by the former President, Arap Moi. The subsequent President, Mwai Kibaki, had commissioned the report in 2004 to gain leverage over Moi but the two were now working in coalition and the report became

“the holy grail of Kenyan journalism” with no chance of its release. That is, until Julian Assange’s sources managed to provide Wikileaks with a copy which they handed on to *The Guardian*. The result, says Assange, “changed the result of the election.” “So your leak substantially changed the world,” prompted a sympathetic interviewer. Assange responded with a smirking nod.

This leak *did* change the world, very much so for the citizens of Kenya. However Assange conveniently fails to add that the result of that election was violence and ethnic purges throughout Kenya, leaving nearly 1000 dead. Political tension had existed in Kenya for years and the leak cannot be blamed for such a result. But it does demonstrate that even Assange, who pushes bolshily for transparency, must choose what to omit, what to leave unsaid or unleased.

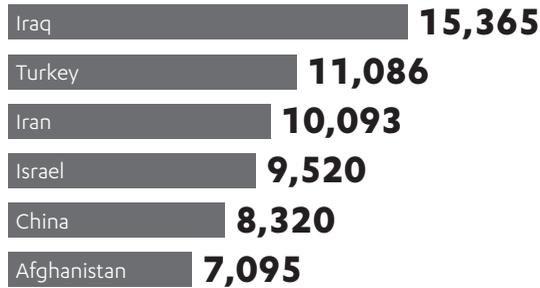
Over the following three years, Wikileaks continued leaking but began to shift its focus to encompass the West. This was consolidated with a vengeance in 2010, the year Wikileaks forced itself into the limelight on an exceptional scale. First came a US Defense Depart-

The Wikileaks Cables

A look at the 251,287 U.S. embassy cables leaked recently:

Top Subjects discussed

- External political relations
- Internal governmental affairs
- Human rights
- Economic conditions
- Terrorists, Terrorism



ment video in April showing American soldiers in a Baghdad airstrike behaving more like teenagers behind a videoscreen than trained armed service members. The targets and victims of the attack turned out to be Reuters reporters and Julian Assange claims that civilians, including children, were among the fatalities.

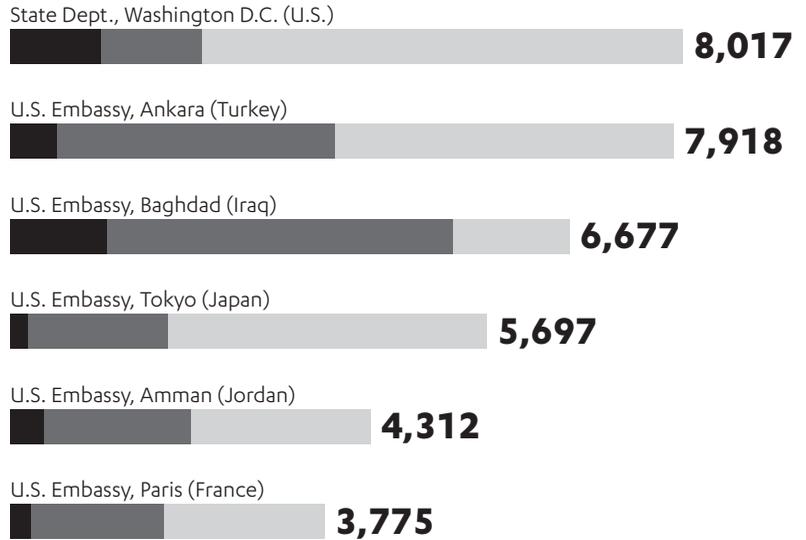
Next Wikileaks turned its attention to Afghanistan. In July of last year, 92,000 documents, referred to as the Afghan War Diary, were released by Wikileaks to newspapers it regularly works alongside: *The Guardian*, the *New York Times* and *Der Spiegel*. This was followed by nearly 400,000 more documents relating to the Iraq War. *The Guardian* said these war logs “show a conflict messy, confused and immediate... in some contrast with the tidied up and sanitized ‘public’ war” and the Pentagon called it the “largest leak in history.”

But the year of Wikileaks was not yet over yet. On November 28 came Cablegate. 251,287 diplomatic cables from US embassies around the world continue to be leaked in phases. The cables are confidential but not “top secret”, and a great portion of their content consists of candid and often disparaging observations by American diplomats about various world leaders, which can make for entertaining reading.

If you have an inclination to read about a certain leader’s dependence on his “voluptuous blonde” Ukrainian nurse, or a day of minor panic at the US embassy in Wellington upon hearing that Marion Hobbes was apparently hosting a screening of *Fahrenheit 9/11* (apparently her nickname is “Boo Boo” Hobbes), there are many options for accessing this, and a lot more, content. Wikileaks posts all leaks on its own website as well as handing them over to the newspapers it col-

Cable Origin, top sources

■ Secret ■ Confidential ■ Unclassified

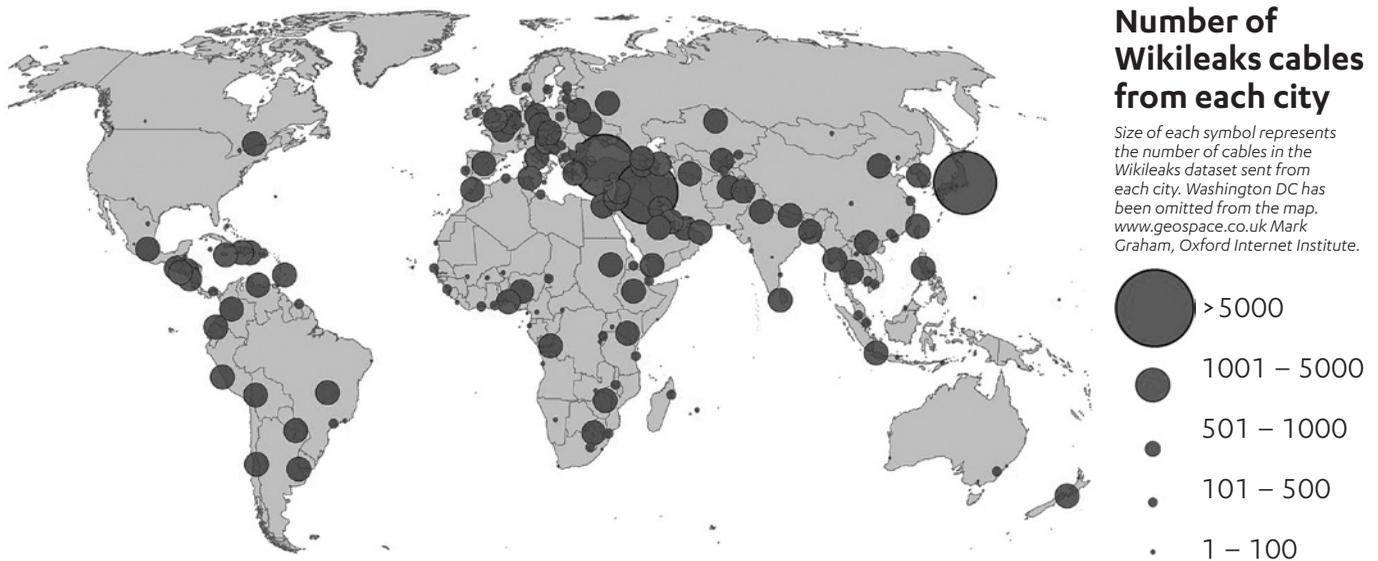


laborates with. Of course, the rest of the media soon latched on and the most interesting leaks are proliferated through the world’s news sites almost as soon as they are released, much to the vexation of Western democracies and African dictatorships alike.

There is not a great deal these governments can do about it. Not that they haven’t tried. The US administration has banned all federal government employees and contractors from accessing Wikileaks. Columbia University students were told by the US State Department that accessing Wikileaks would “call into question your ability to deal with confidential information” when applying for jobs. The Wall Street Journal has reported that the US Defense and Justice departments are “exploring options” for prosecuting Assange and others involved in Wikileaks.

I asked three legal experts to outline the legal position of Wikileaks and each replied, “it’s complicated”. Steven Price, a lecturer in media law at Victoria University, explains that “the issues are sprawling and potentially span the civil and criminal laws of a couple of hundred countries, as well as the international laws concerning which country’s laws apply in any particular situation”. Anyone trying to pursue criminal proceedings would first have to decide who to go after. The original sources are anonymous, even to Wikileaks staff, so they are effectively ruled out.

That leaves Wikileaks itself or the media that use the information. “They would then have to grapple with whatever legislative or constitutional protection for whistleblowers and freedom of speech applied”, says Price. The US government is reportedly considering prosecuting in



line with espionage legislation, however “even US legal experts seem to disagree about how that gels with the First Amendment [the provision of the US constitution concerning freedom of speech]”. And even then “most of the key players are overseas”. Even if legal action were successful, the practical outcome would not do much to help Wikileaks’ adversaries. “Damages may not be very high, litigation expenses would be” and the irony is that “the lawsuit would draw more attention to the cables”. Of course there is always the convenient timing of the sexual assault charges facing Julian Assange in Sweden, but until Wikileaks leaks anything to the contrary, the safest assumption is that this is connected more to Assange’s personal activities than his political ones.

The ethical debate Wikileaks has prompted is as complicated as its legal status. There have been leaks before but Wikileaks differs on a “qualitative as well as quantitative scale”, according to Robert Patman, professor of International Relations at Otago University. The scale of the leaks is unprecedented, but so is the range and types of documents, which have “changed the parameters of what we as the public can access.”

The question is whether this information should be in the public domain. Julian Assange argues “there cannot be good governance without good information given to good people”. He is probably right, but what is good information and who are the “good” people to whom it should be given? Christian Caryl takes issue with this in his analysis of Wikileaks in the *New York Review of Books*. While “journalists should certainly strive to prevent abuses of the [government’s] culture of secrecy”, they can only do so “by exercising clarity in their own rights – about their motives, methods and intentions”. Assange, as the public

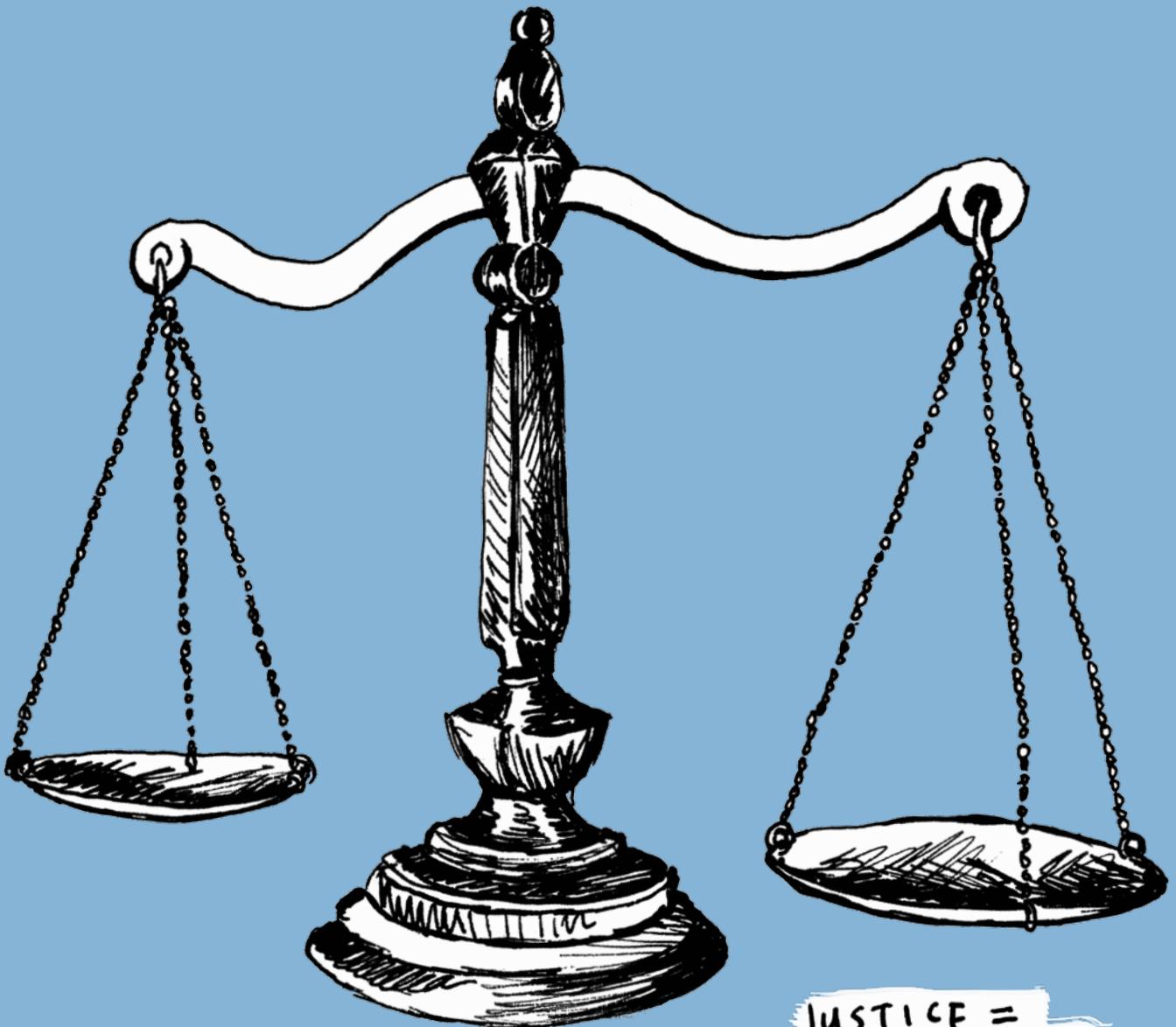
face of Wikileaks, calls for openness but there has not been a coherent mission statement on the process of deciding what information to release and what he will keep to himself.

Assange’s attitude, which can be both arrogant and elusive, can easily prompt criticism but his at times muddled vision and unclear agenda lose significance when looking at Wikileaks as a whole. “I agree that in an ideal world it would be nice if there were no selectivity in the release of documents”, says Patman. “But we have to compare it to a situation where very few documents are released and I think Wikileaks could deter governments contemplating gross human rights abuses if they think such activities run the risk of being leaked”. So the aim in practice, whether or not Assange can or wants to articulate it, is not full transparency but greater accountability of governments.

The other major criticism is that Wikileaks has been too transparent in naming people whose safety may be put at risk as a result. Assange claims a “harm minimization” policy is utilised when documents are analysed as potential leaks. He denies “this sort of nonsense about lives being put in jeopardy”. However as Christian Caryl points out, “we may not hear about them if they do.” It is hard to know who is right. If Wikileaks has taught us anything, it is what we already suspected - that we cannot wholly rely on any information anymore, even that provided by Wikileaks itself. As *Critic* goes to print Assange has just announced he is appealing his extradition to Sweden and Wikileaks has been nominated for a Nobel Peace Prize. This is a space to watch.

System Overload

Georgie Fenwicke



JUSTICE =
BALANCE

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But being season'd with a gracious voice
Obscures the show of evil?

– *The Merchant of Venice III.II*

At any time of the week, Courtroom One in the Manukau District Court is a busy place; in the half-hour or so before lunch, it gets pretty hectic. Lawyers rattle in and out of the double glass doors as their cases require carrying mugs of coffee and piles of files. Clients - along with their cousins, friends, daughters and mothers – sit in the public gallery glancing every so often at the Rainbow's End Rollercoaster outside. Defendants are called up from their seats or from the cells if remanded in custody, walking with a particular inimitable rhythm to each of their strides. Some attempt to say something, others just stand there silently waiting to be asked. At about ten to one, a man is led through the doors. His head rests back on his shoulders. He looks bored or, at least, a bit tired. The police prosecutor alleges sexual assault. The man is remanded in custody until Friday because his assigned duty solicitor is unable to lodge an opposed bail application for lack of information and legal aid approval. This, the presiding Judge Josephine Bouchier points out, impinges on the legal rights awarded to him in the New Zealand Bill of Rights. The Legal Services Agency needs to assign him a lawyer now, but this is unlikely. "Unless a tsunami arrives to rid us of these ridiculous new rules, we're stuck", she laments to those in the court.

What lies beneath?

At the heart of Judge Bouchier's frustration lies a system in transition. Tasked with providing legal assistance to those who cannot afford it, the Legal Services Agency was established in 2000 but the system's history in New Zealand goes back to the 1912. Since July 2010, the operational strategy of the Legal Services Agency has undergone major structural change. So far, the changes have affected criminal law as it comprises the majority of Legal Aid grants and applications. In 2009/10, for instance, criminal Legal Aid grants (assigned to providers) accounted for 61,164 of the 87,885 cases funded. Other funded areas include family, mental health, civil, refugee and Maori land cases.

In recent years, the entire organisation has been buoyed by controversy and administrative issues. In 2005, the Labour Minister of Justice, Phil Goff undertook to look at the LSA and its role in the New Zealand legal landscape. What resulted was the Legal Services Amendment Act 2006. The major feature of this, which stemmed from the first review of eligibility criteria for legal aid in almost 25 years, was that it expanded the proportion of the population eligible for the service by around 40%, from 700,000 to 1.3 million people. With this increased accommodation came the inevitable cost increases to the point where total Legal Aid spending has increased by 108% from \$97.06 million in 1999/00 to \$202.1 million in 2010. Be this as it may, the administrative budget has expanded by 314% in the same period, while the average cost per criminal case has "only" increased by 101% from \$669 to \$1343.



Key Features of the Legal Services Bill

- Loss of choice of legal representation in Category One and Two offences
- A new quality assurance framework wherein Legal Aid lawyers will have to demonstrate competency to a selection committee.
- Expanding the PDS to Wellington, Christchurch and Hamilton. The service to provide a high quality criminal legal service through the use of salaried staff rather than contracted lawyers.
- Improvement in duty lawyer scheme – introduction of responsibility for opposed bail applications to streamline the process
- Replacing the Legal Aid Review Panel with a Legal Aid Tribunal to increase transparency in decision making.
- Functions of LSA brought unto the auspices of the Ministry of Justice, an independent statutory officer will grant Legal Aid.



Dame Margaret Bazley's key criticisms

- Poor relationships between the Law Society and the Legal Services Agency (LSA).
- Reluctance by the LSA to exercise discretion available to it.
- Act restricts the ability of the LSA to provide services efficiently and protects the market share of lawyers who provide legal aid services.
- Variable quality of legal aid services.
- Over-reliance on complaints as an indicator of lawyers who are failing to perform.

Source: <http://www.beehive.govt.nz/release/legal-aid-review-released>

With National's decision to curb spending in the context of the global financial crisis, the retiring Justice Minister Simon Power beefed up the rhetoric surrounding the need for a system re-write. "I think of the justice system as a pipeline and I have got to clear different parts of the clogged pipeline", he told Greg King, presenter of TVNZ 7's Court Report, last year.

In 2009, Minister Power commissioned Dame Margaret Bazley to review the entire Legal Aid system throughout the country. Her recommendations have formed the basis for many of the changes that are presently taking place. Her report was highly critical of the service provided by Legal Aid lawyers, accusing 80% of South Auckland defence lawyers of "gaming" the system. About this figure, she says, "as Chair of the review I had to weigh up all the information that I received and a number of patterns and consistent stories emerged". Her informal method is the subject of much contention. Labour's Charles Chauvel, Green Party member Dr Kennedy Graham and LSA general manager Stuart White are also among those who believe that the statistic is a "liberal interpretation of something that was said".

Mark Henaghan, Dean of Law at Otago University, points out, "the difficulty with the Bazley report was that there was no systematic study of the whole country. They were what you could call anecdotal examples collected over a short amount of time...[but] it suited politics because at the end of the day when you get stories of things being exploited then people get annoyed about it and you are able to prune things back". He adds, "the underlying issue is; is that cost worth it to society? That was a question that wasn't asked in the review".

Critical report in hand, Power decided to underpin these changes with promises of higher quality service, lower costs and streamlined efficiency. The Legal Services Bill 2010 – which is before parliament at the moment and into its second reading - formalises two major actions. The first proposed change is the loss of preferred counsel in Category One and Two criminal cases and the second is the expansion of the Public Defence Service around the country. In regards to these two highly significant changes, two questions must be asked: will the changes achieve National's aims of higher service quality and lower costs? And were the changes even required in the first place, if an injection of accountability into LSA operational strategy may have been all that was required?

Blind justice

"3. Everyone charged with a criminal offence has the following minimum rights: *to defend himself in person or through legal assistance of his own choosing or, if he has not sufficient means to pay for legal assistance, to be given it free when the interests of justice so require;*"

– **Article 6 of the European Convention of Human Rights**

The loss of preferred counsel in Category One and Two cases has become the motivating action behind a civil proceeding in the Auckland High Court this month. Notably, the proposed law changes

- 1912** Criminal Legal Aid is legislated in parliament
- 1990** Bill of Rights Act enacted into legislation
- 1991** Legal Services Act merged civil and criminal Legal Aid schemes. Legal Services Board established to administer the system.
- 2000** With a regionalised focus, heavy reliance on volunteer legal aid providers and high demand, the Legal Services Act was passed. Formalised the state's administration of the Legal Aid System.
- 2004** *May:* Public Defence Service (PDS) Pilot begins
- 2005** *August:* PDS Interim Report One published
- 2007** *March 1:* Stemming from the first review of eligibility criteria for Legal Aid in almost 25 years, the provisions of the Legal Services Amendment Act 2006 increased the proportion of the population eligible for Legal Aid by around 40%

History of Legal Aid in New Zealand

- 2007** *May:* PDS Second Interim Report
- 2008** February: PDS Third Interim Report
- 2009** *April:* Dame Margaret Bazley commissioned by Ministry of Justice to write report into LSA.
- 2009** *April:* Report completed and changes begin to take effect
- 2010** *July:* PDS introduced formerly into Auckland courts; preferred lawyer system changed
- 2011** *July:* Estimated date by which Legal Services Bill will pass into legislation and LSA will merge with Ministry of Justice

have not been passed and the Bill of Rights requirements approved, and yet it has already been implemented into LSA operational strategy. Three plaintiffs, including mother Rebecca Clark, are contesting the November 2010 ruling that formalised their right to choose their own lawyer in the Legal Aid scheme. In February, Auckland lawyers Brian Henry, Tudor Clee and Iswari Jayanandan represented the plaintiffs in a preliminary hearing that was then adjourned until early March. During the proceeding, Justice Rebecca Ellis inferred that the prosecution should call on Mr Clee to step down as defence counsel due to a conflict of interest. His senior counsel, Mr Henry, eventually asked him to leave court. Last November, Jayanandan and Clee attempted to sue the Attorney-General on behalf of the Legal Services Agency, seeking an interim injunction to halt the implementation of this new policy. Justice Ellis informally rejected their argument that it contravened the Commerce Act (on grounds of reduced competition) and the New Zealand Bill of Rights, formally stating that they did not have a relevant position, as required in any court proceedings.

This time round, Ms Clark, who was denied the choice of legal representation, wants to test the system for herself. She explains that she does “not want to tell her story to every Tom, Dick and Harry”. The plaintiffs are also particularly concerned because Legal Aid is not always free. It can come in the form of a loan or caveat on an asset like a house or vehicle. Even if paying for a service, you are not entitled to the basic consumer right of choice.

Legal Services Agency general manager Stuart White goes on to explain, “whether you are looking at this as a loan or not does not make any difference to the way in which we assign the case”. Under the new system, an accepted grant is fed into the Legal Aid computer system and electronically allocated to a lawyer from a pool of available legal representatives. If accepted by the lawyer, the file is then sent to them by mail and they must track down their client. Previously, files were distributed at court after the client had arrived at court and the pair were able to discuss their case in person at a time when they were both available.

This loss of chosen counsel came into effect as a result of Dame Margaret Bazley's findings that the preferred lawyer policy was distorting the efficient allocation of cases. Some lawyers were biting off more of the legal pie than others with instances of one lawyer undertaking upwards of 400 cases a year. The publicised focus on case allocation has largely distracted from the greater picture, however.

When asked if he believed in the right to choose your own counsel, for example, Mr. White replied, “I don't think there is a right to choose your own counsel and that is because the agency needs to focus on a fair allocation of cases that are supported by legal aid between the lawyers that are available”. But surely, the agency's attention should rest with the needs of the clients you are commissioned to represent? And yet there are no measures to survey the satisfaction of clients using the system. “I guess the only basis on which we can determine whether the

Out with the old



In with the new



system is working satisfactorily is by the level of complaints we receive”, White explains. Similarly, in terms of informing clients of the changes being undertaken he says, “It is quite difficult to reach the client base of the LSA”.

Fight for your right

South Auckland defence counsel Jane Northwood believes the right of preferred counsel should exist. This, she clarifies, is not out of personal interest but comes from a fundamental understanding of how she sees the system play out on a daily basis. Alongside her colleagues Denise Wallwork and Robyn Turner, she has worked in Manukau for over 15 years. Since the changes in the system, they have seen cases where multiple counsel have acted for one client because “no one bothered to check whether they were assigned”. She has also seen many unsatisfied clients and an administration that doesn’t seem to care. She accepts that “there were abuses of the system and several people have been highlighted as being those people”, but she doesn’t think the system required complete overhaul.

Jane Northwood is not alone. Major Graham Rattray is the longest serving officer in the Salvation Army and is also the National Officer for Courts and Prisons. His business is not with lawyers, but with the other stakeholders in the justice system; victims, defendants and their families. Of those using the new system he says, “I think many of them feel that under the new lawyers their cases are simply just being pushed through, there is not a lot of understanding, not a lot of opportunity to talk about their case”. He sees the marginalisation of what Dame Margaret Bazley calls the “standard, low cost crimes” as the real issue. “We are aware of one or two cases where people have had reasonable defences, but they have been told to plead guilty and told to get on with it. We sense that this does not help the court system in that people

who come to court often mistrust the system. I think where there is distrust, people don’t try and make a difference.”

Adriana Pinnock is the president of the Criminal Bar Association. She has over 25 years experience in criminal law and although she no longer represents people facing Category One and Two charges, she is well informed by CBA members who do. The association believes that the right to choose your own legal counsel is a fundamental issue. “It’s not just to appease someone who feels that the lawyer who has acted for them before might be able to do a better job, but it also is that the continuity is actually quite useful”, she says. It is this loss of continuity that has left so many people scratching their heads. Surely if a lawyer has a well-developed understanding of their client’s criminal record or family background, it would better serve the financial and temporal interests of the court if they acted on their behalf instead of a lawyer who is less familiar with the same? “I have personal experience of that”, she says, “in a matter I am handling currently, it came in really useful for me to know the background because I had acted for the young fellow seven years ago. I knew that what might look like a very serious matter among his convictions was actually something he was convicted of when he was a youth”. This is important because the situation could have otherwise resulted in legal misrepresentation. Similarly, if a woman is more comfortable talking to a female lawyer or a Samoan is able to better express him or herself to a Samoan or Pacific Island lawyer, should their desires not be accommodated?

Of the need for the changes themselves, Pinnock believes they were largely unnecessary. “The legal service before they implemented this change had already gone halfway towards ensuring that where a person did want someone specifically, they had good reason”. And she cannot

see where the savings are being made; “I can’t see how it would save money. First of all the agency has simply shifted into the justice department as far as we can tell and, secondly, in terms of Legal Aid dollars being spent, they have had to establish the Public Defence Service”.

Jonathan Temm, QC and President of the New Zealand Law Society, agrees with Ms Pinnock. Generally, he believes that “preferred counsel was being abused by some people”, but that “probably in the fullness of time something in between the two [systems] will be the outcome”. However, he goes on to say, “the madness, I think, is that the government thinks it can run Legal Aid and provide legal services cheaper than the private sector”. In the meantime, LSA is “training these people really well and spending lots of money on [the PDS] and we’re happy about it because they are all lawyers and all members of the Law Society. But let us be clear about it; when the chickens come home to roost, it is not going to be cheaper. It is much more expensive and you should have looked at it a different way”. Formally, however, the NZ Law Society agrees with the changes that have been implemented; “when you balance all the things that need to be balanced, rotation is as good an option.” Just like going to a doctor or enrolling in state-funded education, it is not a right to choose your own lawyer.

But should it be? Even in the public health system, you can often choose your own doctor or choose not to see them. Parents can opt for their child to be put in a particular class; granted, that this does not always happen. Both the health and education systems recognise that “institutional knowledge of a client that builds up over time [is something] that people want to carry forward”. Temm’s words, not mine. In his view, “this is where the tension lies. It is a choice thing and as the old saying goes, ‘beggars can’t be choosers.’” This is what it comes down to; can money buy justice in a system where equal access is fundamental? “In principle, I think if we are giving people equal access to justice then people should be able to choose who they want as their lawyer; the lawyer who they think will be able to do the best job for them”, Mark Henaghan argues.

So is the new public criminal legal aid system working towards a more efficient, cost effective, high quality service? No. So far it has stripped people of their basic human and consumer right to have access to legal counsel of their own choosing. The changes have also increased the administration involved in a system that had already seen a 300% increase in its budget over the past ten years. You know times are tough when judges look to tsunamis as the only feasible solution to their administrative burdens.

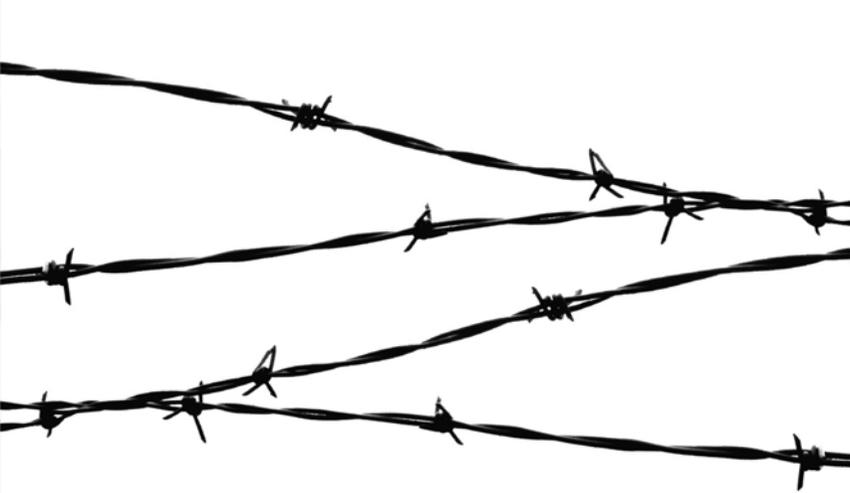
But where to from here? The Legal Services Bill is expected to be passed into law in time to see the amalgamation of the Legal Service Agency into the Ministry of Justice by July 2011. Synergies and an improved complaints management process are promised alongside other yet unannounced changes to civil and family legal aid procedures. In other words, it’s a long and unfamiliar road ahead. The question is: are we even going in the right direction?



SIMON
WHITE.

Proportion of Legal Aid applications which require repayment

In 2009/10, 19% (11,692) of criminal Legal Aid grants saw the establishment of a debt. In the same year, \$1.99 million was repaid, down from \$5.31 million on the year before.



STATE OF THE NATION THE CRIMINAL EDITION



PIETA



MATT



ELLEN



ALASTAIR



UNNAMED

1. If you were to commit a crime and get off scot-free, what would you do?

Pieta: Steal clothing

Matt: Indecent Exposure

Ellen: Streaking at the Rugby World Cup Final

Alastair: Steal a policeman's hat

Unidentified person: Stab someone in the hamstring

2. If you were to start a gang, what would it be called?

Pieta: Ruthless Gang

Matt: Feddy Bois

Ellen: Limp Arm Gang

Alastair: Chocolate Fish

Unidentified person: Hamstring Stabbers

3. What should be done with the looters in Christchurch?

Pieta: They should be charged

Matt: They should be sent to Australia

Ellen: Public humiliation by saying "your mums, your dad"

Alastair: Dealt to harshly by the Chocolate Fish

Unidentified person: They should be stabbed in the hamstring

4. Is the '3 Strikes and you're out' law a good idea?

Pieta: No, definitely not

Matt: It's aight

Ellen: Yup yup yup

Alastair: It's bollocks

Unidentified person: Good law. I agree with it

5. Shoot, Shag or Marry: Charlie Sheen, Anna Nicole Smith, Silvio Burlisconi?

Pieta: I only know Charlie Sheen so I'll shoot, shag and marry him

Matt: Shoot Anne Nicole Smith, Shag Charlie Sheen and Marry Silvio Burlisconi

Ellen: Shoot Silvio, Shag Anna and Marry Charlie

Alastair: Shoot Silvio, Shag Anna and Marry Charlie

Unidentified person: Shoot Silvio, Shag Charlie and Marry Anna



o p i n i o n



- 32** Diatribe | **33** Debatable
- 34** Two Left Feet, The Eagle of Liberty
- 35** Lets get out of this Country, Man V.s. Awkward
- 36** The F Word, ODT Watch
- 37** Sex and... Love, Scotty knows best
- 38** 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 prisoners have the luxuries of outside life?". **Nick Gavey** argues the affirmative while **Kurt Purdon** argues the negative.

I strongly oppose supplying prisoners with bottles of Moët, caviar, 600-count Egyptian cotton sheets, or personal shopping services. However if "luxuries" mean things that every other New Zealander takes for granted, then yes, we should provide prisoners with a minimum standard of living. People who claim that prisons are "luxurious" have never been to prison. Generally speaking, prisons are hopeless, depressing, dangerous places. If anything, prisons in New Zealand should be made more humane, and not less so. Features of modern jails such as under-floor heating, libraries, gymnasiums, and televisions are not "luxuries". Providing prisoners with a basic standard of living is a sensible approach that promotes productive reintegration while in prison. Denying prisoners things like properly heated cells or the opportunity for exercise is born out of a motive of punitive retribution. Self-righteous blowhards like Garth McVicar need to control their desire for revenge on New Zealand's criminal population. Instead of reflexively arguing for the most degrading prison experience possible, it is worth considering how our treatment of prisoners affects recidivism and what it says about our society.

To take a specific case like under-floor heating; this is simply the most cost effective and easiest to maintain method of heating a large area that is used 24 hours per day. Individual heaters in every cell are more prone to vandalism and much harder to maintain. Or take gymnasiums. Giving prisoners the ability to constructively channel their physical energy makes all the sense in the world. Caged, restless prisoners are more likely to be violent and create a dangerous prison environment for other inmates and guards. Or take libraries. Many inmates in our jails are poorly educated with dim post-prison career prospects. Allowing education in prison, of some sort or another, is all win.

We could go on and individually justify why it makes sense to give prisoners food, blankets, individual cells, sanitation facilities, or any other humane provision. But I suspect that all the arguments about reintegration, positive growth in prison, and human rights will fall on deaf ears for those who only want to see prisoners punished as harshly as possible, and have no concern for their status as human beings or New Zealanders. All the evidence in the world does not seem to be able to convince certain people that locking more and more people up in tiny cells or shipping containers, or sow crates are not a solution to crime. If it were, then America would be the safest place on the planet and Norway would be the most dangerous. If we treat inmates like society hates them and has rejected them, then inmates will act like they hate society and reject it. Prison shouldn't be a cruel place that produces cruel men. We do need to deter crime. But we also need to give criminals a chance to turn their lives around and make a fresh start.



If Mr Gavey thinks that the average New Zealander "takes for granted" gymnasiums, under-floor heating and plasma screen televisions, then he is seriously out of touch with the conditions people find themselves in, in this country.

I'm going to write about two issues in this column. The first of which is a taxpayer's rights issue, and the second is the criminal welfare/recidivism issue. Firstly, prisoners are criminals; they have broken the law. Therefore, I completely reject that criminals should get any luxuries that many law-abiding people in our society do not have access to. There are many people in our society that struggle from week to week to feed their kids and pay their bills. They can't afford to buy a television, they can't afford a gym membership, and many can't even afford to heat their homes. It is simply not fair that these people who go to work, pay their taxes and follow the law are having their hard-earned money go towards the luxuries of people that have broken society's rules. Standards of living in prisons should in no way be on a par or better than the standards of living that many law-abiding citizens face every day. Those that follow the law deserve more than those that don't.

Secondly, on the issue of recidivism, Mr Gavey misses the point completely. The debate is not an issue on the provision of humane conditions. I agree that prisoners require beds, food, sanitation and safety from violence. However, are luxuries like television and a free gym membership really compulsory? We need prisons to be humane, I do not refute this. What I do disagree with is the notion that recidivism is magically reduced by the presence of a television. In fact, if Mr Gavey had his way, people that committed crimes (which are disproportionately low-income) would find that they enjoy a higher standard of living in prison compared to out. Becoming a prisoner would now mean gaining access to a television, a warm home and a free gym. Not to mention the fact that the stress of paying your bills and feeding your kids is now gone, the government will sort it out for you! What happens is a tipping of the scales, encouraging people to seek the security and familiarity of prison. This happens more than you think, especially with those that have been in prison for longer periods of time who find that life outside the bars is much harder than life inside.

Denying criminals luxuries is not criminal-bashing and it doesn't mean we hate or reject them. It simply means that there are things in life that they do not deserve. It means that we shouldn't treat law-breaking citizens better than law-abiding, and it means that when people go to prison they have an incentive to not go back.

DIATRIBE

Smoke Nazis

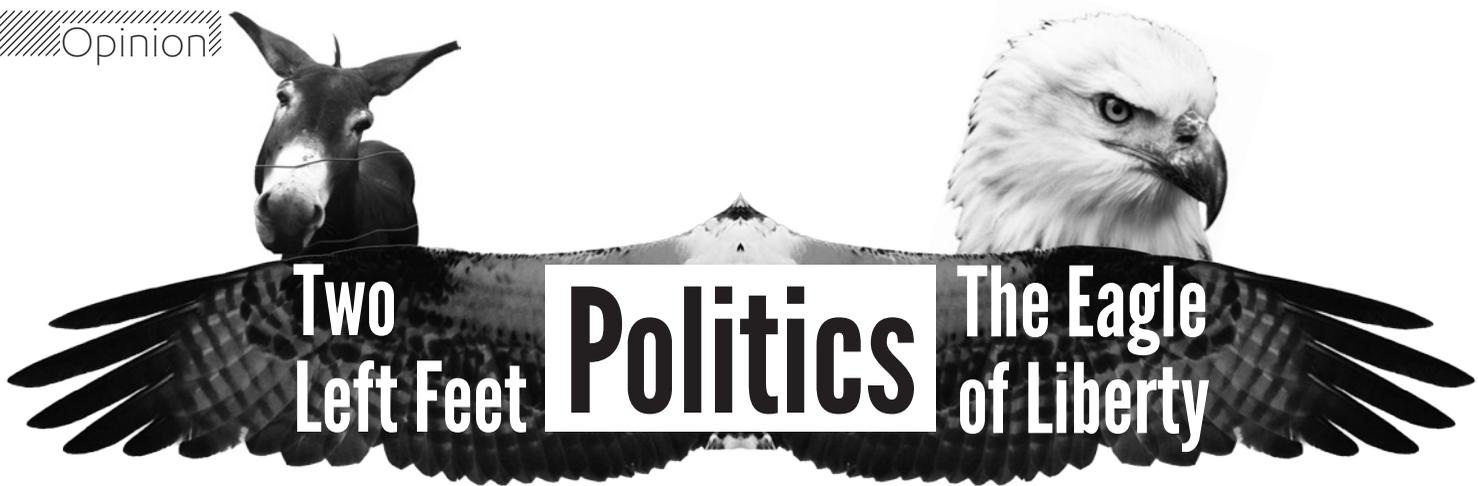
It's 1964. The US Surgeon General's report into smoking came out and shockingly announced that smoking was now officially bad for you. Somehow in the preceding millennia of tobacco smoking, human beings failed to realise that sucking a byproduct of fire into your lungs would not have pleasant results. Nonetheless, Luther Leonidas Terry, the Surgeon General at that time, and his band of merry medical aficionados made it a fact and, ever since, smoking has become an increasingly maligned pastime. Perhaps the stigma is justified, especially considering the effects of second hand smoke. I dunno, I'm not into science. But today you can't smoke in pubs, or at work, or in a lecture (much to my dismay), or at the pool, or at the hospital. And so few people smoke that you actually have to make an effort to inhale lots of second hand smoke. So why is it that while I'm legally walking down the street with a smoke hanging out my mouth, some people look at me like I'm the demon spawn of Satan and that crazy bitch from *Fatal Attraction*? Why do they couple this judgemental gaze with coughs larger and falser than Jenna Jameson's tits? Ol' Luther Leonidas said that "smoking is bad", not "smokers are bad people". And don't tell me that the spilt-second's worth of second hand smoke that wafts, distilled by air, in your general direction is enough to damage your health.

I call these folk "Smoke Nazis", and they are probably the largest (and possibly most understandable) sub-sector of the Health Nazi community of the modern world. Let me remind you Smoke Nazis that no-one ever beat their wife to death under the influence of a pack of smokes, and that with the extra taxes we pay on a pack we not only more than pay for all anti-smoking campaigns but also more than pay for our own admissions to hospital for lung cancer or whatnot. Do you know what that means? That means that smokers are helping keep this nation in a state of reasonable health, or at least alive. All the while we laugh at the morbidly obese antics of that new fat chick on *Glee*, the drunken tomfoolery of the Hoff and his buddy the cheeseburger, and count down the days until Charlie Sheen's urine finally turns into pure liquid crack. We do this with a detached and often pisstaking attitude but the revelation Miley Cyrus smokes? *Scandal!* Now I'm not saying smoking is inherently good, I am struggling to quit a thirty-a-day habit myself, but can you Smoke Nazis at least trade your demonisation for the polite amusement you reserve for drunken girl's boobs falling out of their tops? That's all I ask, treat us like drunk girl boobs.

Besides, you know who was the original Smoke Nazi? The first public figure to demonise smoking? Hitler. So there.

— *Ed Rodgers*

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



Two Left Feet Politics The Eagle of Liberty

The other day, I met a fellow who had been dismissed from his job under the 90-day employment act. In 2008, he had voted for National because it was “time for a change”. Perhaps this was the kind of thing that John Key had in mind when he recently declared that people need welfare because of their own “poor choices”. Then again, maybe it wasn’t. But either way, like our glorious and articulate leader I felt absolutely no sympathy towards this particular individual. In fact, I killed him. One less idiot.

But back to Key’s statement. This was a pronouncement of such monumental and staggering ignorance that it managed to eclipse his erstwhile habit of saying “a whole bunch of time”. Granted, Key was referring specifically to the budgeting decisions of beneficiaries. But implicit in Key’s statement is the view that the benefit is adequate because it represents the level of bare subsistence.

The philosophy of the right is that nobody is morally entitled to welfare. People are responsible for their own lives and should not expect society to help them out. The benefit is simply a practical concession to stop people from starving in the streets (which would be messy) or turning to crime (which would be expensive). Grudgingly given, it should not be any higher than it needs to be.

But this is not why we have welfare. Welfare is a product of the moral principle that all people are entitled to a decent standard of living, irrespective of whether their market earning power allows them to purchase this for themselves. The self-responsibility mantra, and the “dole-bludger” stereotype crap spewed out by the right is just a pretext to ignore the reasons people might need welfare. Do some people abuse the system? Of course. Is this a reason for depriving those with a genuine need? Of course not. The question is not whether beneficiaries have a bona fide need (they do), but whether what we are currently paying out is enough.

We all know what a media whore John Key is. When there’s some political cock-for-cash on the table, he jumps straight for the lube. And yet, like Jenny Shipley before him, he has ignored invitations to try living on the benefit of \$194, even for a week. If he thought such a stunt was viable, he would almost certainly do it. But it’s not viable, because the benefit is peanuts. The image of Key suffering on two-minute noodles and instant coffee would be great for schadenfreude, but maybe not too great for the argument that the benefit is currently anything more than demeaning.

- Sam McChesney

The Eagle on Useless Government Departments

Ah, bureaucracy. Useless government departments. Automated phone messages recorded by a patronising lady with a more annoying voice than the Pak ‘n’ Save guy. Inefficiency, waste and poor customer service. It’s enough to ruffle an Eagle’s feathers. Clearly government agencies are lumbering, unaccountable juggernauts. But any common magpie can spot a bushfire from above. The perceptive Eagle prefers to swoop lower to discover the cause of the fire. *What causes government agencies to fail so miserably?*

Cause #1 – It’s not their money so they don’t care

If a stranger gave you his credit card, would you show restraint? The Eagle, for one, would buy all sorts of liberty-related paraphernalia with no heed to cost. And sure enough, ACC blows its budget by \$3billion. (To put that in perspective, the Christchurch Earthquake recovery will cost the government \$5billion.) Tourists on NZ skiing trips are given free medical care, because, hey, travel insurance is for capitalist pigs! Criminals who injure themselves breaking windows are compensated – who says crime doesn’t pay? Bureaucrats don’t give a damn about wasting taxpayer dollars because *it’s not their money*.

But ACC is not alone in its blundering ineptitude. Studylink gives “Student Hardship” payments to students on holiday in the Gold Coast. WINZ gives gang members money to fence their pool. The Eagle will put a stop to this idiocy once and for all.

Eagle’s solution: Privatised government departments. The private sector doesn’t waste money because it’s *their money* – they have incentive to be efficient and have a culture of rewarding good workers and firing the blithering idiots.

Cause #2 – Politicians don’t know how to run businesses

Most MPs, especially socialist MPs, have never had a real job in their life. Bossy youngsters like Jacinda “My Little Pony” Ardern spend a few years in cushy government jobs or as union lackeys, then enter a 30-year career as a politician. A perfect example is the old Finance Minister, Michael Cullen, who had a PhD in History but not even a University of Waikato degree in common sense. He bought TranzRail for \$690m, then found out it was only worth \$369m. Oops. Nowadays, “Kiwirail” is a national joke. But the Eagle isn’t laughing.

Eagle’s solution: Sell government departments to the private sector who actually have the skills and experience required, rather than a BA in Gender Studies. From Waikato.

You are the wind beneath my wings,
The Eagle



On Brussels

There is nothing more terrifying than a pushy mob of small girls who very insistently try to sell you cake in French. Going to Queenstown for a bungy jump is pretty run-of-the-mill, you can jump out of a plane over Taupo whenever, but for that very special thrill, head to Brussels. Don't think knowledge of French will save you either – the little minxes speak a weird dialect so that when you walk past their little camp (no jokes, they have some kind of cake-selling vigil going) you will always find yourself unprepared. The rules are the same as with ducks and

models – please don't feed them, you'll only make the situation worse.

After your healthy dose of fear, I suggest comfort food as your next stop. Most unknowing tourists go for the waffles, which are advertised everywhere and anywhere. Tourists who think they're in the know go to a shop supposedly famous for its hot chips, which are actually overpriced and crap. Save yourself for Squiddies and settle for a waffle. If you want everyone to know you're a tourist, order toppings – Belgian chocolate melted over strawberries is a good start, and the price will probably be knocked up if you don't order in French. The locals only put powdered sugar on their waffles, but then again they probably aren't being stalked by a pack of savage children and don't need the good stuff. Again, the studious tourist will rave about Belgian chocolate, which admittedly is good, but better in Switzerland.

Since most of downtown Brussels is actually quite ugly and decrepid (perhaps they spent so much on the EU buildings that everything else was abandoned?), you may as well hang out in the city centre with all the other tourists. Down a little alley you will find an even smaller alley to turn into where you will find an amazing pub called Delirium. It's pretty well known around the place by its pink elephant sign. They have a wall of foreign currency donated by customers – no NZ dollars yet though. It's grungy with really cool decorations and an enormous beer selection, so budget large for this one. You'll feel right at home in a student environment where everyone is having a yarn over their assorted beers and digital cameras.

– **Bridget Gilchrist**

The Amazon Rainforest? The Arctic Circle? Fuck that, you'll never go to either. It's more important to know how to survive the awkwardness of everyday life. Just call me Bear Grylls, without the penis.

It's a guarantee; at some point in your life you will (somewhat unfortunately) come face to face with someone who possesses an off-centre, ocular mechanism also known as a lazy eye. Trying to hold a conversation with some poor soul who has a lazy eye leaves you squirming, uneasy and feeling like an absolute cunt for judging them. And anyone who says that dealing with someone with a lazy eye doesn't bother them is a lying bastard. But fear not my children, for I am here to save you from your awkward selves once again.

The first thing you can try is to pretend that you are blind. This gives you the freedom to look anywhere but their lazy eye without looking like an asshole. It also helps to defuse the whole awkward situation as the lazy eye person will feel more comfortable thinking you have no sight with which to be alarmed by their creepy eye.

Although if they already know that you aren't blind, you'll find yourself in a bit of a pickle. Quick, think fast on your feet! How did you become "recently blinded"? Was it from saving a baby from a burning building? Were you viciously attacked? Did you take a dick to the eye? Be convincing, and avoid that awkwardness.

But if you're a shit liar, you're going to have to wear sunglasses all day everyday. You have to be vigilant! So what if you look like a complete cock wearing sunnies 24/7, 365 days a year? At least you'll be prepared when you finally run into someone with a lazy eye. They won't be able to see your eyes behind your shades, which will after all be judging them.

However my favourite option would be to use your brilliant imagination. When you encounter someone with a lazy eye, just pretend they are Mad Eye fucking Moody, the best known and most popular lazy eye possessor ever known (he's from the Harry Potter series for all you retards out there). No longer will you feel awkward and ashamed, instead you will be fascinated and captivated



Photo: Kiro Stank, www.kiostank.com

by the magnificence that is Mad Eye Moody and his crazy fucking eye. Just imagine all the tales and stories he could tell you about dementors and death eaters and all that other magical crap.

If worse comes to worst, you can stop being an ignorant little shit and get over yourself.

Good luck my friend. Use this knowledge wisely and keep the awkwardness out of your life. Because the world doesn't need anymore turtles.

– **Chloe Adams**



On The Male/Female Gaze

To be gazed at is an experience that invokes a certain anxiety, as the recipient of the gaze “loses some sense of autonomy upon realizing that he or she is a visible object.” (<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gaze>) It’s why we’re taught not to stare at children.

The male gaze was a concept postulated by Laura Mulvey in 1975. It extends as far back as 17th century oil-paintings in the reclining nude tradition (hidden behind curtains for only the men to see after supper), up to contemporary porn, *Playboy*, music videos, movies and advertisements. The theory goes as follows; as women are perpetually sexualised in popular culture, and men are the viewers primarily catered for in popular culture, the dominance of the male gaze exacerbates gender inequality. Essentially, the male gaze takes power away from women – their power over their bodies and sexualities. The woman is passive, gazed upon, to be consumed, with no control over the act of looking. Their identity is situated in their bodies and their sexualities, rather than their minds or personalities, and they exist in reference to some seen or unseen male observer.

Inevitably this objectification transfers out of the realm of audio-visual entertainment and into our everyday lives. Women who don’t recognise the power of the gaze may also become complicit in it, welcoming it without recognising that this acceptance legitimizes both the gaze and the inevitable objectification accompanying it. Logically women can never be considered equal to men if they are perceived as perpetually sexual objects in this way. Many feminists throughout history have called for an end to this. I don’t agree. We should be free to express our sexualities, to explore them in art, literature and even advertising. Whether or not these images manipulate us into buying products we don’t need or even really want is irrelevant. And so is the fact that these images are often highly manipulated and exaggerated. Visual representation and distortion such as this are inevitable in our culture.

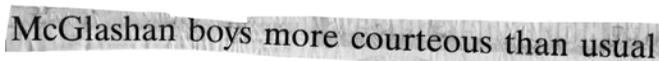
I propose an alternative solution – recognising the *female* gaze as a force in its own right. And it is. It’s a different thing from that which heterosexual and homosexual men find attractive in their own gender. Shouldn’t women have equally as much opportunity to appreciate the opposite gender’s form/aesthetic in ways they like to see it? Ultimately, every visual representation objectifies to a certain extent. We generally don’t see an image of a model as having depth; we take it at face value. That’s the nature of reproduction. Thus, the only logical step is to cater to both genders. Magazines such as *Filament* are already doing this. And it’s actually awesome. Since the 60s and 70s there’s been this idea that men are more turned on by visual stimuli than women but contemporary research suggests otherwise (<http://news.wustl.edu/news/Pages/7319.aspx>). Everyone pervs. As long as it occurs to both genders in relatively equal measure, we should embrace it, at the same time being careful to take it for what it is.

– Kari Schmidt



After weeks of earthquake coverage, ODT finally gave up trying to maintain a professional façade and caved to their true calling: reporting on teenage sex scandal.

The front page of Tuesday’s paper bore the heading:

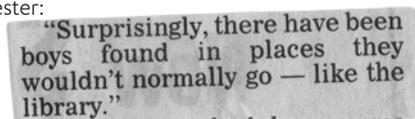


Was the queen visiting? Were they on a mood altering drug trial? Nope, four St Margaret’s College girls from Christchurch had begun attending their male-only school.

Luckily, the ODT got the dirt on what was going down. Apparently, the girls are enjoying the male attention, and finding a ball date is likely to be easy.

“I’m quite enjoying it actually”, said one. “The [the boys] are very keen to get to know us”. Sure they are, sweetheart.

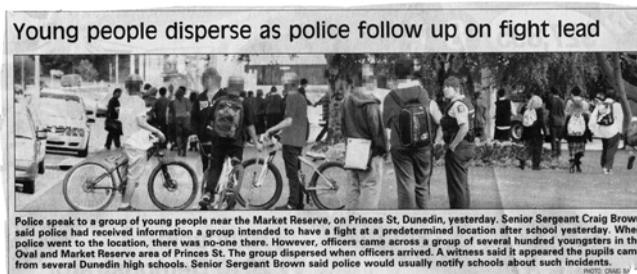
ODT even managed to get a comment from the Principal, who was a bit of a jokester:

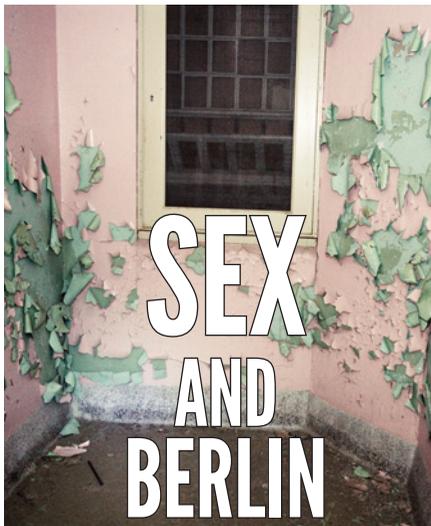


LOL, even their principal thinks they’re a little simple.

Perhaps the article could have been more aptly titled: BOIZ GO WILD 4 SEXC GIRLS.

Continuing on their youth-focussed reporting, ODT got the goss on a planned fight that was to take place after school on Monday. Apparently, by the time the police arrived, the students weren’t actually at the leaked location, but hundreds of students were found in nearby streets. Students spotted hanging out together? Scandalous.





The summer before last, I went to Europe to further develop my wanky hipster aesthetic by burying my nose in every white powder available. Overall the substance abuse occurred with enough frequency for me to consider the trip a success, but ultimately the four months served as a valuable education in just how repulsive the innocent act of coitus can be. Thus, I present to you a two-part Anecdotal Bad European Sex Special.

Today, Part 1: Berlin.

I had agreed to go on a date with Henry, the perpetually wasted club kid I'd hooked up with at New Year's. When I saw him again I realized just how degraded my mental faculties must have been when I met him. His attire was a touching tribute to the sartorial stylings of the former Soviet Bloc – orthopedic sneakers, jeans so baggy they flapped around his anorexic legs with each bow-legged step, and an army jacket that likely had seen the inside of the Kremlin at some time during the Seventies. Optimistically hoping that coke connections could compensate for aesthetic deficiencies, post-date I boarded a train to impoverished East Berlin with the freak. The station was empty, save for us and a lone Neo-Nazi and his pit bull. I rationalised that the rent in this area must be so low that his apartment would be an enormous loft where I could lounge upon an IKEA rug whilst listening to ambient electronica and purchasing mephedrone on a MacBook Pro. I stepped into the apartment. The size of a UniCol bedroom, the room contained only a heroin mattress and thin blanket.

While I nervously waited for the Stasi to bang on the door to send us off to a forced labour camp in Siberia, the creature promptly peeled off the Petrograd jeans to reveal a Sphinx-like form: clean-shaven from neck to feet. I briefly wondered how he had achieved such a close shave with no razor burn or ingrown hairs. He located "the last!" condom, placed it on the floor next to the mattress, then resumed his fondling of my nipple as if were a sort of worry bead. Reaching for the condom, he miraculously emerged empty-handed – it had disappeared! As the Sphinx-man combed the Stasi-suite for the condom with Gestapo-like indefatigability and rage, I pondered that this was the first piece of credible evidence for belief in a benevolent higher power that I had ever witnessed. Perhaps Brian Tamaki was right after all! Thankfully this terrifying thought evaporated when, on leaving the building, I tripped over and landed in a huge snowdrift, soaking my Ksubis. God knows it was the only time that cursed weekend my underwear got wet.

– Mrs John Wilmot



So there's this girl at my hall. I noticed her as soon as she walked into the door and it was love at first sight. But I don't think she even knows my name. How do I get her to notice me and feel the same way back?

Relationships aren't exactly my area of expertise. However that does make me a bit of an expert on what to avoid. So, for your benefit, and because writing for *Critic* is cheaper than therapy, I'll cover some of the worst of what I've done and what's been done to me.

Grand romantic gestures or winning over her with your epic dance moves won't work! This isn't the movies; what you think looks quirky, endearing and too "sexy for your shirt" actually just looks creepy, desperate and spastic.

Getting shitfaced won't work! This option is fraught with pitfalls; chances are you'll bring along your mates; sad mate, fighty mate and say-stupid-shit-I can't-take-back mate. While a lot of "love" is made when shitfaced (as Sneaky Sound System lyricised), it's love of the one night variety. You may have heard stories about drunken hook ups turning into longer relationships but this usually involves a basis of friendship. Best to avoid this so called tried and true Dunedin method, especially if you want to avoid the embarrassment of "drunk dick".

Coming on too strong won't work! A lot of loving puts people off. You'll likely come off desperate, possibly needy. No one likes receiving three texts for every one they send or coming home to find you waiting for them. If you come on too strong you may not just

scare her off but also scare her into getting a protection order. Rohypnol or more commonly "roofies" won't work! Ignoring the obvious issues around legality, you may find she loves you, for a night, and you'll probably get your end away. But no matter how charming you are, she won't remember in the morning. And then when she wakes, comes the distrust and avoidance. Not exactly the result you're after. The reality is (here comes the real advice) that you just need to chill the fuck out. I know it's a cliché, but be yourself. If you pretend to be someone else, she'll see through it eventually. If she is the one, it will happen, give it time. Honestly though, at this stage in life, she's probably not the one. You're young, focus on getting laid. The rest will work itself out later in life.

Have a problem you need help solving? Email it to us at critic@critic.co.nz. We'll help you out.

Summer Lovin'

In a city where romance consists of drunkenly holding hands while walking home, and dates are a post-town pre-root Big Mac, it seems dating, at least in the American television sense, is dead. 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 vibez, 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.

J.F.K.

Stung and hurt by *Critic* magazine unfairly accusing people in the OUSA exec of having no sex lives, I decided to leap into action and go on a blind date. There was also the free bar tab. But mostly I saw this an opportunity to expand my social network and reach out to constituents.

But hell was I nervous when the time came. The only time I remember being this nervous was the 2008 general election and the OUSA elections last year. People always write about the subtle interplay between sex and politics, the hidden subtexts present in pashin' and in parliaments, but for me, apparently, the wires in my brain had crossed them so much that they were one.

I arrived slightly early and stood awkwardly by myself in the bar for a bit. But then I realized that I couldn't look "lonely" or no one would want me. I would become the NZ First of the dating world. So I went outside and rang my friend and paced around back and forth until I noticed someone walk into the bar who also looked slightly awkward. That was my cue.

To be honest, she wasn't what I was expecting. I'd been watching *Flight of the Conchords* prior to this blind date so I half-expected someone who looked like Sally. She didn't look anything like her but she was beautiful in an exotic way. It wasn't really awkward in any way - we chatted quite amicably about our backgrounds etc - the cliché questions are always the best ones.

We chatted at that bar till about 12pm - it was quite funny how quickly the night had gone! Fortunately for her (and perhaps myself) I had avoided turning the date into a focus group session and she walked me home (I decided to invert the traditional gender stereotypes because hey, why not?) Drunk and happy we sang songs from *Grease* such as "Summer Lovin'" and "Oh Sandy" and infected another couple who decided to sing and dance along with us. So the date ended like your typical Bollywood movie.

We swapped numbers at the end of the night and added each other on Facebook. Overall, I feel that the night was a satisfying experience and an effective tool to communicate with constituents. But alas, I was not able to disprove the *Critic* thesis.

Marilyn

Is that my date? Black vest, check. Long sleeve shirt, check. Dark hair, check. Pretty much all I know about him.

Pretty nice bar. But red lighting won't flatter my skin tone now, would it? Brief introductions, let's get that out of the way. Woops. He accidentally flicked a straw at me. Now he's joking about how it's only 8.30pm and he's drunk already and how I'm gonna mention it in the article. Wait - did he just say that we have a Linguistics class together? How's *that* gonna be? Hope it won't be awkward. Going to the toilet, he nearly tripped! Now I'm really beginning to think he's tipsy.

We've been talking about politics, education, religion, and culture quite a lot now. Pretty interesting. I like this. Serious in a not serious way. But why is my tongue so quick to tell him how I feel about these things? I feel like dancing. No, no. No dancing. Sit down. Okay. Good. Yeah, I blame it *all* on the booze.

Oh. 11.30pm already? Hey how come time suddenly went by so fast? So *I'm* walking *you* home? I thought *you* were supposed to walk *me* home? Okay okay fine, Leith Street is way on the other side.

He said he lives nearby. I hope that's true, 'coz it's really cold out here. That bar across the street, their live band's playing "You're the One That I Want" from *Grease*. That reminds me, I LOVE *Grease*! I'll start singing along now! Hey he's singing also! And the couple next to us waiting at this traffic light is singing with us too! We'll make a good singing group! Again, I blame it on the booze.

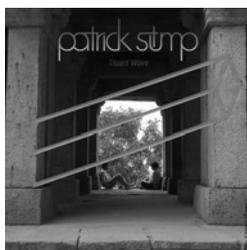
Oh. Here we are. Where he stays. Okay, end of date. Gosh now what am I gonna write for the article? Well I could write about how I think the most significant thing about going on a blind date is that because your date doesn't know about you, through conversation you might just find out a lot of new things about yourself. Like how I found out I am gullible, confused, and a tad bit inferior. Or I could just say that booze does wonders.

Yeah. That.

Review



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Patrick Stump *Truant Wave EP*

Patrick Stump's *Truant Wave* EP was unexpectedly announced last month and released a mere week later on February 22. It showcases the songs Stump has excluded from his forthcoming album *Soul Punk* and eases the listener into his fresh synth-pop sound. It's probably best not to listen to this EP expecting it to sound anything like Fall Out Boy;

Stump has released *Truant Wave* ahead of his album so that listeners can get accustomed to his sound and have the right expectations of Soul Punk for later this year.

The EP's first track, "Porcelain", typifies this new style. Driving drums and fuzzy bass combined with shiny, playful synth hooks provide an uncomplicated platform from which Stump's voice can shine. "Spotlight" and the closing track, "Big Hype", have more uplifting, anthemic qualities which are also perfect for Stump's grand vocal style.

Stump has often been touted as having one of the best voices in pop-punk; his soulful virtuosity makes this EP no exception and giving him deserved attention. The instru-

mentation stays clean and simple throughout, Stump's vocal agility combined with creative production instead being the most standout element of the songs.

Truant Wave is a simple and promising debut release. This EP will definitely be too poppy for a lot of people but it's refreshing to see Stump going in a new creative direction rather than riding the success of his previous work. Give it a listen!

— Midge McBryde



Elbow *Build a Rocket Boys!*

Two years after the release of the Mercury Prize-winning *The Seldom Seen Kid*, British orchestral-guitar four-piece Elbow return to action with *Build a Rocket Boys!* Once eloquently described as "prog without the solos", Elbow's emotionally laden, grandiose formula is evident in full effect here.

While their sweeping strings, textured arrangements and heartfelt lyrics have remained, *B.A.R.B* sees a slight change in their songwriting practice with ideas and craft focused and simplified on usually only one idea. Opener "The Birds" pushes the eight minute mark with a beautiful guitar motif throughout. However its nature sees almost no development across its length, leaving the track feeling underdeveloped and repetitive.

Sadly this pattern continues across the record. On *B.A.R.B*, tracks feel like samples of ideas rather than fully realized songs. While each track is unquestionably beautiful and well produced, the musical journeying of pre-

vious albums is painfully missing. If there is to be any saving grace for Elbow, it is the grace and delicacy with which arrangements are treated. From the chorally accompanied "With Love" to the closing "Dear Friends", the simple framework is stunning clothed with careful production and rich instrumentation. Vocalist Guy Garvey is also flawless in his delivery, covering the depth and breadth of human predicaments. Overall, a pleasant album but the songs' often un-engaging formulae leave this an album perhaps best left as beautiful background music.

— Sam Valentine



RADIO ONE PLAYTIME REPORT



mon
14/3

ReFuel: Open Mic Night

8.30pm kick off. ALL WELCOME. We have guitars, keys, and other assorted instruments so just bring yourself and your mad skills.

tue
15/3

ReFuel: Jazz In The Pocket

Dunedin's Premier Jazz Night. \$2 Entry. All welcome bring your horn!

thur
17/3

Carey's Bay Hotel: Jock Walton & his band play Irish Music

St Patricks Day, 9.30pm, free admission

Sammys: Master's Curious Delirium by Bird Wizdom (Aus) Cabaret Show

Part of the 2011 Dunedin Fringe Festival

17th, 18th, 19th, 23rd 24th March

fri
18/3

Urban Factory: SBK & Urban Factory Presents

The Upbeats Live \$15 with your 2011 91 card or \$20 without available from 1-night.co.nz

sat
19/3

Chicks Hotel: Andrew Keoghan Album Release Tour

w/ Grand Rapids. \$15 on the door with your 2011 91Card or \$20 without.

FUTURE GIGS

25/3 TikiDub Productions in Association with SBK & Radio One Presents Tiki - In The World Of Light Album Release Party Sammys. Presale tickets \$18 with 91card

2/4 Radio One & Groove Guide Presents The Little Bushman Album Release Tour with special guest Nudge Sammys. \$20 + bf with 91card from Cosmic Corner

1
91FM

see the full gig guide at r1.co.nz

To include a Dunedin gig or event for on-air & online listing on the Radio One Playtime Report, call the Radio One Office 479-5834, 9am - 5pm

Salmonella Dub

March 5 2011
Urban Factory



On March 5 Salmonella Dub, those stalwarts of the NZ music scene, played at Urban Factory in a gig which had been postponed from its original February 26 date. Since 1991 Salmonella Dub have been pioneering that fusion of dub, reggae and drum'n'bass that might be considering the quintessential "Kiwi sound"; it would be interesting, one of my friends remarked, to see how their subtropical irie-ness would translate to the subantarctic Dunedin climes on a night when a chilly Southwestern was keeping everything particularly brisk.

MC Rude Boy warmed up the crowd before Salmonella Dub took to the stage at midnight. Joined by MC Mighty Asterix, who has evidently been growing his dreadlocks for longer than much of *Critic's* readership has been alive, the group sent it on a wide variety of percussion and brass instruments, one member having evidently taken the famous *Saturday Night Live* sketch urging "more cowbell" to heart, and rocking out on the cowbell to his heart's content. Singing, MC-ing, grooving and jamming, they worked the venue like the seasoned pros that they are, with plenty of hands raised for classics like "For the love of it" and "Longtime". There was a mellow vibe amongst the crowd, for whom flannel and dreadlocks were the order of the day, except for one or

two excitable young things (freshers, no doubt) who asked my friend Melanie if she was down to fuck. She declined.

"You should mention how good this place smells in your review!", Melanie exclaimed. She pointed out that Urban Factory smelt unusually fresh for a club; not here the acrid stench of old vomit or the beery yeastiness of dropped drinks. Half-way through the night the unmistakable salty-buttery scent of popcorn also wafted through the room, a surreal turn which left one confused guy in front of us to turn around: "do you smell popcorn?". Was this the result of too much psychedelia or just part of the multi-sensory Salmonella Dub experience? Accompanying the music was a light show and visuals, the light melding blue and red, yellow and green, with even the occasional moment of strobe. By the time Salmonella Dub left the stage just after 1.30am, this reviewer was left with ears ringing and happily danced out.

– Lisa McGonigle



As an avid scuba diver, I was expecting big things from Alister Grierson's new film, *Sanctum*. Produced by James Cameron, it looked set to be an action movie of epic proportions; sadly, I was underwhelmed. Richard Roxburgh, Ioan Gruffudd and Rhys Wakefield star as part of a group of cave divers who are on an expedition in South America. When an unexpected cyclone floods the entrance of the cave, the divers become trapped inside. With no hope of rescue, they are forced to travel further into the depths of the cave, hoping to find a way out.

The movie's enticingly original concept was ruined by poor acting, over-dramatisation and a terrible score. It loses a lot of credibility due to the fact that the actors have absolutely no conviction when delivering their lines. Though Wakefield and Roxburgh are engaging and the father-son dynamic between their characters is honest and moving, Roxburgh tends to overact his "hardass" persona and Gruffudd's American accent was simply unbearable.

Perhaps James Cameron's ego had too much to do with the film. Rather than focusing on the serene beauty of the underwater environs and going for a more organic feel, Cameron and Grierson have tried to turn the film into a summer blockbuster, which is exactly what it's not, instead ending up a confused dichotomy of fleeting action and enduring boredom. While the action itself is gripping, the transition from scene to scene is boring and unengaging. Rather than being used to accentuate certain scenes, the ever-present score serves only to glorify and trivialise the action.

The film has some fantastic scenes of action and suspense and is visually very satisfying, but the poor acting and Cameron-esque melodrama ruin what could have been a brilliant piece.

– Matt Chapman



If I had left half way through this movie, I probably would have written a favourable review. Regrettably I stayed for its entirety and now I'm duty-bound to tell the truth. A good start with interesting and likeable characters takes descends into bizarre (and not in a good way) plot twists which only serve to highlight the many holes in the story, culminating in a particularly disappointing finale along the lines of "and then I woke up".

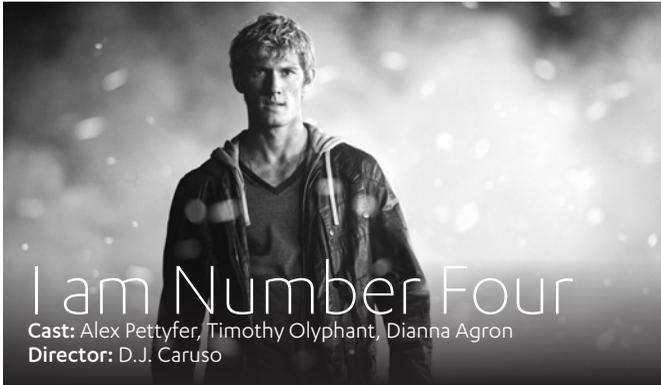
The Adjustment Bureau attempts to track the story of David Morris (Matt Damon), an up-and-coming senatorial hopeful who meets an intriguing woman (Emily Blunt) just after being defeated in elections. The two are inexplicably drawn to each other but separate before they can exchange names. Enter the men from the Adjustment Bureau, a secret agency of God that keeps humans running according to a plan, because we have proven ourselves ineffective at governing humanity's fate. A good start tails off into a listless story that fails to keep you either intrigued or entertained. Luckily the chemistry between Damon and Blunt is electric and the love they profess for each other is the most believable aspect of an otherwise unexciting tale.

One upside is that the score is by Thomas Newman (American Beauty). The banality of the last half hour isn't as terrible when accompanied by his music, particularly the piece that plays during the credits. If this had been written as a movie about a young senator it would have been a great film, but when you introduce other-worldly themes alongside human elements it just gets too much. I also have a feeling they were trying to make a snide but insightful commentary on the progress of mankind throughout the ages and the power of free will; big failure. This is definitely one for the illegal download list; subvert the studios and hopefully they will discontinue average story lines in the hope that the lead actors will be enough to carry the film through.

– Tom Ainge-Roy



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



I am Number Four

Cast: Alex Pettyfer, Timothy Olyphant, Dianna Agron
 Director: D.J. Caruso

I am Number Four is a teenage sci-fi where Darth Maul-like offspring go to the supermarket, wave at little children in order to look casual (despite the four functioning gills on either side of their nostrils) and buy chicken for the lethal pets that they keep outside in an inconspicuous black truck. They have some pretty interesting ideas about how society should deal with unemployment and the mental limitations of comic book fans. In their spare time they enjoy feeding people silver balls that are adorned in fast moving metal blades.

Oh, *I am Number Four* also involves a semi-irrelevant plot-line about a blond American teenager, John Smith (the humour around this name is undoubtedly too good), or “Four” (Alex Pettyfer), trying to protect the world from the Darth Maul babes and their Alexander McQueen Spring/Summer 2010 styled pets. Number 4 also begins the search for his conveniently numbered brothers and sisters (although unfortunately Number 1, 2 and 3 have all been killed).

I particularly enjoyed the sexual objectification/ hotness of John’s sister Number 6 (Teresa Palmer), who we see throughout the film, in search of John because together the alien siblings are capable of *that* much more. Number 6 tells Number 4 he’s “good with his hands”. An incestuous relationship is hinted at. Thank goodness John has already fallen for cheerleader-turned-semi-alt-chick, Sarah (played by Dianna Agron - cute actress from *Glee*, anyone?). In their final scene together, John is forced to part with Sarah, but, while uttering his final “I love you”, John catches a glimpse of a cute dog in his peripheral vision, promptly forgets about Sarah and goes to play with the dog. Oh well, alien and human relationships are far too close to bestiality for it to ever work out.

The token sci-fi nerd and best friend of Number 4 (Callan McAuliffe), after murdering one of the many antagonists with a brutal red laser gun, jokes that he “plays a lot of Xbox.” This line in all its predictability describes this graphically advanced Neanderthal film.

– Loulou Callister-Baker



True Grit

Cast: Jeff Bridges, Hailee Steinfeld, Matt Damon
 Directors: Joel and Ethan Coen

On the surface, this is the simple story of 14 year-old Mattie Ross (Hailee Steinfeld) trying to bring her father’s killer to justice. However, as in many westerns, there are deeper undertows that give this film a clout. The story comes from a Charles Portis novel and was adapted for the screen by the Coen brothers.

Ross, who’s cute as a button but sharp as a razor, hires the hardest marshal she can find; Rooster Cogburn (Jeff Bridges), a man with “true grit.” I wet myself when I was told that the Coens were getting back into bed with Bridges, and wet myself again when I saw Bridges as Rooster. The term “true grit” doesn’t seem to capture what he brings to the screen. With his one piercing drunken eye, Rooster deals out justice with a loose trigger finger. As strong as his performance is, however, he leaves room for Steinfeld to shine. Maaatt Daaamon as LeBoeuf was saved by the fact that he was flanked by two outstanding performances.

In *True Grit* we see another engaging Coen western; however, this time around they embodied a more classic Hollywood style. This worked for the most part but I found a couple of shots to have a cheesy, overdone feel. This made sense when the credits rolled up; Steven Spielberg was the executive producer.

You can also expect the sadistic mix of comedy and misanthropy which has become associated with the brothers. At the end of the day, although perhaps not as monumental as one may have hoped, *True Grit* is a film made by two of the most accomplished contemporary directors around, so expect their usual brilliance.

– Ben Speare



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Long before Mel Gibson went bat-shit crazy, he was the star of this Australian low-budget road tale. Set “a few years from now” in a post-apocalyptic Australian outback, *Mad Max* follows Max Rockatansky, a Main Force Patrol (MFP) officer, as he tries to clean up the scum from the roads.

The opening scenes show a chase between the MFP and Nightrider who has stolen a patrol vehicle. After eluding the rest of the MFP, Nightrider gets taken out by Max and goes up in flames after a high speed crash. Nightrider’s motorcycle gang, led by Toecutter, soon hear word of Nightrider’s demise. The gang have made their name by terrorising those who they come across but they are more than just ruthless thugs and seem to have degenerated into an animal state; they howl, scavenge, crawl, and fight as might wild dogs.

As the gang seeks revenge, the MFP sustains casualties and Max decides to leave before he is

next. His time away from the force is short-lived, however, as his wife and child become victims of Toecutter’s gang. With nothing to lose, Max hunts down Toecutter.

The film works best during the car and motorcycle chases and subsequent crashes. What it doesn’t succeed in is creating believable characters. At 23, Gibson displays none of his future acting prowess, but he’s a bit of a babe so that might make up for this for some viewers. The middle section (without any vehicle action) drags a bit while the film deals with some plot matters. However the conclusion is reasonably satisfying. The final scene where Max offers an abandoned gang member the option of either being blown up or having his ankle hacked off hacking was the inspiration for the *Saw* series, according to series creators James Wan and Leigh Whannell.

– Ben Blakely

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Dunedin Film Society Preview

When: Wednesday 16 March, 7.30pm

Where: Red Lecture Theatre, located near the side entrance of the Scott Building, across the road from the Emergency entrance of the Dunedin Public Hospital on Great King Street.

See <http://dunedinfilmsociety.inzight.co.nz> for membership info

.....

Story of Women (1988) France

An austere and compelling re-creation of the real-life case of a housewife-turned-abortionist in Nazi-occupied France. “Emotionally brutal, morally disturbing and probably one of the masterpieces of the decade” – *New York Times*.

.....

A GALLERY, 393 PRINCES STREET

Paper works: Phillip James Frost

BLUE OYSTER GALLERY, 24B MORAY PLACE

The fullness of empty pockets: Colleen Altgracia, *Arytipidal:* Andy Leleisi'uao, *At once we are rootless and harbouring, floating on an inland sea (I am from here):* Clare Fleming

DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY, 30 THE OCTAGON

Portraits: Frances Hodgkins, *Pretty Vacant, John Ward Knox, Cut Collective, Pieces of eight, Fieldwork:* Eugene Hansen and Andy Thompson, *Hauaga (Arrivals):* John Pule, *Beloved:* Works from the DPAG, *Black watercolour, 2010:* Simon Morris, *The first city in history:* Fiona Amundsen, *Te Putahitanga o Rehua:* Reuben Paterson, *A la mode:* Early 19th Century fashion plates from the collection. *Gonzalo Oretaga:* guest lecture (Tuesday, March 15, 7:30pm, FREE): *Footnote dance:* performance (Saturday March 19, 12pm FREE), *Joanna Langford:* artist talk (Saturday March 19, 1pm, FREE): *Art in the making- Italian painting before 1400:* documentary (Saturday March 19, 3pm, FREE).

DUNEDIN SCHOOL OF ART, CORNER ALBANY & RIEGO STREET

Art Seminar (March 17, 12:15pm-1:15pm, Room P152): Lynn Taylor: *Historical journeying between Scotland and New Zealand, MFA Examination exhibition:* Karyn Walton (until March 18, Dunedin Art School gallery).

MANU BERRY'S STUDIO, 140 GEORGE STREET

Suspensions prints and ceramics: Manu Berry, Peter Gregory

MILFORD GALLERY, 18 DOWLING STREET

Various distances apart: Gary Currin, *On location:* Christine Thacker

MODAKS CAFÉ, 337 GEORGE STREET

Still love: Lomo McSquirrels, Jessie Robertson and Brownyn Wallace

MONUMENTAL GALLERY, ANZAC AVE

Doppelganger: Nichola Jackson

NONE GALLERY, 24 STAFFORD STREET

The Glean; contemporary jewellery and other stuff: Richard Scowen, Kelly O'Shea and Shagpile

TANGENTE CAFÉ, 111 MORAY PLACE

From the Mountains to the Sea: Cheryl and Deano Shirriffs

TEMPLE GALLERY, 29 MORAY PLACE

Peter Nicholls

Clare Fleming's at once we are rootless and harbouring, floating on an inland sea (I am from here)

Blue Oyster art project space from March 8



To encounter Clare Fleming's *At once we are rootless and harbouring, floating on an inland sea (I am from here)* is to be immersed in a deeply personal inner landscape. Clare Fleming is an artist based in Dunedin and a Dunedin School of Art BFA graduate. The works are a manifestation of Fleming's sense of dislocation in the world. There is a sense of intimacy and fragility combined with an exploration of the multifaceted concept of "place" and what that means in relation to identity. The sculptures consist of large eucalyptus branches, dressed in mover blankets, which resemble mangroves as the branches are spread out like large roots. Inside the branches are stranded suitcase parts, moulded together to resemble ships, with small lights at the top of the branches, as though they are lighthouses leading the ships astray. Eucalyptus branches are symbolic of Fleming's birthplace of Australia, with the recycled moving blankets representing both the excesses of mass production and the comforting nature of a blanket. The ships made of suitcases refer to the previous places Fleming has lived, her inability to put "roots" down, and to new adventures she will uncover. The distorted sounds of crashing waves and tiny lights reflect hope as they point the way to these new adventures.

At once we are rootless and harbouring; floating on an inland sea (I am from here) is arguably Fleming's most intimate work, also retaining a sense of political responsibility heavily engrained in previous projects such as *We Are Optimistic's Patriarchy Free Zone: Imagination Station* at OUSA Art Week 2010. Through her sense of dislocation Fleming also considers the dark history of colonisation in New Zealand and Australia. She also examines the effects of globalisation, such as whether it is possible to contain "place", production and consumption and whether the need for a "pure" or original home is relevant in society today. *At once we are rootless and harbouring; floating on an inland sea (I am from here)* is currently on at the Blue Oyster project space, along with *The fullness of empty pockets* by Colleen Altagracia and *Arytipidal* by Andy Leleisi'uao.

ART
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FIONA AMUNDSEN: THE FIRST CITY IN HISTORY
This project focuses on Hiroshima the first city in history to be subjected to nuclear warfare.

supported by AIT University, New Zealand Japan Exchange Programme, Asia New Zealand Foundation

Ruby, you wee gem

352 George St has never looked so pretty. Dunedin's finest fashion aficionados were all on show last Wednesday night for the official store opening of Ruby Boutique. An intimate affair hosted by the charming double act behind the famed Ruby and Madame Hawk labels, the cute, super-skinny George St ex-post office was teeming with cool kids from around the town.

As the bubbles flowed, the gorgeous Deanna Didovich and Emily Miller-Sharma shared snippets of their fashion background and journey to Rubydom, the goss on their current and upcoming collections and how the heck they run the empire that is Ruby (of which the unadulterated interview will ensue in the next edition).

Lookbook wise, Madame Hawk's fall collection is particularly feminine with a soft "beautifully human" womanly muse while Ruby's Adventurer, drawing on journeys around New Zealand's wild yet beautiful landscape, promises some absolutely divine pieces.

So go for your life. Embrace the cult of the famed gemstone. And while you're at it, you may as well invest in a celebratory limited edition printed sweater with a print designed especially for Ruby Boutique Dunedin; there are only 25 of them and they're selling for \$139 - only 14% of course-related costs (sincere apologies Mr Studylink). Oooh, and the first 100 purchases over \$100 get a free Ruby Boutique Dunedin tote with three delightful colours to choose from! Très bien.



Arts Student
Shirt: vintage Cotella
Shorts: Vanishing Elephant
Sunnies: Lino Venezian
Shoes: Chucks

Works at Ruby
 All Ruby and Madame Hawke

Commerce Student
Shirt: Simon Lark
Jeans: Dr Denim
Shoes: Chucks

Works at Ruby
Blouse: Ruby
Jeans: Madame Hawke Kitsus jeans
Shoes: Ruby Bianca heels
Lippy: MAC - Girl About Town

Works at Slick Willy's
Jacket: twenty seven names
Shirt: twenty seven names
Shorts: cameo
Shoes: Beau Coops
Sunnies: vintage
Bag: Colab

Filo is not scary. Filo is your friend. The fear is understandable; I too once considered filo to be a fearful and tricky business. That was before I actually used it and realised how easy it is. SO EASY. I swear. It's not nearly as time consuming as you might assume, it's extremely versatile and it's healthier and yummiier than flaky or shortcrust pastry. So this week I bring you a recipe that will honestly make you fall in love with the stuff. I implore you: if you haven't already, lose your filo virginity!

First, some filo basics. You can find filo next to the fresh pasta in the supermarket. It's about \$5 a packet which is usually enough for two meals (depends on how big your flat is really). Don't freeze it. This is important. This just makes it unnecessarily difficult. If you use some and want to save the rest, peg the plastic bag so it's airtight then store it in the fridge.

One of many delicious filo options is to create spanakopita-esque triangle parcels. If I were posh I would use ricotta and fresh spinach, but I'm not, so I will settle for cottage cheese and silver beet. Frozen spinach would work too. This should make about four parcels.

- 1 onion
- 8-10 silver beet leaves
- Salt and pepper
- 1tsp crushed garlic
- Spring onion (optional)
- Parsley or dill or some another herb – up to your instincts
- Half a tub of cottage cheese
- Some feta (you could grate some budget cheese instead)
- Oil

Wash the silver beet and cut away the majority of the stems and shred the leaves. Add salt and pepper to taste, chopped spring onion if you have it and herbs. Leave this to sit for a bit while you do the next bit. It lets the leaves absorb the flavours and any water settle. (If you are using frozen spinach make sure it's well drained). I also added some sad looking broccoli that was in the fridge.

Chop the onion reasonably finely, heat some oil in a frying pan and cook onion until soft and translucent. Press out all the liquid from the silver beet mix and add it to the onion. Heat on low until silver beet has wilted a little. Take off the heat and add cottage cheese and feta if you have it. Mix.

Now is the daunting part. Hopefully the instructional photos will be of some help. Lay one sheet of pastry on a dry bench. Pour some oil into a bowl and, using a pastry brush (or the back of a spoon), paint some oil onto the sheet. Then place a second sheet on top – the oil is the glue. Do this again – you want it to be about four sheets thick. Now cut the sheets in half lengthways. Place a dollop of silver beet mixture at the bottom of one piece of pastry and fold it into a triangle shape. (See photos – way too hard to explain.) Seal parcel with some more oil. Place parcels on an oven tray and bake at 180 degreesC for 30 mins or until golden.

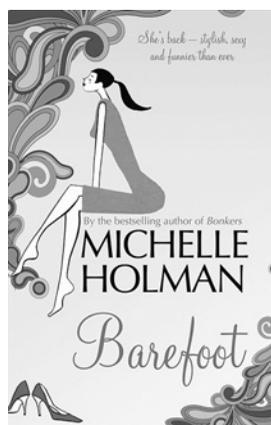
If you have any recipes you think other students would enjoy, send them (with a photo) to food@critic.co.nz. Thanks!

Filo is Your Friend



Barefoot

Michelle Holman
Harper Collins



Barefoot is a loose sequel to Michelle Holman's debut novel *Bonkers*. She claims that she felt compelled to tell Sherry and Glenn's story after they featured as more minor characters in their siblings' story.

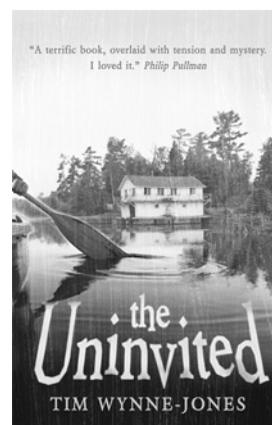
This book can without a doubt be categorised as 'chicklit', so if this is not your thing, stay clear. If you are looking for lighthearted, easy read that doesn't involve too many brain cells, on the other hand, you could do worse.

Sherry is the practical daughter, the cop. Cool calm and collected. That is, until Glenn walks into her life. Tall, cocky, and famous to boot, Sherry doesn't like him. But she really really wants to fuck him. He feels the same way. What follows is embarrassingly predictable. Blatant foreshadowing eliminates most suspense, and the main source of tension is frustration at the characters for being so slow to realise the obvious. What was meant to be one night in a motel room becomes a lot more when the condom breaks and Glenn neglects to let Sherry know. Sherry, of course, becomes pregnant, and what ensues is essentially a struggle of wills between two incredibly stubborn people who will not admit their affection for one another. Sherry always seems to see Glenn at his worst, and he can't seem to catch a break. He wants to be a father, but Sherry doesn't believe he has it in him. I didn't personally relate well to the main character, but found it refreshing that she was a little flawed and could (at times) admit it to herself. The male protagonist is typical of the genre; handsome, kind, talented and, of course, filthy rich. Both lack real depth beyond their prescribed role in the drama. Sherry's job allows Holman to brush the surface of some tough topics not usually addressed by this kind of novel however; she works with victims of domestic abuse.

– Sarah Maessen

The Uninvited

Tim Wynne Jones
Walker books



Mimi leaves the stress of the Big Apple for the tranquillity of her father's house in small-town Canada, only to find that she is not the only one who thought it would be the perfect getaway. It doesn't take long for Mimi to realise that the moody and neurotic Jay who claims that she is intruding in his father's house is, in fact, her half brother. Together the two start to investigate the strange 'messages' that Jay has been receiving. Soon enough, despite leaving one twisted relationship, she finds herself the object of someone else's obsession.

We switch to Cramer - a weird kid who is struggling to balance his two jobs with keeping his sometimes-crazy artist mother happy. He has a strange obsession with the house on the river and its inhabitants.

Throughout the novel you gain pieces of the puzzle of how these characters all fit together, unravelling the tangled branches of a family tree. In fact, everyone is caught in the boughs in some way, to the point that it's a little bit ridiculous. This doesn't leave much room for above-board fraternising, and the result is a lot of not-so-subtle incestuous undertones.

In some cases, over-emotional reactions of characters took the place of real character development. This was especially true for Jay, who is disappointingly two dimensional despite a rich back story.

On the surface, the novel covers it all. There is suspense, intrigue and action, broken families and broken hearts, but unfortunately it is lacking something that I can't quite put my finger on.

It's nothing groundbreaking, but worth spending a Sunday afternoon reading. And in case you were wondering (I was), Tim Wynne Jones is no relation to Diana Wynne Jones.

– Sarah Maessen

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Shaolin Burning

Ant Sang
Harper Collins



Shaolin Burning is a graphic novel by the designer of *bro' Town*, yet in it Ant Sang has chosen to steer clear of the New Zealand humour typical of this earlier work. Instead he explores kung fu mythology and Chinese legends. Background knowledge on these is non-essential and some handy notes in the back of the book provide the reader with helpful explanations and interesting facts about China's history. The text is described as "a fusion of punked-up street culture and Chinese tradition" which is indeed portrayed in a way that makes it more exciting than the ordinary, history based graphic novel.

The plot follows the lives of a revenge-seeking "Monk Who Doubts" and Deadly Plum Blossom, an unwanted baby who was miraculously saved at birth by a Shaolin nun. Deadly Plum Blossom is now grown up and is seeking out the toughest fighters around in order to prove her skills as a fighter of her own unique form of martial arts. The "Monk Who Doubts" also fights, but not to prove himself; he wants revenge.

The drawings often have large amounts of detail and link to each other well with minimal plotline confusion and with helpful chapter headings. This novel is fast moving and easy to get through but can become confusing when it changes between storylines, although it all intertwines at the end for a moving finale. The narrative tends to switch between an abundance of speech and then a fast moving battle scene, usually with a lot of blood and multiple violent deaths.

This graphic novel is perfect for anyone who is interested in Chinese mythology or something out of the ordinary.

– *Pippa Maessen*

August

Bernard Beckett
Text Publishing



New Zealand author Bernard Beckett's latest novel is described as a 'philosophical thriller'. While I'm not sure that it's quite a thriller, the combined tension of the characters' back stories and their current dilemma definitely keeps you hooked. The entirety of the novel takes place over a night in the wreck of a crashed car. Tristan and Grace are trapped, upside down, waiting for the morning and the hope it brings for rescue. As they wait, suffer, and stubbornly remain alive, the two teenagers share their stories. Beckett has skilfully created a world in which these characters come alive through their trials and slowly reveal what has led them to the unusual situation they find themselves in.

The war between the faithful and the heathens is over, and within the walls of the City Grace and Tristan grow up in separate institutions. A reasonable part of Tristan's story consists of philosophic rhetoric as he struggles with the concept of free will and its implications for his faith. Without Grace's interjections it would be easy to get caught up in Tristan's world as he sees it. He over-rationalises and justifies his actions to the point that they seem more logical than they maybe are. It is Grace's practicality and bluntness born of a life of hardship that makes us question what Tristan is sure of.

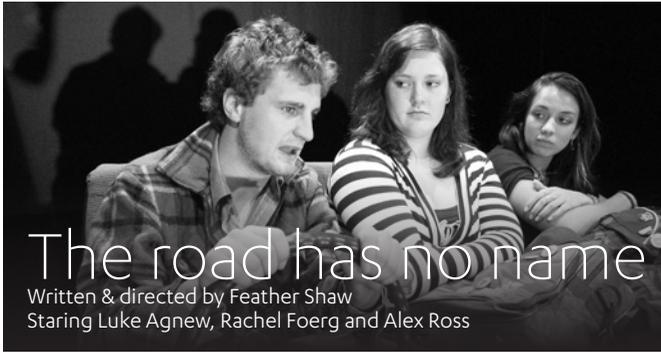
While Tristan is encouraged to explore Augustine's teachings through questioning and logic, Grace is taught that questions are sinful and are punished harshly. Her story is sad, and like Tristan she experiences loss and makes difficult choices.

The novel is truly thought provoking and well constructed, but at the same time an easy, engaging read. As we switch from Tristan to Grace and back to the present, scores of themes are touched upon, and we begin question our own outlook on life.

– *Sarah Maessen*

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The programme reads; "Enjoy the play, have a laugh". Done. This was a great way to kick off 2011's LTT programme. To write and direct a play all by your lonesome is a big task, the result of which I often criticise but today I won't. It worked. Shaw was working with a team who clearly brought themselves, their experiences and their hearts to this piece and together they made it work. Hitching is an adventure that many have undertaken, some very regularly, and the universal appeal of this play ensured the actors were really grounded in the work. They weren't straining to be in a moment and space unfamiliar to them and the play seeped with familiarity.

Epic kudos goes out to Luke Agnew ("Man"); you carried this piece. Granted, your character had 98% of the lines, but you exploded in this role - you were "dynamite". I hate to think that people like Man exist but deep down I know that they do, so thank you for letting me laugh at them. Foerg and Ross, however, came across a little flat. Given the energy which Agnew's character demanded, the two girls had little chance of reaching the same level with the few lines they were given. Again, this play did work, the girls just needed to be a bit stronger and give Agnew something to bounce off.

Set was great (since it's the first week I won't mention how much I hate that cyc; oops, I just did). Staging was great. I loved the opening image of Foerg and Ross to the side, their backs to us, and Agnew raging to the stereo in the driver's seat. Similarly I adored how Shaw navigated a "One Hour Later" time lapse. Stage manager Maya Turei entered the space as a hitchhiker with a classic hitchhiker's cardboard sign saying 'One Hour Later'; her presence as another hitcher was acknowledged in the script as Agnew's character started screaming about having no more room. This was a very nice and unexpected touch.

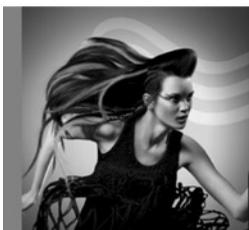
This was a fun play, lots of laughs were had and the audience thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Win.



Dunedin Fringe Festival: FIND YOUR FRINGE! 17-27 March

The 2011 Dunedin Fringe Festival has attracted over 50 comedy, music, dance, theatre and visual art acts, including its biggest ever line up of comedy acts! Have you heard of Wilson Dixon? Raybon Kan? Irene Pink? Justine Smith (my personal fav)? Ben Hurley or Steve Wrigley? If you haven't, I have nothing to say to you; do you ever even laugh? Go see them all! Check out local comedic talent at any of Anti-Social Tap's three shows; Anti-Social Tap's *BIG NAMES*, *Fresh Talent* stand-up and *Du Bist Ein Uber Show!* More local talent: *Once Was* from Dunedin's The Theatre As Is, *Sunday Roast*, and the dance piece *Chocolate Zucchini Cookies*.

My pick of the festival would have to be *Mates and Lovers*; Sir Ian McKellan just went to see it in Wellington, no shit, this exact production, and if it's good enough for Sir Ian... Based on a book written by Otago's own Chris Brickell, *Mates and Lovers* follows two actors as they explore 300 years of the private (and not so private) lives of men who love men in Aotearoa. There really is something for everyone at the Dunedin Fringe Festival, so pick up an orange Festival Guide; they're everywhere. It starts this Thursday. Go!



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Bulletstorm

Playstation 3, Xbox 360, PC



“In the new video game Bulletstorm, players are rewarded for shooting enemies in the private parts (such as the buttocks).”

My worry is that no matter what I write in this review, no matter how much I ache and strain to articulate how good *Bulletstorm* is, it will be superfluous fluff compared to the priceless extract (above) from the *Fox News* article “Is *Bulletstorm* the Worst Video Game in the World?”. I think it’s the brackets that make it; it’s as though the author is providing an optional example in case you’re pondering which body parts *Epic Games* and *People Can Fly* specifically target.

I’d be okay with the groin, sure, but leave my flocculent, mellifluous *buttocks* out of it. Never did a soft buttock harm you, they are a simple folk, the purest of the naughty bits.

Yes it’s immature, yes it’s exploitative, you could call it dumb, but, unlike so many similar games that try to pretend they aren’t, *Bulletstorm* is so over-the-top, so unapologetically bombastic that it becomes like coal placed under enormous pressure. You play as Grayson Hunt, a heavy-drinking space-pirate who strings together profanity with Shakespearean loquacious gymnastics, a talent that every character in the universe shares. Normally, I’m apathetic to, or a touch annoyed by, the cookie-cutter characters in these big action games, but he’s just so energetically gruff and childish-manly that I can’t help but like him.

Bulletstorm might have the most the viscerally rewarding combat of any first-person shooter I have ever played and, to top it off, maybe some of the most strategic and nuanced mechanics as well. *Bulletstorm* breaks the mould by including the ability to kick your enemies and send them flying, leash them towards you from a distance, or slide towards them swiftly and knock them down. It’s obviously and completely unrealistic, but these mechanics make the combat far more frantic and skillful agility based, diametrically opposed to the “shooting gallery” of cover shooters.

The game’s second innovation is the skillshot system, which assigns points to creative ways of dispatching your foes. Ordinarily, I find points floating off enemies’ heads to be a cheap and manipulative achievement surrogate but in *Bulletstorm* there is such an astonishing number of ways your kick, slide, leash and brilliantly conceived armory can be used together that the points genuinely encourage you to strategise. Skillshots serve as an incentive to experience everything the game has to offer and by its conclusion there will be plenty left untried. The combat is just that deep. Did I mention that they have names like gang-bang, rear-entry and gag-reflex? Oh *Bulletstorm*, you’re so offensive.

It’s sort of gorgeous as well. I don’t mean the technical, if steroid fueled, impressiveness of the Unreal 3 engine - that I can take or leave - but the design of the characters and the environ-

ments. So many of these gruff shooters have, in a faux “gritty” seriousness I guess, chosen an entirely grey colour palate. *Bulletstorm* isn’t afraid to be bright and colourful, to wow you with stunningly varied vistas and breathtaking architecture, unsettlingly enemy designs and monsters the size of suburbs. More than once I laughed audibly at the sheer bigness of the events I saw taking place on the screen.

I’m surprised that I ended up loving it so much. See, I want emotional breadth in videogames, and I want forward momentum and experimentation in the quest to find that emotion. Nothing terrifies me more than the prospect that in the future, because of the vast coffers required to develop videogames, the only full-priced products we will see will be intellectually bankrupt, shallow, empowerment-fantasy, bro-shooters like *Gears of War* and *Killzone* because of their guaranteed profitability.

But *Bulletstorm*, despite its made-up-word-about-fighting title, is nothing like those games. *Gears of War* chained itself down because it held up a facade of maturity, when everyone knows that you played *Gears of War 2* because your gun had a chainsaw, not because of the emotional subplot between a character and his missing wife. *Bulletstorm* wallows gleefully in its immaturity and it soars because it isn’t held back by a meaningless pretence. It doesn’t pay lip service to anything to try and get politicians off its back. It’s honest.



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QUIZ

WHICH FICTIONAL BAD BOY OR GIRL ARE YOU?

First off, are you a *girl* or a *boy*?

GIRL

BOY

Obvs you're into lookin' good. But do you rock the form fitting or looser look?

Are you pretty good with sneaky technical devices?

Skin tight bay-bee

Loose. I rely on my smarts, not my tits.

So you're kind of a badass skank?

I prefer using my charm and/or wit

But of course

Cool. Are you motivated by Fashion or Higher Causes?

No way Mr Judgemental.

What is your main motivation for doing badass deeds?

Are you quite good at stealing fruit?

Fashionz. I would KILL to wear McQueen. No kidding.

Greater good, man.

Yeah Boi.

No.

I guess so.

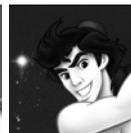
Not sure, I think I'm just crazy.

Bitchez and saving the world from evil.

Bitchez and Moneyz.

Yep. Watch out New World produce section.

No, I'm too busy screwing women and creating futuristic robot armour



Cruella de Vil

You put the "cruel" in Cruella.

Joan of Arc

You're the nicest badass ever.

The Bride (Kill Bill)

Despite the odds, you always win out.

Serena Van Der Woodsen

You're no crim. You're just criminally hot.

Lara Croft

Sexiest vigilante. Nuff said.

Hannibal Lector

You're a crazy psychopath with freaky mind powers.

James Bond

You're the most heroic badass we know, plus you're quite sexy.

Chuck Bass

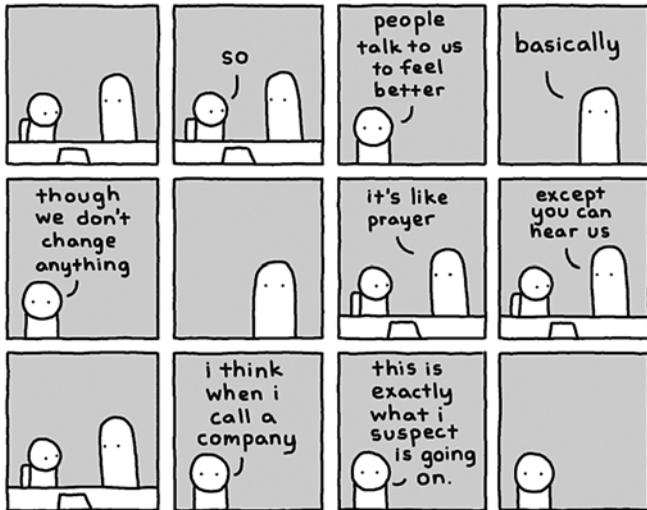
You're all class and smarts, and you use your evil powers for bad.

Aladdin

You're a pretty nice guy for a street thief.

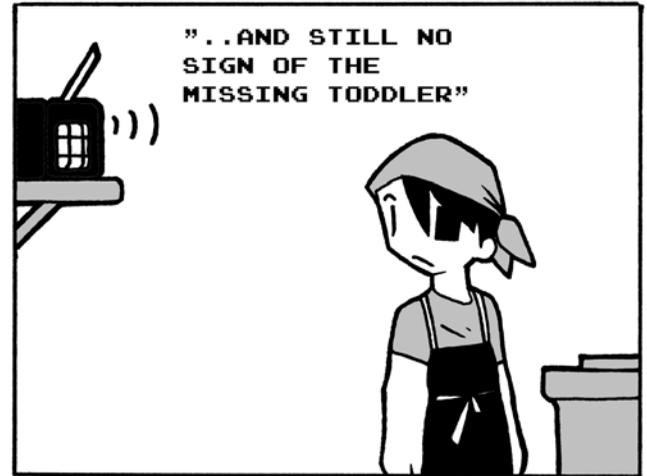
Tony Stark

You harness the powers of technology for your own gains.



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

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Tēnā Koutou ,

Well it's been a bit of a slow start to the year for us and with a new crew on board we are just starting to settle down and plan some of the events we will be holding for you guys throughout the year. So at the last minute I got asked to introduce myself and talk about some the events that Te Roopū Māori are holding over the next few weeks. My name is Rimutere Wharakura and I hail from in a small town just out of Hamilton called Ngaruawahia the mighty Waikato. I am currently in my third year of study doing a Bachelor of Consumer and Applied Sciences majoring in consumer food science and also a Bachelor of Arts majoring in Māori. Last year I was on Te Roopū Māori as a Kaiwhakahaere, and this year I was voted back in as Kaituhi (Secretary).

Some of the events that are coming up over the next week, and should continue throughout the semester, include social sports, mid-week Kai, and also Kapa Haka. Sports running at the moment include netball, which starts on March 14 and is played every Monday and Tuesday at the T'Col gym. Volleyball is also on Wednesdays, dodgeball is held Thursdays, basketball on Sundays and there's also touch on Wednesday. All of these draws are usually posted on the Unipol website so it's worth checking out. It's all social and it's free so just show up to



TE ROOPU MĀORI

the games. It's also a good way to meet other Māori students around Campus. The Māori Centre has organised for Kapa Haka which is starting next Monday night at 7pm on the ground floor of Te Tumu, this is also social and open to everyone and anyone so don't be shy; come along and bring your friends.

Anyway don't forget to come down to the TRM whare to check it out; the facilities, computers and study areas are there for you guys to use so make the most of it.

Peace out!

MY WORST BEST MATES



TOO BAD IT TURNS TO VOMIT EVERYTIME



Like this on Facebook! <http://on.fb.me/mwmbmcomic>

BY CHRISTOPHER ONG - #03

Need Money?

Apply for an OUSA Grant. OUSA helps Clubs and students by providing grants. There are 6 Grant Rounds annually. First round closes 4pm Thursday 17th March

For more info check out www.ousa.org.nz/home/deals/grants



91 Card Goodness!

Buy a 91CARD for only \$10 & get discounts off tickets to **Tiki Taane, The Upbeats, Little Bushman, An Emerald City, The Checks, Tim Guy & Andrew Keoghan!** Right there you'll get savings of over \$25! So make money with Radio One 91FM & get your 91CARD now from Radio One Reception, Cosmic Corner, OUSA Main Office or online at www.r1.co.nz



Market Day is next Thursday, 24th of March. If you're running a stall make sure you're getting prepped and if you're interested in being a big dog entrepreneur check out Market Day via Events on ousa.org.nz Prices are cheap as deluxe chips for 91 Card holders (\$15) and students (\$18). Contact kitty.events@ousa.org.nz

Uni Games

This years festival of sport, where all the finest talent comes out to play will be held in Auckland from the 26th to the 29th of April. OTAGO is the current Gold Shield holder so if you want to represent as part of our crew then be sure to enter or clock in a team by contacting cdo@ousa.org.nz Registrations close on 25 March so get moving sporties!

Otago University Lawn Bowls Club

This newly formed club, is looking to bring back the bowls. They're already fired up to challenge the best at Uni Games, and they welcome all new members (dicky hips and all) to attend their weekly meetings. Come along and check out the pitches, North East Valley Bowls Club, Sundays 4pm and Wednesdays at 5pm. Membership is \$30, try before you buy as this club is deemed to be as is, where is. Sign up online <http://bit.ly/gE807u>



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OUSOA - Otago University Students' Association



ACTING PRESIDENTIAL COMMENT

Morning, Morning, Morning!

By the time this issue of Critic has been printed, one lucky student will have won \$5000 in the OUSA win your fees back competition. Congratulations to the winner and I hope you spend it wisely i.e. 1,250 pints (I mean handles) at Re:Fuel pint nights... or paying back your loan - come on I'm a Commerce student at heart.

If you're keen on being involved with decisions made by OUSA and the university, we have positions on committees available. For an hour or two here and there, you can help make OUSA and uni run a little better for students. Browse our selections to find the perfect match...

- If you are concerned about welfare I encourage you to get involved with the Welfare Committee.
- Like wise if you want to get involved with the Education side of the university (or if bad grammar really grinds your gears) the Education committee is for you.
- The Postgraduate Committee will also be formed, to help our future academics make uni a better place so they can help boost our rating and cure cancer.
- The Colleges Committee is looking for reps from each hall of residents to show the rest of us this seasons puffers.
- If you LOVE sports and activities, the Recreation Committee usually incorporates Zumba into their meetings and talk lots of Cricket and Code.
- Are you that person that always has campus watch come around to your flat at 2am on a Sunday for excessive noise and partying? Then the Events committee wants you.

If this isn't selling it for you, it will probably look good on your C.V unless OUSA is some how implicated with Gaddafi.

On a serious note about the Christchurch earthquake, it's been so impressive seeing the fundraising and support that the students have given. Thanks so much to all the students who have been helping with our efforts, especially the Christchurch Embassy. We also welcome aboard all our new and temporary migrants! All Lincoln, UCSA and CPIT students are welcome to share in our OUSA services, however long you wish to stay.

That's all for now, as your stand in President, I wish you well for the week ahead,

Bradley Russell
Administrative Vice President / Acting President / Mentor
Otago University Students' Association



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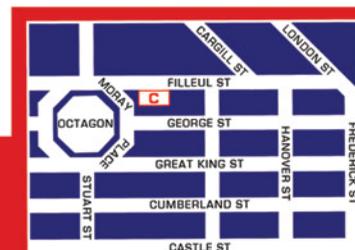
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