

CRITIC

iD Fashion Week

*The Runway,
The Designers,
The Clothes*

Plus Size

*Why models are
still size-nothing*

OpShop Finds

*Our very first
Fashion Shoot*



THE FASHION ISSUE

Issue 08 – 18th April 2011

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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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Moha

E gli amici

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work work fashion baby



Welcome to the fashion bumper issue. We've gone a little style crazy, with full coverage of iD Week (page 23 onwards), interviews with some notable designers (page 33 onwards), men's fashion (page 36), fashion icons (page 18) and even a very special fashion shoot made especially for you (page 29).

As you may be aware, Planet Media (the umbrella parent company of both *Critic* and Radio One) underwent a review last week. While the recommendations are not yet public, there is a possibility that the panel will recommend that Planet Media be assimilated into OUSA rather than exist as a separate company. We cover this possibility further on page 10, but let me just express my own (admittedly biased) opinion.

First, it seems unlikely that *Critic* would be able to continue to operate as it currently does, with the same editorial freedom, if we are merged with OUSA. Some people seem to react to the concept of "editorial freedom" and "freedom of speech" the same way they might react to Santa or the tooth fairy; that is, they consider the concepts whimsical fancies that are of little meaning in the real world.

Unfortunately, it's these very same "fantasies" that enable us to hold OUSA, their executive and the University to account. An environment in which 10 students, selected by barely 1500 of their peers, control upwards of \$2 million with no external safeguards in the form of objective media worries me. It probably should worry you too. In addition, *Critic's* ability to promote debate and a variety of views could be limited. You think Voluntary Student Membership (VSM) is actually a good idea? Shut up and eat your OUSA Easter egg.

Even if, after being merged into OUSA, *Critic* was given some protection of its editorial freedom, the whole premise of *Critic* as an external, critical body would be compromised. How bizarre would it be to read a publication that criticised the OUSA President or raised concerns over OUSA spending when, on the inside cover, *Critic* read "brought to you by OUSA", or the editor's email address was editor@ousa.org.nz.

But perhaps that's the point. Perhaps OUSA will decide that they have tired at last of *Critic's* pesky reporting, and will quash our freedom once and for all.

The future might not be so bright for *Critic*, but it's hardly sparkly for OUSA as a whole either. The VSM bill, which will make membership with OUSA voluntary, is set to decimate OUSA and its services unless OUSA comes up with a contingency plan. OUSA has enough moneyz in the bank to survive largely as is during 2012 (when the bill will take effect). Unfortunately, this isn't a case where things will just "all work out". Astonishingly, we're yet to hear of any such way forward from our leader and commander Ms Harriet Geoghegan. More on this on page 12.

Whether or not you think that VSM is the right thing for students, it's hard to deny that there are at least some valuable services to come from OUSA. Perhaps you use Unipol, or Clubs and Socs. Perhaps you've had counselling at Student Support, or bought things from the Market Days. You clearly read *Critic*. So, instead of succumbing to doom and gloom like I evidently have, why not make a budget submission, submit a motion for OUSA's referendum or, most importantly, vote in OUSA's referendum? In short, things may be looking bad, but there are still ways and means for YOU to help change things.

Perhaps it's a little self-indulgent to discuss OUSA politics with such gusto, but this is the fashion issue after all, which is in itself a little on the self-indulgent side.

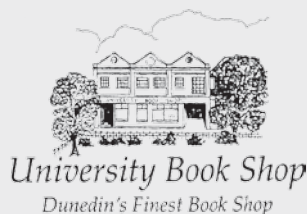
Stay beautiful,

Julia Hollingsworth

P.S. *Critic*, like you, is taking a bit of a break. There won't be a *Critic* during mid-semester break, but look out for issue 9 when you come back on May 2nd. See you then!

Letter of the Week

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



DON'T NEED BINOCULARS TO SEE YOU'RE A TWAT, GINGER H8A

Dear Wanker.

Yes, I am a ginger. Good spotting.

You think my mother should have killed me at birth?

Right back at you buddy.

Sincerely,

My pubes are none of your business.

ARSE-HOLES

Really OUSA? Vagina, penis and buttohole shaped cupcakes on a day for raising awareness about gay bullying? Normally I'm all for making light of situations to have a bit of fun and raise awareness, but having been bullied at school daily for being gay I found that a bit of callous thing to do. Thanks for me having to spend the day with friends laughing at what should have been a serious day of acknowledgment.

From,

Not a happy camp-er.

I'm really sorry the cupcakes had that effect on you. I'd just like to say though, that not at one point was I or any of the Queer Support team taking queer bullying light heartedly. Over the past two weeks Queer Support and it's volunteers have been working hard to get 100 letters signed and sent off to John Key (this was part of a national campaign) in an attempt to make the government aware that policy changes are needed to in order to combat queer bullying in high schools.

Some of us who have experienced bullying were sitting at that table, putting ourselves in what could arguable be a vulnerable position, trying to get signatures from students. It can be hard being the face of this campaign and I thank the Q.S supporters for being so enthusiastic about it.

While some people think vaginas and

penises are funny, I actually don't. I think they're awesome. Bottoms too. I'm all for sex positivity and that was the angle I was aiming for when I decided genital inspired cupcakes were going to make an appearance today. However, looking back, I can see how some might think that I was "making light of the situation".

I'm happy to discuss this with you further if you would like. You can get hold of either Jamie (the other Queer Support Coordinator) or myself on q.suppnt@ousa.org.nz.

From

Rosalin – 1 half of Queer Support.

EAGLE'S IDENTITY REVEALED AT LAST

Dear Editor

Could you please rename the "Eagle of Liberty" column the "Eagle of Fascism", because they sounds like Adolf Hitler's great-grandson (or great-granddaughter). I don't understand, with an MMP electoral system that was expressly designed to get rid of fascism, and in a city which has been a Labour stronghold for the last 33 years, how you managed to find this needle in the student population haystack!

Not to mention the eagle is a symbol of Germany.

Laydan Mortensen

FUCK TRAVELATORS, GIVE US JET PACKS

Dear Critic,

A thought. How much more exciting would it be to go to the library if they had travelators between one end of the library and the other? The library would be far more enticing if they had these effortless people transporters. I desire them not because I'm lazy, but because I'm tired of stomping along behind people trying to study like Godzilla buried under a mountain of books.

RAWR,

Joelle Nyhof

NO SUCH THING AS A FREE LUNCH AIGHT

Mate,

The government is GIVING you \$160ish a week... Do I need to emphasise the giving further? Where else in the world does a government pay you to come study? Yes you

still have to pay fees but you also need to pay for your house one day... WTF, do you want absolutely everything for free?

Clearly it has not occurred to you that there are students here at uni that do not GET a living allowance and some do not have parents to support them either...

Maybe stupid dumb shit god-damn motherf'ers like you should just stay at home with mum as you clearly have no idea about life away from home....

I would love to write you an entire page of insults but as I have an exam to study for I will stop...

Grateful

P.S. Living allowances are not supposed to buy you iphones or the latest mac book 4's either.

WHAT EVERY GIRL WANTS

Dear Critic

Really enjoyed reading the "Drugs" issue and the heterogeneity of perspectives presented therein: nice to see that you avoided a simple glorification of drug use and instead explored both the highs and lows, as it were, of the scene. I'm paraphrasing wildly here, but Nick Hornby has some quote about how there's no greater marker of immaturity than to consider illicit drug use to be valid or interesting life experience. That said, I both laughed and wailed in appalled consternation and incredulity reading the "Fear and loathing in North East Valley" feature. Excellently written. The author's dedication to investigative journalism clearly knows no bounds.

On a somewhat related note, I was listening to a podcast last week in which a woman from inner-city Dublin was describing her heroin usage. "I didn't have to go out robbin' or on the street or nothin' to support me habit: I was lucky cause I had a fella who'd go out robbin' for me". Lucky lady: he sounds like a keeper alright!

Lisa McGonigle

LUV MAI LOL CATZ

Dear Critic,

I am a long time reader, first time writer. Actually reader is an overstatement, mostly I just look at the pictures and cartoons.

Anyway I just wanted to express my appreciation than someone had finally started

putting lol cats in the magazine.

Lol cats make me happy because cats are cute and when you photograph them in human positions and ascribe human emotions to them it makes it seem like they are just little adorable humans doing hilarious shit all the time and living a carefree existence where every day is a new adventure with boundless possibilities for amusing photography and witty captioning.

Regards.

Iwantmoar

CHUR RIGHT BACK AT CHU

Dear Critic

Loving the themed issues. Always enjoy reading the Bouncing Off the Walls. Good job Lozz. Fashion issue thumbs up. iD fashion show was fantastic! Tho the gift bags were shit... and that's the main reason I went.

Chur

Anna

Dear Anna,

Plz add me on Facebook, I love my fans. Maybe we could even catch up for a lime milkshake sometime.

Cheers babe,

Lozz

FROM ADAM AND EVE. DUH.

Dear Critic,

So I'm minding my own business in the link, waiting for a friend of mine to show up, when suddenly some young dude comes up to me and says "hi there, I'd just like to read you something out of the Bible." Being quite tired, I decided to just stand there and stare at him like I was about to murder him, rather than being a dick and telling him to fuck off. Maybe he'd obviously see that I was in no mood to hear his fairy tale. Anyway, that was a fatal mistake because my friend was running late and he read me like 2 pages of the bible then

proceeded to tell me how awesome Jesus was or something, despite that fact that I was slowly moving away from him. Where the fuck do these people come from? Since when have the Christians on campus been this forceful and evangelistic?

Sincerely,

Bible Bashed

WE'RE NOT SURE EITHER LOL

Critic,

Your news section this year is so bad I can't decide if it is good, or just awful.

Half your articles are clearly fraudulent rambling shit that is variously makes me laugh out loud and want to tear my fucking eyes out. The other half is not so subtly ripped off from the ODT Campus section. Thankfully at least you rewrite it as the ODT is possibly the only publication on gods green earth worse than yours.

Sort it out. Or don't. I can't decide.

Aspiring Journo

Editor: The News Team at Critic is glad to see that we are still rated more highly than the ODT. That about sums up the ceiling of our goals.

STINGEY

Dear Jews (that own/set prices in campus shops)

What i with the prices these day, seriously thou we are students and can not afford \$4.60 for a shitty sandwich that is not even satisfying or filling! The bread is always stale, lettuce going off soggy soft tomatoes and just gener-

ally blah! The staff aren't even friendly when they are taking the \$5 i have left over after my rent/expenses goes out since study link also give me fuck all! Generally i'm just pissed that everything at Uni costs so freaking much!

Poor little student

Notices

OUSA BUDGET

OUSA is revising its 2011 budget, and is opening submissions for feedback from members. Email Dan Stride (fso@ousa.org.nz) before the May 1 for more information.

CALLING ALL JEWISH STUDENTS

Pesach Seder. Monday April 18 at 7pm. Come along to a welcoming, fun and creative seder. Email jewishstudentsotago@gmail.com for more info. See you there!!!

BASKETBALL FUNDRAISER

Quiz night to support the Otago University Basketball Club's fundraiser for new team uniforms. Prizes will be awarded to top 3 finishing teams and cash prizes will be raffled throughout the night. Be sure to bring your appetite. Sausages will be available for \$2 gold coin donation and beverages will be available for purchase. Tuesday, 19 April. Doors open 6.30pm, and quiz starts promptly at 7pm. Teams of 4-6. All are welcome. \$10 per person, Leith Bowling Club, 2 Duke Street. For more info, email ousamensbball@gmail.com or call club president Adam Beissel at 021-889-918

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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Gold Garlic Farming Pays Off

South Korean police have discovered 11 billion won buried in a farmer's garlic field. The money, worth about USD\$10million, or AUD\$12.50, was apparently the bounty of an illegal online gambling operation run by the farmer's brother in law.

However with garlic fetching around

NZD\$1,847 per troy clove on the open market the police will have difficulty proving the charge, as garlic farming is such a lucrative activity that the man may well have obtained the money legitimately.

And yes this story did needlessly feature four different currencies.



What's Crackin'?

I'll tell you what's crackin', for the first time in a few weeks I've been on the rinse again. This week, the "Fantastic" brand supplied the best cracker I've had yet, simply called 2 Seeds. It's more of a flavoured snack than pure crack, but it really is a delight and gives you a real buzzy hit. I'm not exactly sure what seeds are in there; I'm sure one of them is poppy 'cos I buzzed out after my first bite but as for the other, no idea, and I was frothing too hard on recycling to read the pack. They were so good that poor Munchbox didn't even get a hit (stale test n/a) 'cos we railed the whole lot last night with an AMAZING Whitestone Blue (LEGIT). These crackers would be great with a nice pesto, go well with cheese and those new fizzy wine drinks that are dirt cheap.

Altogether; a legit legal combo for a killer night. They're perfectly salted and have a slight greasy goodness, the only come down being the empty box. That makes me a sad Munchbox.

WOW!



Puppetry

Workers at a performing arts organization in Hawaii have been frantically digging through rubbish bins in search of missing puppets. The three cloth-covered foam puppets were stolen from the organisation's van and are apparently worth about US\$10,000, which is heaps more than your student allowance for the year.

The organization is half-way through a production of "The Further Adventures of Tikki Tikki Tembo" and was forced to perform some "emergency plastic surgery" on other puppets

in order to replace the stolen characters in time. *Critic* recommends getting some woolly socks and sewing on some buttons for eyes. Much cheaper to make and no fuckhead is going to bother stealing them.

Really the only thing that you should take from this story is that you are all worth less than puppets.

16

pairs of gloves that Prince Philip of Calabria wore at one time.

38

largest bra size.

29

million pounds per year to treat high heel injuries in UK.



Ah, fashion blogs. With girls worldwide snapping pics of themselves in their latest acquisitions, there really is a plethora of them to choose from. The trick, of course, is how to sort the quality gems from the blogs full of ugly clothes, spelling mistakes, blurry photos taken awkwardly in bedroom mirrors and camel toes. No one wants to see a disco-pants clad camel toe during some recreational blog surfing.

Luckily, there's quite a few quality blogs – in fact, some fashion bloggers are even able to make a lucrative career from their pastime. Bloglovin' darling Rumi Neely of www.fashiontoast.com is the most famous example, with her model-esque looks and barely-there shorts. Susie Bubble of www.stylebubble.typepad.com travels the world with her fashion-blogger boyfriend, attending runway shows and taking cheesy photos of her layered outfits.

But the true heroes of the fashion blog are those who are able to comment on trends and lust-worthy objects while at the same time putting forward their own distinct, and often influential, personalities. Tavi Gevison, the teen prodigy behind www.stylerookie.com is awkward, precocious and endearing, channeling both troubled teen and quirky grandma in her outfits. Elizabeth Spiridakis of www.feelslikewhitelighting.com shares her infectious obsessions with platforms, polyester and Lady Gaga. Both are entertaining, hilarious and bloody inspirational.

Of the Penis

A 30 year old man having bum surgery in Denmark managed to set his cock on fire during the procedure. The unfortunate individual was having a mole removed from his arse with an electric knife (that alone boggles the mind) when he farted, igniting a spark.

With his genitals being liberally soaked in surgical spirits they caught fire pretty swiftly, leading to fairly hefty cock-flagration. Upon waking up the man found that his "penis and scrotum were burning like hell. Besides the pain, I can't have sex with my wife." Surgeons at the Kjellerups hospital say it was "an unfortunate accident," and the man is now suing the hospital for its cock-up.

Winning

A professor at an American Roman Catholic university got a little carried away when planning his extra-credit symposium on 'business ethics'.

Apparently the seminar featured 'exotic dancers' (or strippers to those of us not writing the University's press release), though quite what the point of the these guest speakers was not altogether clear. The seminar had barely warmed up (students say everyone was still fully clothed) when the business school dean happened to roll by. At that point the professor in charge had only managed to get a single lousy lap dance, which isn't much to gain in return for jepordising your entire career.

Students reported that since the incident they had been taught by a new lecturer. Really?

TOP 10



The top ten worst fashion crimes, according to *Critic*.

- 01.** Wearing meat. It wasn't ok at the VMAs, it's not okay in your lectures.
- 02.** Denim A-line skirts. Unless, of course, you're a Brethren.
- 03.** Polarfleece. Potentially fine if you've given birth recently.
- 04.** Silver lycra.
- 05.** Rhinestones. Unsurprisingly, they're hardly ever mistaken for the real deal.
- 06.** Showing your underwear. *Especially* because Britney did it.
- 07.** *Sex and the City 2*. Yes, the whole bloody thing.
- 08.** Satin ball gowns. The way to get rid of prom queen contenders.
- 09.** Streaked hair. We never could understand the rationale behind paying for these.
- 10.** Velour tracksuits.

1914

year the bra was patented.

\$190,000

amount Micheal Jackson's glove sold for.

Apocalypse Now. Possibly.

Disclaimer: article full of doom, gloom and ranty quotes

An OUSA panel set up to review the future of its media company Planet Media took submissions last week, and will report to the OUSA executive on the 3rd of May with their findings.

OUSA has been reviewing all its assets and departments as the association prepares to deal with the Voluntary Student Membership Bill (VSM), which is expected to come into effect in 2012. The Planet Media review was the last of these reviews to take place. Submissions to the Planet Media review panel were due on Friday April 8, oral submissions were heard the following Monday and Tuesday, and by Wednesday preliminary findings were presented to the Planet Media Board.

OUSA President Harriet Geoghegan told *Critic* that the review panel will report formally to the Board of Planet Media Dunedin Ltd and to the OUSA Executive when they have written a formal report of the recommendations. The Executive and the Board will then decide whether or not to accept the recommendations.

OUSA Events Manager Vanessa Reddy convened the review panel. It is understood that Reddy pulled all advertising from *Critic* earlier this year, unhappy at the tone of coverage of Orientation Week in the magazine. *Critic* Editor Julia Hollingsworth refused to comment on this, saying that commercial relationships with advertisers are confidential.

The panel's findings are still confidential, but there is some speculation that the panel will recommend that Planet Media be merged with OUSA, much like how the events department and recreation department currently operate.

Former *Salient* Editor Sarah Robson says that as student magazines move into a VSM environment, it is even more important that they do not become editorially beholden to students' associations. "While magazines like *Critic* and *Salient* currently have charters that guarantee their editorial independence, this could be under threat as students' associations move to protect their interests," she says. "Subsuming

Planet Media into OUSA is one step towards this. What makes *Critic* one of New Zealand's best student magazines is the fact it can, and does, challenge and critique OUSA. If *Critic*'s independence from OUSA is compromised, the magazine loses its reason for existing, and it won't be worth picking up on a Monday morning."

Former *Critic* Editor Ben Thomson, speaking to *Critic* from his base in Devonport, said that any recommendations from the panel that involved subsuming Planet Media into OUSA would be very troubling, and would indicate a significant attack on the magazine's independence. "The process stinks," he says, with reference to the timeline of the review. *Critic* understands that the panel had established its findings and was ready to make preliminary recommendations merely a day after hearing the submissions. "This suggests to me that they went into this process knowing exactly what the outcome would be."

"It looks to me that *Critic* may become a victim of its own success," Thomson says. "*Critic* is undisputedly the best student magazine in New Zealand – both editorially and commercially. The magazine has flourished since it was spun off into a separate company, and now it's possible OUSA may want it back."

"*Critic* needs to be sympathetic to the fact that it is owned by OUSA and is there to serve its members, but equally OUSA needs to see that the value of the Planet Media brands lie in the fact they aren't seen to be directly provided by OUSA. To do that is likely to be detrimental to brand value," Thomson says. "I think OUSA needs to consider *Critic*'s readership and think about its member's wishes are too – would they really listen to Radio OUSA or read OUSA Magazine?"

"What the fuck is going on down there?" he added.
– Aimee Gulliver



Disgruntled student attempts to assassinate entire Exec with monologue

Former OUSA Finance and Services Officer James Meager spoke about his written complaint at last week's Executive meeting, over three weeks after it was first submitted.

Meager's complaint raises eleven different concerns. These grievances include the state of the OUSA Constitution and treatment of members on the OUSA Facebook page who have been arbitrarily blocked from commenting. The open letter to the Executive also highlights OUSA's apparent lack of a plan for the onset of VSM, and indicates that a group of students wish to take a vote of no confidence on "several Executive members" – claiming that the Executive are failing in "basic levels of response to concerns of levy-paying OUSA members," among other shortfalls.

Meager was invited to the Executive meeting by Welfare Officer Shonelle Eastwood and Colleges and Communications Representative Francisco Hernandez. On his *mydeology* blog, Meager, who turned up with a six-person strong support crew, describes the atmosphere for the meeting as "fairly prickly and hostile."

OUSA President Harriet Geoghegan had not been informed of the group's intention to speak at the meeting prior to its commencement, nor had Secretary Donna Jones. Geoghegan told *Critic* "[Meager] really should have followed the usual process. There's no reason why he ought to be treated differently, particularly as we had a huge amount of important business on the agenda but he was insistent he had to put on his show at the beginning."

The group was acknowledged partway through the agenda, once procedural matters had been dealt with. Despite Meager's claim that "following the agenda bit by bit was just a piss poor excuse not to hear us," his grievance was heard after the fourth item on the meeting's agenda.

Meager was given speaking rights to read out his self-professed lengthy letter outlining his concerns with the Executive. "I was surprised that he

behaved professionally though, as he had told other Executive members he would scream and yell until Campus Watch were called", said Geoghegan.

"Given those comments, I felt it was best to just hear him out at the start, but it is certainly very hard to take him seriously and try to constructively resolve his issues when he is being so difficult."

Having stepped down from chairing the meeting, Geoghegan was entitled to respond to the complaints along with the rest of the Executive. She informed the group that the Executive had not been given enough time to consider their concerns, having been informed of them in full just prior to the meeting.

The rest of Meager's group, which included former Executive members Ashley Murchison, Timothy Grigg, and Margi Macmurdo-Reading, was also given speaking rights at the conclusion of Meager's speech. Geoghegan cast the sole vote opposing this motion.

The Executive formally accepted the complaint from Meager, and promised him a letter of response by the end of last week. Meager describes the Executive's response to his complaints as "lacklustre", and although a letter from them "may fail to provide any action or results, we did expect to be shut down completely."

OUSA Finance and Services Officer Dan Stride told *Critic* that the Executive were submitting contributions on the complaint, which were to be collated by Geoghegan into a formal letter of response to Meager. Stride describes many of Meager's concerns as "very valid," and points to the need for "as much transparency as possible within the organisation."

Geoghegan says that some of Meager's complaints are "genuine issues that we have already been trying to address, but a large amount of them are incorrect and seem like an attempt to perpetuate misconceptions."

– Aimee Gulliver




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OUSA brings in the suits

OUSA has engaged Deloitte Touche Tohmatsu Limited, better known as Deloitte, to take over general management of OUSA.

OUSA called in the world's largest private professional services firm to fill the gap left by the resignation of General Manager Stephen Alexander.

Sources informed *Critic* that two Deloitte's employees are to be seconded to OUSA part time. The firm, whose most junior level graduate employees reportedly charge out for over \$150 an hour, will take over the day-to-day operational management of the business that is OUSA.

When questioned about the cost to students of hiring Deloitte, OUSA President Harriet Geoghegan confirmed that the organisation is not being charged full market rates.

"The decision to engage professional support from Deloitte isn't one that has been made lightly, but professional advice was sought and all options were considered; including recruiting straight away and getting quotes from other organisations."

Deloitte is also set to provide some professional support to make any changes necessary to survive VSM, expected to come into force later this year. Geoghegan describes the cost of this support as "well under the budget that the Executive set aside last year".

"I believe investing in getting the transition in to a voluntary association right is the most responsible thing we could spend money on to ensure OUSA's survival and as little loss in services etc as possible for students," says Geoghegan.

"Engaging Deloitte was seen as the lowest risk option and should give the Executive crucial support and professional advice in an uncertain time of a lot of change."

The fact that one of the poster children of capitalism will be running OUSA is likely to be well received by the International Socialists, who love people in exceedingly expensive suits being paid vast sums of money to write reports and watch Powerpoint displays.

However *Critic* predicts the Young Nats will be none too pleased either about the recruitment of Deloitte's, as it can be hard to bitch about student organisations when they are now directly contributing to that generous allowance Mummy is sending down while Daddy works 100-hour weeks in an inner city high rise.

— Aimee Gulliver

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Members of community outraged over arrest of boy for breaking the law. Critic confused.

A 15 year old male was arrested on the Union Lawn on Friday the 8th of April after allegedly shoplifting from the \$2 shop.

Eyewitness reports claim the youth entered campus in between the two OUSA offices on Cumberland St, and sat down in the middle of the NORML 4.20 pro-cannabis protest group.

Approximately 15 minutes later, two police officers were seen running through the same entrance towards the boy. According to members of NORML one officer arrested and handcuffed the youth, who forcibly resisted arrest. The youth thrashed, kicked and shouted as the officer tried to restrain him and walk him to a nearby police car.

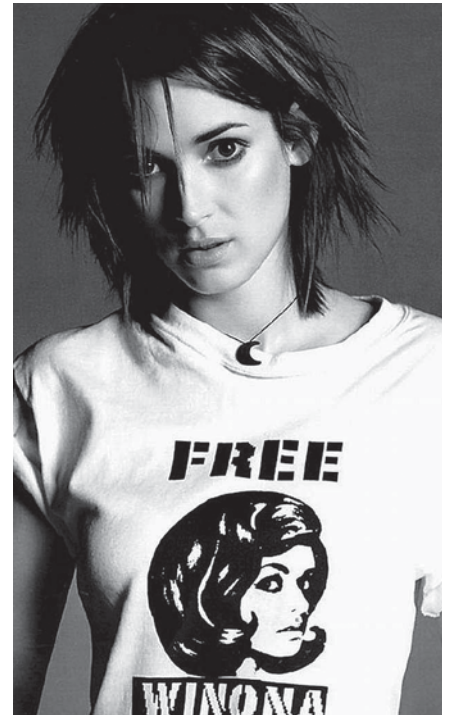
NORML members claim that the officer was overly heavy-handed with the offender, stating that he was tackled to the ground and hit his head on the concrete during the arrest.

However another eyewitness not affiliated with NORML disputed this claim. He reports that the police approached the youth and spoke to him. The youth then proceeded to shove the cop before the cop tackled him with controlled force to the ground. "As far as I saw, he didn't hit his head on the concrete". The boy was then dragged "literally kicking and screaming, trying to throw punches at the officer. He spat at the officer before they went out of sight".

Abe Gray of NORML emphasised that the boy was not associated with their group, and that he had just chosen to take cover where they were sitting.

Critic was unable to get comment from anyone in the Proctor's Office regarding this story.

— Lozz Holding



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ousa | Student Support Centre

Heated debate over coal burners

This article as dry as a nun's cunt

Students for Environmental Action (SEA) are pushing for the University to clean up its act and swap its current unsustainable use of coal burners around campus for a more sustainable and environmentally friendly option.

SEA has expressed its concern about the issue, stating that using coal for space heating is, aside from being unsustainable, extremely inefficient.

University Property Services Director Barry MacKay responded: "The University has a number of boilers and generators servicing its buildings. A mixture of fuel sources (light fuel oil, diesel, coal, and renewable wood pellets and wood waste) is used to power our various campuses and facilities".

"Carrington College currently use a coal boiler, which is not under any consent regulations. Arana College have consent to use their coal boiler only if the emissions are lowered. The University is planning a capital project to install a filtering system to lower emissions from this coal boiler."

MacKay explained that over the last three years, the University has been installing and trialling wood-pellet and waste wood boilers in different areas. There have been trials in several colleges, as well as in the new Psychology building.

SEA are pleased with some of the initiatives that the University has enacted, but feel there is more work to be done in this area.

MacKay stated that the University is "reviewing our energy sources on an on-going basis to improve efficiency and increase the percentage of renewable energy used."

On the other side of Forth St, the Otago Polytechnic is leading the way with its actions. Mark Jackson, a sustainability spokesman from Polytech, explained that the tertiary provider is currently in the process of replacing all its coal burners with much more environmentally-viable woodchip boilers. As well as being highly efficient, wood-chip boilers give off far less pollution than coal burners. The plan is to have all burners replaced by next Christmas.

UniCol is removing their coal boiler by connecting to the Medium Temperature Hot Water System which is fed from the hospital's boiler house.

Meanwhile, *Critic* plans to spend the remainder of this year's colour printing budget on installing a nuclear power plant to provide safe and environmentally friendly power for the whole of Dunedin.

– **Lozz Holding**



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Roman Empire declined, domestic enrolment numbers just following the trend.

Stricter entry requirements to the University of Otago have seen a reduction in Semester One enrolments.

With penalties for exceeding their allocated domestic roll cap, the University raised entry requirements in Semester Two last year and introduced a two-tier domestic enrolment system this year.

Under the two-tier system, preferential treatment is given to secondary school students with strong academic records at Year 12 or above, and postgraduate students. Applicants over the age of 20 without a university entrance qualification must complete an entrance assessment before they are permitted to enrol. The new system also limits the number of entries into most first year courses.

Changes in the University roll numbers were released in last week's University Council meeting. Currently there are 18,347 fully funded domestic students, 325 less than in semester one last year, representing a 1.7% reduction in the domestic roll.

International enrolments, however, are up by almost 10% from Semester One last year, nearly twice the forecasted rate. First year international student enrolments in particular have increased dramatically, by a rate of 31% since this time last year.

Since international students pay full fees, there is no cap on the number a tertiary institution may enrol. Currently international student fees range from \$19800pa for most Arts degrees to \$73,000 a year for a Bachelor of Dental Surgery. This is around four times higher than domestic students.

Vice Chancellor Professor Skegg reported in the meeting that these changes in enrolment numbers are on par with the University's expectations for student roll numbers. However, Skegg noted that whilst the increase in international students is significantly higher than expected this year, the publicity effects of the Canterbury earthquake could change the enrolment numbers of international students across all New Zealand tertiary institutions.

The decline in Semester One enrolments this year will mean the University does not need to be as restrictive as last year with Semester Two enrolments.

– Teuila Fuatai



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Shanghai scholarships for University and Polytechnic

Visiting delegates from the Shanghai Institute of Foreign Trade University have offered 10 summer study scholarships to Dunedin students as part of fostering the relationship between the sister cities.

Five scholarship are allocated to the University of Otago, with five for the Otago Polytechnic. The Shanghai Institute offered 40 scholarships to students around Australasia.

The scholarships cover the cost of accommodation, tuition fees, cultural activities, field trips and textbooks for the institute's summer school, which takes place from June to July and lasts about a month. Introductory Chinese lessons would be covered in the school, as well as lectures in English covering business, economics and Chinese culture.

Selected students would have to pay for airfares themselves. The selection process is expected to take place soon.

– Staff Reporter

Science Communication Centre Booming

The University of Otago's Centre for Science Communication has enjoyed phenomenal growth over the last four years, and is now the third most popular master's degree program at the University.

The program opened in 2008, enrolling a single student. At the end of last year the program had 24 master's theses handed in, and this year 26 students are enrolled.

The Centre's director Professor Lloyd Davis told the Otago Daily Times that he was proud of how much the centre had achieved in such a short time.

The Centre is also backed the new International Scienceteller Film Festival which was held in Wanaka last week.

– Gregor Whyte

Anzac Day Wreath

OUSA plans to lay a wreath at next Monday's Anzac day service. OUSA President Harriet Geoghegan told Critic "We lay a wreath every year and I haven't heard any suggestions from Exec members that we may not continue that practice."

We were just checking.

– Staff Reporter

Education Amendment Bill (No. 4) somewhat controversial

The Education Amendment Bill (No. 4) was introduced to Parliament recently and had its first reading under urgency last week.

The Bill makes a number of changes to the Education Act, including establishing a new Crown agent Education New Zealand. Of particular interest to students is that the Bill allows the Tertiary Education Minister to control the extra fees Universities may charge for non-academic services.

Tertiary Education Minister Stephen Joyce stated that the Bill will result in higher standards and greater accountability.

The Greens were the only party to oppose the bill at its first reading. A spokesperson from the Greens party said that in a post VSM environment, the bill could effectively allow the Tertiary Education Minister Steven Joyce to dictate which services the institution is allowed to provide.

– Staff Reporter



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(H)RONICLES OF (A)STLE

It was a relatively uneventful week on Castle Street as mid-semester tests proved to be more effective fun sponges than Campus Watch. Luckily there are some students who don't aim to get marks high up the alphabet and who give us our week's entertainment.

In one particularly cringe-worthy incident, a flat of boys decided it was haircut time and got the clippers out. Obviously it takes a bit of trust to let one of the boys give you a trim and this trust was shattered when one of the stylists "slipped" and gave his flatmate a vicious receding hairline. As a result the guy, who already looked like he was 40, now shares a hair style with Vin Diesel. In retaliation for the skux cut, Vin used his hairstylist's bed as a urinal on Saturday night. He was obviously really "pissed off" LOL.

Congratulations are in order for one skux

who managed to pull off the double banger. He had been on the prowl all night, laying down the groundwork on one pretty keen girl, when all of a sudden, another opportunity arose that couldn't be turned down. He quickly put his groundwork on hold with target one and went for a quickie with target two. Once the deed was done with target two, he snuck across the road to continue with his spade work with the original target. By some miracle he succeeded with target one whilst target two left him a nice pool of spew to clean up in the morning.

The frequency of people firetrucking seems to have increased a lot in the past two weeks. Seeing sheets on washing lines is becoming as disturbingly common as girls wearing NRL shorts. In other disturbing news, one flat is mourning the premature loss of a special

something. If his life wasn't taken too soon he would have had them laughing for hours, made food taste amazing and given the flat a nice aroma. Unfortunately an impromptu visit from the cops saw the demise of the extra flatmate as the flat's prized herb garden was seized and brutally destroyed. Thank God Mrs Wong is catering to the street's demand for Kronik.

Finally, there has been an increase in the amount of banter-related thievery with flat emblems and mascots going missing at an increasing rate. Ladders and wonkeys are two highly prized gems that have been seized, with their owners seeking revenge. To find the ladder it could be as simple as following the honey back to the hive. Watch this space.

– Sam Reynolds

execrable

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

Last week's Exec meeting welcomed in OUSA's two newest members, Postgrad Rep Thomas Koentges, and International Students Rep Art Kojarunchitt. And WHAT a first meeting for them to have come to...

The bulk of the meeting was taken up with a formal complaint from former OUSA Financial Service Officer James Meager (for details of this see the thrilling read on page 11 of this week's *Critic*). President Harriet Geoghegan stepped down from the chair for the duration of this "presentation", handing over to the alarmed Education Officer Katie Reid. To say Reid was relieved to hand the position back is an understatement, describing the experience as "exhausting having to think all the time!" Your levies are in safe hands, students.

The Cambodian Culture Club seems to have gone slightly rogue, and there are apparently concerns at Clubs & Socs that the club isn't legitimate. A lack of financial statements from the club for the last six years has contributed to this feeling, and their president has been

particularly unresponsive to requests for these documents. Finance and Services Officer Dan Stride was of the opinion that the actions of the club weren't malicious, instead just "genuine incompetence," but that it had led to a "potentially dangerous situation".

Critic understands that the club wants to close all its bank accounts and donate any money that they may or may not have (with no financial statements, who would know?) to a Cambodian orphanage. There has also apparently been a situation in the past where all the funds belonging to the club have gone AWOL, which is alarming to say the least. Possibly someone took the club eftpos card out OTP in Dunnerz? The Exec is investigating it at the moment and *Critic* will keep you posted (unless, of course, we are bribed not to).

The Lawn Bowls Club was affiliated to OUSA. However, there was quite the clusterfuck over who could actually vote to do this, as it seems the club consists almost entirely of the Exec members, who are the ones who

have to do the affiliating. And they want us to think it's the Cambodian Culture Club that can't be trusted...

The First Quarter Executive Reports all passed without incident (a rare occurrence), so the Exec have got some extra pocket money this week to reward them for all their hard work in the first part of the year. Katie had another blinder of a comment when she let everyone know it took her months to even find her Terms of Reference, and that she spends most of her time going to meetings, typing up reports from the meetings, and proofreading the reports that she's typed up from the meetings. *Critic* just hopes that none of the above requires thinking; after all it's an exhausting process. She also thought it was "really cool" that Francisco had been turning up to meetings she didn't realise he was going to be at; Francisco was stoked that she didn't think he was a stalker. Everyone wins.

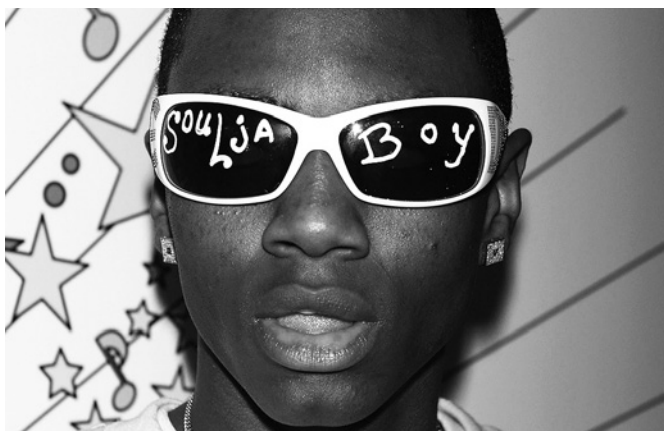
– Aimee Gulliver

5 Iconic Fashion Trendsetters of Our Time

by Josh Hercus

Soulja Boy

Not only is Soulja Boy extremely talented in his lyrical and krumping ability, but also in his fashion sense. He flaunts baggy ghetto clothing that is at least three sizes too big for him, staying true to his origins. This is juxtaposed by the extravagant “bling” that he wears around his neck, which conveys how much better he is than YOOOOUUUUUU. Consistently wearing his hat sideways, Soulja Boy exuberates a vintage feel from the Nineties. His choice in pants is magnificent. Usually three quarter jeans or baggy pants that enable him to low-ride like he’s about to go to prison. His quintessential sunglasses, with “Soulja Boy” written across them, are revolutionary. Soulja Boy has effectively made name tags redundant in one fashion-smashing swoop.



Mark Sainsbury

Contrary to your brief observations, esteemed news presenter Mark Sainsbury is not going bald. His hair simply vacated because it realised that it could not compete for attention with Sainsbury’s glorious moustache. If it were a super hero, its name would be the “Red Menace.” Its strawberry-blond follicles glimmer in the light as it flutters back and forth with Sainsbury’s mouth movements, infatuating all those who view it. His moustache sits bold and proud on his upper lip with commanding presence. If it could talk, it would speak with a raspy, growling voice and say things like “would you like to come with me back to my hometown – the 1980s?” You would gladly follow, because like comb-overs and the macarena, Mark Sainsbury’s moustache is timeless. Lesser moustaches try their best to replicate Sainsbury’s flavour saver. But there is only one true Red Menace.

Lady Gaga

Lady Gaga is a true fashion inspiration. Her style is diverse and difficult to pinpoint, but clearly contains vibrant elements of what 8-year-old girls use to play dress up in, mixed with a heavy dose of Marilyn Manson's wardrobe. This unique, bold and innovative sense of style is what makes her a fashion benchmark for prostitutes and clowns around the world. The controversial dress that Gaga wore, which was made entirely of meat, can only be described as incredible. Wearing the carcass of another animal captures our imagination by reminds us of a more primitive time, where life was free from terrible pop music and pants. The symbolism is brilliant. Being covered in meat also points to Lady Gaga's insatiable appetite for meat in all of its various forms. Lady Gaga's creative team - Haus of Gaga - is an inspiring example of what people with severe autism and colour blindness can do when they combine their talents.



Victoria Beckham

Posh Spice is arguably the most successful fashion icon. Her designer career, which began to develop around 2004, took the world by storm. In 2008, her "Intimately Beckham" line made over \$200 million dollars of sales worldwide. What separates her from the pack is her ability to take the ordinary and turn it into the extraordinary. She can turn those curtains in your grandmother's kitchen and transform them into a dress. Or transform those rags you were going to throw away into the next big thing. Posh Spice's sunglasses make those who wear them look out of this world. Literally. It took the brilliance of Posh Spice to capitalise on the theme of "massive alien eyes" since no other fashion designer had the courage to produce something so audacious. She's taken Girl Power to the next level. *Critic* eagerly awaits her new line of clothing specifically tailored towards stick insects, in which she will lead the catwalk herself.



Shrek the Sheep

Our beloved merino friend may be seen as an unlikely candidate for being a fashion icon. However, after avoiding being shorn for six years, Shrek became an example of fashion defiance. Like a bogan, Shrek was wild, poorly maintained and lacked intelligence. But he pioneered a fashion of freedom – to wear whatever the fuck you want – even if that means running away from people who want to trim your furry bits, a concept that the girls at UniCol have naturally embraced today. Sending shockwaves through the fashion industry, Shrek symbolically proclaimed that wool was the new black. Icebreaker, a long time producer and seller of high quality merino clothing, caught wind of Shrek's tenacity and produced a series of advertisements with naked people wearing only merino wool – no doubt a clear reference to the rebellious sheep himself. The rural community, who are traditionally a minimum of twenty years behind in fashion, also embraced Shrek's free loving spirit. He's more than just a sheep – he's a NZ fashion icon.





Size Her Up

"I don't think you ready for this jelly," chants Beyonce, wagging her voluptuous hips. Kim Kardashian poses seductively on the red carpet, her ample, orb-like backside splashed across magazine pages. "Real women have curves!" screams the slogan of a marketing campaign. It is the Plus Size revolution, the war cry for well-rounded women. But one industry tends to shy away from the subject – the size zero world of high fashion and modelling. Siobhan Downes meets Dunedin model and Otago PhD student, Teri, and her agent, Aliana McDaniel, and discusses the politics of Plus Size.

To be in the fashion industry, it seems, you have to be really good at maths. In my quest to define 'Plus Size', I was bombarded with numbers; measurements, sizes, proportions, ratios, inches, kilograms, centimetres. In an industry where size matters, labels on clothes become labels of identity. This is especially true for Plus Size models, who are literally identified by the little numbers stitched onto those labels.

I spoke with Aliana McDaniel of Ali McD Modelling Agency, and model Teri, who, as *Critic* goes to print, has just modelled in iD Dunedin Fashion Week 2011 as the event's first ever Plus Size model. The tricky thing about Plus Size, they say, is that there is no finite definition of what size it actually is – it can encompass a wide range of measurements. So at what number does the fashion industry decide to add that plus sign? "Basically, Plus Size is anything size 10 and over," explains Teri. "Fashion industry 'Plus Size' is different to commercial 'Plus Size', which is around a size 16." Aliana elaborates that "a Plus Size model would be size 12 to 14, and upward. There's this area inbetween that isn't quite 'Plus', but it's a commercial model size."

Considering the average Kiwi girl is now a size 14, we are definitely a "Plus Size" nation. This is a growing trend apparent in most First World countries, where eating habits and lifestyles have changed dramatically from those of previous generations, resulting in a rise in the average dress size. Yet this transformation of body shape has barely been reflected in the fashion industry – in fact, as we have gotten bigger, the models have gotten smaller. It took until 2009 for a Plus Size designer label to be allowed to show at New Zealand Fashion Week. In the same year, designer Mark Fast decided to use three models of sizes between 12 and 14 to model his collection at London Fashion Week. When Fast revealed this decision, his creative designer and stylist were so disgusted at the idea of larger models featuring in the collection that

they resigned on the spot, citing "creative differences". It was an event that highlighted the prejudice in the fashion industry against Plus Size.

It is on the runways of these prestigious fashion shows where the division between "size zero" models and Plus Size models becomes apparent. As a rule, designers cut their clothes for fashion shows in tiny sample sizes. "The samples are usually American size 0 to 2, the equivalent to New Zealand size 6-8," says Aliana. If you don't fit these sizes, you don't get to model. "If there are other sizes available, then a Plus Size might be able to model, but...it's restricted," adds Teri. It all comes down to the hard fact that it is simply easier and cheaper to make clothes to fit standardised, tiny models. This size zero culture has also been partly shaped by the accessibility to young models after the dissolution of the Soviet Union in the early 1990s. Influential New York-based modelling agent David Bonnouvier developed this argument, saying that, during this time, "agencies and scouts were able to start travelling to countries that had just recently opened their borders and lifted the travel restrictions of their cities. As opposed to the members of the European Union and the U.S, which had mandatory laws regarding schooling and minor labour, these countries...had very few of those." The models that came from these areas were barely teenagers, and their waif-like, undeveloped, and exploited bodies set the standard for the future mould of modelling.

Aliana believes that designers are to blame in continuing this unrealistic obsession with thin. "It's generated from the people in that hub of fashion, what comes from Europe – abnormally thin models. Most models can't obtain that size. But designers dictate what sizes the models are...it's a small group of people that have a huge pool, and it's really quite disappointing." Although many designers claim to be accepting of Plus Size models, and allege to be pushing for change

“I don’t diet, but I remain toned. I’m not about to be lazy just because there might be a market for bigger girls”

Big & Beautiful

Critic spoke to Francesca from Dunedin’s City Chic, the new Plus Size fashion retailer for young women. We asked her what “Plus Size” means. “To me, ‘Plus Size’ means beautiful – voluptuous, sexy, and confident.” She prefers to use the term ‘curvy’ though – it’s better for self-image. For City Chic, that’s what it’s all about – making girls size 14-22 feel good about themselves. “Our sizing system is a little different to most other shops. We start from ‘XS’, rather than calling it ‘size 14’. It’s great for confidence.” City Chic recently debuted as the first Plus Size label at Melbourne Fashion Week, and it seems that in New Zealand too, there is a real market for the fashion that City Chic offers “curvy girls”.

in the industry to represent normal-sized women, she says their intentions are generally insincere. “What designers say to the media... is a lie. It’s seen as slightly ‘cool’ to have a Plus Size model on occasion, but it’s not consistent. It’s just that fad for their own brand, it’s not necessarily about change.” Aliana uses the example of Sophie Dahl, who was once the epitome of the ideal Plus Size model, as an example of the superficiality of what the industry sees as “change”. “She was considered different because she was a size 12. I mean, it’s actually pathetic. And now she’s tiny and thin again, and probably underweight.”

Teri has experienced first-hand the struggles of trying to make it as a Plus Size model. She acknowledges that designers “don’t want to commit” to what she represents as a fuller-figured model. “It’s disappointing for me,” Aliana confesses, “because my agency doesn’t breed anorexics, and I want my models to be healthy. But it’s like fighting a losing battle.” Teri attributes half of her success to Aliana’s support over the past few years. Her achievements have included making it through the first round of New Zealand’s Next Top Model last year, and her latest conquest is iD Dunedin Fashion Week. “I have pushed for Teri for three years,” reveals Aliana, “This is the first time they’ve ever put a Plus Size model in.” “Yeah, it’s a massive deal,” Teri agrees, “They’re finally going to see that it’s all good.” She says that it has been important to stay true to herself in an industry where many girls would succumb to the pressure to change. “I’ve grown into myself, and embraced myself, and I’m happy. I’ve found a haircut I can rock, and things like that.” She hopes that she can be a role model for other girls – “I don’t diet, but I remain toned. I’m not about to be lazy just because there might be a market for bigger girls.”

One of the biggest misconceptions of Plus Size models is that they are overweight. Detractors argue that Plus Size models are sending the message that it is ok to be “fat”. Said one columnist from the *Herald Sun*, “The truth is, few women over a size 14 are in a healthy weight range...it’s much easier to accept the pro-fat manifesto than hit the treadmill.” This belief that Plus Size models are unhealthy examples has much to do with the ambiguity of the term “Plus Size”, and its different meanings in different contexts. We have been conditioned to equate “Plus Size” with “fat”. It does not help that weight-loss reality shows such as *The Biggest Loser* are categorised as “Plus-Sized TV”. “You have the critics who get mixed up between a Plus Size model and a larger person,” explains Teri. But the majority of Plus Size models are far from “fat”, and far from unhealthy. Not just any curvy woman can be a Plus Size model. The requirements for potential Plus Size models are perhaps even stricter than those for conventional models. “To be a Plus Size model, you have to be more than most models,” describes Aliana. “The criteria for Plus Size is quite difficult. You have to be extremely well proportioned and beautiful. A lot of women put weight on around their bottoms and tummies and lose that hourglass shape. A really good Plus Size model retains that shape.”

It all comes back to a question of labels. “It’s not even necessarily ‘Plus Size’, because I think that’s just putting a label on someone,” states Aliana. “I think it’s just about a healthy philosophy on what’s beautiful. What is healthy and beautiful is so many things, so many sizes.” So, why does the fashion industry remain so narrow-minded? Why are healthy, realistically sized models like Teri still given the misleading label of “Plus Size”? Why is it that size zero models continue to be paraded down the runways, despite the insistence that change is occurring? Aliana believes that the real change lies – ironically – in numbers. “I think it takes the industry to stand up – it takes a community of people to stand up and go, this is really important.”



iD

Dunedin Fashion Show



Amelia Boland



Company of Strangers



Mild Red

After begging the previous two editors for a ticket to iD to no avail, I wasn't letting go of my seat. Finally, I was in a dream scenario. I was Anna Wintour without the entourage or expensive clothes, armed only with a notebook.

Initially, I was disappointed that John Campbell wouldn't be the M.C., but while Carol Hirschfeld wasn't as "marvelous", she certainly didn't lack entertainment value. At one particularly memorably moment, we could have sworn we heard her inadvertently call the catwalk a "crapwalk".

I had expected the crowd to be comprised primarily of antipodean fashion elite - people dressed head to toe in designer labels, their faces slathered thickly with make-up, their hair straightened into submission. But instead, the audience was filled with Maori Hill housewives in furs and puffer jackets, drunkenly giggling with their "girl friends" or having a bonding night with their daughters. They could barely contain themselves. "We're so fashionable!" they wanted to scream. "We're at a fashion event! Wearing fashions!" Perhaps because of this, the audience really added to the show. Designers may have commented that iD is world class fashion-wise, but evidently Dunedin isn't quite ready.

The show was held on the stunning, yet rather chilly railway station

platform, and opened with Dunedin brand Carlson. Carlson's collection consisted of silky shifts in blue, pinks and occasionally prints. It was strange to see so many young and beautiful creatures dressed like middle-aged women. I was worryingly bored and the show had barely started. Most concerningly, the models seemed bored as well. Proving once again that Dunedin has no idea how to handle a fashion show, some audience members hazarded an attempt to awkwardly clap.

Thankfully, things looked up with Nom*D. I was lucky enough to be seated in front of some perceptive fashionistas with very strong Kiwi accents. "Oooh, this is going to be angry", exclaimed one of the bunch. As she anticipated, Nom*D's collection was angry, but also beautiful and strong. As well as Nom*D's typical *danse macabre* aesthetic, the clothes seemed to channel some sort of basketball superstar grunge. The models' hair was styled in tiny spikes and they wore heeled Docs that almost looked like some sort of fisherman's boot-cum-doc-cum-sports shoe. Needless to say, they were amazing.

Next was Kathryn Wilson. My previous experience with her work had consisted of me looking wistfully at her shoes on the internet. Brogues, platforms, boots; whatever she did, it seemed she could do no wrong. I'm not going to lie, I had high hopes. Wilson brought a lot of colour and accessories to the collection, but one thing she left behind was taste.



Rachel Webb



Sara Dooley



Twenty-Seven Names

Chains, tassels, prints and orange- it was all too Ibiza for my liking. The chains were too sparkly, the colours too bright and, all in all, the shoes were more trailer trash than grunge cool. That's not to say, however, that there weren't some winners. One pair of yellow heeled boat shoes really caught my eye.

Vaughn Geeson was everything Carlson had hoped to be; where Carlson failed, Vaughn succeeded. It was a collection of beautifully cut Fifties inspired dresses- still a little on the dull side, but less aging. "It's funny, they're all wearing socks", commented the woman behind me, who seemed to think that their socks and high heels combo was for practical reasons. I, meanwhile, gave them a metaphorical thumbs up.

Mild Red channelled Nom*D vibez, as the women behind me quickly pointed out, by which I mean that it captured the same moody street wear aesthetic. The clothes seemed to embody a Celtic warrior, with various straps across the chest, tight knits resembling chainmail, and flowing hair interrupted only by small ponytails. It was stunning.

Next was the far less impressive collection from Charmaine Reveley. The positive: the collection was set to Kate Bush's "Wuthering Heights". The negative: there had been a few unfortunate outfits by this point, but none quite so bad as Charmaine Reveley's. Lace, sheer, Nineties

shifts, weird drapey sheer scarfs- it was all terrifyingly reminiscent of what a woman in her fifties might wear for a "special occasion". Most disappointing of all was how Teri, the first plus size model ever to grace the iD runway, was dressed so unflatteringly. What was supposed to be a celebration of how beauty need not equal skeletal merely emphasised how poorly designers respond to different sized models.

Next were the collections of a lucky few Otago Polytechnic graduates. I'd already seen their collections at their fashion show last year, but up close (second row bay-bee) their collections were far more impressive. Sarah Dooley created a beautiful collection of men's loose knitwear with a strong Dunedin feel. Rachel Webb used sheer nudes and intricate macramé to show beautiful contrast between soft and structural. My favourites, though, were Amelia Boland's soft babydoll nightgowns that managed to capture both childhood innocence and womanly appeal.

The much-anticipated Twenty-Seven Names followed. It's hard to pick favourites when you've been inundated with beautiful clothing, but Twenty-Seven Names' most recent collection was a stunnah. Beautiful sheer white dresses and shirts, striped blazers complete with badges, a deep velvet dress. All in all, the collection felt like a cool-kids twist on a school uniform, without being too literal and while remaining incredibly



wearable. Apparently, however, my neighbours didn't share my positive sentiment. "She looks like she's gonna beat someone up", noted one particularly security conscious girl.

Someone had to follow this, and it was Liz Mitchel. There was so much right yet so much wrong with this collection. Mitchel had created a collection of romantic gowns, luscious and almost baroque in their detailing. However, she went completely mental with mixed media, including in her collection the downfall of every craft project: feathers.

I was relieved to find it was the interval- not due to the show itself, but due to the pain of sitting down so long. Ahh, third world problems. The break also provided a nice opportunity for Hirschfeld to give out spot prizes. Unfortunately, the recipients had worn fur trimmed puffer jackets- a big no no for the runway. One of the recipients, presumably shaking from excitement, caused Hirschfeld to exclaim; "are you excited? You feel excited!"

The second half began impressively with Akira. Perhaps the most talked about designer at this year's iD fashion show, Australian based Akira presented a beautiful, exotic, ethereal collection. Deep colours, subtle prints, turbans- it was a collection that seemed to simultaneously embrace and modernise 19th Century orientalism. Although platform wedges featured throughout the collections, Akira's method of covering the wedges with tights gave his outfits a sleek, minimalist look. Akira was worth all the fuss.

As too was Company of Strangers. Sharing its moody street styles with Nom*D and Mild Red, Company of Strangers used dark layers and jersey, harnesses, denim and leather leggings to create amazing,



detailed looks. There was something more modern about Company of Strangers, something more refined than its earlier counterparts. Lela Jacobs followed with a collection that juxtaposed floaty fabrics with gumboots, utilitarian pieces such as androgynous army jackets with beautiful details. My favourite was a men's jacket that appeared more like an artistic swath of blanket than a jacket in the traditional sense.

iD saved their best until last; the Darnell collection. Curated by Charlotte Smith and comprised of vintage pieces including 1960's pieces by Chanel and Dior. The clothes were styled as they would have been in the past, save for the odd modern shoe here and there. Polyester gowns, flamboyant hats, prim dresses, silk scarves and even a lace pantsuit; everything was beautiful and, what's more, audience and models alike seemed to love the collection. My favourite of all was a stunning sequined minidress featuring two jeweled sunflowers carefully covering the model's chest.

Then suddenly it was over and the models paraded the designers off the runway. Somehow we managed to get back stage afterwards, where we stood around awkwardly, trying and failing to not look out of place. For some reason, I struck up a conversation with Carol Hirschfeld, and spent the next five minutes stumbling clumsily through a discussion of journalism. Eventually, she claimed she had to leave and practically ran from me.

All in all, iD was amazing. The setting was stunning, the designers were (for the most part) fantastic, and the models were professional. I may not be Anna Wintour, but I sure had fun playing the part.

– **Julia Hollingsworth**

All Models: Ali McD Model Agency



“Let’s get this party started”

These were the fabulously cringe-worthy words (courtesy of Her Royal Highness Carol Hirschfeld) that opened this year’s International Emerging Designer Awards. For those who are unfamiliar with it, the Emerging Awards show is an annual event run as part of Dunedin’s iD Fashion Week to showcase the work of recent fashion design graduates from around the globe. The designers compete for both prizes and prestige and each year the competition is judged by a panel of respected fashion veterans, with 2011’s team made up of Tania Carlson, Margi Robertson (Nom*d), Akira Isogawa, Stefano Sempelza (project supervisor, Mittelmöda) and Damien Woolnough (vogue.com.au).

The emerging awards show is always fascinating, not only because it’s entertainment of a type not often seen this far south, but also due to the amazingly tragic (and often drunken) hosting efforts. Carol mightn’t have been a patch on last year’s boozed Samantha Hayes feat. Mayor Chin, but she definitely still had her moments.

Anyway, the FASHION.

For a competition that generally favours the avant-garde, this year’s entrants seemed to have a more commercial point of view. Although

this meant that the evening lacked a little in drama, it was quite refreshing to see garments that you could actually imagine wearing. Bold colour as well as intricate fabric manipulation was key to many of the collections (though while this made for some incredible moments, it has to be said that a few designers sometimes tipped the scale into terrifying).

Kate Bolzonella of the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology took home first prize (worth \$5000) with her collection “Clouded”, based on photography by Sarah Moon. Admittedly, this decision took me by surprise as I’d found the collection somewhat underwhelming.

Nevertheless, what was most important to the judging panel this year was, in the words of Isogawa, that they “got it”, and indeed Bolzonella’s collection did successfully capture the spirit of Moon’s iconic images. Delicate sheers were layered under quilted balloon skirts and cropped jackets in a palette of rich plums, pinks and creams which gave the collection a whimsical and dream-like feel.

With a good deal less frivolity (and a whole load more intensity) Marie Kelly of Massey University took home the Mittelmöda award for her collection ‘Look Into My Eyes’. Models were swathed in black with their faces covered, resembling wraith-like figures - a reflection of the designer’s own battle with depression.



In second and third place respectively were Shanaz Engineer (Queensland University of Technology) and Sarah Mok (University of Technology, Sydney). Engineer captured the audience with a bold mix of futurism and psychedelia with her collection entitled “A kaleidoscopic perspective”. Printed bodysuits of kaleidoscopic lycra were encased in both draped and structured shells that seemed to reference armour. Mok’s collection “Ephemeral Reverie” gave us an interesting juxtaposition of hard and soft with cocktail dresses of a kinetic and floral quality that maintained an element of strength through scale-like sculpture.

One of the highlights of the evening was the Pacific Blue prize winner Julia Campbell of Auckland’s Whitecliffe College with “Ethos”, an exploration into her own fascination with insects and molecular life. Her collection was a wonderfully multifaceted mixture of different garments and textures from wild and shaggy yeti-like wool coats to slick and minimal leather waistcoats.

Outside of the prize-winners, there were a few gems that had so much everyday potential I was visualising them on my own back as I watched them on the runway. Marielle Van De Ven of London’s Royal College of Arts gave us a moody, dystopian take on classic cuts with her all-black collection “City Nomads”. Trenches, biker jackets and shirts were taken to new lengths with garments that were very much in tune with the Dunedin street aesthetic.

For similarly lustworthy, yet somewhat more optimistic pieces, my last mention must go to Lucie Sutichunta of Auckland’s AUT for her collection “Siamese Sweetheart”. Block colour and large-scale prints (including gold elephants) were emblazoned upon simple canvases that included kaftans and full length muumuu-style dresses. As the evening’s highlight for both myself and one similarly enthusiastic neighbour, it delivered in both originality and wearability with an air of carefree fun. The collection was effective in its simplicity and I found myself leaving the Edgar Centre at the end of the evening with few thoughts beyond whether working full-length kaftans into my wardrobe was a viable decision.

And so the party ended and the awkward shuffling of hundreds of people trying to leave a small space at once began.

Although this year’s event lacked some of the show stopping quality of the previous year, there was still plenty enough talent to provide the packed arena with a top quality experience. The Emerging Designer Awards are faultless in their organisation and undeniable in their contribution to the culture of Dunedin and I left the event with a stimulated mind and with plenty of great moments to reflect on.

– **Grace Averis**

Unknown Pleasures

Second hand shops may be musty and disorganised, but they are often full of hidden treasures for little prices. Dig through piles, scour the racks, be a little crazy and what you leave with may surprise you. *Critic* plays dress-up with our favourite op-shop finds.

Photographer: Andrew Jacombs

Models: Nicole van Vuuren, Mahoney Turnbull

Stylists: Grace Averis, Joshua Aberhart

Assistant Stylists: Niki Lomax, Julia Hollingsworth

Mahoney wears
Crop top and shorts: The Op Shop, \$12
Shirt: Butterflies, \$2
Hat: Butterflies, \$5



Nicole wears
Shirt: Butterflies, \$2
Fur hat: Shop on Carroll, \$5



Mahoney wears
Hat: Butterflies, \$5
Top: Shop on Carroll, \$3



Mahoney wears
Jacket: The Op Shop, \$4
Top: Butterflies, \$3
Shorts: Shop on Carroll, \$2
Shoes: Recycle Boutique, \$4
Hat: Shop on Carroll, \$2



Nicole wears

Dress: St Vincent de Paul, \$4

Belt: Stylist's own

Shoes: Stylist's own

Earring: The Op Shop, \$1



Mahoney wears

Hat: Stylist's own
Top: The Op Shop, \$4
Pants: Butterflies, \$8

Nicole wears

Hat: Recycle Boutique, \$23
Top: The Op Shop, \$1
Dungarees: Bargain Barn, \$1



Mahoney wears

Top: Bargain Barn, \$1
Pants: Butterflies, \$20
Hat: Stylist's own
Boots: Stylist's own

Nicole wears

Shirt: Recycle Boutique, \$8
Pants: Butterflies, \$10
Shoes: Recycle Boutique, \$4
Necklace: Custom
 (Joshua Aberhart)

A huge thanks to: The Op Shop, Shop on Carroll, Butterflies, St Vincent de Paul, Recycle Boutique, The Design department, The residents of York Place.

Lela Jacobs

of Lela Jacobs



Lela Jacobs is the brain behind her eponymously named label. Although only 30 years old, Wellington-based Jacobs has become a New Zealand fashion staple, known for her dark, moody looks which focus heavily on details. Jacobs' love of quality fabrics, draping and contrast is evident in her most recent collection "This Crooked Way", which recently showed at the iD Dunedin fashion show. **Grace Averis** sat down with Jacobs to chat about her collection, her views on fashion and her plans for the future.

How is preparation for iD going? Has it been stressful?

Not stressful at all. I came last year and I know how it works so I wasn't concerned about that part of it. Having the launch in Wellington for the same collection also went really well. We got to trial all the looks and make sure that it all worked.

Could you tell me a little bit about the collection you are going to be showing? Your inspiration and mood?

At the moment it's very much about texture. Everything is quite dark, always monochrome. It's all natural fibres, that's an important aspect of it. I have fabric that is hand loomed in Wellington, ponchos and scarves made out of possum and merino. I have goat, Japanese silk -it's all very much about the fabrics that are being used, and the textures behind them.

The title "This Crooked Way" and the campaign for this season is [based on] photography by a lady called Megan Ellis. It has no people in it, it's pure imagery that was shot on some islands off and around Tokyo. "This Crooked Way" is about venturing towards your way in life. Not necessarily the straight path taken, but the crooked path. Challenge, risk and your own path.

What is your opinion on "fast fashion" -cheap, disposable, mass-produced garments?

It's awful, there's so much crap out there. People just keep consuming and buying and buying, but they're buying rubbish. They're buying shit that dies. Or maybe it's a trend product that's valid for a very, very small amount of time. It may just be made of polyester, and it may just go into a landfill and never break down. And the amount of money that is spent on ten garments is a lot of money when you could buy something that is more expensive but beautiful, something that will last. You won't ever want to throw it away and you won't be getting rid of it. You will be giving it to someone, like maybe your child or your best friend or something like that. There's so much poly-asta-shit out there and I hate it. I use natural fibres which will decompose and will break down over time. That's not a bad thing. That's natural.

Your collections tend to be quite androgynous. Do you design with gender in mind or is it something you find irrelevant?

I think it's irrelevant. I mean, I prefer a looser cut and this delivers an androgynous aesthetic a lot of the time. Also, New Zealand guys are willing to take more of a challenge or risk nowadays with what they are going to wear. It's no longer just a t-shirt and jeans scenario.

Collaborations have played an important part in your past collections, have you incorporated any into "This Crooked Way"?

I love collaborations. The poncho from this collection was a collaboration with Harrison Cyde. It was hand-loomed out of possum and merino and it took forever, there were only a small number of them made. Every garment goes out with a swing tag, which has a section on it that has finite editions so people know how many of each garment they are buying into.

Collaborations happen every season with artists, different people, whoever comes along. There's no print in "This Crooked Way" because no one was really there at that time. I'm not big on going out searching. It's very natural, situation by situation.

What can we look forward to seeing for next season?

Next summer is looking interesting. A little more "feminine" I guess. I can't give too much away as it's not released until September, but "Echoes of Awe" is going to be the name.

And locally, where can we find your garments for sale?

Belle Bird.

Sara Aspinall

of Company of Strangers



After working alongside NOM*D designer Margarita Robertson for six years, Sara Aspinall formed Company of Strangers in 2008. Company of Strangers' third collection, *Strangelove*, which focuses on the notion of obsessive love, was recently shown at the iD Dunedin fashion show. Aspinall has reworked sharp masculine tailoring and combined it with soft floating shirts, tunics and dresses in a dark palette with slashes of musk and floral print. **Hana Aoake** had a quick talk with Aspinall about her take on fashion and the inspiration behind her brand.

How did you get into the fashion industry? Where did you study?

I studied here in Dunedin (Otago Polytechnic fashion school).

What was it like working for Margarita Robertson of NOM*D?

Really good, the best experience you could have. She is great to work for. It was good because I got to do everything. I learnt so much about the fashion industry and met lots of people. It was really fun, because she works quite collaboratively.

What made you decide to make your own brand?

I just starting making bits and pieces then it just fell together. Obviously then I needed to make money and I needed to live. So I thought it's now or never, give it a go and do what I really want to do. It all seemed to work out pretty well.

Who do you collaborate with and why?

I have an ongoing collaboration with Anne-Mieke Ytsma, who features in the JEALOUS exhibition. She makes the jewellery for the label.

I love how the jewellery line compliments the underlying theme of obsession evident throughout the clothing collection. I LOVE the his-and-her divorce rings.

A couple of stores have said that customers don't like that they are called "divorce rings", as if it's going to give them some sort of bad karma. It's a sense of humour. I'm a realist.

What inspires you as a designer?

Mostly people, people's faces... really simple things inspire me. I can get inspired by a buckle, it doesn't take much.

What inspired your Strangelove collection?

It started off with the thought of how girls start with a little crush and how that evolves. As you begin with a crush, then become a little bit obsessed and can't stop thinking about that person. You sort of start to become quite stalkerish; doing drive-bys, going to that cafe you know they always go. Then you reach this point where you've

crossed the line and you've actually become dangerous. Everyone has the tendency to become obsessed with somebody. So the range really started from this point. The idea of going and climbing into their room and taking stuff of theirs and remaking their shirts and dresses, so you can wear them all the time. The jewellery line came about in the same way; the idea of taking objects and stringing them together and making them into jewellery.

Describe your philosophy about the art of fashion?

Fashion is quite funny, because it's disposable. It's so trend based. I just like to make what I like. It's almost instinctual, rather than being trend based. Fast fashion kind of makes me a bit sick. We just make what we like, as thoughts just seem to get stuck in your head. What we make can be collected. In the same way that you can collect art, you can collect clothes. You just keep adding to your wardrobe rather than clearing everything out.

What about fashion as a business?

You can make a business of it, but it's funny because it's fickle. It's fun, because you aren't doing the same thing all the time. You can have a fashion business, as you can start at one point and you can grow yourself all the way through. It's an ever-changing process. It doesn't get boring because you are always evolving. You are doing what you love so it doesn't feel like work. The business side of fashion is quite boring, but it's very important. You do have to have people around you that know what they are doing. Just do what makes you happy.

What advice do you have for young students wishing to enter into the fashion industry?

Get a lot of experience on someone else's time, because you could make so many expensive mistakes. It is a really hard business to get into. It's not what you know, it's who you know. If you can make friends with people with whom you have things in common along the way, then you can help each other. You have to know what your point of difference is. You have to find what it is that you do that is different from everybody else, because there are so many people who want to be in fashion.



Rachel Easting

of Twenty-Seven Names

Rachel Easting is one half of Wellington label Twenty-Seven Names, which she designs for with childhood friend Anjali Stewart. Twenty-Seven Names have gained a cult-like following worldwide, drawing praise for their airy carefree aesthetic. Their most recent collection “Fearsome Five”, which showed at iD Dunedin fashion show, draws on school uniforms and Nineties grunge for inspiration, and features velvet, blazers, and buttoned up shirts. Recently, **Grace Averis** interviewed Easting about her collection and her design process.

First of all, how’s preparation for iD going?

Good, really good. I just spent the morning steaming everything, it gets all crushed in the suitcases. But we’re pretty much ready for round one.

Could you tell me a little bit about the collection you are showing at iD this year?

It’s called “The Fearsome Five” and it’s the collection we showed at New Zealand Fashion Week in October. It’s really nice for us to be able to pull it out again and have another good look at it. We’ve just put it all into stores in the last two months or so and it’s really exciting to be able to show stuff that people can actually then go and purchase. This collection is a bit of a playful mix. We looked at school uniforms and what it was like to be a teenager in the Nineties so there’s a mixture of plaids and prints and spots. We kind of just enjoyed making a bit of an ugly mix of things, putting lots of different elements together so they looked awesome.

How did you come up with the name “The Fearsome Five”?

“The Fearsome Five” was actually a nickname given to a group of five girls at the beginning of high school, me and Anj (Anjali Stewart) being two of them. It was a funny sort of reference back to that time and a nice way of grounding the collection in something. We worked through about five different key ideas while designing so all those different personalities came out in the range too.

What’s it like collaborating with someone that you know so well and have known for so long?

We have both always been very creative people and we really enjoy working together. This (Twenty-Seven Names) is something that has been a really nice combination of our skills. We’ve been really close friends since we were 12 years old so we are quite used to each other and we can easily say “No I don’t like that idea” and know that it’s not a personal attack.

What do you find the most difficult about what you do?

I think just the fact that there’s not any downtime. You have to be thinking and working all the time so we can get quite tired. For example, in the last little while we’ve sent out all of our winter stuff, sampled up all next summer’s collection, gone to Sydney, shot the look book, we’ve come back, and then pretty much come straight here so there’s not really any kind of break. But honestly, if you’re really loving it and really enjoying it then it’s worth it.

Do you have a muse? Who do you have in mind when you are designing?

We kind of just think about ourselves most of the time. What we would like to be wearing and the context - summer or winter. If we don’t really love stuff and we don’t want to wear it then there’s something wrong with it. Occasionally something comes through in the range and I think that I wouldn’t wear that so much. Those are the pieces that you want to be getting rid of at the design stage.

Both yourself and Anjali studied in Dunedin and have degrees in Fine Arts and Fashion respectively. As an arts graduate, did you find it difficult making the transition to fashion design?

No not really. I’d helped Anj all the way through her degree anyway so I knew the ropes and understood what I was taking on. But essentially not really. It’s still a really creative process, very three dimensional.

What are some of your favorite pieces from this collection?

I love the varsity jackets, they’re awesome. I love the school blazers as well. I’ve worn the striped one so much already. And the black piped one. But that’s just me, I’m a massive jacket person.

Where can your clothes be found for sale locally?

Slick Willy’s in Dunedin. Also through Good as Gold (Wellington) and Superette (Auckland) who have online boutiques.

Men's fashion...um what?

What a strange and treacherous place men's fashion can be. When flannel-loving Al Borland becomes a hipster style-god, you know some weird shit is going down. With a few tweaks, the look has now become suitably pretentious for our beloved self-obsessed Auckland hipsters. So, over summer the shirts were unbuttoned, pants were rolled up, ankles laid bare and \$200 boat shoes slipped on.

Well gentlemen, welcome to 2011. With twenty years to mature and gain some retro cred, recycled Nineties fashion is increasingly penetrating mainstream trends. Remember how much everything Eighties was lapped up in the early/mid 2000s? The Nineties are the new Eighties, grunge is the new alt and alt will again become the new mainstream.



I gots to gets me some sweet as shit fast, right?

First thing first. Don't try too hard! Fashion is a bit like nuclear power. It's better to not have tried at all than to have tried and failed. Tasteful does not mean loud, formal does not equal fashionable and "cool" is not necessarily stylish. Confused? Here are some examples.

Casual waistcoats: I don't care if you spent \$100 at Barkers or picked up a \$2 opshop bargain, this just screams douche. When worn with skinny jeans, waistcoats also tend to trick the eye and slim the waist, leading to some awkward feminine curves and unintended booty.

Pointy shoes/boots: These things are often expensive, rarely tasteful and horrifyingly common. They come in many forms, the worst variety being snake-skin leather with square toes. Best advice is to keep the hell away from any shoe that resembles a crocodile.

Vintage hats/caps: Most offensive when paired with leather jackets and aviators. This is the style of "cool dudes" who wish they were in sweet as bands. You're not Tom Waits, stop trying, that shit ain't gonna make you cool.



But I just wanna get laid...

Dressing well is primarily about being tasteful. Even if you do Law, money still can't buy it for you. Try walking into Farry's to assure yourself of this. Here are a few practical guidelines for when you walk into a store with money burning in your pockets.

- Don't buy pre-worn/pre-faded. They're going to become over-worn very quickly (if they ever looked good in the first place)
- Avoid t-shirts (and never shirts) with prints on them. They get old fast.
- Don't buy polos or v-neck tees, round collars are much more flattering (the thinner the collar the better)
- You can't go wrong with plain colours, so long as they don't remind you of your highlighters. And if you find a good fit, just get a couple of different colours.
- Try an outfit of dark colours (but not black). If it's not you, try contrasting darker and lighter colours but, to avoid looking washed

out, stay away from entirely light-coloured outfits.

- When you find something you like, ask yourself if you would happily wear it everyday for a week. If the answer is no, it's either too loud or just won't work with your wardrobe.
- Be incredibly picky about fit. It doesn't matter if it's exactly what you were after and it's 50% off, if it sits wrong it won't look good and you will never wear it.
- Don't rush in and splash out at the first place you visit. You have a lot of options, look around and be picky.

– **Rueben Black**



Is there a method to this madness? John Campbell has been raging against high dairy and milk prices for weeks. We pay too much, says he. Why should Australians get cheaper milk and cheese than we do? We make the stuff, after all. Fonterra, the country's largest dairy producer, responded by freezing the wholesale price of dairy products until the end of 2011. Since then, they've begun fighting back – no more Mr Nice Guy. It's time to give New Zealand a lesson in international pricing strategy, they say. This week, **Georgie Fenwicke** chatted to a Fonterra representative.

Why is the price of milk so high in our dairies and supermarkets?

Retail prices in New Zealand follow farm gate prices, which reflect international dairy prices. All around the world, food prices have gone up. Dairy is no exception, nor is New Zealand.

But given New Zealand produces so much milk, why does it cost more than other countries?

We've looked at milk prices in western countries around the world and New Zealand is still in the bottom quarter. Until December, New Zealand prices were lower than Australia. The recent price war between the major supermarket chains in Australia has pushed down the prices of home brand milk but they are already recognising this is unsustainable.

Competitors are saying Fonterra is manipulating the milk price it pays its farmers to rip off New Zealand consumers.

As Fonterra exports 95% of the milk we produce, the prices our farmers get is based on international dairy prices. International prices (based on global dairy trade index) have increased 35.5% in the last 12 months while the retail price (for a 2 litre blue top) has increased only 9.5% for the same period. Local prices have not increased at the same rate as international prices because, to help keep local prices as reasonable as possible, our New Zealand brand business has absorbed and not passed on cost increases.

Isn't it true that Fonterra has a monopoly and is ripping off New Zealand consumers?

While we're the biggest dairy company in New Zealand, there is growing competition. Fonterra currently makes, on average, a net margin of around 12% on the price we sell milk to retailers in New

Zealand. At 12%, we are at the lower end of margins for FMCG (Fast Moving Consumer Goods) businesses. Of seven New Zealand dairy companies, none of them are supplying domestic milk. They all make more from exporting. If the local milk market is so lucrative, don't you think they'd supply it? The reality is they are likely to make more money from exports.

Consumption of soft drinks is said to be on the rise. Is this because milk is now so expensive?

Comparing milk with soft drinks is just ridiculous. Both are liquids but that's where the similarities end. Milk is one of the most nutritious foods you can buy and fizzy drinks offer no nutritional value. Even with higher prices, milk is still great value for money when you think about what you get from a nutritional perspective. A 90 cent glass of milk gives you fifteen essential nutrients and vitamins, as much protein as an egg, as many carbohydrates as a quarter cup of rice and the same calcium as four cups of broccoli. At 90 cents it's a lot cheaper than a takeaway burger, a pie and even a glass of bottled water.

Doesn't this just prove that exposure to international forces is bad for consumers?

As an exporting nation, higher prices are good for the economy. However, we understand that New Zealanders are feeling the impact of higher prices which is why our consumer brands business in New Zealand has frozen wholesale prices until the end of the year. This means that New Zealand milk consumers will not be affected if international dairy prices continue to rise during the year.

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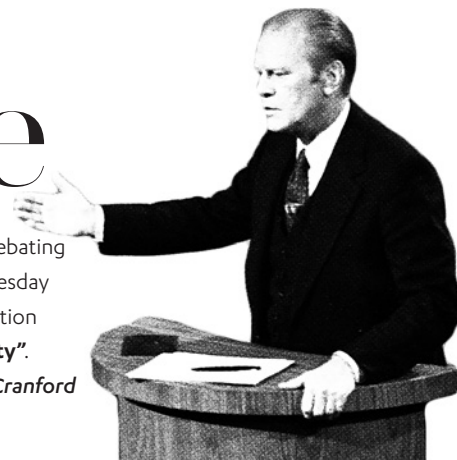
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Debatable

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 **"That beauty gets you further than personality"**.

Kate Rouch argues the affirmative while **William Cranford** argues the negative.



Affirmative

I have soft curly hair, a 25" waist, and a bra size using letters from the first six characters of the alphabet and numbers from inside the first ten*. By using the same I find I don't have to pay for things and that people are more willing to do whatever I cooly and quite cutely ask them to do. If this doesn't sound like much, the next time you're paying your library late fines, think – if you'd just left your face alone in high school, if you'd just spent ten more minutes on your hair, you'd have money for that hot coffee date you have tomorrow. And if you were a girl, you probably wouldn't have to pay for that either.

We've all heard "Cs get degrees", but I'd proffer that "10DDs get degrees, and with damn better grades as well". I'm not going to say that lecturers are more willing to help an hourglass shaped brunette with softly rounded cleavage more than they would be to help a smelly, black t-shirt clad boil-faced baboon. I'm not. What I am going to say is that it does help when you're trying to get that handsome redhead "just visiting from Canterbury" to help you with the Law of Torts. If you don't have brains, you can garner knowledge and so to better grades, usin' on'y yer rack. I've always known there was a lot of beauty in my LLB.

There is no reason why you can't be beautiful and brainy, in the same way you can be both cute *and* hung – well the latter theoretically at least. Simply because there are unfortunately quite a few so-called "beautiful" women that also happen to have IQs resembling golf scores, does not mean that everyone who doesn't have a face like a pizza and weigh 100kg is a birdbrain. (Or should that be birdie? Ah, haha!)

You can't screw an IQ. There is no multi-billion dollar industry based solely on watching one person stick an idea deep within another person's mind (per some ...other...industries of which I know nothing – it's not my idea of beauty at all). If such an industry existed, however, it would be professional debating. In which case, just call me Dita von Kate. (Although don't call on the neg. Unlike the soon-to-be-on-a-naked-calendar OUDS, he will only be confused about evolution, conflate the power of marketing – an industry based on appearance and attractiveness – with intelligence, and miss the point about what beauty looks like. Oh well. We can't all have both the body and the brains.)

Keep it beautiful, Otago.

– **Kate Rouch**

* and, apparently, an ego to match my IQ. We are debaters after all.

Negative

If it wasn't for brains, there wouldn't be beauty at all. I mean, think about it. If one clever fish hadn't one day decided that those flippers could work pretty well on land too, then we'd all look like fish. And fish aren't beautiful. Similarly, if one smart chimp hadn't one day decided to get down from his tree and have a damn good shave, then we'd all still have arms that hang below our knees and eat fleas off each other. Last time I checked, loping around on all fours and personal insect infestations weren't hot. So to get us (i.e. the human race) to where we are today, we've got a lot to thank brains for. What has beauty ever done for our race? Well perhaps helped get rid of them Trojans, but as far as I can tell, that's about it.

And if you don't want to pay for your coffee, then brains are far more effective than beauty. Okay, if you're a pretty girl, boys may buy you a coffee or two. If you're a handsome guy, you still have to buy the bloody coffee; there will just be lots of girls who want to drink it with you. But if you have brains, like some clever dick in Seattle did, you can start your own coffee franchise and take over the world, so that wherever you are, irrespective of gender, you can get that free coffee no problem.

Oh and, um, you *can* screw an IQ. Well, perhaps not in the respect that the affirmative puts forward, but there does seem to be this phenomenon known as the gold digger effect. Attractive young women being attracted to and marrying old rich farts who made their money years ago through some intelligent scheme clearly proves the proposition that smart people do get laid. All you need to do is have a really intelligent idea that will make you heaps of money.

Finally, let's discuss attracting members of the opposite sex in general (because being at university, that's what we're all here for, right?). Now, it can be pretty easy to "look" beautiful. All you need to do is get some fancy clothes, do your hair in an alluring and interesting way, perhaps make your face up to resemble a Barbie doll if you're a girl, or pull your pants down to your knees if you're a boy and adopt a swagger. It may cost you a bit, but ultimately those kinds of people are a dime a dozen. If you want to stand out from the crowd you'll want some wit, charm or grace. For the most original pick up lines, you need brains. For instance, "so how about we go back to my place and check out my large hadron particle collider" is far more original than, "did it hurt when you fell from heaven?"

– **William Cranford**



DIATRIBE

The lads

How is it that sock-less boat shoes, ankle-skuxing and flat peaks have become a fashion statement? The current trends on display in and around uni are shameful, if not completely fucked. At least in the days of Canterbury NZ track pants and Kathmandu puffer jackets, comfort and practicality were at the forefront of one's wardrobe. It's been a slippery slope downwards ever since.

Dunedin students have always been a strange bunch with a unique fashion sense. We've had dudes and chicks busting tight jeans and cardies, we've seen boouey's rocking to-the-knee-tees with oversized, meaningless words complimented by painted on skin-tight jeans, and beanies worn so far back they only warm the back of one's head. Last winter, the ladies really thought outside the square with their fashion, indulging in the dark phase that was black stockings, black canvas shoes, black jacket and black mini skirt. Depressing huh?

But since late 2010, sockless boat shoes, ankle-skuxing and flat peaks have unfortunately, like tear-away pants and polar fleeces before them, become the craze. Shot boys.

Sock-less boat shoes equal fucking stinky feet, and stinky feet are not a fashion statement. Countless lads around campus insist on wearing boat shoes daily (sock-less of course), to the detriment of mainstream society. If you can't bring yourself to being normy and mainstream, and you insist upon not wearing socks, at least leave your boat shoes, low-cut chucks, slip-on vans, warehouse canvas shoes, or your iheardtheyeatcigarettes dress shoes on your feet while in public spaces. Us sock-wearing types do not appreciate the pongy wrench that permeates from your steeziness. Inhaling your toe-jams while you're scening and fiending at gigs leads to many not being able to keep-the-stoke. Sock-less boat shoes are just salty in every sense of the word.

Ankle-skuxing originated on the catwalks of Europe where models, clad in designer clothes, brought the trend about. *Female* celebrities are now jumping on the bandwagon. Ankle-skuxing in Dunnas began with the "lad and boouey" crowd rolling their jeans up, typically showing roughly 2 or 3 centimeters of ankle. This is not to be mistaken for calf-skuxing, the notion whereby lads and boouey's are taking it to the extreme and rolling their jeans halfway up their leg. Awkward. If you're one of those who has transported themselves from the year 1890 (when ankles were considered hot and risqué) and you cannot resist rocking your ankles out in this free world, wear shorts and jandals. The only acceptable time to roll up the bottoms of your jeans is to stop them dragging in the rain. That is ok.

Flat peaks are for kids or trashy bogans who emulate American gangsters. 'Nuff said.

Buy socks - simple as that. Wearing socks is like wearing undies; it's normal and appropriate. It's one of those things you just do. There are many benefits: no blisters, no stink feet, less sweat build up, it looks a lot better...it's just what you do. You know who you are, you stink, so sort your shit out. Ankle-skuxing is horrific. Essentially you look like a young buck who went through puberty far too quickly and outgrew his pants. So roll your jeans back down lads, and please, don't wear flat peaks. Chin up son.

— **Luke MacLean-McMahon**

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



Many of you will be aware of the Tea Party movement currently taking place in the United States. This movement (which borrows its name and imagery from the Boston Tea Party, a key protest from the early days of the American Revolution) has been the main voice of opposition to the policies of the Obama administration over the last eighteen months. Their standpoint is broadly libertarian, and can be roughly summed up as “less state, more guns”.

I’m oversimplifying, of course. But in this respect I’m doing the Tea Party a favour – upon any type of close examination it quickly becomes clear that these people are fucking insane.

They want to reduce the federal deficit. And they want tax cuts. Paradox? Not to worry, they can simply cut spending, starting by repealing Obama’s healthcare reforms. This is an excellent plan, except for the fact that none of it makes any sense. Obama has already reduced the deficit, by cutting military spending. He has also given tax cuts to 95% of Americans. Oh, and the healthcare reforms haven’t actually increased the deficit at all. So the Tea Party is asking for two things that they were only just given, and claiming that the way to finance it is to sell a third thing that they were given, even though selling this third thing won’t raise any money at all but will increase their chances of meeting an untimely death. Hmmm.

Individual freedom is paramount, the teabaggers bellow. If the state decides to start meddling in the economy, we’re on a slippery slope towards socialism. Of course, the “meddling” in question involves bailing out bankers and car manufacturers in order to maintain the stability of the capitalist system but, whatever, Stalin probably did that too. Oh, and while we’re on the topic of freedom, we gotst to stop them gays from marrying.

I could go on all day about the utter stupidity of what they stand for, but I’d be missing the point. The movement is not so much “grass-roots” but “Astroturf” – that is, it has been largely set up and sponsored by big business, most notably Koch Industries, a major player in energy and the leading sponsor of climate change scepticism since 1997. They have succeeded in selling the rightwing economic agenda to communities in the Midwest, communities that would actually be harmed by the policies they propose, by tapping into redneck prejudice and generalised, inarticulate anger at the state of the economy. Hence most of its followers can’t actually point to anything that Obama’s done wrong, but they can tell you that he’s a Muslim, that he was born in Kenya (thus making his presidency illegal), that he’s trying to destroy the United States, and that Sarah Palin would do a much better job.

God help us all if these goons take the White House.

– Sam McChesney

The Eagle gets Tough on Crime

The Eagle flies free, savouring the refreshing breeze beneath his majestic wings. Liberty is the birthright of all people, and there is only one way to lose this right – by infringing on the liberty of others. While the noble Eagle would never engage in such animalistic behaviour, sadly there are criminals among us who have no regard for liberty (aside from the socialists). These criminals need to be locked up. Behold, the only legitimate reason for having a government; to better protect life, liberty and property.

A society with no government is anarchy. Liberty is *not* protected in anarchy; gangs of thugs roam around plundering and enslaving others. Liberals like the Eagle want a government, but only a court system to peacefully settle disputes, a police force to protect citizens, and an army to protect the nation. All other government agencies should be scrapped. When dealing with crime, liberals lock up people who harm others, while legalising victimless “crimes” such as drug use and gambling. Socialists like Labour and the Green Party don’t seek to protect liberty; they seek to enforce a collection of arbitrary laws. Socialists heavily punish people who refuse to pay 39% of their income to fund Sky TV for dole-bludgers, while letting murderers and rapists out on parole because “it’s not their fault, it’s society’s fault”. Since socialists don’t believe in free will, they think baseball bats are propelled into skulls by socio-economic forces rather than by the choices of a killer.

But the socialists are wrong, as always. History has shown that violent thugs respond to deterrence – the longer the sentence, the less likely that scum will commit the crime. The problem is that sentences in NZ are softer than an eagle’s feathers – the very worst murderers tend to get seventeen years before parole. Rapists are often jailed for as little as four years. Most sentences are served “concurrently”, meaning twenty burglaries will result in the same jail time as one. Such weak sentencing simply does not provide a sufficient deterrent to sickening crimes.

82% of criminals re-offend within two years of release. Keeping jailbirds caged to stop them from hurting more people is well worth the cost (which would be a lot less if socialists didn’t insist on prisoners having plasma TVs and tennis courts.) Simpering, chai-latte-sipping socialists may care more about the feelings of murderers than victims, but the Eagle is not so depraved. Criminals do not deserve sympathy. They have caused horrible suffering, and the only way for victims and their families to feel even remotely vindicated is to see some justice. Judges need to send criminals where they belong – behind bars.

Case dismissed,

The Eagle



Köln

Namesake of the French perfume, Cologne (Köln) is very German and not particularly pleasing to the nose. It's in a very flood-prone, industrial spot, so the predominant smells include smoke and damp, and you can expect to find the people there about as unfriendly as your stereotypical German. What seems to be the only link between the city and its name is a romantic air.

The best (and most likely) way to arrive in Cologne is by train. Look out of the window – you'll go over an incredibly romantic bridge, which has been taken advantage of by many a bachelor. Said bridge has become the representative of scores of couples, who traditionally attach an engraved padlock to it to symbolise their commitment to each other. It's a great place for a romantic walk in the evening,

when the moonlight glistening on the river reflects on the masses of padlocks. In recent years, the bridge has become so crowded with padlocks that some are periodically removed, whether it be by the governing body or drunken bachelors during stag dos as a final “fuck you” to relationships.

While many people will say the best way to blow a girl away with romanticism is Paris, Cologne is better. As soon as you step out of the train station, your eyes become riveted to the monstrous (but gorgeous) cathedral presiding over the city, unusually placed only 100m away from the station. If its enormity and exquisite beauty don't blow your lady away, wait for a cold breeze to arrive, then take shelter under the cathedral's vast front door – you can discreetly huddle together while cherubs look down upon you.

If she's a bit reluctant, take her into the old section of the city. The cobblestones, statues and architecture are delightful. You will also seem like a really warm, generous and caring person compared to the rude, angry barmen you'll come across (take her to one of the petite, cosy bars for some Kölsch, the local brew).

Because Cologne is actually a bit of a hole to live in, you're unlikely to come across too many people, so you'll have as much alone time as you desire to try and seal the deal.

– **Bridget Gilchrist**



On Fashion

Fashion can reveal a lot about us and our society. Take shoulder pads in the Eighties. Women were increasingly entering the workplace and shoulder pads were about power – making women look like men so they wouldn't be seen to be attracting men and could therefore compete with them. We don't do that today; the idea is that we shouldn't have to. Femininity isn't something we should have to hide behind obtuse clothing and box haircuts. It has its own power and we should embrace it. This human penchant for exaggeration is, however, interesting. From platform shoes to corsets, this impulse remains true. I don't really take issue with this. It's human nature and we should be allowed to have fun with it. But I do find it bizarre that women should sometimes go to such artificial measures – water bras and fake nipples being cases in point.

I've said time and again how equality isn't just about men accepting women but about women accepting themselves and each other. Fashion shouldn't be about catering to some unseen male or female gaze, or even about refuting this gaze. It should be about expressing ourselves, wearing what works for us and enjoying the act of dress. Whether that extends to attracting men or women is an irrelevant equivocation. It is also worrying when fashion impinges on our everyday activities or our health – if wearing a corset crushes your internal organs, over the top nail art stops you from being able to adequately use your hands for daily tasks or if you can't walk properly because your heels are too high, that's a problem. Fuck beauty being pain.

So too can we overestimate the importance of dress. Ultimately Hilary Clinton's pantsuits are not in any way relevant to her policy. Fashion should not be seen as entirely defining us as human beings, especially where it is irrelevant to the task at hand.

Note; there's a difference between style and fashion. The fashion industry is still male-dominated and the way it treats its models (think Coco Rocha, Ali Michael and the loathsome Terry Richardson) and promotes rampant and meaningless consumerism, as well as the beauty myth, is something that leads to a lot of unhappiness and inequality. Some designers are challenging this e.g. Vivienne Westwood, Elena Miro and Donna Karan. Models unionising would also be progress. But isn't it bizarre that the only industry where women are paid more than men treats the majority of its workers abysmally? The whole idea of trends, on which the entire industry tends to focus altogether too much, is also dubious. In our increasingly globalised world, dress is becoming less and less about conforming to a particular style (e.g. “mod”, “punk”, “hippy” etc.) and more about our own individual interpretation of a whole host of influences that we now have easy access to.

Just as how in patriarchal society the standards women feel they must conform to manifest themselves in their attire, the same can be said of men. The fact that men feel they must be strong and unemotional reflects itself in the clothing they wear, that is, largely inexpressive, devoid of colour and creativity. And if a male chooses to refute these assumed standards, he will likely be criticised for his flamboyancy. True, just as many women don't like to wear flamboyant clothing, a lot of men will feel it just doesn't fit with their personality. But some men will want to experiment. Whether that extends to skirts, lace and high heels à la Prince or crotchless pants and cashmere sweaters, we should really stop giving so much of a fuck and let people express themselves however they want.

– **Kari Schmidt**



Sex sells, and the ODT are well aware of this. Some may say they are leading pioneers of this advanced marketing technique. They were quick to cotton on to such initiatives by sending a gaggle of aesthetically-insulting skanks around to every student flat in a desperate attempt to sucker horny scarfies into subscribing to their crappy newspaper. Allison Rudd wasn't going to let the marketing team have all the fun. She went all out by combining the sex approach with the infallible method of dreadful puns.



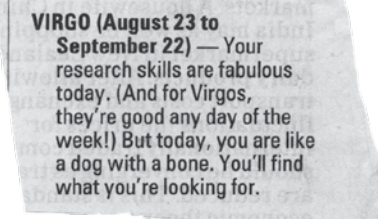
Referring to Middelmead rugby club's hopeless attempts to lure players into their club by giving them free meat. Creepy.

It wasn't going to stop with just male genitalia, however:

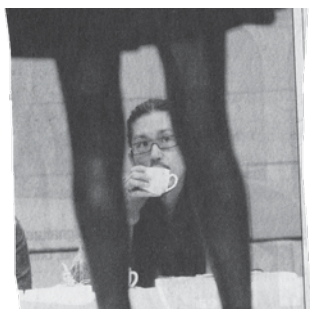


Here the ODT clearly tried to twist the title in order to entice 14 year-old boys into the article.

We all know astrology is about as useful as a condom at Parachute. This doesn't stop ODT incorporating it into their fine publication though, as there's only so much space you can take up with arousing puns and photos of decaying Mosgiel residents. However, it does appear to be an exciting time if you are a Virgo likened to a Marketing slut on heat right now.



Even the ODT photographers have jumped on the bandwagon with this erotic shot, giving lonely old male subscribers something to shuffle their slippers about.



I love porn. Lesbian, BDSM, Anal, MILF, Lesbian, Latina, Big Tits, Lesbian, Lesbian... I love it all. Late night Media Studies is my favourite paper. So much more hands-on than LAWS314!

Recently, I went through a difficult, emotional period in which my adult content consumption left me wracked with savage sexist malaise. "Cute blond teen takes dick in her ass" left me cold. "Phat ass latina Miss Raquel gets smashed" left me both cold and slightly peckish. The latter issue was easily fixed by a quick forage at Gardens New World which yielded some delicious Alison's Choice Deluxe Nut Mix at half the usual price because I sneakily entered the code for salted peanuts at the self checkout. Satisfying as all those polyunsaturated fats were, it was not the satisfaction I craved. So I returned back to my North Dunedin Porn Cave and watched crappy porno after crappy porno, but felt no inclination to jerk off whatsoever. There just seemed to be something wrong with each "film". Miss Raquel clearly sucked more glass dick than human dick. The penis in "Horny MILF creampie" resembled the pitted, rotten zucchini I unearthed from the vegetable bin last week. These pseudo-pornographers had it all wrong. I decided I could do better myself.

Making a porno, step one: watch *Zack and Miri Make a Porno*. Realise with dismay that it is in fact a romantic comedy containing absolutely no helpful tips on how to make a porno. Curse Harvey Weinstein for his misleading marketing and move on.

Step two: find a willing partner. I appropriated a deliciously scruffy Queenstown snowboarder whose large penis and epic staying power compensated for his inability to speak at a rate faster than about ten words per minute.

Step three: set up partner's expensive Nikon camera in corner of room. Knock over tripod, breaking camera. Substitute with partner's expensive iPhone 4.

Step four: go forth and fuck like a couple of inebriated freshers.

We watched our movie. We looked...like a couple of inebriated freshers. I initially tried to blame Steve Jobs for the poor image quality, but eventually had to concede that, despite his penchant for turtle-necks, Jobs could not be blamed for all of the film's ills. Our rhythm was off, the artistic direction was appalling, the soundtrack of flatmates arguing over who had to go to the dairy to purchase more Kronen even more so. Our movie was no *The Da Vinci Load 2: Angels and Semen*. But it gave me such newfound respect for RedTube's auteurs that I found myself compelled to start watching copious amounts of high-angle cum shots immediately. Just, you know, to pick up some tips for my next production.

— Mrs John Wilmot

Summer Lovin'

brought to you by:
TOAST

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

Hugh Hefner

I decided to show up early after a quick trim of the beard, a shower and a coating of Armani. I even put a shirt on. I was a little apprehensive, but the GC bartender assured me that "no real hairy creeps" had shown up so far. It took a while to realise that the blondie sitting next to me was my date. After introductions and handing over the bar-tab, we got a beer and moved our chat to a booth. In hindsight, the stumbling over some invisible object midway to our table should have given me the hint that my date was trashed. However, her inebriation became somewhat obvious when I went for a second round (this time a Toast G&T). As my date began a combination of hitting on other randoms, singing to barely existent music and swaying from side-to-side, the bartender offered to make mine a "triple" and my date's "just a single". Other helpful suggestions from patrons on where the nearest exit was also ensued. Bravely ignoring the calls of "bail bro" and "ditch the %\$&#@'", I returned with drinks to continue our "conversation". This round got interesting. Nuggets such as "omg you're so my Brad Pitt" and "so after we have sex, will you be my boyfriend?" helped set the 'mood'. It was during this period that we realised that we lived opposite each other. Twenty metres away. Like actually.

Anna-Nicole left for a half-hour toilet break, during which, another girl (complete babe) took my date's spot opposite me. It turns out that Anna-Nicole's entire flat was "tag-teaming" me. By the time my date returned (drunker than ever), I had managed another two dates. She brought back a couple more drinks; another G&T for me and a virgin vodka and lemonade for her (it seemed that she had been cut from the bar). The lemonade seemed to further intoxicate Anna-Nicole who rushed to the bathroom, again for a lengthy stay, leading to more drinks for me!

The night at Toast finally ended after Anna-Nicole was found comatose in the bathroom by her flatmate. One of them walked her out whilst I stayed for my final few drinks then followed my date's remaining flatmates to The Bog for open mic night, enjoyed some midnight Maccas and then we all marched back to our respective places for a 1am bedtime.

The next morning at 9.30am a very sheepish (and hungover) Anna-Nicole knocked on my door, her flatmates hanging out the window laughing as she apologised, asked for a second date and offered to buy me lunch. Was the date a success? 50 bucks worth of alcohol and a free lunch? I think so. Thanks *Critic*!

P.S. I might be moving house soon. Funny that...

Anna-Nicole Smith

I had a few before I went to the date, just to calm the nerves. Little did I know that my alcohol tolerance had decreased since the night before and with a lack of food in my system, I was dying for \$50 worth of food.

I walked to the bar and a strapping young lad asked me if I was there for the date. We got chatting and immediately I knew he was the ONE I had been searching for, so I wasted no time in asking him to be my boyfriend. He politely declined but in my mind I knew that by the end of the night he would be mine with a little help from my good friend Rohypnol. I slipped the little pill of love into his drink as we walked over to the table.

We started to get to know each other with the usual icebreaker questions. This is about the point when my memory begins to fade; apparently he had had the same idea to use the old date rape drug to his advantage. Either that or our drinks were swapped, which would explain a lot.

I went to the bathroom but unfortunately the locks on the bathroom doors at Toast are a bit dodgy and I managed to lock myself in. Awkward. But being someone who likes to make the most of every situation, I took this opportunity to have a quick nap. During this time my safety conscious flatmates must have turned up to make sure I was safe (blind dates can be very dangerous!). They heard I had gone to the toilet and not come out, so being the kind and caring people they are, they came and freed me from my prison that was the Toast men's toilet.

The staff at Toast decided it was time for me to go, much to my date's disappointment. To make up for the second-rate ending to my night I went to his house early the next morning and asked him on a second date. He accepted, of course, so we are heading out to lunch later; how exciting. What I most enjoy about the whole situation is that I can see right into his bedroom from mine and he can never escape my prying eye. Thanks *Critic* for setting me up with my sexy, sexy neighbour.

State of the Nation

the fashion edition



What futuristic fashion trend are you most excited about?

Jon: The future of my clothing label 'Moodie Tuesday'. *Huw:* Resurgence of bum pants *Dean:* Jandals
Sarah Louise: Victorian dresses *Lissie:* Saggy thermals

If you could dress Lady Gaga what would you make her wear?

Jon: Not much *Huw:* A cardboard box *Dean:* Bum pants *Sarah Louise:* Pants *Lissie:* Saggy thermals

What do you think about the fashion industry paying workers poorly in countries like China and India?

Jon: It's not good. 'Moodie Tuesday's' garments are printed in Dunedin *Huw:* Exploitative, morally wrong *Dean:* It's a bit sad
Sarah Louise: It's sad *Lissie:* Most people say it's shocking but no one is changing consumption

What are your opinions on bullying in New Zealand schools?

Jon: Mark Sainsbury obviously was bullied as a child that's why he's pushing the issue, poor bugger. *Huw:* It's something that's always going to be there but we must do our best to minimise it *Dean:* Coming from an all boys school, bullying has a way of getting things done but it's a little unacceptable at times *Sarah Louise:* I have so many opinions – it's sad but it's not very preventable *Lissie:* Kids are mean

If you had to wear one thing for the rest of your life what would it be: Harry Potter's invisibility cloak, death ray glasses or Hans Christian Andersen's Red Shoes?

Jon: I can't dance so an invisibility cloak would be a better option for all. *Huw:* Red shoes – easy *Dean:* Def invisibility cloak, it'd be pretty mean *Sarah Louise:* The shoes, because I don't want to be invisible and I don't want to kill people with my eyes!
Lissie: Red shoes, it would be fun at the time

Review



48 Film; *Just Go With It, Hop, Suckerpunch, Cult Film*

50 Books; *Wicked* | **51 Music;** *Faster Than Light*

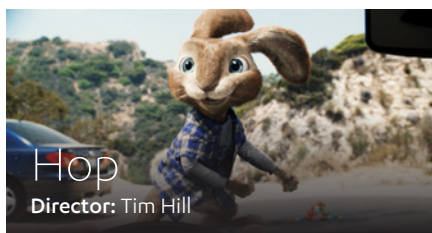
52 Art; *Dunedin Comic Collective* | **53 Fashion**

54 Games; *Amnesia: The Dark Descent, Gobtron*

55 Food; *Lemon Ricotta Pancakes* | **56 Performance;** *Wounds to the Face*



Adam Sandler's Happy Madison crew has been a bit hit and miss when it comes to making comedy films, their repertoire consisting of *Little Nicky*, *Joe Dirt*, *Mr Deeds* and of course, *Grandma's Boy*. There are plenty of others, but these ones hit the mark with their comedy. With that in mind, I went to this movie thinking that there might be a 50/50 chance of it being either good or bad.



In hindsight, *Hop* was perhaps the most ridiculous movie I've ever been to. Don't get me wrong; it made for an enthralling and delightful 90 minutes. But it's hard to take something seriously that has, as its premise, the idea that unbeknownst to all anthropologists, under the great and mysterious moai of Easter Island (duh) lives the Easter Bunny and his splendiferous egg/candy/all-things-bright-and-beautiful factory, which pumps out all the gastronomic delights enjoyed by children the

In *Just Go With It*, Danny (Adam Sandler) is a plastic surgeon who hangs out in bars and uses his fake wedding ring to get women. He shares his office with his assistant Katherine (Jennifer Aniston) who is divorced, has two children and is the only woman to whom he never lies. Along comes the hot blonde Palmer (Brooklyn Decker), a young schoolteacher with whom Danny spends an evening on the beach and falls in love. When she finds a wedding ring in his pocket, Danny panics and comes up with an elaborate lie involving him being in the final stages of divorce from his wife (Katherine) and mother of his two children, thus setting up the beginning of this hapless charade.

There isn't much to be said about the movie, but I must admit that the kids and the addition of Eddie, Katherine's soon-to-be sheep selling

world over come Easter Sunday.

However, what seems at first like lollipops and rainbows soon descends into chaos, as the unimaginatively named "EB" (voiced by Russell Brand, who also makes a cameo appearance later in the film) who is heir to the Easter Bunny role and realm decides that, really, he'd rather be a rockstar instead. On the eve of his coronation he absconds to Hollywood via a nifty rabbit tunnel where he gets into all sorts of mischief. First of all he is rejected by Hugh Hefner, who doesn't consider him sexy enough for the House, then he bumps into Fred (played by James Marsden, who has impossibly perfect teeth), an unemployed no-hoper looking for an epiphany.

But that's not all. In a deep and symbolic parallel plot, we discover that all is not well in

Austrian husband, made for a few laughs and Palmer was extremely nice to look at. Danny and Katherine are funny in some parts and do have some chemistry, but it wasn't enough to carry my attention through the agonisingly long film. This movie feels like almost any other rom-com that you might have seen, with the usual formula of guy falls in love, lies to get the woman of his dreams, then realises that his true love is not her, but it's the woman that was right in front of him all along. Just add a smidgen of comedy from the supporting cast and voilà, there you have it. I would not recommend that anyone go to see this movie, better to just wait for it to come online and save those \$12.

– Rana Saad Jehandad



the Easter Island factory. Carlos, the Hispanic second-in-charge to EB's dad (the incumbent Easter Bunny) has ambitions beyond his station. He sows a seed of malcontent among his fellow chicken workers, ultimately attempting a coup d'état towards the end of the film.

But of course, this movie isn't rated PG for nothing – the goodies win out in the end. In fact, everyone ends up so happy it all looks a bit convenient. But I can't deny that there was a lot of surprisingly legitimate humour, an entertaining guest appearance by David Hasselhoff, and a drumming-bunny rendition of Taio Cruz's "Dynamite" which made me want to throw my hands up in the air. It certainly got me in the Easter mood and frankly the whole experience just left me feeling hungry.

– Phoebe Harrop



Film Society Preview

Sansho the Bailiff

Director: Mizoguchi Kenji

"A heart-rending melodrama in which the members of an exiled governor's family are forcibly separated, the wife becoming a courtesan and the children slaves to the ruthless Sansho. Mizoguchi's total mas-

tery of composition and movement make it one of Japanese cinema's supreme masterpieces." – *Sight & Sound*

When: 7.30pm, Wednesday 20th April

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.



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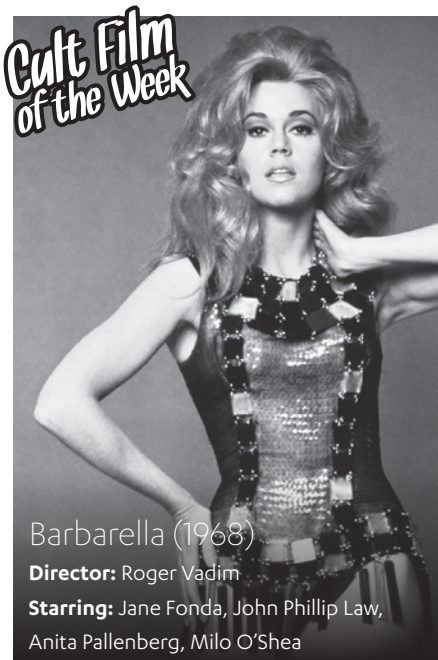
A 13-year old boy's wet dream, this movie is reminiscent of being put through the pain of watching someone play Xbox. Sure, the player is having fun but you, the spectator are not! Here's the film's premise: evil stepfather sends girl to a nuthouse to cover up the fact that he murdered her sister. The nuthouse is also run as a men's entertainment house where the girls are forced to dance. Our heroine Baby Doll (Emily Browning) has the ability to dream and go somewhere else when she dances. Determined to fight for her freedom, Baby Doll urges four other young girls – the reluctant Sweet Pea (Abbie Cornish), the outspoken Rocket (Jena Malone), the street-smart Blondie (Vanessa Hudgens) and the fiercely loyal Amber (Jamie Chung) – to band together. They must try to escape a terrible fate at the hands of their captors, Blue and Madam Gorski, before the mysterious High Roller comes for Babydoll. This takes us into the vivid imagination of a young girl whose dream world provides the ultimate escape from her darker reality. As everyone watches her dance, she and the other girls are able to

distract everyone while planning their escape.

The film flits between dream and reality, with the dreams being action-packed and full of the girls taking on armies of evil men. While the epic fantasy and special effects were good, there was no story line and the characters are weak. The movie relies wholeheartedly on its soundtrack as there is very little dialogue.

To be honest, the thought of anyone paying to see this movie breaks my heart a little. The best part of the movie was the popcorn and slushy, which only lasted half an hour. With two other people in the theatre it was no good even people watching. Epic quotes included "if you don't believe in something, you'll fall for anything", which nearly caused a choking fit as I laughed and cringed at the same time. There wasn't even any sex! No nudity, no pashing, no BOOBS! What are 13-year old boys paying their money to see this movie for??? Conclusion: go and see Bieber instead.

– Frances Stannard



When a film is set in 40,000 AD you know it's going to be a treat, especially when it was made in the Sixties. With more outlandish costumes than Lady Gaga, the movie has all the fashion you could want in a film.

The movie is pretty standard of Sixties sci-fi. Lots of bright and colourful and ridiculous costume and sets. The plot is fairly basic; Barbarella is called on by the President of Earth to retrieve an Earth scientist who has disappeared on planet Tau Ceti. He's building a positronic ray capable of starting a war. Given that war or any type of fighting between people hasn't occurred for millennia, this is a pretty big deal.

So off goes Barbarella in her fur-lined spaceship to Tau Ceti to find the scientist Durand Durand (who the Eighties super group Duran Duran named themselves after).

Along the way she meets a man with a very hairy chest who introduces her to the ways of classic sex, a blind angel and many more weird creatures who inhabit the planet.

Like I say, plot wise *Barbarella* doesn't have much going for it. I think the strength of the film lies in the weird and wonderful sets, and visually it keeps one entertained. There are certainly some funny moments, especially with Barbarella's sarcastic asides and some of the crazy shit the other characters come up with.

If you enjoy a Sixties futuristic vibe then you will find enough in this movie to keep you going. Watch out for the excessive machine which, when played, gives the person inside increasing amounts of pleasure...sexy pleasure.

– Ben Blakely



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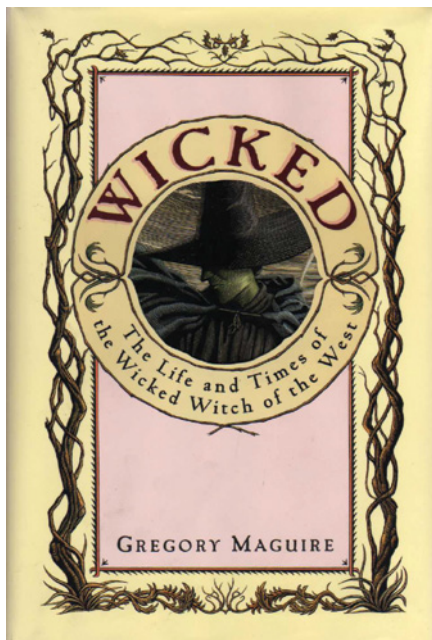
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Wicked; The Life and Times of the Wicked Witch of the West

Gregory Maguire



When I finished reading *Wicked* at 2.30am the other morning, I felt like a gold seeker panning a river and finding the mother lode. Not that I suggest good novels are as rare as gold nuggets, but this book will move you in ways unimaginable. Stop. If you have not read *The Wizard of Oz* by L. Frank Baum, go do it now, before reading this review and definitely before reading *Wicked*. Construct your image of Elphaba, the wicked witch of the west in the aforementioned children's classic in the way Baum intended – her unnatural green skin colour, her evil nature. Rejoice in her death at the hands of Dorothy. Then read *Wicked*, and watch your carefully constructed images of both Oz and the witch crumble before you.

Maguire's novel takes place in the land of Oz, well before Dorothy's dramatic entrance. In fact Dorothy features only in the last few chapters of the novel, and with tragic consequences for the heroine of the story, Elphaba. It is really a book of three parts. Firstly Elphaba's dysfunctional family upbringing, her university years at Shiz and 'conversion' to an anti-totalitarian resistance fighter in the Emerald City (the autocrat funnily enough being the Wizard of Oz). Secondly, the rather flat middle part of the book details Elphaba's flight from the Emerald City to the Arjiki homeland of her murdered lover. And finally, the last part of the book deals once more with Elphaba's family – the ties that bind us, what can be forgiven, and what can't.

This is no children's fairy tale. Sure, 'animals' talk and have consciousness where normal animals don't. There are spells and elves and dwarves. But ultimately we are presented with a deeply philosophical and moving novel of a woman fighting for the freedom of the oppressed, a woman who stands for the convictions and morals which she holds to be true yet what come at a terrible cost to her. We are left angry – angry at the injustice of everything the book throws at us, angry at Baum for ever presenting Elphaba in a way other than Maguire's, and perhaps angry at ourselves for ever believing Baum, that we were so easily duped by green skin, a cackling laugh and a flying broom.

– Stephen Fairweather






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Faster Than Light

The mysterious new kid on the block

The New Zealand electronic music scene is a strange beast. From the sustained success of Shapeshifter to the boom and bust of Mt Eden Dubstep, many acts flirt with excellence only to fall on the wrong side of the success-mediocrity divide. But we have a new contender to champion and cheer. "Who is it?" I hear you ask excitedly. Well, that's the interesting thing really. You're not actually allowed to know.

The man behind Faster Than Light (FTL) is a modern day Peter Parker or Bruce Wayne, possibly minus the sticky webs and utility belt. Faster Than Light is the mask. The eardrum is Gotham City. And his powers? Supernatural production skills. "Deep Space", FTL's lead track, is an epic with a spaced out vibe and incessant drumbeat, a master class in melody and restraint. It's a track that belies FTL's experience.

Faster Than Light is the new project of someone who's already been around the block, a "well known New Zealand producer" and this is his brand new outlet. "I've always wanted to write soundtracks for film", he told me over email, "and I think that a lot of epic films, music and dubstep have slowly merged into FTL". And why dubstep? "I love the feeling of goosebumps washing over you as a good track hits that epic height of heights... I think it happens more in dubstep because there is room, tempo wise, for the tracks to build and build and then hit you hard".

It speaks to both FTL's mysterious profile and production skills equally that his debut gig is at the main Easter Weekender, on the same bill as Skrillex, Nero, Skism, ShockOne and Trolley Snatcha, a serious achievement for any New Zealand act at any stage in their career. "I'm really excited and nervous" he tells me, "it's been a lot of hard work, especially after the dates were all locked in getting the tracks ready, then preparing everything for a live set, so I really want to make sure I am at a level where any support artist should be able to support the likes of Skrillex and Nero".

One of the things that always amazes me about electronic music artists, and especially FTL, is their personal control of their social media outlets like their Facebook page. Any great musical career is built on a solid fan base, and what makes fans happier than conversing with their favourite act and not some record label-controlled fan page? Seeming approachable, even just online, makes your music approachable by association. And FTL agrees, "I guess I'm no expert on tech trends or anything, but I think bridging the gap between artists and fans via a social networking site like Facebook is something that will ultimately stick around, because people want to be heard and have their opinions on the music noted and acted upon".

So who is Mr. Faster Than Light? I can't tell you because, honestly, I don't know. But I can tell you that in the long run, it won't matter. Mr. FTL seems down to earth, refreshingly he cares what his fans think, not just want. He has the experience, he has the billing and the technical production to amaze and excite. But Faster Than Light is something bigger than the man behind the mask, and is about to take its first steps onto the right side of that tightrope. FTL isn't going to be remembered for what came before, but for the brilliance that is coming now. As Ra's Al Ghul says to Bruce Wayne in *Batman Begins*, "If you make yourself more than just a man...then you become something else entirely...A legend". But am I still placing bets on who FTL is? Of course I am. And I will see you front of stage on Wednesday to collect my money as Mr. Faster Than Light is revealed to the world.

Faster Than Light plays Wednesday, April 20 at Union Hall

- Isaac McFarlane

VOID CLOTHING PLAYTIME REPORT



mon 18/4 **ReFuel: ReFuel Unplugged: Open Mic Night**
Gold coin entry from 8.30pm. Instruments provided.

tue 19/4 **ReFuel: Jazz In The Pocket**
Dunedin's premiere jazz jam night. Gold coin entry from 8.30pm. All welcome, bring your horn.

wed 20/4 **Di Lusso: Internationals w/ DJ JIMMY FRESH**
Reggae/hip-hop.

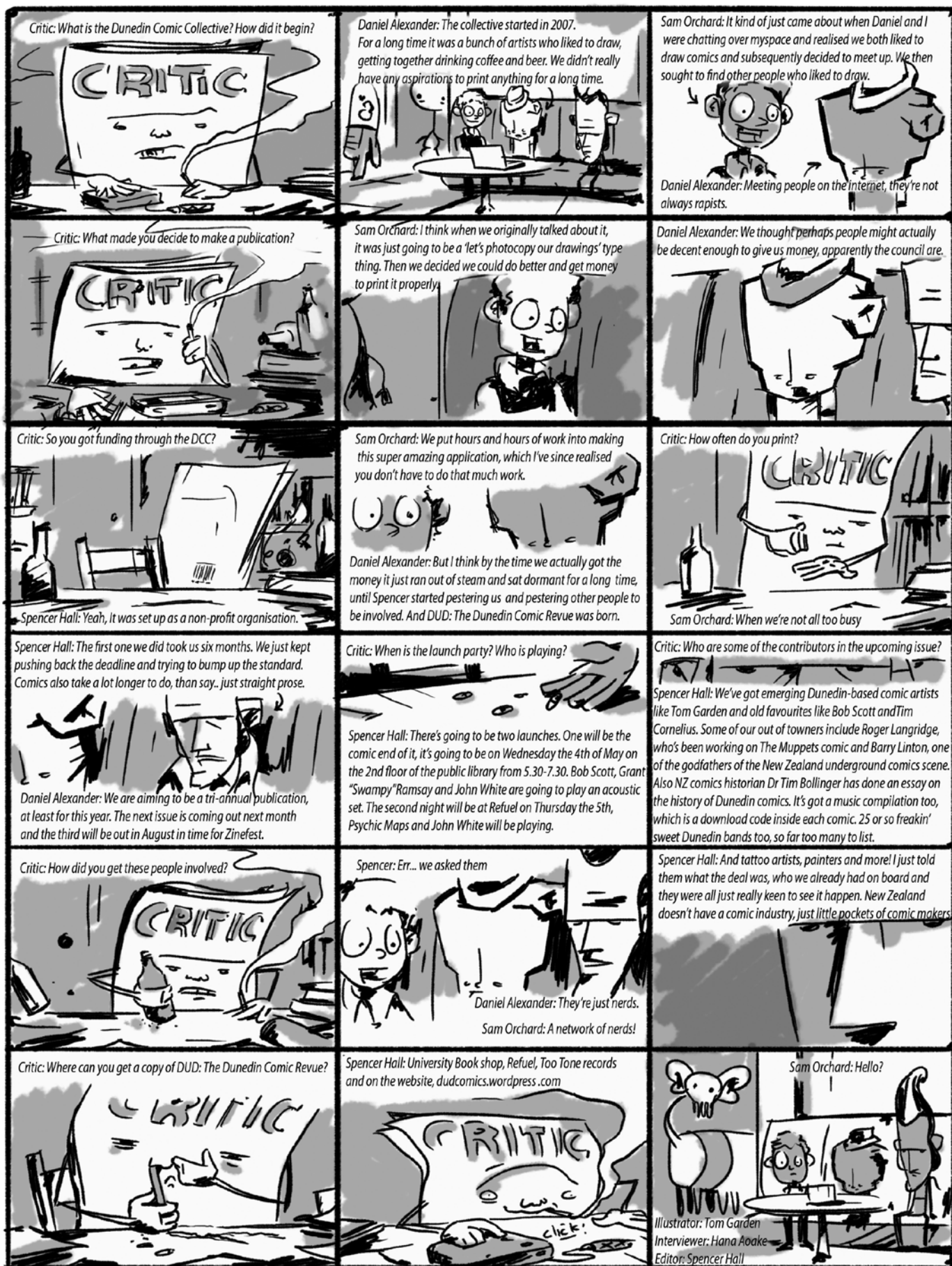
ReFuel: The Doyleys and guests
w/ Hayne (Chch), Onesie (Akl) and Milkshake Cowboys (Akl). Free entry.

Union Hall: THE EASTER WEEKENDER
Featuring NERO (UK), Foreign Beggars (UK), Trolley Snatcha (UK), Skism (UK), Shockone (AUS) and Faster than Light (NZ) More info at easterweekender.com.

thurs 21/4 **Sammy's: Catlins River Festival Taster Gig**
The Crown: Heka, Kahu and Manthying
\$5. Early music and early close for Good Friday.
Di Lusso: Lucky Breaks HIP HOP Thursdays w/ DJ FRACTURE
Chicks Hotel: The Aviators Album Release Tour
Carey's Bay Hotel: The Rusty String Sessions
\$10 from 7.30pm. feat. Both Sides of the Line, Nadia Reid, The Friendly Ghosts, Tim Moore.

sat 23/4 **Woodstock Lodge, The Catlins: CATLINS RIVER FESTIVAL**
w/ Knives at Noon, Left Or Right, The Nomad + King Kapisi, Budspells, Organikismness, MC Beau, Nudge, Julian Temple Band, JungleFari and loads more. \$60 +bf tickets from Cosmic Corner, cosmicticketing.co.nz.
Full line up and details at catlinsriverfestival.co.nz.

see the full gig guide at r1.co.nz



iDiDiDiDiDiDiD you???

What a week. Fashion in full fantastic force right here in wee old Dunedin. Who would have thought we'd make it to the high-flying "People and Parties" society pages of *vogue.com.au*? Thanks Damien Woolnough and your "surprisingly stylish city" concession. Damn right we are.

There were fabulous events all round. Libby Fraser, however, was lucky enough to waltz along to the opening of the Cooper sisters' delightful new showroom. Have a sneaky read of her style spree below.

Considering iD has been steaming along in our beautiful train station for a solid twelve years, the designers did a stunning job of pumping out fresh wintery looks that, as ever-classy Otago lass Tanya Carlson put it, "gave the audience a decent amount of colour to soak up".

Bravo to those who braved the hellishly cold Friday and Saturday night extravaganzas. Fur was a staple. Woolly blankets were not a kooky gratuitous feature amongst the crowd, instead being rather pretty bloody sensible. In fact, the old Lonely Hearts' shearling jacket would have gone down a treat. Not that the crowd was struggling on the fashion front. Gliding along the 110 metre long runway, I noted some very well dressed specimens amongst the audience. So all aboard for Fashion Week 2012, kids.

Ooh, and shout out to the old JC (John Campbell of course), of the non-holy-homme variety. You're a babe.

– **Mahoney Turnbull**

Afternoon tea with the Cooper sisters

An iDeal location, just above Dada in Moray Chambers, the Coopers (and that's TAMSIN, not TRELISE) have a perfect partnership of lovely luxe goodies for you to scope out in the impending Easter break.

Ahead of their joint showcase at the iD Fashion Week show on Friday night, designer sisters Tamsin and Emily Cooper opened their new show room at the Moray Chambers for a very classy afternoon tea, giving some of us a sneak peak of what the public can see in May when it opens to the public.

Emily, with father David, has run the label Silkbody for the last five years from Dunedin, and Tamsin has returned to her home town after eight years to collaborate on collections for the show and to set up shop. Silkbody's luxury silk everyday wear is hardly what you'd call "basic". Ideal comfort and (much needed) warmth, this is a step up from your Icebreaker merinos. Get Mum to treat you.

Tamsin, arguably a household name in New Zealand fashion after a legal tussle with Trelise Cooper over trademark, presents an array of luxury fashion accessories. Bags, purses, clutches, broaches, and elegant evening jackets; some boasting delicious embroidery, others dainty rosettes.

Together, in their stunning renovated showroom, Tamsin and Emily Cooper's collections are visually appealing. The delicate femininity of the silk and velvet accessories make a striking contrast against the simplicity of the Silkbody range.

Both charming, the sisters are worth meeting. And of course, the parlour is worth a visit, if only to feast your eyes on the broad colour palette of the accessories and to get a feel of those divine fabrics.

– **Libby Fraser**



Studying: Theatre Studies

Shoes: Butterfly Hospice opshop

Shorts: Free Shop Dunedin

Top: Free Shop Dunedin

Accessories: Pounamu from Mum, Feather and Eye from friend.

Style Icon: Modern Gypsy Tomboy

Favorite Shop: Anti-consumerism, so Free Shop Dunedin

Biggest Fashion Faux-Pas: Puffer Jacket

Must-Have This Winter: A beanie, but not the ones that hang off the back of your head

You'll Never See Me Shopping In: any chain store

Amnesia: The Dark Descent

Platforms: Windows, MAC, Linux



What's the quickest route to disrupt the tension in any horror videogame, or for that matter any scary media? Top marks if you said combat, because any direct encounter with the relentlessly stalking depraved shadows immediately undermines any fear the developer has woven. I can't be expected to pay attention to the creepy stuff and the oppressive atmosphere during most of 2005's *Condemned*. Come on, I'm too busy beating drug addicts to death with a table.

It took chutzpah to design *Amnesia: The Dark Descent*. Your only course of action against your impossible, twisted enemies is to run, locking doors behind you, and hiding in damp closets or dank dungeons that could be home to something even more gruesome. You hope against hope that doors you come across are unbarred, and pray that corridors you choose in a heart stopping moment are not simply a dead end.

Set in 1839, you play as Daniel, awakening without memories in the Prussian Brennenburg Castle. He is afraid of the dark, terrified in fact, which manifests brilliantly because hiding in darkness is the only way to elude the monstrosities you face. Being in the dark, and looking directly at the monsters for that matter, makes Daniel more and more insane, and it becomes difficult to distinguish imaginary twisted phenomena from very real ones.

At its core, *Amnesia* is a haunted house game, but a haunted house that harnesses all that is immersive about first-person perspectives. Your character will hallucinate, stumble and fall, and the physics system creates environmental interactions that are tactile and tense. Gripping something involves holding the mouse button, and then you move in an intuitive motion, perhaps to rotate a valve or pull a lever. Imagine waiting for a monster to pass, and then ever so slowly edging open the closet door to peep outside, hoping not to witness an open black maw patiently waiting to digest you.

Gobtron

Platforms: iPod touch, iPhone



Gobtron opens by flashing up a faux-ESRB (Entertainment Software Rating Board) rating of "I for Immature". I ask you, what could possibly be more mature than a majestic, mountain sized, hot-pink, fluffy, rectangular pig monster, enduring humanity's destructive march through history by consuming tribe after tribe of primitive man with its chameleon tongue-like right nostril mucous drippings? Not *Grand Theft Auto*, that's for darn sure.

Beginning on armorgames.com, *Gobtron* has been ported to iOS for the benefit of bus commuters and loo gamers, and to the chagrin of the easily distracted. The move was appropriate for the touch screen, with players pitching their asparagus-coloured snot in much the same stretch-back method employed for the archetypal *Angry Birds* slingshot. As new methods are unlocked (these methods are, of course, all snot, booger, loogie and other US colloquialism related), they all require a simple and intuitive input method like tapping or swiping.

Over 18 levels and 5 historical periods (ranging from cave-guys to Egypt-guys to modern and futuristic-guys), you'll spend a disappointingly short time dealing with a disappointingly tiny challenge. Belying the automatic weapons and aircraft that human society eventually cottons onto, the game never really gets difficult or strategic and it's over in about an hour.

That being said, it probably isn't designed to be a mechanically balanced, razor sharp tome of pocket strategy, and slamming people over and over with your booger can be quite therapeutic. The sound and graphics design are certainly charming. Maybe I'm expecting too much from a game about absorbing people with different kinds of sickly effluvia.



Lemon Ricotta Pancakes

I love Sunday brunch. It's the highlight of my week. My whole week is spent searching for cool recipes that I can try out on Sunday morning. Okay, so maybe I have no life. But hey, don't judge! Today I would like to share with you a recipe for lemon ricotta pancakes. These pancakes are so amazingly fluffy, moist and light that it feels like you are eating lemon pillows. By the time you're finished them you will wonder why you've been eating boring old pancakes all this while instead. The key to achieving such fluffy goodness is to beat the egg whites separately and then fold them into the batter before they go into the frying pan.

The recipe is as follows:

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>4 eggs, separated
1 cup ricotta cheese
3 tbsp sugar
1/2 cup all-purpose flour
zest of one lemon
2 tbsp lemon juice
2 tbsp butter
icing sugar, to taste</p> | <p>– In a large mixing bowl, whisk the egg yolks, ricotta cheese, sugar, flour and lemon zest with a fork.
– In another bowl, whip egg whites with a mixer until stiff peaks form. Fold this mixture into the egg yolk mixture very gently so that the air bubbles will not escape the batter.
– Melt the butter in pan over medium heat, drop batter on the pan using small ladle or large spoon. Flatten slightly, then let cook for about one or two minutes per side until lightly browned.
– Repeat with the rest of the batter.
– If you are making this for someone you really like, top it with lemon glaze. Mix a few drops of lemon juice with some icing sugar and pour on the pancakes. Or better yet, any kind of berries or fruits that you prefer.
– And there you have it; the perfect brunch. Seriously, why spend on eating out when you can go to pancake heaven at home?</p> |
|---|--|

This recipe was adapted from Patent and The Pantry.

– **Sharin Shaik**

Correction: Last week we inadvertently misspelled the author's name. The author of the "Moroccan Carrot Soup" recipe was Ines Shennan. We are very sorry Ines, and thank you for your tasty recipe!



The Good Earth

765 Cumberland Street, across the road from St David's Lecture Theatre

Prices: Flat White: \$4.00, Long Black: \$3.50, Mocha: \$4.80

Why I came here: The sun pouring through the large windows looked appealing

Atmosphere: Relaxed, contemporary, smart

Service: Quick - the smiley waiter was an added bonus

Food: Between the two of us we tried a ham and mustard sandwich and a sundried tomato, feta and spinach scone. Both very filling but rather bland for the price we had paid.

Overall: The greatest feature of The Good Earth Cafe is without a doubt its location and venue. In addition to being close to campus (you can pick up the uni internet there), the decor is contemporary, well lit and fresh. The vibe of the establishment is inviting and very aesthetically pleasing. As for the coffee, mine was pretty adequate – a bit weak but it did the trick. I think the biggest pitfall of The Good Earth Cafe is its prices. You can pick up a rather petite Raisin Fudge Slice for \$5.50!!! My sandwich cost me around \$8, which is a real shame considering the overall taste was nothing special. The high prices of The Good Earth Cafe are a real shame for us students, because considering the proximity to uni this organic-based cafe has potential as a convenient hot-spot for students needing a pick-up. Unfortunately, it drives away the under 25s and instead attracts an older clientele – when we visited, we were the youngest people in there. I struggled with what rating to give The Good Earth. It's not a bad place and one has to admire a business in today's society that is built on the foundation of "green" values, but the prices and average coffees and food were definite downsides. The Good Earth Cafe scratches the four star mark.

– **Pip Schaffler**



Wounds to the Face

Directed by **Jennifer Aitken**
Starring **Joel Rees** and **Hana Aoake**



My thoughts, as I watched scenes from *Wounds to the Face*, kept returning to Antonin Artaud's precept that words should have the same significance in theatre as they do in dreams. According to the five-minute crash course on the Theatre of Catastrophe I received after the show, this was not at all what Howard Barker believed in his essay about the human face in the private and public worlds. But the text of the play itself didn't grab me by the throat. Maybe that was because only selected scenes were shown, or because Aitken and her actors didn't make the most of the robust, even Shakespearean poetry of the play (so the internet assures me). However, the images and *mise-en-scène* of the production were so beautiful and intriguing that I didn't mind its deficiencies.

The set was almost a character on its own. As anyone who traipsed through the theatre last week will know, a 1.5m x 3m pile of loose dirt had been carted in and it sat between traverse seating, with a clear reflecting plastic sheet at one end and a makeup-strewn bureau and mirror at the other. What impressed me most was the texture of the set design. Productions in Allen Hall often fall back on black boxes and lighting, which makes for a tidy blank canvas. Aitken's set was gritty and slick, gouged and smooth, natural without falling into naturalism, and neutral but certainly not blank. The shadows of dirt clods changed the landscape with every change of the light. In a particularly deft touch, the two opposing reflective surfaces - plastic and mirror - let the audience see more angles of the stage than typically allowed by traverse, and trapped the shadowed ghostly faces of the audience alongside the those of the actors.

The actors themselves played multiple roles, signalled mainly by changes in costume. However, perhaps if Rees and Aoake had invested more energy into differentiating between characters, the piece would have had more of an edge. Rees' face and body were dramatically side-lit and he used them so elegantly that he drew the eye whether speaking or silent. Aoake's passion and commitment were such that she can project emotion while her back was turned and hidden under a red parasol. I also appreciated their ability to crawl all over each other - too often on stage this looks like an embarrassed and excruciatingly awkward form of high-school dancing. Aoake and Rees made it look sexy.

To mention that the lighting was amazing seems a little superfluous, given that Martyn Roberts designed it. Naturally, it was. A strong, dramatic play between light and shadows was used to great effect, beautifully illuminating the mobile shapes of the actors' faces. What I had not seen before was the use of an eerie twilight wash that was curiously flat and maintained a subtle state of anxiety between scenes that swelled as characters re-entered bringing their restlessness along with.

In all, it was a very assured piece, and I enjoyed the production if not the play.

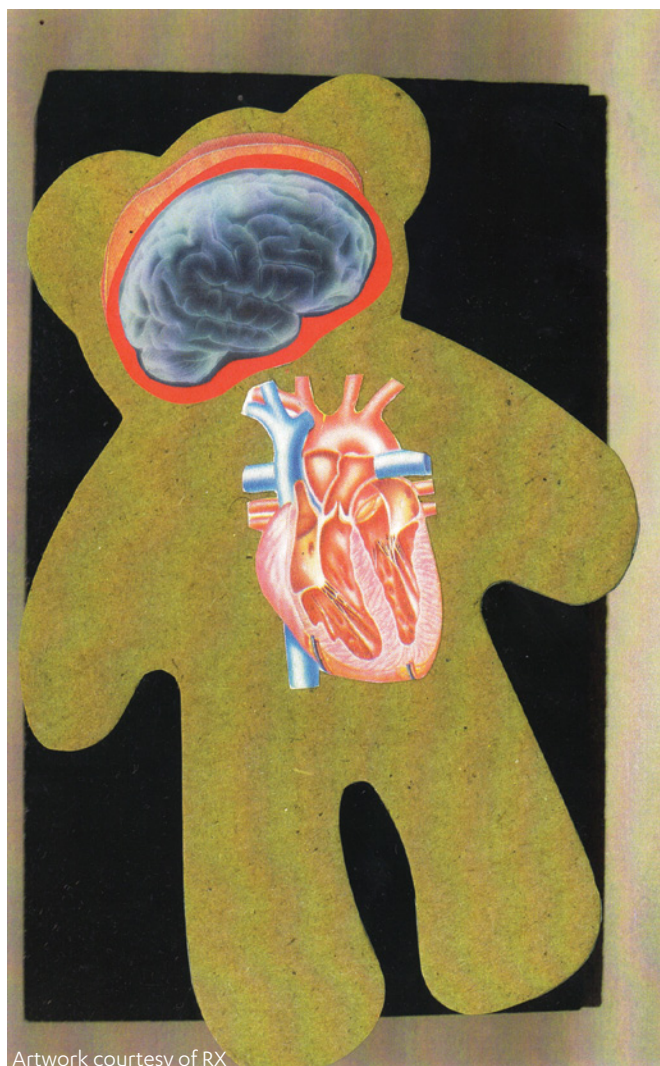
– **Clare Thomson**



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Kia ora nga Taurira o nga hau e wha,

We are Te Roopu Whakakaha Tinana, commonly known as the Physical Education Māori Association (PEMA). We are a student-led association in the second year of establishment. Our main objective is to encourage academic excellence of Māori Physical Education students by increasing communication between students throughout the year levels. With an emphasis on tikanga Māori, PEMA is guided by collective values about what it means to be a successful Māori in the School of Physical Education.

Presenting the PEMA executive for 2011

Renee Wikaire – Co Tūmuaki Iwi: Ngāpuhi & Ngāti Whātua

George Barsdell – Co Tūmuaki Iwi: Whakatōhea & Ngāti Awa

Erina Bean Tūmuaki Tuarua Iwi: Ngāpuhi & Te Arawa

Mitchell Nganeko - Kaituhi Iwi: Waikato & Taranaki

Taryn Slee – Kaitiaki Pūtea Iwi: Ngāti Awa

Grace Cooper - Kaiwhakahaere Iwi: Ngāi Tahu & Te Ati Awa

Brandon Manuel - Kaiwhakahaere Iwi: Ngāti Porou

Chelsea Cunningham - Kaiwhakahaere Iwi: Ngāti Kahungunu, Ngāti Tuwharetoa & Ngāi Tahu

In recent months PEMA has helped facilitate mentoring programmes within the University and wider community encompassing the lower South Island. This has been achieved through avenues including waka ama, mau rākau and traditional Māori games, providing younger students with positive role models and potential career pathways.



TE ROOPU MĀORI

Next month PEMA will engage in the celebration of Māori Physical Education students, through waiata and PE school haka at the Māori Pre-graduation ceremony and the Physical Education graduates' luncheon. In the second semester PEMA will coordinate Nga mahi a te rehia which is a compulsory introduction course for Physical Education students into tikanga Māori. Based on a three day weekend, the course envelops waka ama, mau rākau and kapa haka with a noho marae stay the students are immersed into tikanga Māori.

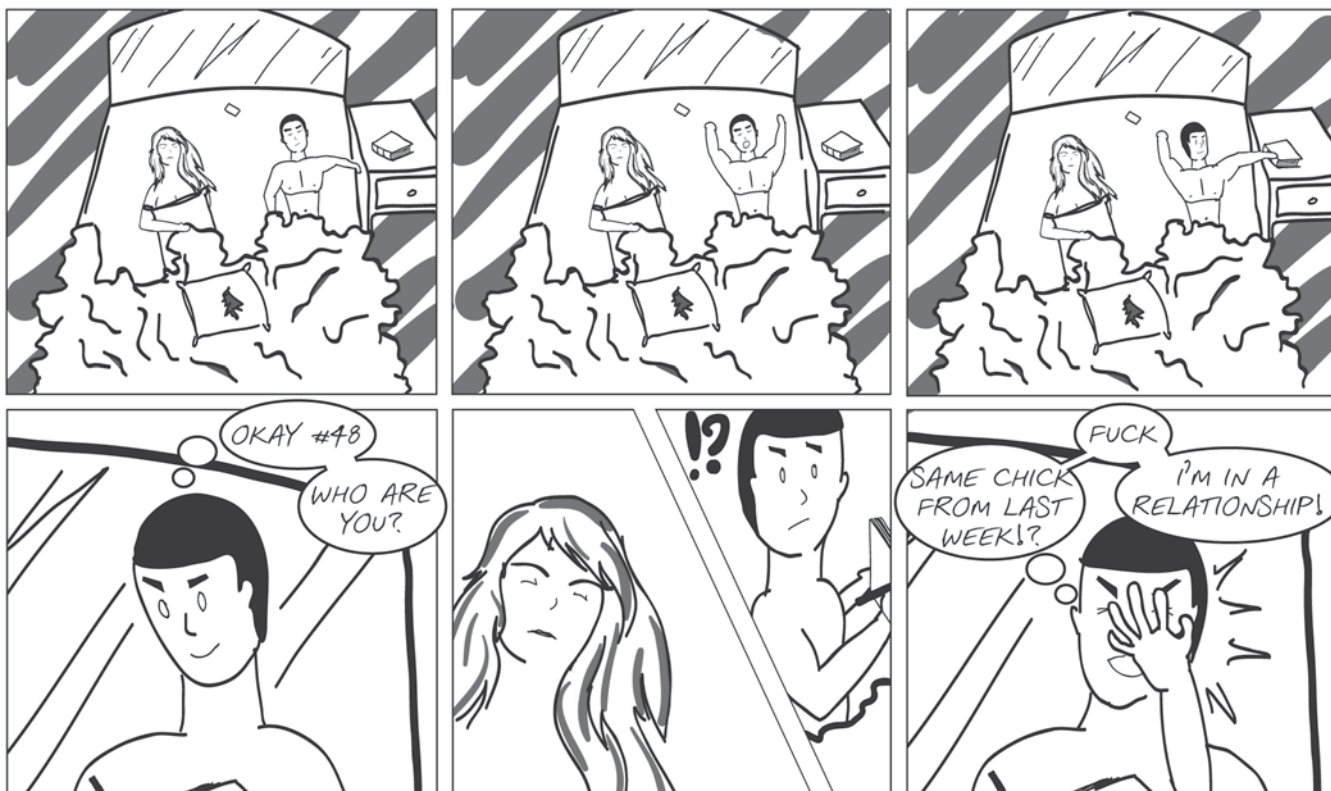
During the rest of the year PEMA will look to run some exciting events including a PEMA Wānanga, inter roopu sports day and other whakawhānaungatanga events.

If you are interested in any of the activities or would like further information don't hesitate to contact us at:

Email: pema@otago.ac.nz

Phone: +64 3 479 3879

MY WORST BEST MATES A SECOND "DATE"



Clubs and Socs Course Competition

Sign up before Easter to WIN!

Courses are cranking from the first week back after Easter. This means you'll have to SIGN UP before the holidays to guarantee yourself a space. To entice you all to claim your spot, they've got a few little prizes up for grabs that'll give you the chance to experience what Clubs and Socs has to offer.

Up for grabs: \$30 towards the course of your choice, a \$20 University Book Shop voucher, Casual Squash vouchers, Pool/Snooker vouchers and Sauna sessions for the winter!

Cheap date?

OUSA has cheap \$10 Hoyts movie tickets for sale! Available at OUSA Main Office.



Tutorials – Study smart, we'll show you the art.

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Are you enrolled to vote?

Winston has such nice hair...

According to the elections website, Dunedin North 18-24 aged voters are the poorest percentage performers when it comes to enrolling to vote. At 49.59% we're not a scratch on the alleged 101.24% of possible enrolments by the 60-64 age bracket. We still have strong numbers but we could at least pump up the percentage stats, we must win at stats, get off your bum and play a part in politics!

Enrol in 1.47 minutes at www.elections.org.nz

OUSA on Facebook

Check our OUSA Facebook page for up coming TICKET GIVEAWAYS to all things Graduation, be informed with Exec happenings, Event updates, and stay on top of when the Politicians are coming to seduce you into voting their colours!

Like us via [snurl.com/fbousa](https://www.facebook.com/snurl.com/fbousa)



PRESIDENTIAL COMMENT

Hello All,

I hope you're working hard before your break, and have enjoyed those few days of glorious sun we've had. It seems we've been surrounded by non-stop assignments and tests, it feels like I haven't talked to anyone with less than two assignments due each week for the last month!

Enjoy the Easter break and make sure you travel smart, safe and try to give yourself a rest (especially you Health Sci extraordinaires). We have a lot going on at OUSA and our search for a new General Manager has begun. On that note, we all thank and farewell Stephen who has been a strong leader, mentor and friend to OUSA for over five years. We have his lessons to help guide us as we move forward and we look forward what a new GM can bring to our organisation.

We have some great events coming up both by OUSA as well as with other outside and student organisations so keep on an eye out and we'll keep you informed! The referendum is coming up soon, once the auditor's reports are all finalised, so get thinking about what you would like asked or check ousa.org.nz for more info.

For now, have a great break and we look forward to seeing you back safe and sound.

Sincerely,

Harriet Geoghegan












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 <p>Calvin Klein Euphoria EDT 30ml Was \$85.00 \$60.00 Euphoria EDT 50ml Was \$138.00 \$79.00</p>	 <p>Gucci Red Door EDT 50ml Was \$87.00 \$59.00</p>	<p>Elizabeth Arden Red Door EDT 50ml Was \$87.00 \$59.00</p>	 <p>Oscar de la Renta Oscar EDT 100ml Was \$146.00 \$89.00</p>	 <p>Sarah Jessica Parker Lovely EDT 50ml Was \$1121.00 \$69.00</p>	 <p>Elizabeth Arden Green Tea EDT 15ml Was \$19.00 \$13.00</p>

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