

THE GLUTTONY ISSUE

Issue 04 – 21st March 2011



We review BYOs, Fish'n'Chips and Ice cream | Red Card 101
Ben Browning of Cut Copy | News, Reviews, Opinions.

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



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Gimme Gimme More



This week's issue is our Gluttony issue. Or rather, it's our review issue, which was since renamed when we realised we had neglected to review anything not related to fatty delicious drunken indulgence. Hence: gluttony. Oopsy daisy.

Inside, we continue the 11-year tradition of reviewing local fish and chipperies (page 21) but add the soon-to-become-annual BYO and ice cream reviews to the mix (page 18 and 24 respectively). In Debateable, the writers of the week battle it out over the less frivolous side of yummy food consumption as they debate whether we should subsidise healthy eating options (page 33).

A word of caution before you read our review pages. As you undoubtedly have realised by now, we've reviewed some stuff. Some of it made us concerned about our future well being, some of it made us want to shower as soon as possible, some of it made us ponder never cooking again. Regardless, our reviews aren't intended to offend anyone. The thing is, *Critic* is called "Critic" for a reason. We tell it like it is bro.

In addition our food related features, **Phoebe Harrop** discusses another dearly held tradition- the red card, and looks into the various forms that it can take, and the havoc that it can cause (page 26). **Georgie Fenwicke** interviews the bassist from Cut Copy (page 38) and more lucky love-birds test the dating waters in Summer Lovin' (page 40).

Shit's been hitting the fan in the alternate reality of student politics. It seems the Christchurch earthquake was a brief and unfortunate distraction from the inevitable student politics drama that had been brewing for a while. The postgraduate rep has resigned, postgraduate students are up in arms and Facebook mudslinging and censorship has ensued. More on the OUSA drama on page 12.

There's also been a lot of talk recently about safety on Dunedin streets, particularly as a result of the recent alcohol fuelled assaults (see page 10 for more details). The death of Dunedin man Stephen Radnoty outside McDonalds is incredibly tragic, and, without resorting to *ODT*-style salacious reporting, it doesn't bode well for Dunedin. Part of Dunedin's brilliance is its suprisingly safe drinking culture. It's one thing for Dunedin to be home to a drinking culture where scarfies partake in couch burning and engage in raucus chants, but it's quite another for violent assaults to be taking place. Stay cool.

As always, we hope you enjoy this issue. Feel free to comment on our Facebook page, or email us at critic@critic.co.nz with your feedback, both positive and negative. It's time for us to get reviewed*.

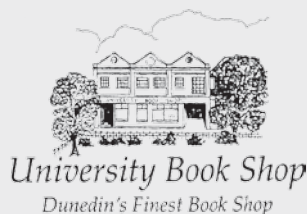
See you round,

Julia Hollingsworth

**Incidentally, Critic is actually undergoing a review as part of the Planet Media review to determine how effective and efficient we are. See page 7 for more details.*

Letter of the Week

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



TECHNO-WARFARE

Dear Amused Classmate,

My iPad just came in your Mum.

Yup, there's an App for everything.

Regards,

Don't Knock It Till You've Tried It.

DUNEDIN VIOLENCE STEMS FROM CRITIC'S NAME. APPARENTLY.

Dear Ed,

A child of the fifties, hardwired to Greek mythology and Jesus, became a victim of the sixties. In Dunedin, ten years after, often fled my cold, damp, stalked house, I was accident prone, and foolish in love, never mercenary. Eventually, tired of fast talkers and bad sex, became celibate, yet every time I wear brief clothes for speed and comfort of movement someone yells 'whore' or worse. This is the light end of getting killed while waiting for a milkshake.

I often think the assumed right of judgemental violence in Dunedin stems from the archetypal motif in the name of your magazine, 'Critic' and a more harmonious moniker solve this disturbing problem quicker than a raft of bylaws.

Yours faithfully,

Not ready of crimplene,

Sue Heap.

OTAGO UNIVERSITY: SAFE HAVEN FOR JOCKS EST 1869

Dear Critc,

Since when has there been this many jocks around campus?

regards,

P.E is not a real degree

JELLY BEAN APARTHEID

Dear Campus Shop,

Why do you have bags full of black jellybeans? Since when did people think it was a good idea to segregate jellybeans? Jellybeans are meant to be together in a splendid display of solidarity and happiness. What's next? Are you just going to put all the jellybeans in separate bags and keep them from being together as they are naturally meant to be?

I just don't understand.

John BP

UNLIKELY CONSPIRACY THEORY

My letter (I kinda do want to know if there's a reason...)

Why do the ladies toilets in Castle Lecture Theatre have pink porn parlour lighting? Are they the official new prems for cheeky quickies?

From 'Disturbed'

DICKS

Dear Freshers, thugs, and anyone else who's ever smashed a bottle on the pavement:

I'm sure it's thrilling. I'm sure the burst of adrenaline and self-empowerment you get from doing something so beautifully destructive is magnificent. But PLEASE, stop doing it on the bike path. I've had to haul my flat-tired bicycle all the way back to North East Valley twice this week, which is really really boring. Keep the bottle-smashing to back alleys and Castle Street, or I'm coming after you with tire spoons.

Sincerely,

Fat Bottomed Girl

GRAFFITI CAN CHANGE THE WORLD

Hi there,

I am the person who cleans the male and female toilets in the University Union building. I would like to respond to the heart-felt request to me today (March 11th) to not remove graffiti from walls in the women's toilets on the ground floor. I wholeheartedly agree with the sentiments you expressed. I have been instructed to remove all graffiti from the toilet walls.

Anybody who is not happy with this should find out who made the decision and try to persuade them that it's not a good idea.

My life has been enriched immensely from reading the graffiti on toilet walls and it hurts me to remove something that enriches the lives of others. What I would like is the freedom to leave or remove graffiti. I would like to be involved in lobbying the university to change their policy on this matter, but how do I go about it? Please contact me someone.

Thanks,

David Darker.

I LOVE LEARNING

To the silly girl in my English class who spent the entire lecture playing solitaire, and then complained that you did not really understand what the lecture was about, and then went on to complain that it was cold outside when you were wearing nothing other than a doily, this is Dunedin, its cold, you have a very high-pitched whiney voice. Your friends didn't even care. I certainly don't.

By the way, doilies are not clothes; they are what little old ladies put on their sitting room tables. Little old ladies smell like musk. Do you?

Sincerely,

The boy who finds the sound of cards being dealt during his lecture distracting. (You could at least have turned the sound off.)

WOAH. CHILL OUT FAT-PHOBE

Fat is the new 'smoker'

Any fat person will tell you that it's their genes that make them the size of a Fonterra truck. They will drivel on at you about how healthy their diet is and how they never eat McDonald's "coz its sooo bad for you and it shouldn't be legal". Well let me tell you something you fat fuck, your genes have nothing to do with being able to fit your chubby tits in a Suzuki Swift or not, and it's by no means fast food outlets fault that you devour their burgers like a blue whale sucking in plankton.

Just because your BMI is as long as your student ID and your parents both weigh more than a yacht, does NOT mean it is genetics. They have just passed their appalling habits

on to you, both dietary and exercise. Humans evolved having to run around hunting mammoths and shagging hot cavewomen all day. Our bodies are developed to survive in a place where food is scarcer than a Catholic with any common sense. Thus explains our ravenous hankering for energy dense foods. We are all programmed like that, not just you- you fat whore.

The worst part about it all is there are people stuck in wheelchairs or with disabilities. All they want to do is run and jump, yet completely able-bodied fat sluts whinge about having to walk to Couplands for their daily fix of dinosaur-sprinkle donuts. It's time to stop defending these calorie rapists and punish their selfishness. Remember kids- big boobs don't count if you're fat.

Yours sincerely,

Guy who can still see his feet. Shame.

THE EAGLE VS "SOCIALISM"

Dear Stefan,

It seems you have learned nothing from the Eagle's teachings. Explaining things to a dim-witted socialist is not an easy task, yet the Eagle valiantly soldiers on. 1) People have free will. 2) Most people drink alcohol. 3) People still have free will after they drink alcohol. 4) 99% of those people choose to enjoy their night and cause no problems whatsoever. 5) 1% of people choose to do violent/criminal things. Most of these 1% have committed crimes sober in the past.

Do you think free will just disappears once you drink a beer? Tell that to the 99% of people who drink without causing harm. Tell that to the criminal justice system, which does *not* recognise alcohol as an excuse for criminal behaviour. But it's not surprising that you believe people have no control over their own choices - socialists think people who sit on the dole for 16 years are just "products of society", when in reality they're lazy, bludging morons.

Thanks for the letter you miserable worm,
The Eagle

Notices

PLANET MEDIA REVIEW

- To evaluate the effectiveness and efficiency of Radio One, *Critic* and the Sales unit. Terms of reference available at: <http://ousa.org.nz/events-and-recreation/get-involved/ousa-reviews/>.
- Further information from: donna@ousa.org.nz.
- Submissions: To the Secretary OUSA, P.O. Box 1436 Dunedin, or by email to donna@ousa.org.nz by 4pm, Wednesday April 6 2011, marked "Confidential: Planet Media Review". To make an oral submission to the Review Panel, please include this in your written submission.

SOCCER

- Unipol Social Soccer beginning on April 2. Male and female leagues. 11 weeks - played on Saturdays at Logan Park. \$480 entry per team. Enter your team now at Unipol Recreation Centre.

JEWISH STUDENTS

- Calling all Jewish students...Purim Party. March 26 at 7pm Get creative with costumes - spot prizes for best dressed!! Email jewishstudentsotago@gmail.com with any queries. See you there!!!

WIN A FREE UK OE!


- This is a competition for final year students. It's run through "MyOE" which is a company that helps young professionals get established overseas with work, accommodation, and visas. There are three rounds in the comp, namely writing 100 words, making a short video, and then competing in Fiji against 46 other competitors, one from each uni in Australasia. Fiji round is for a weekend and it's open bar the whole time. Check out myoe.com or search "MyOE" on Facebook. For further info head to Burns 2, Friday March 25 at 11am. Andrew Chadwick, who won the competition last year, will present more info and answer questions.

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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Huntley & Palmers –Sesameal Olive Oil and Sea Salt

In my efforts to be a glutton and to give these crackers the benefit of the doubt, I've done what their name suggests and made a meal out of them. So far I've neither gained or lost any kgs - just my appetite. Personally I couldn't be excited by these crackers; they were far too plain for my liking. So instead I turned to an old TV favourite, the "word on the street" poll.

Our international expert: As he sampled some crack, a look of confusion spread across his face and he began choking. While he couldn't come up with the words, his face said it all. These babies need more taste and more salt. 2/5 "Would prefer shrimp crackers." Racist.

Munchbox and BF: After they had time out from canoodling in the corner, they had a go at dipping them in some Friendly Satay pork fried rice. They both agreed that there was a serious lack of salt. But thankfully for H&P, they were feeling positive. 4/5 "The company helps as well." Awshucks!

Miniunicorn from UniCol: She loves the very "Sesameal" taste but they're not a scratch on Shapes Sensations Chilli and Lime. 2.5/5 "Next week? Keen?" Not keen.

Big Dogg: She actually liked these a lot. While she's on the edge of fashion, she has clearly been affected by her gluten-free lifestyle and now finds the simple things in life, like time out and sesame crackers, to be most appealing. 3.5/5 "Needs blue cheese, soz."

In my professional opinion, this crack is light but still has a strong crunch for the munch, but without the poppyseed hit (this is just a sesame crack) it lacks that extra flavour boost. Disappointing, considering they have salt from the sea and the sea is full of flavours, cow poo, babes and killer whales who are second only to hippos as the most dangerous thing on Earth. These crackers are for sure a safe option, but make sure you have on hand some cheese or dip goodness. Just don't double dip unless you do the rotator

Much love and randomness, *BM*

Future Imperilled?

A New York mother is suing her four year old daughter's preschool for jeopardising the tot's chances of getting into an Ivy League college, despite the fact that it will be a good thirteen years before the little marvel is even of college age.

The mother was apparently unimpressed with the standard of education offered at the \$26,000 a year preschool, saying that

the school was failing to adequately prepare her daughter for the rigours of standardised entrance tests. Instead of advanced trigonometry, the school had been teaching its students things like the alphabet and, even worse, art appreciation. Commentators have suggested the mother is unlikely to succeed in her lawsuit. Really?

Blast Off

A colossal idiot hailing from Sunderland, England, was found lying prone in the middle of the street next to a large firework and taken to hospital. Staff there found the man was suffering from numerous internal injuries, including a scorched colon.

It transpired that this special man had inserted the "Black Cat Thunderbolt" in his rectum with a view to sending it into the skies from the firmly planted launching pad of his anus. Unfortunately he neglected a crucial step in the firing process and instead of lying face-down, so the rocket would go up, the man laid face-up. That didn't leave the rocket a lot of room for movement. Hence the scorched colon.



Sticky Situation

A 25-year old Ukrainian chemistry student met an unexpected end after his chewing gum habit proved fatal. It was neither the quantity of gum, nor his method of mastication that proved fatal, but rather the fact that the knob dipped his chewing gum in an explosive substance before he ate it.

The resulting explosion blew away half his lower jaw and left the computer he had been working at decidedly worse for wear. Apparently the student had developed the habit of dipping his gum in citric acid before chewing, but on this occasion had confused the acid with another slightly more hazardous lab liquid. Sloppy.

66

hotdogs and buns consumed in 12 min by world record holder Joey Chestnut.

119

beers consumed in one six-hour sitting by "Andre the Giant".

635_{kg}

the peak weight of the world's heaviest man ever. Jon Minnoch died in 1983, age 41.

Small Lolz

In tenth-century Burma, King Theinhko ate a farmer's cucumbers without permission. The farmer killed the king and took the throne. Baller.



There are few things as satisfying as a friend's predictive text mishap, or an autocorrect that is more on the wrong side. Here at *Critic*, we're *still* giggling away at the spelling suggestion for our hallowed OUSA President's last name: egghead.

With damnyouautocorrect.com, there's no need to perpetually relive your own hilarious mistakes. Instead, take a look at the best the internet has to offer. Damnyouautocorrect.com is filled with text interchanges where the cell phone took on a life of its own, and used its autocorrect powers for evil. Given the quality of the content, it's extremely hard to pick a top example. Here's one:

Jimmy: Hey dudeeeee

Jimmy: Soo are you gonna be able to go to the kinky fuck concert?

Jimmy: OMG LINKIN PARK CONCERT

Lucas: So in if its kinky fuck

Obviously, you could draw strange conclusions about how an iPhone knows more than we, as mortal humans could ever know about the true intentions of Lincoln Park, but we just like to lol. Great stuff.

Micronation

A micronation is an invented country not recognised by any other nation. The Principality of Sealand, a micronation located on an ocean platform off the coast of England, has its own currency, stamps and passports, and has argued for sovereignty (and lost) several times in court.



The V48Hour Furious Filmmaking contest is back again for its ninth year in a row and registrations are open now on www.v48hours.co.nz until May 1.

V48Hours is a great way to develop your creative skills and provides awesome opportunities to make contacts in the film and television industry. With tens of thousands of dollars in cash and prizes up for grabs, you'd be crazy not to get involved! Send your name and contact details to critic@critic.co.nz to win a registration pack for FREE (valued at \$195) and a DVD copy of the V48Hours 2010 films.



TOP 10



Biggest food items of all time

Cookie: 18 tonnes with a diameter of 30.7m (North Carolina, USA)

Lollipop: 2.95 tonnes (New York, USA)

Hershey's Kiss: 13,852.71 kg (Pennsylvania, USA)

Ice cream cake: 8750 kg (Beijing, China)

Sandwich: 2,467.5 kg (Roseville, Michigan)

Macaroni and Cheese: 1,119.91 kg. It was cooked in a cast iron kettle weighing 862.73kg (New Orleans, Louisiana)

Sausage: 1,740 kg (Kayseri, Turkey)

Pretzel: 382 kg, with a 8.20 m length and 3.10 m width (Neufahrn, Germany)

Burger: 144.7 kg. Available for US \$1,800 at Mallie's Sports Grill in Southgate, Michigan, USA.

Muffin: 88.7 kg with a diameter of 79 cm, and 45.5 cm in height (Hamburg, Germany)

93.5

Percentage of the American Samoa population deemed to be overweight. In New Zealand it's 62.7%.

158.6

litres of beer per person consumed in the Czech Republic per year. NZ only chaps a measly 75.5 litres per person.

McDonalds tragedy sparks discussion over Dunedin security

A Dunedin man was killed after receiving a single blow to the head in an altercation at the George St McDonald's in the early hours of Saturday, March 11. A 23-year old Christchurch man has been arrested and charged with manslaughter in connection with the incident. The death comes hot on the heels of Dunedin Mayor David Cull voicing concerns about the levels of violence in the inner city area.

Victim Steve Radnoty, a 51-year old Dunedin resident, was queuing for food after finishing shift work when he was allegedly punched by Matthew Bryce Larson. Sources present told *Critic* that an altercation broke out between several people and Radnoty was punched a single time. Radnoty died in hospital later Saturday night. The police have confirmed that Larson did not know Radnoty prior to the incident.

Larson appeared in court last Tuesday, where an original charge of assault was withdrawn and replaced with one of manslaughter. He was granted bail and is to be remanded on May 13. Conditions of his bail include a requirement to live at a specified Christchurch

address under curfew from 7pm to 6am. He cannot enter Dunedin other than in specified circumstances, consume alcohol or illegal drugs, associate with any witness or apply for a passport.

Critic understands that around twenty to twenty-five people were present at the time of assault and that the atmosphere inside the restaurant prior to the incident was typical of any busy weekend night. Students present told *Critic* that they saw one security guard present, although a statement released by McDonald's claimed that two guards were rostered on the night in question. McDonald's also stated that an internal review of its security policies will be undertaken following the incident.

However, the *Otago Daily Times* published an article in which it revealed that an unrelated complaint by two Dunedin women from the end of February had already raised concerns about the operation of the particular McDonald's in question. The female complainants described the inside of the restaurant as "carnage" in the early hours of February 20 and

had warned the manager about the need to improve security arrangements.

Inspector Alistair Dickie told the ODT that McDonald's generally handle disorder well, noting that situations involving people affected by alcohol are often difficult to control. Dickie said that police liaise with the George Street McDonald's regularly, checking in on the restaurant at weekends.

Dunedin Mayor Dave Cull describes the incident, which comes less than a month after he spoke out about drunken violence on city streets, as "tragic". Cull told *Critic* that the death clearly illustrates the seriousness of street violence in Dunedin, and he is advocating for a more localised approach in managing the dual problems of excessive alcohol consumption and street violence in order to better combat Dunedin's rising violent offences rate.

Cull also addressed the issue of alcohol-fuelled violence at last Monday's special justice and electoral committee forum, lobbying for greater council control over premises that sell and serve alcohol. Changes Cull believes are necessary to combat the problem in Dunedin

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• Fear and loathing in Dunedin

include granting the city council the power to determine the opening hours of bars and to decide whether certain alcohol products should be permitted for sale, particularly in regards to certain Ready to Drink products. Additionally Cull suggested that a review of the price of alcohol, and adjustment upwards of the same, was also necessary.

More radically Cull would like to see it become an offence to be grossly intoxicated in a public place and suggested it would "not be a bad idea for police to look at dealing with smaller offences differently, if doing so could deal with trouble before it boils over".

When speaking to *Critic*, Cull stressed that alcohol-fuelled violence is a Dunedin community issue and is in no way exclusive to, or mainly caused by, the student population.

NZ Police Crime Statistics recorded a total of 12,425 criminal offences in Dunedin during the period of July 2009 to June 2010. This is a 1.4% increase from the previous period and contrasts with the 0.1% decrease in recorded crime at national level.

– Teuila Fuatai

Dunedin students, absolved from responsibility over the increasingly violent nature of the inner city, are now taking the opportunity to express the constant and harrowing fear in which they find themselves living.

Critic interviewed several students, all of whom wished to remain anonymous for fear of being labelled a "pussy" by their flatmates/hallmates and being made to sack a goon as punishment.

One male Castle Street resident who studies Geography, who also may or may not be a member of the Alhambra Premier grade team, told *Critic* that, "Dunedin town on your average Saturday is like a fucking war zone, it's fucking Bosnia out there. In fact if Bosnia had Velvet Burger they probably call it the Dunedin of South America."

The student told *Critic* that despite the fact that he was a "pretty big cunt", he often felt unsafe in the central city and not just at night. "Sometimes during the day when I'm heading to my lectures those mincing little Auckland hipster fuckwits try to start shit, I've fair had enough of them and their skinny jeans."

When pressed for details on how the 'hipsters' attempted to "start shit" the student was vague, mumbling something about them walking round like they own the place and sometimes having enough money to afford beer that wasn't Southern Gold.

Another student, a first year girl from Salmond, told our reporter that she often felt unsafe whilst at Starters bar. "I'm just always getting the vibe that guys in Dunedin are just trying to pick me up for a Sogo's fuelled one night stand, I really worry about protecting the flower of my innocence."

When asked more specifically about physical violence in the centre of the city, the first-year was less specific, citing the fact that she had never ventured further than the Centre City New World as limiting her ability to comment on matters that were "a whole world away" from where she lived.

– Staff Reporter

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Postgrads flinging shit like it's 2009 Toga

OUA Postgraduate Representative Stephanie Ruddock has resigned from the Executive, with President Harriet Geoghegan citing "bullying, harassment and intimidation" among her reasons for quitting the happy Exec family.

The Gazebo Lounge drinks being moved to Starters Bar had brought out "some quite nasty comments/emails, some of which were also directed at me", said Geoghegan. She claims that there is a "network of postgraduate students" who brought about the resignation of Ruddock. Geoghegan says their behaviour has "alienated people from being involved in OUA" and cites the withdrawal of Wellington-based Kate Amore from her campaign to be Postgrad Rep as a further example of the harassment that afore mentioned network of postgraduate students are capable of.

Geoghegan says that in former years, Postgraduate Reps Travis Monk (2010 rep) and MacMurdo-Reading (2008 - 2009 rep) have focused all of their attention on the Gazebo Lounge, whereas Ruddock was "trying to deal with representation issues" for her constituents, until the seemingly intimidating network of postgraduate students just made it "so difficult".

The Facebook group "Otago University Postgraduates" received a message from one of the administrators following Ruddock's resignation. Geoghegan's response to Ruddock's resignation was criticised, with the administrator claiming that despite being in Wellington over the weekend, Geoghegan had access to "Twitter, Facebook, email and telephone," and should therefore have communicated with postgrads before the following Tuesday.

Critic speculates that the amount of postgrads who are actually fazed about the communication surrounding Ruddock's resignation would be approximately equivalent to the number of condoms the Pope gets through in a year.

The meeting of the Postgraduate Committee is set to be rescheduled, with Geoghegan to chair the meeting to "still get the work done" until a new Postgraduate Rep is elected. A by-election will be held in early April for the positions of both Postgrad and International Reps. Hopefully this election will put a stop to what the administrator of the "Otago University Postgraduates" Facebook page calls a "lack of representation & spotty communication".

Critic wishes anyone wanting to stand for the positions the best of luck in dealing with such "characters". It is understood that a rigorous programme of "bullying, harassment and intimidation" will be carried out as part of the standard initiation rituals for the lucky winner.

– Aimee Gulliver

Note: The article above has been edited from its original version.

Margi MacMurdo-Reading's term was from 2008-2009, and Kate Amore was a Postgrad Rep candidate, not the elected Postgrad rep. It was not Critic's intention to infer that the "network of postgraduate students" mentioned in paragraph two was connected with The Facebook group "Otago University Postgraduates". Critic apologises for any distress this ambiguity may have caused.



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University not planning to buy Monkey Bar. Students breath collective sigh of relief



The University has confirmed that they have no plans to buy popular student nightspot The Monkey Bar and turn it into a cutting-edge research lab for the only part of the University that anyone in power really cares about; the Medical School.

Monkey Bar has been listed for sale on popular auction website Trade Me since the middle of December, but due to inertia and technological backwardness *Critic* only found this out last Wednesday.

Critic immediately contacted the University to find out what type of Medical School-related building they intended to turn the former church into. Jaws dropped all around the office when, in a tersely worded email, the University officially informed us that they had no plans whatsoever to purchase the building.

Commentators around Dunedin (or around our office, anyway) have been left wondering what Monkey Bar must have done to be blacklisted like this, as the University has in the past snapped up bars within any proximity to campus faster than a Castle St resident shotgunning a Sogo.

Speculation is rife that the bar is simply too good to shut down, with many senior staff members of the University rumoured to be regulars at the edgy nightclub famed for its cutting-edge dance music.

It's not just University staff who are highly appreciative of the Monkey Bar as an enter-

tainment venue. One online reviewer, awarding the bar a maximal five stars, stated "A must go to club if you live in or are just visiting Dunedin. Amazing music and building (I think a converted old church!!). Bartenders are great too :)". How the reviewer managed to deduce that the building used to be a church is unknown, but the use of the double exclamation mark has persuaded *Critic* to relocate the next office function to the Monkey.

Critic attempted to find out the asking price for the establishment, as the Trade Me advert merely stated "price on application". *Critic* rang up the realtor to find out the price, neatly covering our tracks by pretending to be a New York investor with the improbable name Clint Richardson. Unfortunately the canny estate agent refused to divulge the price without first engaging in some email exchanges. *Critic*, conscious of our print deadline, declined to be dragged into a vortex of communication and instead simply speculates that Monkey Bar is worth approximately seven Norwegian kroner.

If you wish to make an offer for the Monkey Bar in order to acquire it as the foundation for a business empire consisting of burger joints, construction companies and bars, you can find the Trade Me listing by searching for listing # 341365783. The fact that you would then be known as the "Monkey Brothers (or Sisters)" should be incentive enough for anyone.

– *Gregor Whyte and Lozz Holding*



Rape Crisis is Still Needed - and we need you!

Are you interested in supporting women affected by sexual abuse? Are you a good listener? Are you keen to learn valuable support skills? The Rape Crisis Dunedin Volunteer Training Hui will take place in April, and we invite your interest. Please contact us before the end of March to find out more about becoming a Rape Crisis Dunedin volunteer.

PH: 03 474-1592 E: rcrisis@xtra.co.nz

Hughes demands students get 454 more Sogos per annum

The Green Party has issued a statement saying that the amount students can borrow for course-related costs should be increased to \$1500 to reflect inflation. *Critic* is frothing at the gash at the idea of the extra moneyz.

The current borrowing limit on course-related costs is \$1000 each year, an amount that has stayed constant since 1992. Green Party Tertiary Education Spokesperson Gareth Hughes said the figure was "out of date and should be increased and indexed to inflation". Hughes recognised that "the cost of being a student has risen dramatically" and that the amount students are able to borrow for their course related costs should reflect this.

"It is unrealistic and unfair to expect students in 2011 to equip themselves to study for the same dollar amount as students in 1992. \$1000 in 1992 had the same purchasing power as \$1492 today", Hughes said.

Hughes has written to Tertiary Education Minister Steven Joyce asking him to make this change to the student loan scheme. *Critic* speculates that Joyce is still quaking in his boots from threats of governmental takedown from OUSA Finance and Services Officer Dan Stride, and possibly now screening his mail for fear of anthrax.

Hughes' letter could take a while to reach Joyce under these conditions and email may have been a more effective method of contact in the circumstances.

With the academic year well underway, Hughes says that it is important that "every student has access to the resources they need to study successfully". One way of doing this is "ensuring that course-related costs reflect the true cost of being a student". With the average first year Health Science student having to fork out \$710.04 for their textbooks alone, *Critic* has grave concerns for how the little dears are going to afford a year's worth of Southern Gold slabs with their remaining moolah.

OUSA President Harriet Geoghegan, set to be a student again herself next year, thinks students should be able to borrow "as much as they need" for their course-related costs, as they are the ones who will end up paying it back anyway. *Critic* wholeheartedly agrees, and is plotting season ski-passes, weekend trips to Auckland and finally doing that first flat-shop that we have yet to be able to afford. Win.

— Aimee Gulliver

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Otago Students victims of Christchurch earthquake

University of Otago students Sisi Xin and Didem Yaman have been confirmed among the victims following the Christchurch earthquake.

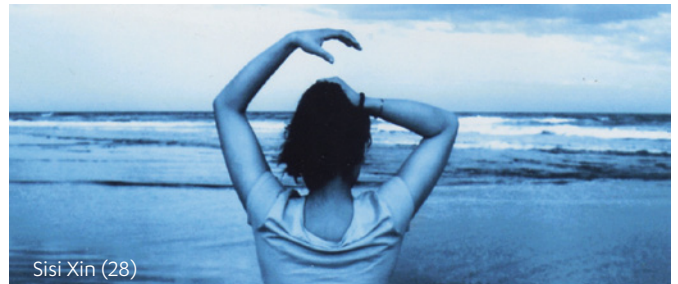
Sisi Xin (28), a dietetics student based in Christchurch, and Didem Yaman (31), a Dunedin politics PhD student, were last seen in the suburb of Avonside on the morning of the quake. Just before lunch on February 22, a neighbor saw the pair walking into town. Police have now confirmed both Ms Yaman and Ms Xin died in the earthquake.

Former Critic poetry editor Rhys Brookbanks (25) has also been confirmed among the victims of the earthquake.

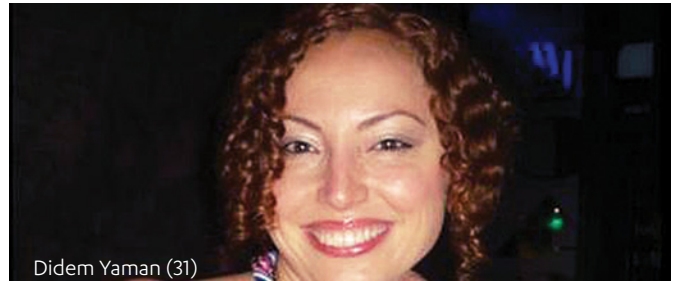
Brookbanks had recently graduated from journalism at Canterbury University, and was in his first weeks of work at a CTV reporter when the earthquake struck. Jim Tully, Rhys' journalism tutor, told the NZ Herald that Brookbanks was "a really loveable, gentle young man".

Brookbanks worked at *Critic* from 2006 to 2008.

– Aimee Gulliver



Sisi Xin (28)



Didem Yaman (31)



Rhys Brookbanks (25)

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BOUNCING OFF THE HALLS



Trouble in Paradise Edition

As we get older, we look back fondly on our first year days living in a hall of residence as some of the best we had. Our lives were so comfy, living as we did with insulation, heating and sluts, the kind of things you take for granted until you go flatting. I mean, how good is waking up in the bed of the “hot ginger” on the third floor and strolling down to have brunch cooked for you on a Sunday by your own personal slaves? All for a measly \$350 per week. That’s practically making money.

But such luxuries can be torn away from young freshers faster than you can say, “who the fuck shat in the shower?” Whilst expulsion is rare, it is not uncommon for naughty little first years to be banished to somewhere absolutely terrible for a week, such as Aquinas. Or

Salmond. Mostly Aquinas though, that place is the arsehole of the world. While such punishments may seem extreme, it’s apparently a very effective method of disciplining raucous or incontinent little freshers.

One young man fell prey to UniCol’s zealous wardens when he was caught innocently toking up on a top floor balcony. Unfortunately- yet unsurprisingly- his plans to chill out were “foiled” when he was busted by the UniCol Five-0 and sentenced to a week’s torture of living at Aquinas. Credit, however, must be given to the green-fingered first year. Whereas a lesser man might have been broken, this keen botanist showed incredible fortitude, surviving the twice-daily five-hour commute to civilisation and even making some friends. In fact, he made so many friends that he got voted in as floor president. Nice.

A different fresher was dragged from the cosy nest that is Selwyn and abolished forever, well, until the end of the week. His reported offences included doing stupid shit on the piss and getting put on alcohol ban, drinking more piss while on alcohol ban and trying to hold a massive party in his room while on alcohol ban, and not being very quick on the uptake. While such activities may seem perfectly reasonable to any Business student, the honourable Warden of Selwyn felt otherwise. It is an unsolved mystery where this young scoundrel was sent to, but very unreliable sources tell us he was apparently turfed to South Dunedin, where he had to spend a week fighting manky bogans who resemble cave-trolls for food. Better than Aquinas I suppose.

– *Lozz Holding*

(H)RONICLES OF (A)STLE

This week has seen red cards being pulled like freshers at the Cook, leading to various states of carnage and trespass notices. One flat took on a Hawaiian shirts theme, a theme that has had more use than Charlie Sheen’s crack pipe. They tried to venture back to their old rooms in UniCol after a lot of liquor; needless to say meetings with the Proctor have ensued. Other flats stuck with a more traditional lock-in style red card with goons all round. As usual too much goon lead to no poon and the red card soon evolved into more of a green card. Everyone chilled, went to bed, and woke up with no memory whatsoever of what had happened the night before.

There has been plenty of spade work popping up on Castle Street, with some of these road workers finally beginning to see the rewards after months on the spade. As

one South D high-school girl has worked out, with the correct mixture of spade work, alcohol and roofies, anything is achievable. This girl has nailed this mixture (as well as a few poor Castle Street boys). She turns up at Castle Street parties prowling the dance floor looking for her ideal catch; a poor boy who is on the verge of coma-ing, still able to stand but not able to make sensible decisions. Next thing he knows he’s being swamped by a backbreaking hippo and once the deed is done she saunters out the flat, content after a good night’s work. Later in the week she sends her high-school friends in to collect the underwear she left behind. This pack of girls in school uniforms turning up at people flats has become a frequent occurrence; consequently we would like to warn Castle Street boys about this predator. Be vigilant.

As far as fashion on Castle, people are stepping up the altyness. In some ways Castle Street is becoming Altearora as alty becomes the new normal and normal becomes the new alty. This has lead to some confused guys even getting nipple piercings, in other words, taking things way too far. Health is also becoming an issue on Castle with coughs and runny noses becoming abundant, hence Vitamin C pills are in as much demand as chewing gum at a dubstep concert. With more red cards on the agenda this week, there is no doubt that more carnage is in store.

– *Sam Reynolds*



Pastoral Support Available for Japanese Students

Following Japan's horrific earthquake and tsunami disasters, both Otago Polytechnic and the University of Otago are offering full pastoral support to all of their Japanese students.

Supportive emails were sent to all Japanese students studying at the University of Otago as well as to those students on exchange in Japan. Otago University International pro-vice-chancellor Sarah Todd told the *Otago Daily Times* that all exchange students studying in Japan were believed to be safe. All Japanese students in need of further support are invited to visit the University's international office.

Otago Polytechnic is offering similar support to its forty Japanese students who graduated on Friday.

– Andrew Oliver

University Scientist Honoured

University of Otago Professor Jean Fleming has been honoured by the Royal Society of New Zealand, being elected a Companion of the society in recognition of the leadership she has displayed in the field of science.

Prof Fleming is a Professor of Science Communication at the university's Centre for Science Communication. She told the *Otago Daily Times* that the award "warms the cockles of my heart". The award was presented at a ceremony in Dunedin last Tuesday.

– Staff Reporter

Date. Hole.

A by-election for the positions of International Students' Representative and Postgraduate Representative is to be held to replace the originally elected reps, who have

gone AWOL in recent weeks.

Critic speculates that with the outstanding rate at which the Executive has already lost two representatives, one fifth of their total members, there may be another position to add to the ballot by the time the by-election rolls around. Watch this space.

Nominations open March 24 at 9am and close March 31 at 4pm. Voting will open April 4 at 9am and close April 7 at 4pm.

– Aimee Gulliver

Stride captures Critic's attention. Literally.

Critic sent a news reporter to speak to OUSA Finance and Services Officer Dan Stride last Thursday in an attempt to weasel information out of him that he had been expressly forbidden from giving us.

Stride, however, was playing his cards close to his chest and refused to let slip any juicy details about anything. Information, however, wasn't the only thing Stride was reluctant to part with. After entering Stride's office, best characterised as a "dungeon", Stride proceeded to lock our reporter in the room with him. In the dark. With no explanation.

Our reporter escaped with her life, but has now developed a fear of subterranean places, darkened rooms and Dan Stride. *Critic* has generously allocated funding to pay for her counselling and expects her to return to frontline duties sometime in the spring of 2014.

– Staff Reporter

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The Inaugural BYO Review



There's more to student life than just downing Southern Golds on Castle Street and eating fish'n'chips on Fatty Mile. Indeed, the past few years have seen the rise of a new tradition: the BYO. Nowadays there's no need to wait for a birthday or graduation in order to fill a bottle with goon and stumble into an eating institution. In short, a night is not a night (or at least, not a good night) unless it begins with a drunken dinner.

Perhaps it seems a little redundant to review BYOs when, by the time the food touches your tastebuds, you've already downed a bottle and can't tell curry from cardboard. Nonetheless, for those of you who have a heightened sense of taste after a glass or two of Country, or who fancy a hot date with edible, non-food-poisoning-ridden food, here's our pick of the bunch.

The Asian

Mains price range: You can get a few dishes for \$15. Not bad.

Corkage: \$5

Typical clientele: To be honest, the lighting is so red and dim I have generally found it hard to see in The Asian. It seems The Asian is inhabited by a motley crew of boozed students and people attempting to have a "nice dinner".

Food: I should pre-empt this by saying I'm not a huge fan of Chinese food. Allegedly some people have claimed The Asian is home to the most authentic and best Chinese food in Dunedin. They are incorrect. The saving grace in the food department is the totally bizarre things that they are willing to deep fry, such as deep fried milk and deep fried ice cream. Of course, given the sheer magnitude of options in their menu (like, hundreds, no joke), it's hardly suprising there are a few curve balls. Go here to party, but don't touch the food.

Service: Super efficient. Not sure if it was the wine, but I'm fairly sure the food came within seconds.

Atmosphere: The best thing about The Asian is that it's *actually* called The Asian, closely followed by the faux-luxury velvet décor. The worst thing? Everything i have consumed at The Asian I have since regretted.

Ultimate rating: 1/5

India Gardens

Mains price range: \$13-17

Corkage: \$3

Typical clientele: Drunken louts, bewildered families, people having rowdy twenty-firsts.

Food: Our favourite is the palak paneer and malai kofta with a garlic naan. Num num. But all the food here is pretty great. They do tend to underestimate how much heat a white girl can handle though.

Service: Prompt and long suffering. Well acquainted with patrons slurring words, stumbling to the counter and breaking wine glasses.

Atmosphere: On Monday nights, India Gardens almost seems like a colourful, reputable family owned restaurant. On every other night, however, India Gardens becomes progressively more similar to a scarfie pub as time progresses. During our last visit, one table of rather drunk guys got in an argument with an old man and told him to fuck off. The time before, a girl vomited outside the loo while I peed, leading to an almost shoe-vomit situation. Gross. Needless to say, the atmosphere is completely inappropriate for a first date.

Ultimate rating: 3.5/5. Its debauchery is its brilliance.



Korea House

Mains price range: \$12-20

Corkage: \$4

Typical clientele: Predominantly Korean people. This is generally a good sign.

Food: Really, really delicious. The food came with crazy pickles and sides, which was super nice.

Service: The man who served us was slightly odd and refused to bring me water so I had to stagger to the water jug. Just joking. I made my boyfriend fetch it.

Atmosphere: Kind of funny décor, but nice nonetheless. PLUS, it has a great street view.

Ultimate rating: 4/5. Small, delicious and funkily located upstairs, Korea House is the unsung hero of Dunedin BYOs.

Yuki

Mains price range: Most people buy a few small things so, depending on how much you eat, a meal could cost between \$12 and \$20.

Corkage: \$5

Typical clientele: Drunken thirty-somethings, love-struck couples, cool-kids.

Food: By far the best and most authentic Japanese food in town. Everything is small and cheap, so share a few things with your buddy. Pretty much everything on the menu is totally amazing. Our picks: gyoza, octopus balls, okonomiyaki and the various noodle dishes.

Service: Sometimes friendly, sometimes strangely disinterested. My attempts at pronouncing Japanese words were met with a frosty stare.

Atmosphere: Brilliant. Yuki is small and cute, and you sit at tables made from carved bits of tree.

Ultimate rating: 4.5/5. Yuki is probably the best BYO in town.

Tokyo Garden

Mains price range \$15-\$20

Corkage: \$5. You can also get \$2 sake shots, which is pretty much the main reason for going there.

Typical clientele: Drunken scarfies, freshers on hall dinners.

Food: To be perfectly honest, I was rather nervous about eating the food. A friend had warned me that he had gone three times and got food poisoning, and I was told not to touch the chicken. Ultimately, the food was sort of fine (I got a sizzling plate which made me feel like a celebrity) although it was by far the least authentic Japanese food I've ever had, including the sushi from New World.

Service: Strangely, the waitress took our order at the table, eschewing the favoured wait-for-us-to-order-at-the-counter strategy. This was a nice touch. The guy at the BBQ area started doing "tricks" with a fish slice, but unfortunately he dropped it. Everyone was totally impressed regardless.

Atmosphere: Perhaps I wasn't drunk enough, but I was quite concerned about hygiene. The table was sticky, the menus were sticky, as were the glasses, water jugs and chop sticks. There was also a disconcerting smell that was made all the worse as trashy perfume-drenched scarfie-girls sat down next to us. Probably the best thing though was the menu. In order to encourage positive vibes, Tokyo Gardens has written "appetizing" before each subheading; "appetizing soups", "appetizing sushi", "appetizing noodles" and so on.

Ultimate rating: 2/5. It's almost hilariously bad.

Great Taste

Mains price range: \$16 for all you can eat (with a student ID. I forgot mine)

Corkage: \$5

Typical clientele: The white trash of South Dunedin, exchange students, wasted students looking for a "lol".

Food: They have deep fried sushi and as much ice cream as you can eat! Despite this, the food is awful. It's as if Great Taste found out how nice food should look, but didn't know how it should taste, and as a result made incredibly tempting but ultimately disappointing food.

Service: None. It's self-serve, which is both amazing and horrible. It's all about tactics at Great Taste- I attempted to stack my plate as high as possible, and the resulting coleslaw, mashed potato, nacho, sushi and pineapple mix was almost inedible. Needless to say, I did not get my \$20 worth.

Atmosphere: Sort of a combination between a children's birthday party at Valentine's and a school camp. Was brilliant yet terrible.

Ultimate rating: 2/5. It only rates this highly due to the novelty factor.



Deserves a mention: We didn't review *Etruscos*, *Thai Hanoi*, *Thai Over* or *Thai Land* due to their price (like, \$20 for a main! Shit man, do you think we're loaded?!). However, if you're willing to spend aforementioned exorbitant price for a special occasion, all are rather delicious. Go forth and eat, big spender.

India Gate

Mains price range: \$13- \$20

Corkage: *Critic* is an idiot and forgot to note this

Typical clientele: Fat families (like, really fat) and lonely men. This is no regular student hang out.

Food: Generally really good. It's a bit hit and miss though- sometimes it looks as if India Gate will knock India Gardens from their Indian BYO throne, but other times, the food is a little substandard. Beware though- when they say spicy, it's no joke, they're fo' real.

Service: They're pretty nice. Also, they do an amazing delivery service where they bring the BYO to you. SO GOOD.

Atmosphere: Odd. We mostly felt too young and drunk to be there. It does make for some fantastic people watching though.

Ultimate rating: 3/5

Rainforest

Mains price range: \$16-20

Corkage: \$5

Typical clientele: Awkward couples, mature students.

Food: Yummy Malaysian food, particularly vegetarian korma and their various noodle dishes. Their curries come with a frighteningly perfectly conical portion of rice on the side, another excitement.

Service: Quite unmemorable which I suppose, on the scale of things, is quite a positive.

Atmosphere: Sort of like stepping into someone's renovated lounge. They don't play music which makes the Rainforest a little awkward for loud jokes about how someone likes dick.

Ultimate rating: 3/5

McDonalds

Mains price range: \$5-\$10

Corkage: None. It's not *technically* allowed. But what's a little goon-filled coke cup ever done to you?

Typical clientele: Stumbling girls, scary jock guys, emo kids with smudged make up.

Food: Delicious. Unbeatable. Be sure to get student fries with everything. Better still, do the Family Pack challenge and eat your body weight in fast food.

Service: Mostly wide-eyed bewilderment. Try doing something out of the ordinary, like getting a vegetarian cheeseburger sans meat, and they freak out and can't work out the price, or have to ask their manager for permission.

Atmosphere: Some say a trip to McDonalds is about the food, and the atmosphere is secondary. I disagree. The atmosphere is what makes it. On one such McDonalds BYO, my friend got chatted up by some spotty bogan who asked her what she was doing later. It rocked.

Ultimate rating: 4/5. We wanted McDonalds to win but they don't *technically* qualify.

The Great and Glorious Annual Critic Fish & Chup Review

Critic's been reviewing fish and chips for yonks and yonks, or eleven years to be exact. It seems there's nothing as universal, nor as all-embracingly glutinous, as consuming a greasy packet of deep fried goodness. And so, at least for the sake of keeping tradition alive, we've taken it upon ourselves to bring you the best and the most disturbing that Dunedin has to offer. This year, our "health conscious" editor fobbed off the calorie-ridden task onto **David Milner, Cory Dalzell** and their band of willing flatties.

The Flying Squid

Chips: \$2.60. Fatties were too soggy and skinnies were dry.

Fish: \$1.90. Average. No seasoning. Bland and dry.

Hotdog: \$1.90. Floury and broken in half. Not fully battered.

Coke (can): \$2.30

Oil: Vegetable

Customer service and general ambiance:

Unfortunately the infamous "\$2 shoestring" lady wasn't there. Instead, we were greeted with a look of pure hatred. "Unable or unwilling to make eye contact." The food took a long time to come, like twenty minutes. Good seating. Average magazines. Ordering system was average to terrible. But at the end of the day, Squidies is Squidies.

7/10

Botanical

Chips: \$1.50. No potato in them. Mostly oil. Very crisp though, so quite nice.

Fish: \$1.80. Crispy and crunchy. Not too oily. Yum.

Hotdog: \$1.70. "Probably better than good, but not quite." "A bit disappointed at the lack of actual sausage." "Not too pleasing to the eye but once I bit into it, it was a nice surprise."

Coke (can): \$2.00

Oil: Vegetable

Customer service and general ambiance:

"Unwilling or unable to communicate." "Didn't laugh at my joke". "Bad hair cut." Overall quite a sombre experience. Not really worth the walk, but will probably meet the standards of Aquinas and Salmond residents.

7.5/10

Willowbank

Chips: \$2.20. “Not as good as when you’re baked or boozed”. Decent amount of chicken salt. Still pretty yum.

Fish: \$3.30. Crumbed, looked like it was out of a Tegal packet. Though it was actually really good and nice and crispy.

Hotdog: \$2.40. Actually a real sausage, not just frankfurter. “Meaty, quite salty, decent amount of batter.” “It was moist and came away from the stick quite pleasantly.” “Appearance acceptable, price ridiculous.”

Coke: [Didn’t remember]

Customer service and general ambiance:

“Was good to outstanding”. “She was real hot.” “I’d do her”. Very helpful. It was a bit hot in there and there was no seating. The loud fart-like sound that greets you as you walk in made one of our group “anxious, self conscious and paranoid.” She had to return to the car.

8.5/10

Mei Wah

Chips: \$1.50. “Nice and crisp”.

Fish: \$1.80. “Good crunch factor, quite nice.”

Hotdog: \$1.70. Close to being the best effort you could pull off with a savaloy.

Coke: \$2.00

Oil: Too afraid to ask.

Customer service and general ambiance:

Friendly and efficient. Food was decent, not much wrong with it. Nothing had the “x factor” but everything was equally pretty okay. Basically, it was a very unemotional experience. We came away with no real feelings about the place.

8/10

Golden Sun

Chips: \$1.50. "They were the Palmerston North of chips: small, uninteresting and pale in complexion." They weren't that flash but, at the end of the day, chips are merely the most convenient and respectable way of eating tomato sauce.

Fish: \$1.80

Hotdog: \$1.70. "I'm sorry but that looks like a chode." Enough said.

Coke: \$2.00

Oil: "Animal"

Customer service and general ambiance:

Friendly enough. However when asked what oil they used the response was rather shockingly "animal not vegetable". We weren't quite sure what that meant but we assume it's the less healthy option. Shocking. Vegetarians beware.

[The review was slightly compromised when one of our number was insolent and incompetent enough to hand our leftover fish'n'chip wrapping from the previous review to a very confused Golden Sun Customer Service Assistant.]

5/10

Great Wall



Chips: \$2.00. "Really yum." Nice and crispy. Pretty much exactly how chips should be.

Fish: \$1.80. Was pretty much all batter. Some people like that though.

Hotdog: \$1.40. Pretty decent. Nothing to write home about.

Coke: \$1.80

Oil: Canola

Customer service and general ambiance:

Very fast efficient service. Only took five minutes to get our food, which was almost a pity because for once the staff were more than willing to converse and exchange pleasantries. Overall a great experience. We couldn't really think of anything bad to say about them.

9/10

Surprisingly, Flying Squid has been dislodged from the golden throne of fish'n'chippery which they've held since 2006 (with a brief hiatus in 2008), leaving new favourite Great Wall to take the crown. Congratulations Great Wall!



WE ALL FOR ICE

Josh Hercus reviews *Dunedin* ice cream.

Critic ice cream review criteria

Ice cream type: how good it tastes. Obviously, some places use the same stuff. **Price and quantity:** is it a good size for the price? Standard size = two scoops, always on a cone.

Structural integrity: how well is that beast stacked? 45 degree angle tilt test. **Customer service:** their demeanour/ banter/general helpfulness.

WENDYS

Ice cream type: 4.5/5 Wendy's own ice cream. It's much creamier and has quite a strong flavour. Might be a bit strong for some people.

Price and quantity: 4/5 The ice cream was a bit on the expensive side at \$4.20. Still, it was a delicious ice cream and came with a large waffle cone. Reasonable size.

Customer service: 5/5 I was actually quite impressed with the service. It was prompt and when I asked about the ice creams the lady told me about how their ice cream was made with "real cream and not powder". To my surprise, you can actually taste the difference. She was a good salesperson.

Structural integrity: 4.5/5 That large waffle cone had a role to play in keeping it stable. It was quite well stacked.

Total: 18/20

THE 2-4

Ice cream type: 3.5/5 Streets. Outrageously, they had run out of cookies and cream so I had to get banana, berry and chocolate or something. It's a great ice cream but the texture is a bit weird. That may have just been ice in the ice or something but, either way, Tip Top is better in my opinion.

Price and quantity: 2.5/5 Wee bit pricey at \$3.90. What's worse is that the quantity was not that great. I know it's the 2-4, but surely they could provide a bigger ice cream for that price?

Customer service: 4/5 Not much banter until right at the end when I was paying for it. Something went wrong with the till and the man serving me said "sorry, I've been away for seven months". I was all like "cooleo, bro. Where'd ya go?" He then proceeded to tell me about how he broke his neck and how he was lucky to be alive. I was stoked for him, of course. But I was left in a state of confusion. Was that awkward or heart-warming? I mean, awkward in the sense that you don't usually tell someone you nearly died when you're serving them ice cream; that's a bit of a down buzz. At the same time, it was an interesting story.

Total: 10/20



WILLOW BANK:

Ice cream type: 4/5 Tip Top. It was choice. A bit of a course texture and great flavour.

Price and quantity: 4/5 \$3.50. It was a pretty standard price and was a decent size.

Customer service: 2.5/5 Dull. Getting ice creams should never be a dull experience. Despite my trying to kick-start conversation, the person serving me quickly shot down my amicable banter, leaving multiple awkward silences.

Structural integrity: 4/5 Despite our strained relationship, the server did give me one well-stacked ice cream. The ice cream passed the 45 degree tilt test with flying colours. I probably could have started juggling it and it would have stayed together. The only downside is they gave me one of those paper things which is meant to prevent the ice cream getting on your cone or something. But all it ends up doing is making the paper stick to your cone and then you end up eating paper. Not a fan.

Total: 14.5/20

UNION GRILL

Ice cream type: 4/5 Tip Top

Price and quantity: 4/5 It was slightly smaller than some of the others but made up for this by being slightly cheaper at only \$3.30. Considering this is Union Grill, that's a pretty good deal.

Customer service: 3.5/5 I think they had a new person on the till because she appeared to have no idea what was going on or what to do. After a minute or so, someone else took over, leaving me waiting and wondering what was happening. When someone finally came to serve me, I actually felt sorry for her. The ice cream she was trying to scrape out was clearly rock hard and looked like a massive mission to get out. I applauded her tenacity.

Structural integrity: 4/5 On the whole, it was a good stack with no obvious deficiencies.

Total: 15.5/20



SCREAM CREAM



JUMBO DAIRY

Ice cream type: 4/5 Tip Top.

Price and Quantity: 4/5 Good size, fair price at \$3.50.

Customer service: 2/5 It wasn't amazing. The guy serving me told me that it was meant to be his day off and that no one should have to work with such great weather. I completely agreed with him; it totally sucks having to work on a sunny day, especially when you're getting paid to eat ice creams. Ha! Just kidding, it's awesome! Anyway, I felt like he couldn't be arsed serving me which made my magical ice cream experience not so magical.

Structural integrity: 4/5 Despite the cranky pants demeanour, it was quite a good stack. Engineers confirmed that the ice cream was structurally sound.

Total: 14/20

ROB ROY



Ice cream type: 4/5 Tip Top.

Price and Quantity: 5/5 Not only was the ice cream the biggest but it was basically the cheapest too at only \$2.40! That is an amazing deal and it was *massive*.

Customer service: 5/5 I went in with the hard questions. "How high can you stack them?" I asked before I ordered. They then recommended the "double" which was apparently four scoops! Madness! I got the single (which is actually two scoops). There was some good banter. Apparently, on a day with good weather they sell around 350 ice creams a day. The person serving me was generally pretty chirpy. Top performance.

Structural integrity: 5/5 Fuck the pyramids, how Rob Roy manages to put so much ice cream on a single cone without it spilling is a god damn marvel of science. It feels like you're carrying a small sledgehammer. That's how heavy it is. The only disadvantage is that you actually need to strategically eat it before it eventually caves in on itself. Sure, you always see people outside dropping their ice cream everywhere. That's because the ice cream gods have deemed them unworthy to consume such an engineering beauty.

Total: 19/20

Ice Cream Review Features



CAMPUS WONDERFUL



Ice cream type: 4/5 Tip Top. Again, standard stuff.

Price and quantity: 4/5 \$3.50. Good size and good price.

Customer service: 4/5 Again, more awkward silences but he was quick. I like that.

Structural integrity: 2/5 This ice cream was as lopsided as Courtney Love's face. To make matters worse, the 45 degree tilt test caused the cone to crack and nearly break. Only my vast experience in ice cream engineering saved the ice cream from toppling. It didn't end up breaking but it was a pain in the arse to eat.

Total: 14/20

NORTH DUNEDIN MCDONALDS:

Ice cream type: 1/5 Now, I know it's technically called a "soft serve" but for all intents and purposes it's pretty much an ice cream. Well, that's what I thought until I actually bought one. The ice cream can only be described as some sort of white frozen sludge. It was way too smooth for an ice cream replica but did have an ideal level of sweetness.

Price and quantity: 5/5 At only 60 cents this was by far the cheapest purchase, and although it was only a single scoop you could easily purchase two for at least half the price of the others. It was a decent size considering it was only 60 cents.

Customer service: 3/5 The guy serving me freaked out when I said "two scoops of soft serve please". Maccers is always weird about anything that breaks up their perfectly geared production line. For example, I often go there rather inebriated and demand a boss burger combo that has the buns replaced with meat patties. Is that too much to ask for? Anyway, the guy serving me tried to throw me a curve ball by saying he could give me two cones. Naturally I called his bluff and asked him to at least try two scoops. He told me it wasn't possible because "it would go everywhere!" Still, at least he made my ice cream experience entertaining.

Structural integrity: 0/5 Obviously I couldn't measure structural integrity since it was only one scoop. Although when I did turn it upside down, it still clung to the cone more than Steven Seagal clings to his acting career.

Total: 9/20





RED CARD 101

*An introduction to,
and critical appraisal
of, a Dunedin
student tradition*

by **Phoebe Harrop**

The red card is a mysterious phenomenon. No one knows quite where it came from, but I like to imagine that it was born in the bad-ass back streets of Dunedin; let's say Grange or Titan Street. It can perhaps be described as the new, hip, crazy cousin of the classic "lock-in" challenges of old. It's safe to say that it epitomises scarfedom. Mention red cards and – depending on who you're talking to – you might elicit laughter, mild apprehension or excruciating tales of mishap and mayhem.

But I'm getting ahead of myself: those of you with fresher features may be confused as to what a red card is, whether you need one to get into Med and, if so, where you can buy one.

The trouble is that red cards are difficult beasts to define. In common parlance, a red card is the piece of paper wielded by a soccer referee which has the effect of banishing naughty players from the field, sending them to the sin bin. But apart from the name, and the element of misdemeanour, the similarities end there.

When it comes to the Dunedin version of the red card, a generally accepted rule of the game is that each member of a flat has one red card per year to play. When they decide to "pull" their red card, the other flat members must return to the house, willing and able to submit to all manner of embarrassing/messy/downright dangerous challenges. Alcohol is not an obligatory part of proceedings but it inevitably makes things even more embarrassing/messy/downright dangerous and hence is often involved.

There appear to be many different motivations behind red cards and what they involve. Certainly, no two red cards are the same and, equally,

it is impossible to know in advance what will happen over the course of a red card. And therein lies their beauty. In researching this most scarfie of traditions, I observed that red cards seem to be driven by several different factors. A key motivation is the golden opportunity to make others do things they would never voluntarily agree to doing. As well as this, the involvement of randomness, participation in crazy and unusual activities and, most importantly, flat bonding (or bondage, depending) seem important characteristics of red cards.

While red cards may seem to be primarily about alcohol consumption and its effects, they are often well thought out and border on intellectual in their content. One such example was a red card invented by two enterprising past residents of 639 Castle Street. The boys made a sophisticated, tea-stained map of Dunedin and sent their flatmates (in teams of two) on a treasure hunt to its far-flung four corners. Once there, the flatmates had to carry out various tasks, one of which involved jumping off a monument on the Otago Peninsula and resulted in a broken ankle. The teams then drew two lines between the opposite points that each of them had visited. Upon finding the intersection where X-marks-the-spot, basic treasure hunting know-how took them to their treasure trove, The Break, where 639 shots of beer were



waiting.

Themed red cards are also popular, providing a framework on which to fashion frivolous activities. For example, one student recalls a Harry Potter themed event he orchestrated last year. Having been sorted into either Gryffindor or Slytherin, his then-flatmates participated in flying lessons on the Alhambra rugby ground, beer pong quidditch, cross-dressing transfiguration and defence-against-the-dark-arts paper scissors rock.

Red cards need not be devoid of educational value; cultural awareness and discovery can also be incorporated. One ex-scarfie remembers a United Nations-themed red card: "I ended up losing some sort of bet and had to put on a strip show as a filthy Guinness-fuelled Irish leprechaun for some random girls across the street. Tom (dressed as a Belgian beer wench) took offence to some remarks about his appearance and got in a wee scuffle. He then got really dark and proceeded to tell anyone who would listen (while still in full Belgian get up) that he was going to 'f*ck some c**ts up tonight'".

A red card seems to be a good excuse to do wild things that aren't normally acceptable or sensible. Another Castle Street residence once hosted a genuine beach party as part of a "black card", in which multiple flats from one complex are invited. In order to conjure up tropical climes in the middle of a Dunedin winter, they snuck a couple of trailer loads of sand from St. Kilda beach in the middle of the night and filled their lounge with it. The heat pump was blasting, people were limboing, and much tropical punch was imbibed. The next morning, the sand-encrusted lads were left encumbered with great amounts of sand. In a spark of hungover inspiration, they disposed of it by pulling up the boards on their deck, pushing the sand in, and nailing the boards back down.

Other red cards encourage exploration outside Dunedin. A recent O Week adventure took one Queen Street flat to Wanaka for a bit of high culture. Dressed to the nines, the seven boys enjoyed a local theatrical performance at the Masonic Hall, then headed back to Dunedin where a keg was waiting for



them. Unfortunately poor planning meant that one of the cars ran out of petrol circa Alexandra at around midnight, when absolutely nothing is open for business – except the cop shop. Luckily a friendly police officer was able to open up the supply of emergency petrol for the boys and they made it back to Dunedin thirsty for some delicious keg contents.

Of course alcohol is not always, and need not be, an integral part of a red card. In a simple yet fantastically thought-out red card, one flat-member presented his fellow male flatmates with a pair of spandex tights and a tab of Viagra each, then sent them off to pump class at Unipol.

This collection of red card gems is but a small sample of the gaiety that goes on daily in our fair student city. While a peak in red cards is always seen during O Week, Re-O Week and the first weeks of each semester when homework is at an all-time low, one is nonetheless never hard-pressed to find fellow students dressed inappropriately for the southern climes, busking on a street corner or wearing a rubbish bag and pretending to be homeless, making sacrifices of health, dignity and hygiene in pursuit of red card completion. Just a few weekends ago my flatmates and I brought smiles to the faces of – and potentially dangerous distraction to – some Dunedin motorists as we rambled down Albany Street in lycra morph suits. Many a honk was made in appreciation of our athletic forms and we felt glad in the knowledge that we had brought momentary joy to our fellow Dunedin residents.

Red cards are undoubtedly a colourful thread snaking through Dunedin's student culture and no one seems to be short of new and outrageous ideas with which to challenge their cohabitants. Long may the tradition prosper.

word from the PROCTOR

While red cards are mainly fun and games, such frivolity sometimes comes at a cost to property, reputations and limbs. In order to find out what headaches red cards have caused for the university and our friends at Campus Watch I approached the Proctor, Simon Thompson.

Thompson has been the University of Otago's Proctor for the last ten years so he's well acquainted with red cards, although he says that they have only really been on his radar for the last four years. When asked whether anything similar was around in his day as a student, he said no - "there was no game which involved dares combined with alcohol consumption" - and he was quick to condemn red cards as both problematic and dangerous. Not only does participation in a red card event pose risks to one's reputation, but the almost inevitable involvement of great quantities of alcohol has caused some serious incidents in the past, including the hospitalisation of one student. Thompson also pointed out that not only participants but also bystanders can find themselves implicated in less-than-ideal situations.

Thompson is realistic in realising that red cards will continue to be pulled and there will undoubtedly be some negative outcomes as a result. But he urges people to consider the safety of themselves and others before becoming involved: at the end of the day, red cards are not compulsory and no one should feel pressured to participate in them. That is a sentiment shared by Thompson's Campus Watch team who deal first-hand with the unfortunate results of red cards; alcohol poisoning, brain damage, liver disease and other injuries. If things get really out of hand, students can face expulsion from the university or police action.

Red cards don't have to be dodgy; they can be fun as well as safe. Thompson's a nice guy but you don't want to be meeting him for the wrong reasons.

LiquorLand
here's to you.

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IN MEMORIUM

Rhys Brookbanks tragically passed away in the CTV building which collapsed as a result of the recent Christchurch earthquake. Rhys was the Critic poetry editor from 2006-2008. In memory of Rhys, we have included a poem he wrote which was published in Critic issue 6, 2007. Our thoughts go out to his family and friends.

You can't just waltz in here
Hoodie up, headphones haranguing your head
Reel out a list about how you're the man,
Then tell me,
"Poetry can't change the world,"

and expect to get away with it.

You might think you're special:
You get a new haircut every week,
Wear your jeans at just the right height
To show a hint of cheek,
A suggestion of personality.
You think you'll get noticed
On the street
As you bounce along
To your boppy beats,

But you see mate,
These days,
Everybody looks different.

Now, I'm a guy who stays awake to hear
The twelve strikes of a bell fading in
And out of a midnight breeze,
And I'm not afraid
Of being brought to my knees,
By a song or a poem
If it speaks something to **me**.

And I know that's old,
It might even be out of fashion;

But when you ask

Can
Poetry
Really
Matter?

Well, you're reading it

Aren't you?

– Rhys Brookbanks

Opinion



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DIATRIBE

If you think Pamela Anderson, the Dalai Lama and John Banks have nothing in common, think again. Although the Dalai Lama and Banks aren't likely to take their kits off for PETA anytime soon, all three are vocal opponents of factory farming. Now, with our government's call for submissions on their new code of welfare for layer hens, you too have the opportunity to speak up for our country's three million battery hens who live and die in deplorable conditions.

Currently, nearly 90% of all eggs sold in New Zealand come from factory farms. On these farms, hens are confined to battery cages – small wire enclosures into which they are crammed with three to six others. Few of us can imagine the extent of the physical and psychological torment these birds experience while confined like this. With less than an A4 sheet of paper per bird, the hens cannot stretch their wings or legs, bathe, forage, or build meaningful social relationships. Moreover, in order to stop them pecking one another in response to the overcrowded cage, they have their beaks sliced off. Debeaking is a painful process that cuts through bone, cartilage and soft tissue and is usually performed without anaesthesia.

Although the draft code proposes a ban on battery cages, it allows the use of similarly cruel colony cages, which are described by some welfare experts as providing the birds with only an extra "credit card" of space each. In these tiny cages, which are condemned by both the RSPCA and SAFE, normal behaviour will remain impossible.

The proposed code runs against the global movement away from cages. The entire European Union began phasing out battery cages back in 1999 and Germany and Austria have subsequently banned colony cages. Several U.S. states have followed suit. For instance, in addition to banning the use of battery and colony cages in 2008, last July California's then governor Arnold Schwarzenegger outlawed the sale of *any* caged eggs in his state, prohibiting imports from countries such as New Zealand that maintain poor welfare standards.

Should these reforms really come as a surprise? Research conducted by Dr. Chris Evans, a professor at Macquarie University in Sydney, found that chickens live in stable social groups, have complex communication patterns, and are good problem solvers. His research concluded that many of their mental capacities go beyond those of small children. Evans' research is vindicated by a study that emerged just last week from scientists at the University of Bristol which concluded that, like humans, chickens can feel empathy – they have the capacity to "feel another's pain". That's right, you have more in common with your butter chicken than you thought.

If, like Pamela, the Dalai Lama and Banks, you think New Zealand's three million battery hens deserve better, go to www.nocages.org.nz and make a submission in support of a ban on cages before the consultation period closes on April 29. It only takes a minute to complete and unless people act, our country's hens will continue to suffer.

– **Danielle Duffield**

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 we subsidise healthy foods?" **John Brinsley-Pirie** argues the affirmative while **Tiho Mijatov** argues the negative.

John Brinsley-Pirie

In New Zealand we need to face the harsh unpleasant truth; we are fat and as a nation we are only growing fatter. This is possibly the most serious health issue facing New Zealanders today. The government needs to do something; we need to promote healthier living by subsidising healthy foods like lean meats, fish, fruit and vegetables.

This policy will benefit all New Zealanders no matter what they earn because it gives them the choice over what to eat. Under the status quo it costs a lot to eat healthily – sure, veggies aren't that expensive but we can't honestly expect people to live exclusively on them. It's foods like lean meats and fish which drive the shopping bill up. This needs to change. These foods, along with fruit and vegetables, need to be subsidised.

The brilliance of this policy is that it does not remove choice from the equation. If someone wants to have Maccas for breakfast every day, a pie for lunch and eat out for tea that is fine! However, it is important that we, as a nation, address the growing problem of our national waistline and highlight the healthier alternative by making it cheaper. Making healthy food cheaper incentivises its purchase. For instance, let's look at lean meats. Who would buy a fatty processed packet of mince for \$12 when you could buy the lean premium packet for the same price? That's the kind of thing we need to start doing, giving people the choice to eat healthily within the limit of their wallets.

The other benefit we will see from such a policy is pressure coming off the health system. It is just a fact that those who carry more weight are more prone to diseases such as diabetes and other health issues which could have been avoided with a healthy diet. If we incentivise healthy living and it becomes cheaper for people to eat correctly then there is no logical reason why they won't do it. Through this people will become healthier, removing strain on the health system, unclogging waiting lists and saving tax dollars which can be spent more efficiently elsewhere. The savings from this will more than outweigh the cost of the subsidy.

Because we need to address our rising obesity crisis, and because there is a clear benefit not only to the health of New Zealanders but also to the ongoing medical costs caused by growing obesity rates, we should absolutely adopt this policy.



Tiho Mijatov

The battle of the bulge has had many casualties, but are subsidies really an effective and fair knight in shining armour? Sadly not.

At the heart of subsidies' weakness is the incorrect assumption that fatties make their food purchases based largely on price.

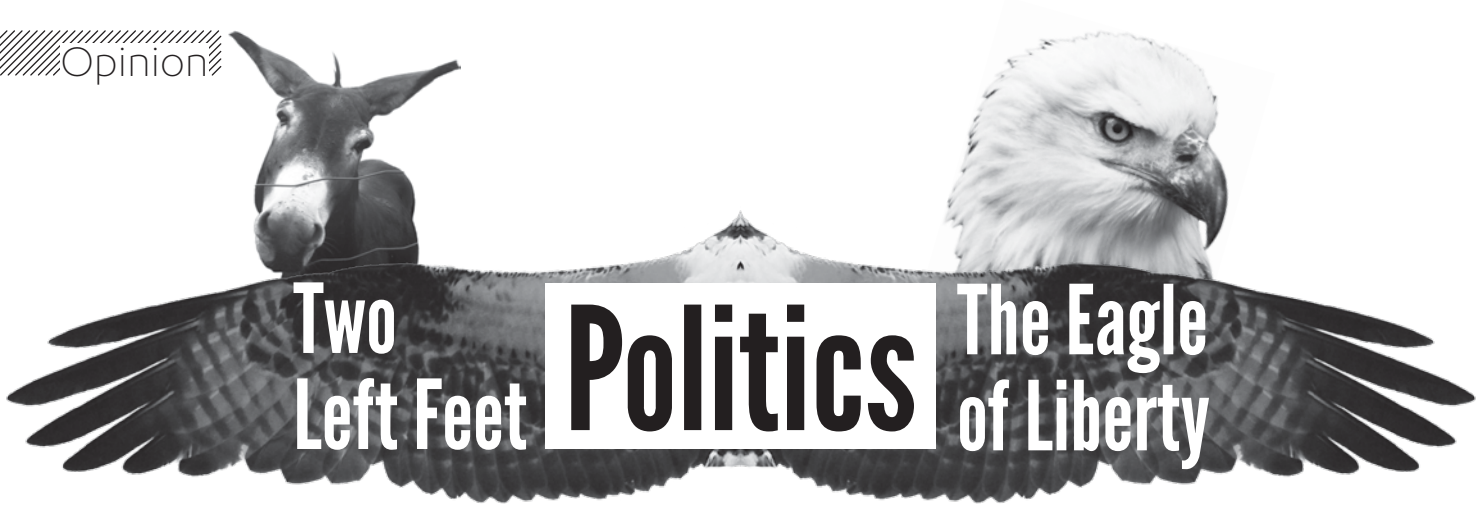
In reality, more weight is placed on factors like convenience, accessibility and taste. And the fast food companies know they have this advantage; their products are pumped with additives that make you crave the taste until the next purchase, it takes no culinary skill on your part to place an order (skill which healthy cooking from scratch requires) and fast food is, well, fast. Pricing healthy food equally to unhealthy food via subsidies does not address these very important non-price factors and so will not help to shrink our national waistline.

There also lurks another sneaky tactic used to encourage us to choose fast food. UK studies have revealed that there is a higher concentration of fast food stores, dairies and the like in poorer areas. Why? Companies recognise that price isn't important where the residents have little skill when it comes to preparing meals and even less time to spend cooking these wholesome dinners. The obesity issue in NZ is basically an education problem – obese people don't care about food pyramids, heart foundation ticks, and RDIs – and subsidising healthy foods does nothing to address this. Moreover, as John rightly points out, these subsidies do not prevent people from still choosing the unhealthy option.

Finally we get to this dinner-table talk of money. Because the future uptake of salads, lean meats and co has been shown to be only marginal, this subsidy scheme has the potential to be a big fat waste of money for the government and thus us. And with lower costs for producers, the incentive exists for them to produce more grains and veggies than ever, flooding the market with their unwanted produce.

But what *should* we do? We need to promote policies which target not the symptoms of the obesity problem (i.e. people buying fatty food) but the causes, like the lack of consumer information available and their vulnerable position in the market. Simple measures like forcing unhealthy foods to have visible, clear calorie counts will be a good start. Recent forced calorie information has worked in New York, traditionally a fat fiefdom that's fast shedding this image. More government regulation of unhealthy food – such as restricting fat and sugar content and regulating where and how many fast food outlets may be built – is another effective alternative. And that's not to mention exercise promotion in schools and the community.

Whatever option we choose to promote, we need to ensure that it's not merely a case of do-something-syndrome as introducing subsidies would be.



From Simon Affleck to The Beatles, taxes tend to get a bad rap. However, taxes are the price of civilisation. They also have a vital role to play in fostering equality and the welfare of the lower and middle classes, particularly in the context of education and healthcare.

Both education and healthcare are of central importance to quality of life. Having an educated and healthy workforce also benefits the economy. Hence we have state-funded schools and hospitals which are available to every citizen of New Zealand as a right. However, we also ensure that private schools and hospitals are available on a user-pays basis for those with more specialised or discerning needs.

Those with the ability to pay will always have access to a higher quality of healthcare and (usually) education. There is a limit to the amount of funding that the state can pour into public services. The real money is to be found in the private sector and this will attract the best facilities and many of the best personnel. However people who use private education and healthcare are effectively paying twice – once for the private services that they do use and once (via their taxes) for the public services that they could use but choose not to.

This creates a heavy downward pressure on tax rates. If people don't use the services that their taxes help to fund, they will demand tax cuts. However, less tax revenue means less funding for public services, which means a lower quality of public services, which in turn means that fewer and fewer people will see value in public education and healthcare. More people will choose the private option, will thus be paying twice, and will thus demand more tax cuts.

Clearly this is a vicious circle, resulting in services being more and more segregated along economic lines, with a low quality public sector used only by the poor. The irony is that this process leaves most people worse off than when they started. The only people who would really benefit are the ones who would choose private education and healthcare even if faced with a well-funded, high-quality public option – namely, the wealthy.

To stop this vicious circle, people need to get more value from public services. Public services must become more efficient or receive more funding, or preferably both. However, this must compete against the constant pressure to cut taxes. Before we can realistically expect to achieve a more just society, attitudes towards taxation must shift. This will not happen overnight and must go hand-in-hand with a sustained improvement in the quality of public services.

To be continued. Maybe.

– Sam McChesney

The Eagle vs OUSA

The Eagle screeches in triumph. Final score: liberty one, OUSA nil. Thanks to a new law, this is the last year OUSA can force students to join their wasteful, pointless, liberty-hating union. Next year, students will have an extra \$190 to play with. And don't worry; OUSA doesn't provide any worthwhile services so you won't be losing anything of value if you decide not to join.

Let's start with the basics. Humans (and sentient eagles) are born with certain human rights. One of these basic rights is *freedom of association*. You don't have to join the AA if you buy a car and you don't have to join the PPTA if you become a teacher. Eagles don't roll with canaries. It's your choice with whom you want to associate. Unfortunately, due to a legal loophole, student unions have been able to ignore the NZ Bill of Rights, forcing all students to join. Until the Eagle swooped down to restore liberty to his flock. In 2012, freedom of association will be honoured once again.

But aside from the human rights aspect, compulsory student unions have a guaranteed pool of cash from fees and no incentive to spend it wisely – students have to pay fees even if OUSA does a terrible job. This invariably leads to wasteful, idiotic spending. Let's take a look at how OUSA spent students' fees in 2010:

Total budget: \$2million

Administration costs: \$800,000+ (40% of budget)

Student Support Centre: \$200,000 (10% of budget). The SSC provides valuable services you won't find anywhere else in Dunedin, like extra first-year tutorials and a food bank. Oh wait...

Exclusive Maori club: \$82,000 (4% of budget). Note that the uni already provides a Maori Support Centre, along with preferential treatment for Maori students in many other areas

All other clubs combined: \$47,000 (2% of budget). This money is divided amongst 108 clubs

The rest of the money was wasted on trips to America, donations to socialist political groups, campaigning to keep OUSA compulsory and other such "essential services".

Here's some advice from the Eagle to OUSA – if you want *anyone* to join in 2012, clean up your act. Stop pouring money down the drain and focus on providing decent services for students. And for the love of liberty, don't ever fund the Alliance Party again – the Eagle is outraged that his flock of eaglets were forced to feed those scavenging vultures. Then again, the entire philosophy of socialism revolves around lazy parasites feasting on the hard work (and tax dollars) of others.

You are the wind beneath my wings,

– The Eagle



Rostock

One thing that NZ is decidedly lacking in is history. Sure, we have some, but to fully grasp what we're missing out on, I recommend a trip to Rostock in northern, ex-East, Germany. This place is more or less monochrome, especially in winter. It's extra unusual for Germany in that it's on the coast and is also set apart by its brewery, university and eastern roots.

Rostock is grey. The buildings are boring and grey, the cobblestone alleys are cute but grey, the grey factories puff out grey smoke. Not

terribly appealing, until you imagine you're in an old-fashioned movie. The city has a sort of mystery about it, a hidden story behind the greyness. Talking to a local will soon explain it: they're not over World War II yet and there is still a very distinct line between the West and the "Former East".

The rivalry between East and West here largely boils down to competition in the fields of education and money. Industry isn't really relevant because East Germany never had a chance at industrial success. Rostock is doing pretty well for education but not so well for money. As a result huge numbers of students are drawn there and people are incredibly aware of the value of a euro. I once went to a ship-themed student night-club where, like many places in Germany, you had to pay a small deposit for your beer glass. Having spent their valuable money on glasses, the students decided to make most of them and smash them on the floor after finishing their beer. After an evening of dancing on broken glasses and bottles, you go home and get the tweezers (pliers?) out to tidy up the mess.

Beer is one part of life in Rostock that isn't constantly compared to - and pitted against - the "sweet life" in the West. They are incredibly proud of their brewery there, which even has international tours running through it on a regular basis. However, it produces pretty gross beer. This is a big statement, because most German beer makes most NZ beer look and taste like water in comparison. In the very least it's one of the things (as well as incredibly cheap fish) that sets Rostock apart from the rest of the country. If you really can't bear it, try the beach - it's idyllic.

– Bridget Gilchrist

AUDITIONS
Lights on Broadway 2

.....
Male and Female singers wanted
 Audition date - Saturday 26th March

Musical Theatre Dunedin's (formerly Dunedin Operatic)
JULY THEATRE RESTAURANT

Director - Dave Goosselink Musical Director - Stuart Walker
 The show features music from modern Broadway shows such as
 Shrek, Jersey Boys and We Will Rock You.

For an Audition time or further information
Phone: Anne Williams – 489 2002

PLAY ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS

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 AND DASH TICKETING



It's been a week of pun-filled headlines from the pages of *ODT*. Last Wednesday, the exhausted, over-worked pun-makers working in the depths of *ODT* were clever enough to incorporate a logo AND a pun into a "witty" headline.



The next one speaks for itself really. There's no need for *Critic* to even bother critiquing this little gem.

Fur dog's sake, that's a hairdo

LOL a dog was given a groovy hair cut at a dog show, what a laugh! Oh *ODT*. You so silly.

In other news, Mosgiel is desperate for a cemetery, in fact, *ODT* reported they were pleading for one. Apparently, said lack of cemetery is a gap in the town's tourism industry:

THERE are plenty of places to live in Mosgiel, but nowhere to go when you die, resident Alistair Grant says.

Last but not least, on Monday, *ODT* carelessly placed an article intended for the "regions section" (yes, there is an entire section dedicated to the godforsaken regions) on the front page of the paper. The article was about a guy who paid money in a charity auction to play rugby. *ODT* got all excited and decided he was a celebrity. The guy was pretty chuffed too. He even wrote a scrapbook diary about his experience with "the boys". What a guy. *Critic* looks forward to seeing his mug in the celebrity pages of *Women's Weekly*.



Pet Peeves

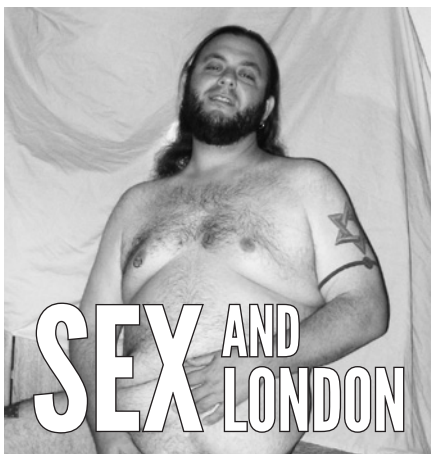
So I've been writing about a lot of serious and necessary issues, but now I want to talk about some of my pet peeves in relation to the whole big question of FEMINISM. To start with the flagrantly obvious, nothing annoys me as much as people instantly disregarding feminism and calling feminists a bunch of ugly bull dykes. This assertion is insulting not only to lesbians but to the entire movement of feminism. It was a revolution in the twentieth century that deserves some respect. And though contemporary feminists may be subscribing to what is now an irrelevant and/or ineffective doctrine, the fact is that inequalities do still exist between men and women and a lot of women are trying to find a way to deal with this.

Secondly, male-hating feminists. A friend of mine went to a feminist convention in Dunedin. She brought her boyfriend along and couldn't believe the amount of acrimony he received from some of the women attending. In feminist history this attitude extends so far as to desire the absolute destruction of the male sex. Take Valerie Solanis' S.C.U.M (Society For Cutting Up Men) manifesto. She writes "the male is completely egocentric, trapped inside himself, incapable of empathizing or identifying with others, or love, friendship, affection or tenderness". Having seen my father weep through the entirety of *Madame Butterfly* I know this statement to be utterly untrue.

I think such men-hating sentiments often stem from personal insecurities or negative experiences with men. In this way such negativity towards the male gender can be understandable. If a woman has never known a man to be kind, empathetic and emotional, is she likely to believe it of men in general? Understandable though it may be, acceptable it is not. And let's face it; given that men make up 50% of the population and we're talking about *equality* here, you'd be fighting a losing battle if you tried.

Other pet peeves: the unoriginal use of the naked female form in art. It's been done SO MANY TIMES BEFORE. If you can show me something new, I'm there. Otherwise it's just a cop out. Music videos featuring countless beautiful women fawning over a male rapper, singer, whatever - it's so utterly pathetic to me that a man has to boost his self-image and ego by representing himself in that way. Girls being bitches when they view each other as competition. Tampons not being subsidized. Gwyneth Paltrow and her macrobiotic diet. Unoriginal macho energy, also associated with such other pet peeves as "man's obsession with his penis". Man's "fragile ego" and homophobia. Men not being allowed to express their emotions; the emergence of the "thigh gap" as something to aspire to. The Boys' Club. The totally exhausting fact that I'm not supposed to have any body hair whatsoever.

— Kari Schmidt



Anecdotal Bad European Sex Special continued. Part Two: London.

London is a city of stark juxtapositions: a stunningly rich tapestry of hundreds of years of history is interwoven with a vibrant, modern economy attempting to assume its place in the new world order of the 2k10s. Well that's what the *Lonely Planet* London iPhone Edition thinks anyway. I can't comment. The only sight of historical importance I observed closely was a carpet whose layers of mould and mildew were so thick as to be carbon-dateable, observed

when I passed out on the floor after a misguided libation of paint thinner.

I spent Christmas with a sort-of friend – let's call him Bogan McTrash – in a flat that was a stunning replica of your average Castle St residence, the sole deviation being that the Londunedin residents have easy access to coke and ketamine. Early on Boxing Day, utterly zombified by a 1/4 g rail of coke, I decided that it would be a good idea to fuck Bogan McWhatever-crappy-epithet-I-assigned-to-him. As ever, the best way to convey the true horror of the experience is via a lengthy stream-of-consciousness internal monologue, à la Pynchon in *Gravity's Rainbow*. Or, you know, not.

4.02 am: [Bogan McBlahwhatever enters bed; commences stroking my clitoris] Well that's rather pleasant.

4.05 am: [I halfheartedly grope Bogan McBlahwhatever's torso] Are those fleshy protrusions tumours? He should really get that checked out. Still, terminal illness has a certain appeal. At least you have a guaranteed get-out-of-jail-free card if shit hits the fan.

4.07 am: [I remove Bogan McBlahwhatever's t-shirt. He removes my bra. Two plump alabaster-skinned Katy Perry-esque mam-

maries are thrust into view. Simultaneously, my own modest B – C cups are released from their underwired confines.] FUCK.

4.08 am: FAT FAT oh that feels kind of good but still FAT.

4.15 am: FAT and oh sweet merciful Lord it's over.

4. 21am: I cannot believe this. His stomach is bulging against the curve of my back.

4.22 am: [I vomit, drink several doses of GBL dissolved in mulled wine, and mercifully pass out].

Normally I would make some sort of witty observation about the previous anecdote but, frankly, there is only one piece of advice I can draw from this (not "don't do drugs". I would never say that. Don't be silly). However, I offer it with all the vehemence with which your average middle-class parent defends their choice to pay upwards of \$15,000 a year for their "gifted" child to sit "internationally recognised" Cambridge exams in order to ensure their offspring obtains the undergrad Oxbridge scholarship that is simply inevitable with said parent's genes present in the deoxyribonucleic acid mix: DON'T FUCK FAT PEOPLE.

– Mrs John Wilmot



My boyfriend takes forever to cum, like, seriously ages! I'm normally finished a long time before he is. I feel bad for complaining but I'm not sure how much longer I can handle him banging away? Can I speed up the process?

That's a tough one. Maybe it's time for *Meet The Fockers*-style sex therapy. But since I think they're all hacks, I'll have a go. There are a number of solutions, but if you get it wrong it could go very badly.

Is sensitivity the issue? Is he circumcised? If not, maybe you could try pulling back his

foreskin. If he is circumcised, you could try ultra-thin condoms. Or pierce his dick; a Prince Albert will make him extra sensitive and you may enjoy it as well.

Still taking too long? Lube up a finger and give him a sly prod on the prostate. Taking it down to brown town, or "milking the prostate" as it is otherwise called, is a tried and true method of inducing ejaculation. There's no need to feel dirty either; sure, it's common practice amongst prostitutes but nurses do it too. If you do this regularly you'll also be able to keep an eye on his prostate and get onto any health issues quickly. Bonus!

If he's not into having you in him, you could have him warm up before hand. There's a lot to be said about just turning up for the big finish. I'm not talking about masturbation either; you can get quite sophisticated about this one with products like the Fleshjack vaginal substitute. Still want to be part of the process? How about casting a rubber mould of your own vagina or going online and having a "real" doll made in your image?

If you still don't have a solution (and aren't willing to just move on) then get him to do you from behind. That way he won't notice while you flick through a magazine, catch up on your study notes or text your mates. Just don't make calls - most guys will notice.

It really depends on the root cause. Everybody is different and sometimes people just take a little longer to perform certain tasks. My nana takes forever to drive anywhere. I'm fairly slow at data entry. Maybe your boyfriend will just always take a while to spill his man juice into your meat flaps.

Unless we are working on an incorrect assumption; are you sure it is *his* problem? Or are you just a slutty minger with sloppy loose bits? A paper bag is a cheap and easy solution to your face. Vaginal rejuvenation can be an expensive option. Alternatively you can just pack out your jelly cave with marshmallows; that way you get a snack for after!

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

Ben Browning

Bass player from Cut Copy



Ben Browning is one of four musicians who make up the synth-pop 80s-style music group Cut Copy. He's the latest member to join the group and hails from Melbourne, although he has been on the road since joining Dan Whitford and friends in 2008. Cut Copy have just released their new album *Zonoscope*, a rich medley of tunes that evokes the likes of U2, The Cranberries, Bon Jovi et al, as well as their own unmissable sound. They are currently touring Europe, but will hit American shores soon and I spoke to Browning after they had just finished up a gig in Sweden.

How long have you been in Europe for?

We got here a week ago. We were in the UK and now we're in Scandinavia. We've actually got a bus so we're just sleeping on that and travelling around.

The band was formed in 2001 but you are the latest member, right?

I have been playing with the band in 2008 as a live member and came on board just when *In Ghost Colours* was released. We did three tours in the US, Europe and Australia and in the end we got down to recording *Zonoscope* and I was brought in to do that as well.

How was the whole process of putting Zonoscope together?

It was three years between this and the previous album. We don't actually do a lot of writing on the road and we toured quite extensively, building up a following in Europe and South America, so we didn't have a lot of time to work on the next album. We were thinking about it and, closer to making the album, we wanted to do it ourselves. We had a lot of songs to work from though in the end.

Which do you prefer – touring or being in the recording studio?

Personally, I would probably say working in the studio. To me that is where the magic of music and of making records is.

How did you get involved in Cut Copy?

I was playing in a band before I played in Cut Copy and I was a guitarist who toured with Cut Copy. I also did a university course with Dan's housemate prior to that and I knew Dan for a few years before I joined the band through the Melbourne music scene. Then an opportunity came up where they needed to bring in a live bass player for a year of touring.

The year ahead sees you go to the Ultra Music Festival in Miami; are you looking forward to it?

Yeah! We are doing a lot of festivals over the Northern Hemisphere summer, playing Coachella and Pitchfork in Chicago as well, so we are looking forward to a lot of those festivals. Ultra Music is a pretty

interesting dance music festival in Miami, Florida. We played there two years ago, it's a pretty wild place. We did a two hour live show and it's kind of how you would imagine Miami to be like - girls with bikinis, guys in tank tops listening to dance music and extravagant hotels built from drug money in the eighties.

How have people reacted to Zonoscope so far?

Pretty well! We have wanted to make something that was, to some degree, challenging, different from our last record and not just *Hearts on Fire* mark 2.

Is there any particular track you were particularly invested in?

It is hard to say. I like all of the songs really. But I guess some of the more guitar-driven ones are more to my tempo. I really like "Sun God", I think it is a great song, as is "Need You Now".

Cut Copy has recently turned down opportunities to work with Lady Gaga, Nine Inch Nails and Coldplay, was there any particular reason for that?

We didn't really want people to know about that. I am sure it happens to a lot of bands. We wanted to record our record. If we had done the Lady Gaga tour, we would not have been able to spend time making our record, it would have delayed things. On top of that we prefer to do our own shows and tour on the back of that, we aren't really interested in doing things to gain fans in different markets. We are trying to build our own fanbase through our own albums, through touring and doing records when we find the time to do them.

How long will the tour last before you get to enjoy a well deserved break?

I'd say we will be on the road for most of the year. We might find ourselves with a bit of time over the Australian summer, but mostly we'll be in Europe and America and other places. Maybe even Venezuela and some other different places.

STATE OF THE NATION

THE GLUTTONY EDITION



1. Worst eating out experience in Dunedin?

Robbie: Probably just that fresher in O-Week aye.

Josh: The time when I was competing for the best room in the flat and had to race to eat a K-fry meal after eating McDonalds and Willowbank.

Evan: Cabbage cauliflower balls my flatmate made last year.

Jaimee: Arana BYO at JR's. They ran out of sushi.

Marlene: I haven't really eaten here!

2. Craziest red card?

Robbie: Last year when we dressed up as gorillas and fought an actual pack of gorillas. It happened.

Josh: The time I watched Pirates with my flatmates and we drank for piercing etcetera etcetera.

Evan: Musical roulette. When your genre of music comes on, you finish your vessel.

Jaimee: Pulling a red card to go to the Wildfoods festival and driving up at 5am.

Marlene: I'm first year.

3. Would you rather eat only fish and chips for the rest of your life, or wear no pants for a week?

Robbie: Does that include underpants?

Josh: Just both.

Evan: Fish and chips would be good.

Jaimee: No pants.

Marlene: Probably eat fish and chips for the rest of my life, I like pants.

4. Do you think the alcohol law reform bill should be enacted, or should the law stay the same?

Robbie: I think it should be enacted, it's a positive step forward in controlling the youth binge drinking culture in NZ.

Josh: As long as I can still buy cask wine it's fine.

Evan: As long as I can still make homebrew.

Jaimee: Yup

Marlene: I reckon the law should stay the same.

5. Will you be attending the Top Model auditions next week?

Robbie: With slender legs like these, you betcha.

Josh: Yes, definitely. Of course!

Evan: Definitely.

Jaimee: Nah probs not. I would but I'm busy.

Marlene: Nah, have you seen me I'm like 4"11'.



ROBBIE



JOSH



EVAN



JAIMEE



MARLENE

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.

Ross

Well to begin with, this date was just one of the attempts by my flatmates to hook me up with the girl of my dreams. The first such attempt was being signed up to a dating site. But not your average dating site. Oh no, nothing less than biggerisbetterdating.com. Which is perfect for those gentleman amongst you who prefer your ladies with larger frames.

But back to the date. Due to the fact that I'm as fresh as they come, I fumbled around the part of Dunedin that's past the Monkey Bar. Finally I managed to find my way into Toast and, after some hanging out with the bartender, my date arrived. The initial body scan came up with a positive result in the aesthetics department. My date was an American 24 year old, which being a fresher was slightly weird seeing as how when she was six when I was coming out of my mum's vagina. Next came time to abuse the bar tab, starting with beer then hitting the tequila like a boss. Obviously impressed by my amazing tequila boss skills and, aided by some social lubricant, the conversation flowed. I may have been exaggerating my skills as a surfer and snowboarder; suddenly the fact that I could stand on a surfboard and hit up the kiddy slope on a snowboard evolved into me being a pro-surfer and bragging about my mad snowboarding skills.

So after the bar tab ran out, being the stunning gentleman I am, I offered to walk my date home. However, my efforts to spend a lovely evening in each other's company was thwarted by the arrival of her flatmates. However, this was quickly countered by the fact that they were driving a bus!! A bus!! A motherfucking bus! What kind of scarfie drives a bus you may ask? Obviously the best kind. In our bus we hit up Re:fuel, a bar which for a fresher can only be described as "a culturally enriching experience of epic proportions". I felt like I just wasn't alternative enough to be in this bar and that some of the "alties" were out to get me. Or maybe I was just drunk, who knows. But I'm sure that guy with the tramping pack had it in for me. Just a weird scary individual.

All in all my date was brilliant, had a epic time and tequila, TEQUILA, TEQUILA!!!

Rachel

When I read *Critic's* description of the dating scene in Dunedin, I couldn't have agreed more. My first-hand experiences with male suitors of the city include one gentleman's hand going up my skirt (the front of it, no less) before names were exchanged and another Prince Charming asking if I was "D.T.F...you know....down to fuck?" I was not. Needless to say, I didn't walk into this blind date with high expectations of meeting my soul mate, but as pretty much everyone has mentioned in these articles, there was a \$50 bar tab involved. It would be rude to refuse free drinks.

The date began as all good dates should, with a handshake and exchange of names. The conversation flowed smoothly as we found common interests such as hitchhiking out of Timaru and taking unnecessary amounts of abuse from our flatmates (he being the youngest in his flat and I being the only girl in mine). He then went on to impress me with a slew of stories about all of the ways he has almost lost limbs, strange things he has ingested, and places he has removed his clothing. I was laughing; things were going well.

After the bar tab was finished, he politely offered to walk me home despite the fact I had previously mentioned I live atop a very large hill. Off we set through the empty streets of Wednesday night Dunedin when my flatmates, shouting out the windows of their massive bus, mistook us for innocent pedestrians and offered us a ride to Re:fuel's pint night. In we jumped, and my flatmates introduced themselves as my harem of boyfriends. My date took the inevitable jokes in his stride.

Upon arriving at pint night, my date mentioned he had never been before. And what an interesting introduction he was lucky enough to experience. The crowd at Re:fuel this particular evening included many interesting characters, specifically a gentleman carrying a large, red tramping pack. Curious as I was about the contents of this pack, I made the mistake of asking. Let's just say, if you ever come across the man with the red pack, don't ask what's inside. But I digress. After a few more pints, I was ready to call it an early night; it was St. Patrick's Day Eve after all. He invited me to his party the following evening and phone numbers were exchanged. It was a good night and he was a fun date. Perhaps not all hope is lost for the Dunedin dating scene after all.

Review



42 Music; *Chase & Status, Bright Eyes, Rebecca Black*

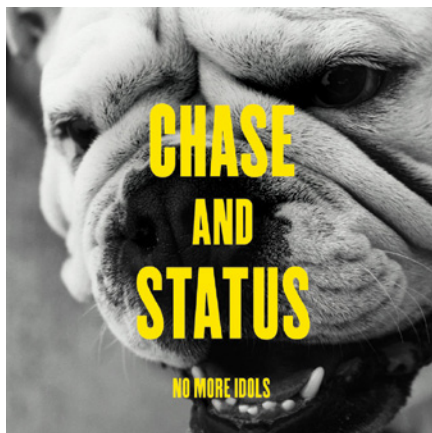
44 Film; *Conviction, Hall Pass, Fair Game, Rango*

47 Art; *Phillip James Frost, The Glean, Fringe Festival*

48 Fashion | 49 Food; *Chilli Bean Roast, Museum Cafe Review*

50 Games; *Inside a Star-Filled Sky | 51 Performance;* *Merz & More*

52 Books; *Bloodlines, The Bed of Procrustes*



*Drum and Bass heads mainstream.
Mixed results.*

Chase & Status – *No More Idols*

Giving its eternal affinity with the singles format, the “dance” album can be an interesting concept. Of course, many crossovers have been made with an elite few artists successfully making the transition from the club to the couch. In wake of Pendulum’s brand of populous friendly drum n’bass, Chase & Status look set to finally bring d’n’b into the album charts. This of course ignores the fact that in today’s digital world, chances are most listeners will be downloading singles regardless. Nitpicking aside, it would be a brave and dedicated listener who would attempt to listen to Chase & Status’ *No More Idols* in one sitting. Suffering from its lack of human element, it’s no surprise that the strongest tracks are those with the voices of recognizable stars at the helm. The garage punisher “Heavy” features a dirty vocal from Dizze Rascal, reminiscent of

his debut album in its grit and intensity. “Brixton Briefcase” is supplied its vocal hook by the in demand Cee-Lo Green, his wailing take soaring across a throbbing dubstep bassline. Closer “End Credits”, co-written with British MC Plan B, kicks off with a plaintive guitar riff that wouldn’t sound out of place in a Feelers’ song but soon progresses into business with as-usual killer breakbeats. Combing Plan B’s tender vocal with some rising strings, “End Credits” has a climatic, cinematic style that adds a further element to the Chase & Status formula, showing them to be more than mere floor fillers. Overall too lengthy and bland for the home listener but with enough singles to warrant collection.



“Dear Conor Oberst. You will need more than zany samples to escape the emotional songwriting heartthrob box you have previously been so keen on.”

Bright Eyes – *The People’s Key*

Clearly forgetting he announced his wishes to “retire” the Bright Eyes moniker in 2009, and after a small solo detour, the eternal emo-poet Conor Oberst returns to Bright Eyes on *The People’s Key*. Historically typified by their emotionally charged acoustic folk, *The People’s Key* sees the band departing towards an electronically assisted modern rock sound, likely an attempt to expand their fan base. Thematically linked together through a deep baritone voiceover, opening track “Firewall” sets the scene with a catchy, lightly picked electric guitar and deep, almost orchestral, drums. Sadly as the layering on the track progresses, satisfaction decreases. With faux new wave synths and strings added, the track begins to sound laughable, losing almost all emotional impact (one of Oberst’s strengths). This flaw continues throughout

with many tracks sounding like a failed attempt to cover The Postal Service. With so much addition and reinvention, it’s surprising the most difficult aspect of *The People’s Key* is a missing presence; that of Oberst himself. Gone are the songs of personal audience and artist closeness and instead a cold modern feel is omnipresent. No longer is Oberst expressing himself for personal contact with the listener, instead he seems to be failing to chase an audience. Booooring.





IS THIS THE WORST SONG EVER WRITTEN?

Rebecca Black – “Friday”

Thought Justin Bieber was the antichrist? Clearly you’ve haven’t heard thirteen year old Rebecca Black’s latest single “Friday”. Currently a Youtube sensation (topping nine million views to date), Black has taken taste to a new low, utilising every appalling production technique in pop’s vast arsenal to create her opus. Containing lyrical gems such as “Tomorrow is Saturday and Sunday comes after...wards” and “Oo-ooh-ooh, hoo yeah, yeah” sung in a grating autotuned-to-shit prepubescent tone, Rebecca Black is the current chart equivalent of nails on a blackboard. With her video featuring pre-teens adorned with braces and school bags and wanting to party (seriously, how do thirteen year olds party?), not enough can be said about the horrors of this track. However things hit their real high (low) when an unnamed, un-credited MC enters the fray to attempt to give the track “street cred”. THE FUCK? Listen at your own peril.

VOID CLOTHING PLAYTIME REPORT



wed 23/3 **ReFuel: Justin Towns Earle - Harlem River Blues Tour**
7.30pm. Tickets \$37.50 from Ticketmaster & Marbecks DN
Careys Bay Hotel: Sanders/Alley/Geiling
International folk, \$15, 7.30pm

thur 24/3 **Sammy's: BASSNECTAR (USA)**
w/ Flux Pavilion (UK), Cookie Monsta (UK), Slum Dogz, and Olie Bassweight (NZ). Tickets from cosmicticketing.co.nz
Bennu Restaurant (Moray Pt): Dunedin Fringe Festival Club
PSYCHIC MAPS with MATT LANGLEY & WILSON DIXON (USA).
10pm. \$5 or free for Fringe Artists.
Chicks Hotel: Lines Of Flight 2011
Seht (Wgtn), Lee Noyes and Radio Cegeste (Dun), Sign of the Hag (Wgtn) & Eye (Dun)

fri 25/3 **Sammy's: TikiDub Productions in Association w/ SBK & Radio One Presents Tiki - Album Release Party**
Presale tickets \$18 with 91card
Bennu Restaurant: Dunedin Fringe Festival Club
ED MUZIK & THE BURNING SENSATIONS (Chch), DR GLAM, STEVE WRIGLEY & THE SOUTH AUCKLAND POETS COLLECTIVE. 10pm. \$5/ free for Fringe Artists.
Chicks Hotel: Lines Of Flight 2011
Mela (Chch), Our Love Will Destroy the World (Wgtn), Kusun Normoyle (Sydney) & The Dead C (Dn/Chch). 8pm. \$10 / \$8 (concession).

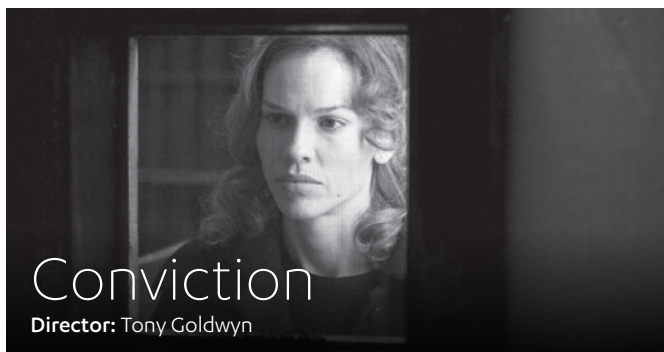
sat 26/3 **Bennu Restaurant: Dunedin Fringe Festival Club**
THE MAYBE PILE, GOULASH ARCHIPELAGO (Hamilton), IRENE PINK. 10pm. \$5/free for Fringe Artists. Festival Club events hosted by Radio One's Aaron Hawkins.
Burns Hall: Fringe Festival - Something Worth Seeing?
Spoken word poetry and music by the South Auckland Poets Collective. 7.30pm. \$20/ \$15 for groups of 6+
Chicks Hotel: Lines Of Flight 2011
Stanier Black-Five (Chch), Pumice (Ak), Rosy Parlane (Ak) & The Futurians (Dn). 8pm. \$10 / \$8 (concession)
Masonic Lodge (Pt Chalmers): Lines Of Flight 2011
The Forgotten Guests (Dn), Alastair Galbraith (Dn), Hi-Asobi (Chch). 2pm. \$10 / \$8 (concession).

sun 27/3 **Bennu Restaurant: Fringe Festival - The Complete Ukulele Workshop**
NZ's longest serving ukulele band, the Big Muffin Serious Band, present The Complete Ukulele Workshop. Suitable for novice and advanced players. Starting 1pm. \$20 or \$10 concession.
Careys Bay Hotel: Michelle Nadia
Pop/Folk, \$10, 8pm.
Chicks Hotel: The Drab Doo Riffs (Akl)
w. Heart Attack Alley (Akl).

1
91FM

see the full gig guide at r1.co.nz





Conviction tells the true story of one woman's fight for the release of her brother who has been sentenced to life for a murder he did not commit. The film's clunky conventional storyline steps back and forth in time to build up an account of how Kenneth Waters (Sam Rockwell) was framed by the US legal system. Convinced of her brother's innocence, Betty Anne Waters (Hilary Swank) sets about to do everything in her power to clear her brother's name. Though the burden of this threatens to overshadow her own life, she remains dogged.

The film is buoyed by whole-hearted central performances from Hilary Swank and Sam Rockwell and is undoubtedly moving at times. A big testament to "family comes first" Tony Soprano values. Look out for a brilliantly wired Juliette Lewis as Kenny's broken ex-lover who testifies against him, reminding us of her mesmerising performance in *Natural Born Killers*.

Despite its admirable intentions, *Conviction* is painfully linear and makes a rushed attempt at covering all bases. A barrage of nauseatingly predictable scenes ensue as Betty Anne goes from class flunk to miraculously conquering the bar and proving her brother's innocence. I guess you could say her domestic life suffers about as much as the cookie-cutter editing and soundtrack.

Sadly, the film slips past, slowly estranging you from the real characters involved. The cast endeavour to do the best they can with a sterile syringe of a script that gradually anaesthetises the mind to an insensitive state not too dissimilar from the Massachusetts State legal system in the 80s. There are moments of promise, ranging from Swank's frayed emotional displays to a cool-oozing Rockwell shimmying to "My Sharona", regardless of the scene ending in frustratingly lame fashion. Overall, however, Goldwyn directs a barely adequate dramatisation of a truly inspiring story.

– Theo Kay



Dunedin Film Society Preview

When: Wednesday March 23, 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.



Every male in a relationship, everywhere, thinks exactly like the characters of this new movie from the Farrelly Brothers. If given the same chance as the guys in *Hall Pass*, most men would probably end up doing exactly the same thing. The basic principle is fairly simple; a couple of women get fed up with their husbands' childish antics and, on the advice of their psychiatrist friend, give their husbands the "week off" from being married. They give them the licence to drink, party and cheat; whatever they want. Slightly predictable, but very funny antics follow.

With Owen Wilson, *Extra's* awkward turtle Stephan Merchant and the awesome Christina Applegate, there is more than enough talent to drive the movie. However, *Saturday Night Live's* Jason Sudeikis is really the laugh factory in the movie. His awkward, very misguided action and pulling advice are what make the movie as funny as it is. Once you find out what "half chow" is you'll know what I'm talking about. You'll wish you didn't though. Gross, wrong and very weird it may be, but the males in the audience were definitely laughing.

This isn't a movie that you should go into hoping to get too many deep messages from and in that sense it pretty much fulfils its quota. In fact, the movie has been almost universally ripped out by critics. You can see why; it's quite predictable, a little degrading to women and uses potty humour to generate most of the laughs. But overall, I thought they were a bit tough. The movie is light, laugh-out-loud funny, and a touch graphic. I enjoyed it. Take the girlfriend or boyfriend, have a laugh, go home and think if you could do better with a week off.

– Hamish Gavin



Clean Slate (Coup de Torchon)

Dir: Bertrand Tavernier

Isabelle Huppert and Philippe Noiret star in this inspired adaptation of Jim Thompson's pulp novel *Pop. 1280*. Lucien is a local constable with a cheating wife and laughable job. He accepts condescension from his superiors and his wife with good humor, tolerating such abuse. However, he soon realizes that he can use his position to gain vengeance with impunity.



Living as we do now in the Obama era, with the Iraq war drawing to a close, a film about the lies told in the lead-up to the 2003 invasion feels strangely dated at times. This is especially so outside of America, where most people knew the war was totally unjustified as it was happening. Nevertheless, the distortion of the truth executed by Bush, Cheney and real villain Scooter Libby, as seen through the eyes of government agents (who had concluded the exact opposite of what the U.S. public was being told), retains an almost jaw-dropping effect.

A dramatic depiction of the events described by ex-CIA agent Valerie Plame (Naomi Watts) and her husband Joe Wilson (Sean Penn) in their respective autobiographies, *Fair Game* shows us the harsh nature of the highest levels of politics and espionage as people continually get caught up in their own agendas. Almost always they will choose not to care about the people whom their actions affect the most, whether their aim is to start a war or expose Government lies.

That said, the best thing about this film is the family story of Plame and her husband. The first half of the film feels like a rush through the lead-up to war, before Joe publishes a controversial article announcing that he never found evidence of weapons of destruction and Valerie's identity is revealed. The camera predictably moves all over the place to try and capture the mania of the CIA environment, but I would have preferred if it had been more stationary and let the excellent cast do the work.

Naomi Watts and Sean Penn are both terrific as leads and their performances drive the second half of the film. The emotional toll of being fired by the CIA and having a husband take on the White House becomes too much for Plame, leading to a surprisingly moving finale. Penn in particular is absorbing as wannabe hero Wilson, too self-righteous to be truly likeable.

The hectic pace can be confusing and lead to some parts of the story being lost, and it is definitely a film made for an American audience but, if you're still angry at George Bush or want a very different take on family drama, it's worth a look.

– Alec Dawson



Don't be fooled by the trailer which, emblazoned with star Johnny Depp's name, sells *Rango* as a kid's film with a smart-mouthed hero and lots of laughs.

From the opening scenes, it's obvious this isn't as light as the usual animated fare. When the lizard protagonist (Johnny Depp) is thrown from the safety of his owners' car in the middle of nowhere, he is forced to wander across the scorching desert in search of salvation, dodging hawk attacks and having eerie hallucinations.

He discovers the hillbilly, animal-inhabited town of Dirt, where he convinces the townsfolk he is a fearless gunslinger named Rango. He is quickly appointed sheriff and trusted with the town's most urgent mission – to find more water, because Dirt is drying up. Rango gets so caught up in this "role of a lifetime" that he forgets he is living a lie, and as the town's trust in him strengthens, so does the threat that his deception will collapse.

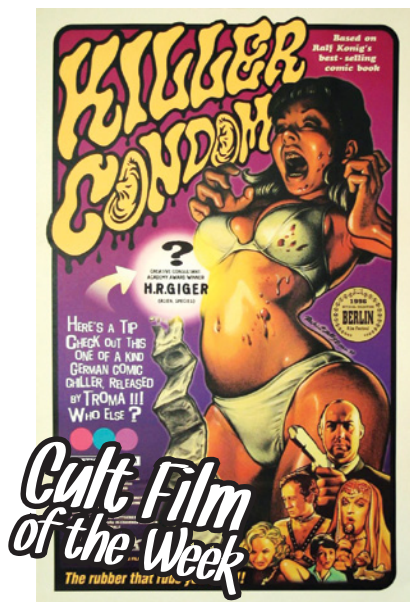
The plot is nothing new. And in many other aspects, including its often low-brow humour, *Rango* is mundane. There's plenty of excitement though. Rango's journey to save Dirt is packed with action, building up to Rango's climactic duel with a huge, gun-slinging snake. One by one, all the Western conventions are ticked off.

But *Rango* also incorporates the great Western themes; the loner's place in society, the battle between people and nature and the corruption at the roots of authority. There are brief but beautiful segments where Rango experiences existential angst, wandering through dreams asking himself who he is. In these, the depths emerge from behind the film's bullet-ridden surface.

Peopled with reptiles and rodents, *Rango* is a clever homage to the Western. Perhaps it could have done with a little less gunfire and a little more substance, but it's a film all movie lovers will appreciate, filled as it is with cultural references and allusions and slyly suggesting that all the world really is a stage.

– Nicole Phillipson





Killer Condom (*Kondom des Grauens*) – 1997

Director: Martin Walz

Cast: Udo Samel, Marc Richter, Leonard Lansink, Peter Lohmeyer

Something strange is afoot at Hotel Quickie. A professor takes his student to the hotel and blackmails her into sleeping with him; he leaves without his penis. It appears that it has been bitten off by someone or something. All signs seem to point to the girl who, scared and wanting revenge, must have chomped on down on the man's peen.

This too is what detective Luigi Mackeroni (Samel) thinks until he investigates the hotel. Testing the room where the crime happened seems in order, so Mackeroni gets it on with a young rent boy named Billy, but they are rudely interrupted by a meat-eating condom. Thankfully for Mackeroni, the little blighter only manages to take a hunk out of his nut and leaves his 32cm penis intact. Mackeroni is still pissed (rightfully so) and seeks to get to the bottom of the mystery condoms.

Our detective is not the only one in New York City feeling a little bit less of a man. Shortly following his incident, there is a spate of attacks which leave the police department

clueless as to what is happening. No one believes poor Mackeroni that killer condoms are responsible. Our hero must soldier on while struggling to deal with his feelings for the young Billy and dealing with transvestite Babette, an annoying one-night stand.

The film has a few quirks, the most obvious being it is set in New York City but everyone speaks German. It has elements of spoof and the story line is, of course, a bit ridiculous which makes the film quite a lot of fun. There is a bit of gore – blood, teeth, chomping and the occasional dismembered penis - but not as much as you might expect. What I found interesting was how the film managed to retain interest in between the blood and gore scenes. I found myself being strangely drawn into the story as the mystery deepened. The humour isn't necessarily always laugh-out-loud, but the film is definitely enjoyable.

– Ben Blakely

A GALLERY, 393 PRINCES STREET

Paper works: Phillip James Frost

BLUE OYSTER GALLERY, 24B MORAY PLACE

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

BRETT MCDOWELL GALLERY, 1 DOWLING STREET

29 posters of truth: Re-floated Gum Tree Publications

CHIPMUNKS CARPARK, JETTY/PRINCES STREET

A boy had a mouth full of glitter: Jenny Powell

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. *Art in the making: Italian painting before 1400:* art documentary. *Nina Katchadourian:* artist's talk

DUNEDIN SCHOOL OF ART, CORNER ALBANY & RIEGO STREET

Art Seminar (March 24, 12:15pm-1:15pm, Room P152): Max Oetti, *An analysis of Jorge Luis Borges' "The Garden of Forking Paths"*. Desi Liversage: MFA Examination exhibition

FERN NZ DESIGNERS & JEWELLERS, 67 PRINCES STREET

Looking through the looking glass: S.J. Forgan

GALLERY ON BLUESKIN, 1 HARVEY STREET, WAITATI

Pattern and paradox: Penny Longstaff

140 GEORGE STREET, TOP FLOOR

Half: The Branch

326 GEORGE STREET, UPSTAIRS

YYYYEESSS: Dr Frock productions

HOCKEN LIBRARY, 90 ANZAC AVE

Joanna Langford

LAW FACULTY, RICHARDSON BUILDING, 8TH FLOOR

James Bellaney

MILFORD GALLERY, 18 DOWLING STREET

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

MONUMENTAL GALLERY, ANZAC AVE

Doppelganger: Nichola Jackson

OCTAGON & FLAT 1/15 MELVILLE STREET

Don't look: Complete Protection

OCTAGON & UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO

Animae: Tape art

STAREWELL STAIRWELL GALLERY, 130 STUART ST, TOP FLOOR

Cooee: John Z Robinson

RICE AND BEANS GALLERY, LEVEL 2, 127 LOWER STUART ST (FROM FEB 17)

Venn diagram with tears and onion: Violet Fagan

TANGENTE CAFÉ, 111 MORAY PLACE

From the mountains to the sea: Cheryl & Deano Shirriffs

TEMPLE GALLERY, 29 MORAY PLACE

Peter Nicholls



The Glean

The Glean

Contemporary jewellery and other stuff

Richard Scowen, Kelly O'Shea and Shagpile. **None Gallery**

Upon entering None last Friday night, one encountered a diverse variety of work by The Glean. Kelly O'Shea's pieces largely consisted of found objects such as stones and branches - a subversion of snobbish "High Art" and expensive mass-produced jewellery. The theme of nature vs. consumerism also ran throughout her work, particularly her necklaces with branches attached to them, a single splash of bright paint placed on each, evocative of the vivid colours found in Pop Art and advertising. Shagpile's work played with the idea of "parasites [clinging] to the body (just like jewellery does)". This was evident in his brooches and hair clips as well as his "worm" necklace. The intricacy of this work was interesting - playful, intimate and charming, the worm necklace being especially beautiful. Some of the jewellery was, however, limited, e.g. the pink brooch with the googly eyes stuck on it.

Richard Scowen's installations were an altogether more abstract take on the concept of jewellery. Where O'Shea and Shagpile's work was more literal, Scowen's added another dimension to the exhibition, experimenting as it did with the theme of jewellery. His commentary on blood diamonds via glass arranged on the floor (the idea being "I would rather walk on broken glass than buy blood diamonds") was not particularly effective. It was also difficult to see how his piece "Memory" related to jewellery. But his "Pear of hearings" poem contained some beautiful imagery and his broken bridge piece translated both the beauty and tragedy of break-ups (both romantic and platonic) in a playful yet poignant way. As he typed up the poem or drew the diamond on his ring of light, his activity drew you in and created a kind of involvement which subverted the High Art culture which so values a finished product with a price tag.

The arrangement of the gallery was effective, particularly the jewellery displayed on suspended white circles. The more I explored, the more I realised how dense the exhibition was, with a surprisingly large amount of work contained in this seemingly small space. Over all this cohesive and yet diverse body of work was whimsical, beautiful and slightly subversive, thereby suiting the context of None Gallery.

— Kari Schmidt

Phillip James Frost: Works on paper, A Gallery

The work of elusive Dunedin artist Phillip James Frost is noted as being tactile and messy, yet retaining a sense of delicacy. His practice involves dispersing and recycling fragments of life and imagined worlds, as well as reincorporating motifs featured in previous works. This causes the eye to continually oscillate across the canvas in awe or perhaps bewilderment. Frost's current exhibition, *Works on paper*, highlights his ability to build energetic and chaotically charged works, making him one of Dunedin's most talented artists.

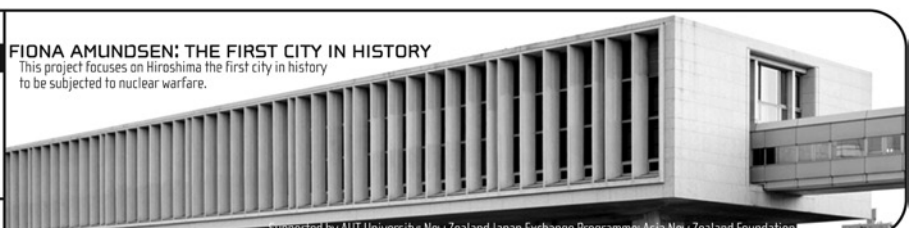
— Hana Aoake

Fringe Festival

The eleventh annual Dunedin Fringe festival is on this week and I encourage you to go along and see some of the great locally produced events. *Pattern and paradox* by Dunedin artist Jenny Longstaff is on at the Blueskin gallery in Waitati. If you have a car or want to jump on a bus (don't hitch!) it's definitely worth a look. I'm most excited about Dunedin collective The Branch's *Half, Don't look: Complete protection*, the Dr Frock production of *YYYYEESSS* and also *From the mountains to the sea* by Deano and Cheryl Sherriffs at Tangente café. There is much to see in a small amount of time, so make haste!



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 AUI University New Zealand Japan Exchange Programme Asia New Zealand Foundation

A fabulous free journal to lust after

Emily Miller-Sharma and photographer Guy Coombes worked with Chelsea Metcalf and Chelsie Preston-Crayford to document the interaction between their two personalities.

Henrietta Harris submitted illustrations to a verbal brief of "Just paint some beautiful pictures like you do. Some abstractions of fruit and vegetables please", furthering Madame Hawke's encouragement of interdisciplinary collaboration.

The text throughout the journal is from a discussion led by Rosabel Tan and Sylvia Varnham O'Regan over birthday pasta one afternoon (bonus recipe also included). Six people talk about what it means to be human, what it means to be flawed and the beauty of imperfection.

And guess what? *Critic* has managed to get its hot wee hands on three copies of the gorgeous Madame Hawk journal, thanks to our fabulous friends down the road at Ruby Boutique. So what this means for you, dear fashion devotees, is that you can score yourself a copy by writing in and unleashing some serious love/hate/utter infatuation about "the state of fashion". Word limit is non-existent and there's the negotiable possibility that your style insights will also grace the pages of our highly reputable magazine. This journal is definitely worth its weight in Arial size 12 (please, please no Comic Sans MS) so get typing and pretty pages of beautiful things will be floating your way. fashion@critic.co.nz



Graduated: Film/Communications & Theatre Studies

Shoes – Gram, Slick Willy's

Blazer – Recycle Boutique

Vest – Edward Lenton

Watch – Casio calculator watch

Why I look like I do today – I'm hosting the Fringe Festival club at Bennu tonight. Good times to be had.

Fav NZ designer – Francis Hooper.

Dunedin needs more – colour. However, credit to Nom*d who had a glimpse of purple in their recent collection. The colour of bruising. Nice.

NZ needs more – boutique guys' fashion designers. Stolen Girlfriends Club don't really count, they just do printed t-shirts and ugly jewellery really.



Graduate: Psychology & Computer Science

Sandals – Rainbow

Pants – vintage tailored trousers from Korea

T-shirt – Radiohead

Bracelet – made by a Canadian friend who made the beads from old skateboard decks

Blazer – second hand Paul Henry - Rembrandt

Style inspiration – my dad; the classic

American gentleman

Who cuts my hair – my trusty girlfriend (who really wants to be a hairdresser now after training as a physio)



Studying: Law/Pols/French

Jeans – Madame Hawke, this season

Sailor top – Butterflies

Shoes – from my friend Kitty

Socks – stolen from ex-boyfriend

Umbrella – Refind Rig

Bow – a present I got recently

Ring – Karen Walker



Chilli Bean Roast

This is a recipe I adapted from one of those Watties recipes from the supermarket. The recipe called for a few basic Watties ingredients, such as baked beans, spinach and Frozen Potato Roasters, plus some eggs. I wanted to add more colour and taste so I swapped the baked beans for chilli beans, the frozen roasters for good old fashioned fresh white potatoes, then added some orange kumara and a bit of sliced courgette. Spinach from a supermarket can be pricey and sometimes of dubious quality but you can get a big bag from the farmers' market (Saturday mornings by the railway station) for just \$2. This meal makes for a great dinner or brunch, especially on a cold Dunedin day.

Serves 4

Ingredients:

1 can chilli beans

4 medium-large white potatoes or 10 spuds

2 medium-large orange kumara

4 good-sized eggs

1/2 small courgette

10 large spinach leaves

You will need a large, deep oven dish.

Peel kumara - but not potatoes - and chop both of these vegetables into small chunks. Bring a pot of water to the boil on the stovetop and add the chunks. Cook on medium heat for 10-15 minutes until the potatoes are mildly tender but not completely cooked. Drain and allow to cool while you preheat oven to 225C.

Chop the courgette into thin slices, then steam the slices along with the spinach for no longer than a minute (or you can boil them for half a minute). Set courgette and spinach aside.

Spread potato and kumara chunks evenly into oven dish and mix well with cooking oil, herbs and spices of your choice.

Put in the oven and leave for about 20 minutes or until the potatoes are golden and almost completely cooked. Cook chilli beans in a covered microwave dish for one and a half minutes then spread half of the chilli beans over the potatoes and kumara. Add a layer of the spinach and top with courgette slices, then spread the rest of the chilli beans over this. Make four shallow hollows, one in each corner of the roast, and crack an egg into these hollows. Put the dish back into the oven until eggs are cooked through. You may want to change the oven setting to "grill" towards the end of this process. This meal serves four people.

– *Pippa Schaffler*

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



The Museum Cafe

Ground floor of Otago Museum (across road from Central Library)
419 Great King Street

Prices: Flat White: \$3.60 (or \$4.10 for large), Long Black: \$3.10, Mocha: \$4.10

Atmosphere: Busy and family orientated. There were lots of children running around us screaming and it was a bit dark inside.

Service: Friendly and quick.

Location: Close to campus – right across the road from the Central Library and perfectly situated between the Link and Uni Book Shop.

Food: Delicious! I had a basil pesto and pumpkin muffin with chunks of cream cheese inside and my friend shared her caramel slice which, to revert to cliché, "melted in my mouth". Loved the muffin and will def be hitting up the Museum Cafe for another one soon!

Overall: Yum! One of the best cafes you'll find this close to campus. Walking in you're likely to find a varied clientele with a mix of young mums (we counted four breastfeeding at neighbouring tables), Med kids and an array of elderly folk and eclectic students.

The coffee and food are by far the best features of the café, however it misses out on five stars due to its murky decor. The space is vast which highlights the array of empty tables (although in terms of customer numbers the place was buzzing). My friend and I thought that the lack of music was a contributor to the dark ambience and that perhaps with a bit more light the Museum Cafe could have climbed its way to five stars.

I recommend bringing your mum here – she'll love it!

Buy a few of the savouries and split them between two of you. Also avoid sitting by the sliding door entrance in winter.

Overall, a great cafe to which I will be frequently returning. If you're studying at Central and crave a coffee, this is the place to go

– *Pippa Schaffler*



Inside a Star-Filled Sky



Platforms: PC, OSX



Very few games are “by” one guy. Novels are by an author, songs and paintings by an artist, films are scaffolded by a single-minded vision, i.e. “directed by”. But videogames, feats of virtual engineering, are by necessity often created by innumerable disparate souls labouring for months to code a space-marine’s visor. It’s understandable how triple-A developers get caught up in production values, churning out products that are impressive as artifacts of technology but not as interactive art. An individual creating a game needs something special; the easy flash of graphics and CG cutscenes must be ignored to distill the essence of interactivity.

Inside a Star-Filled Sky by Jason Rohrer is one such game. Put bluntly, you should play everything that’s flown from his keyboard. In *Passage*, using only six megabytes stretched over five minutes, Rohrer managed what no blockbuster had achieved; he reduced some players to tears. If you cried when Aeris (ironic spoiler tag) was killed by Sephiroth in *Final Fantasy 7* then that’s lovely, but it doesn’t count because it’s a cutscene; a clumsily wedged movie. Last year Rohrer redefined what multiplayer gaming could be with the storytelling piece *Sleep is Death*, providing complete freedom without the clammy awkwardness of pen-and-paper roleplaying. I’m not ashamed to admit that I’m reviewing his latest game as an excuse to get you to play the rest, which range from free to very cheap.

Rohrer, belying his role as a programmer, doesn’t own a car and his family live off less than \$14,500 US per year. He practices simple living, an almost Amish lifestyle, and his games reflect his frugality. They’re very beautiful. I understand why other indie games (like the brilliant *Cave Story*) are so pretty despite being wrought from pixels. It’s because those games have good art, the pixels are arranged stylishly. *Inside a Star-Filled Sky* doesn’t have good art, at least not in an obvious

way - each unit resembles an alien from *Space Invaders* - but somehow it’s evocative despite being so clearly budget and pixelated.

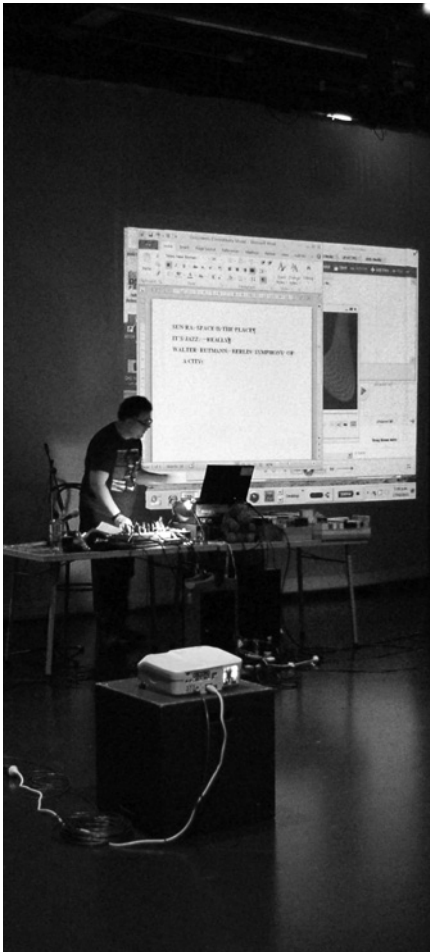
Rohrer made his name with games like *Passage* and *Gravitation* which are metaphors for human nature. You didn’t kill or solve puzzles; they were engaging because they represented something, not because they were conventionally fun. *Inside a Star-Filled Sky* differs because, at least superficially, it’s a simple shooter. You control a pixelated piece of brightly coloured geometry that moves around a map full of right angles, shooting other polygons with a slow moving square bullet. Clichéd powerups provide larger bullets and greater motility too.

The game only becomes interesting once you realise that the bonuses aren’t actually doing anything. You know the arena you’re moving around in? That’s a character as well, battling foes inside its own living arena. In fact, a war of microflora is waging inside you right now and inside your enemies. Powerups alter your world, not you as an individual.

If *Inside a Star-Filled Sky* has meaning in the same way as *Passage*, it’s not as poignant, though perhaps it could be open to interpretation. Is it our relationship with the bacteria that cover us and the land we cover? Maybe it’s more subtle than that. The game carries on infinitely in both directions; up as we possess our battlefield and down as we enter our bodies. Maybe it’s just a really strategic shooter, allowing you to enter a difficult foe’s body and trade tough powerups for weak ones. Whatever it is, it’s available from Rohrer’s website for pay-what-you-want plus \$1.75 to cover the server costs.

Merz & More: A Selection of Sights, Sounds, Films & Trivial Acts

from Dr Jonathan W. Marshall's Museum of Bad Taste



"Ceci n'est pas une artist"

In *Merz and More* Dr. Jonathan W. Marshall took us on a guided tour of a computer hard-drive and video and music collection. Presenting a selection of audiovisual and audio recordings through a plethora of technological devices, Marshall invited the audience into his museum of the radical and/or avant-garde, the historic, contemporary, local and international. Marshall's knowledge of radical and/or avant-garde performance is vast and his collection of film-clips, records, CDs and other recordings is enviable.

Watching *Merz and More* was akin to walking through a nightmare; you weren't exactly in a nightmare but you could observe it from the outside. The juxtaposition of images and sounds cutting, mixing, relating to and repelling each other evoked both the surrealism and the undeniable reality of the dream world. The images and sounds spoke to each other and this unrelenting montage found its own propellant, operating in a constant state of flux.

Intercut throughout the audio and visual playbacks were actions, ramblings and recitations from Marshall himself. In this sense *Merz and More* was very much a *performance*. Marshall made the conscious decision to operate the show from a space in front of a projection screen capable of housing two projections simultaneously. We observed the technology fail, DVDs load and buttons be pressed as Marshall created the piece on the fly. Marshall was unconsciously self-conscious throughout his performance. His dance was chaotic and indulgent. His serenade (Fats Waller's 'Honey Suckle Rose') was impressive and sweet. His nervousness, however, punctured the space, at times adding to and at times detracting from the overall aesthetic of the piece.

Merz and More was so many things; intriguing, jarring, unsettling, provoking, distressing, alluring, sexy, revealing, busy, monochrome, calm, alarming, shrill, fast, naked, technological, unrelenting, real, cold, messy, pointed, inspiring, colourful and mechanical.



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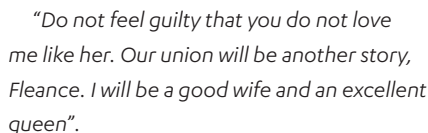
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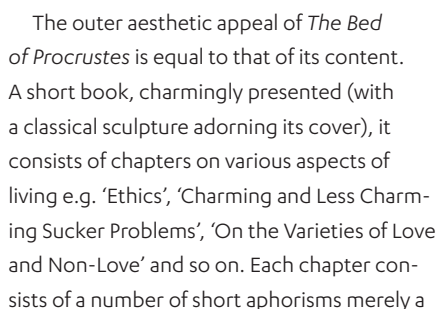
LUNA





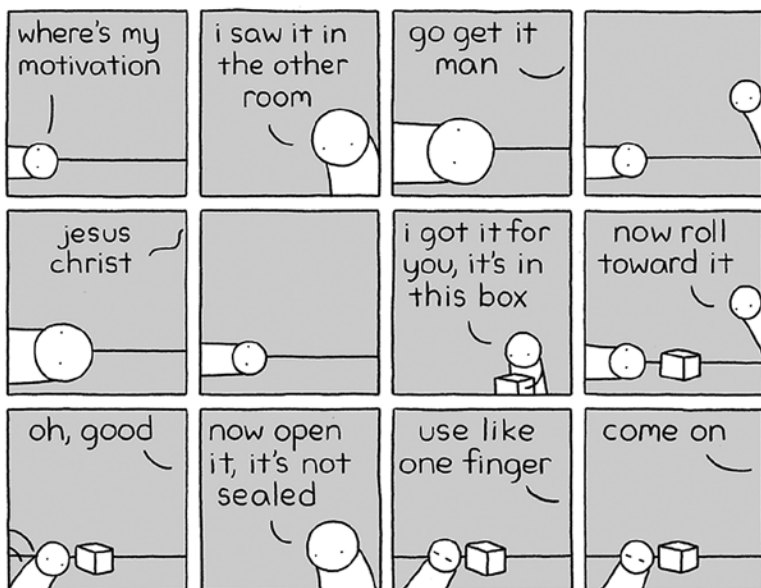
Bloodlines is the second novel in Rox-
borough's trilogy 'Banquo's Son' in which young
Fleance suddenly ascends the Scottish throne
after the death of King Duncan. In order to
strengthen the royal bloodline, his advisers
encourage him to marry Princess Rachel, Dun-
can's sister. However, Fleance cannot forget
his first love - Rosie, a commoner. A love
triangle develops and Fleance must deliberate
over his duty to his kingdom and the duty to
his heart. In addition, he must come to terms
with a divided nation plagued by rebels and
traitors, a nation which is steeped in fear and
terror. When Princess Rachel is abducted
before her marriage to Fleance, the king's
position becomes volatile as he struggles to

Admittedly when I first saw the cover I expected yet another clichéd vampire love story. With a title like *Bloodlines* and the creepy eyes of the Taylor Swift-esque girl, it's not hard to see why. Nevertheless, I quickly discovered that the book possesses extreme depth and clever characterisation. Roxborough allows the reader to connect to the protagonist on a highly emotional level. I enjoyed *Bloodlines* immensely and discovered that a fanatic following of the trilogy exists online. However perhaps because I joined the trilogy without having read the first novel, I found myself slightly disconnected from the text. Regardless, I recommend this book for anyone after a light read.



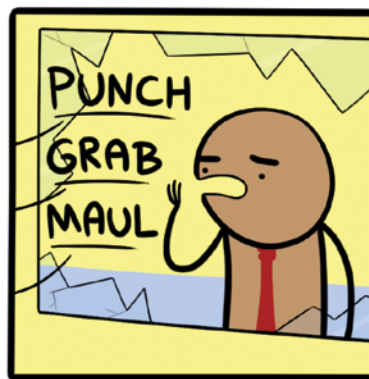
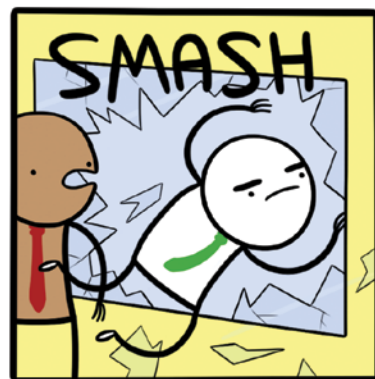
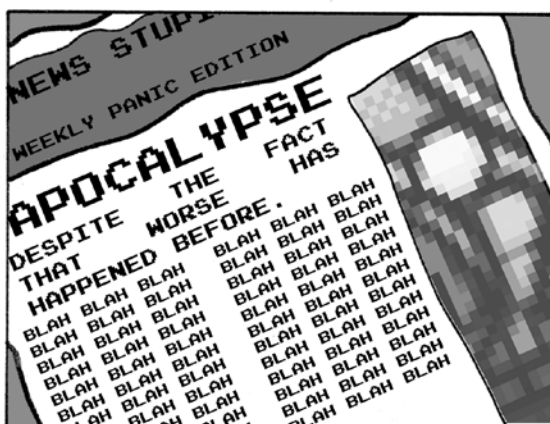
That these aphorisms are akin to the aforementioned 'reductive categories and pre-packaged narratives' is what makes this book so easy to read – we are comfortable with this approach to knowledge as it is straight-forward and focused. The form is simple, hence the sense of sophistication we derive from the reading experience. And many of the ideas Taleb postulates are

As an epistemological novelle, Taleb's work explores the boundaries of knowledge, "how we deal and should deal with what we don't know". This manifests itself in both the form and substance of the book, the content of the wise little aphorisms and the manner in which they are related. But the latter exploration is the most interesting to me - as Marshall McLuhan once wrote, "the medium is the message," and Taleb either plays with this idea to delightful effect or adopts this structure simply to relate his profound and meaningful "truths" to people in a form they will understand (i.e. via neat categorisation). Either way this was an easy and enjoyable read, particularly good for those of you with a knowledge of Classics and Philosophy. Perfect for the coffee table.



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

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Kia Ora whanau
 Ko Kahuranaki me Whakapunake oku maunga
 Ko Ngaruroro toku awa
 Ko Takitimu toku waka
 Ko Ngati Mihi me Ngati Mihiroa oku hapu
 Ko Ngati Kahungunu, Ngai Tahu, Rongowhakaata o nga iwi
 Ko Lisa ahau.



TE ROOPU MĀORI

Kia Ora everyone.

My name is Lisa Pohatu and I hail from the mighty Flaxmere in Hastings, Hawkes Bay. I am in my sixth year of university study. I have already completed a Bachelor in Science in Psychology and a Post Graduate Diploma in Public Health. I am currently in my final year of an Applied Statistics degree with a minor in Māori. Having been here for five years I have seen and been a part of the many events, activities and workshops that previous Te Rito executives have put on.

With this being my final year in Dunedin I want to pay it forward and be a member of the 2011 executive. This year I am a kaiwhakahaere (general executive) on Te Rito and my portfolio consists of welfare and recreation. Unbeknown to a lot of Maori students, there is a vast amount of support services offered by both the University of Otago and the wider Maori community of Dunedin. These all combine to enable

the future success of our people. Some of these services include food banks, academic support, mental health services, and hauora services.

The second part of my role is recreation. If you haven't already been flooded with emails, most likely sent by me, we have teams in most of the Unipol social leagues on pretty much every day; also, if there are any other events that are happening, feel free to flick an email and we can see if there are any other taura keen to get amongst it. This year like all years will fly by and next thing you know it will be time to say goodbye again, so don't be shy, get involved with the activities that Te Rito offers and come in and enjoy the services of the new whare.

Cheers,
 Lisa

MY WORST BEST MATES

FRIED EGG FRIED EGG AND EPILEPSY COMES AFTERWARD



Like <http://on.fb.me/mwbncomic>

#04



THIS THURSDAY! Market day is back, check out what our students and stalls have on offer. Indie kid clothing, second hand shoes, student friendly prices and wares for your ears. Plus OUSA have their infamous BUCKETS OF GOODIES!

Free Snooker Tournament = Win Ca\$h

Clubs and Societies are cranking out their 14th Annual Snooker tournament.

There's a cash prize up for grabs and best of all it's FREE to enter!

Rock along and enter at Clubs and Socs by 5pm TODAY, Monday 21st March.

Rumours of a 'Minternational Fair'?

There's a rumour of a mini international fair coming in early April... hopes are high that there will be edible feeds and culture galore, keep us locked to find out more.

DCC Annual Plan – Feedback

Liking the new rubbish system? Don't like the Rideshare charges? (\$50 p.a)

Think the DCC should put us in there a bit more, and not just in the S.W.O.T under the capital T?

We encourage people to make their own submissions, but more voices saying the same thing are more likely to get heard. Check the plan on Dunedin.govt.nz and email president@ousa.org.nz with anything you want the DCC to know and we'll incorporate it in to our submission.

Nominations for Post Grad & International Rep

Nominations are open 24 March 9am until 31 March 4 pm.

Email Donna at secretary@ousa.org.nz for more information, or come into the OUSA Main Office to pick up a Nomination Pack

Voting will be from 4th April 9am until 7th April 4pm.

GREEN GOODIES

The OUSA Flat Non-Spring Clean

Our buckets of green goodies are back! This Thursday we have a limited number of OUSA buckets to give out to you lucky flatters. Come along to the MARKET DAY and score yourself some Earth friendly freebies to help keep your flat sparkling. Buckies include a bunch of stuff including Baking soda and vinegar along with super nifty recipes on how to use them to save some coin and the Earth, one stain at a time.



PRESIDENTIAL COMMENT

Morning All! Just a quickie this week,

Flatters; don't forget to check out the Market Day this week to score yourself a selection of green cleaning goodness. The OUSA non-spring flat clean, OUSANSFC, is back with more buckets, more goodies and a handy little guide on how best to utilise the contents and help you keep your bond!


Speaking of flatting issues, our Student Support Centre is keen to hear from anyone having issues with bonds from last year, or if your landlord isn't filling their end of the bargain. We have the team and the contacts to help you with any flatting issues, and we're keen to help you guys out if your landlord is causing you grief or not doing their fair share.

We've also got the by-election for International Rep and Postgrad Rep coming up, along with our Referendum. The referendum is a chance for you to get involved and direct OUSA, so get in touch with secretary@ousa.org.nz with the question you think we should be asking the rest of our members.

Get involved, get your freebies and get studying!


Have a great week,

Harriet Geoghegan
President, OUSA



The OUSA 'Non-Spring' Flat Clean

THUR, 24 MARCH



Your Students' Association

Come to the OUSA Caravan on Thursday, 24 March at 12pm and receive a green bucket full of free cleaning essentials!



OMBRELLOS

COURTYARD CAFÈ & BAR

Open for brunch, lunch, dinner & functions

sample brunch menu

Pumpkin, Spinach, Cumin & Cheddar Frittata served with salad & topped with Pinenuts & home made tomato relish.

\$17.80

Chicken Caesar salad with egg, bacon, croutons, parmesan, cos lettuce and anchovy dressing.

\$18.80

Roast kumara salad with sun-dried tomato and parsley pesto, shaved parmesan and toasted pine nuts with French dressing.

\$17.00

Balsamic roast chicken salad tossed with roasted beetroot, Spanish onion, feta and chilli infused almonds drizzled with French mustard dressing.

\$18.80

Ombrellos traditional fry up – with bacon, sausage, tomato, mushrooms, hash brown, and fried eggs on ciabatta with brunch sauce.

\$19.80

Homemade pancakes with sweet berries, banana, yoghurt and maple syrup.

\$16.80

Eggs Benedict with poached eggs on savoury muffins with bacon, baby spinach & topped with hollandaise sauce.

\$18.50

House smoked Salmon & creamy scrambled eggs on toasted brioche with hollandaise sauce.

\$18.50

House smoked Chorizo sausages with salad greens and creamy port wine Sauce on garlic mash.

\$18.80

Steak Sandwich made with Ombrellos own Sourdough, lettuce, tomato, onion and Tomato Jam and Ombrellos Aioli.

\$18.80

Open Tuesday - Sunday From 10am

10 Clarendon Street
477 8773
www.ombrellos.com



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