

Issue 05 | Mar 26th, 2012

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Critic

Issue 05

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No Confidence dealt a crushing defeat as Jono Rowe, Ding Ding, Angus McDonald and Juana Diesing claim the remaining seats on the OUSA Executive.

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Logan Edgar appears on TV One's Breakfast to defend OUSA's continued opt-out membership scheme

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Critic selflessly takes time out of its busy schedule to assess Dunedin's favourite watering holes. The things we do for our readers ...

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Zane Pocock discovers that just like love and, um, Christmas, fashion is all around us.

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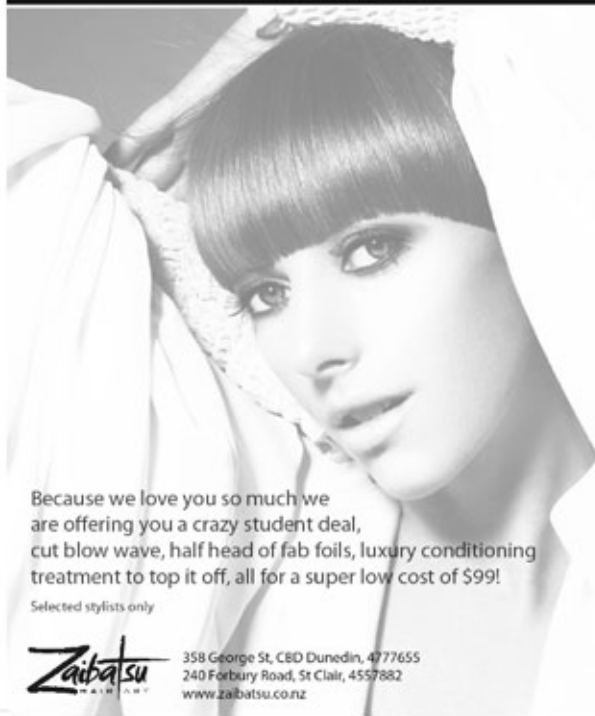
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THE FIRST OUSA ELECTIONS OF THE POST-VSM ERA took place last week. The usual 10% or so of students bothered to vote – actually not a bad turnout for a by-election – and four new Execies have joined Logan and the rest on the Student Executive.

However, even those who voted might be asking, "so what?" Some might be happy that the Young Nationals Southern Region-handpicked contingent of candidates were defeated, and anyone interested in the future of OUSA will probably be glad that the executive is full for the first time in, well, ages.

But does it mean anything to have a student-elected executive any more? The University basically pays for the entire organisation, and can withdraw their funding next year at will. And in a move that can only be viewed as reducing the strength of student representation on the Uni Council and Senate, the students'

seats will now have to be filled by direct election from the student body. Immediately that sounds like a great idea – more democracy and more representation. But the result will be students who don't have the strength of an organisation with the size and experience of OUSA behind them. They'll be very limited in how they can engage with the student body and how they bring issues before the University. OUSA was too willing to give these positions away, thinking that they could simply stand their own executive members for the seats. They can, but they won't be allowed to pool resources.

Anyway, that's enough OUSA for one day. *Critic* is actually all about fashion this week. iD Fashion Week is about to kick off again, and Dunedin as usual outdoes itself as a fashion powerhouse far beyond its size. Maybe it's the need to dress creatively to get through the bleak winters, or maybe it's just because we need so many layers to stay warm that a certain style spontaneously grew out of our North D ghetto. The challenge for any scarfie is to move past trackies and puffer jackets (just occasionally), and start developing a style of your very own. Zane Pocock takes an in-depth look at the fashion industry in his feature this week, and Maddy Phillipps talks to two of Dunedin's own young designers who will be competing in the International Emerging Designer Awards during fashion week.

Lastly, *Critic* set out for our annual Bar Safety Review – any old excuse for a drink really. There is such a crazy wealth of bars and clubs that you can go to in Dunedin in such a small area, we really are incredibly lucky, and even the cops are out and about trying to keep you safe (though that particular Constable wasn't totally stoked to have his photo taken). And if you don't feel like hitting town, few places in NZ could compete with our house party culture. Speaking of which, by the time you read this, the Hyde Street Keg Party will have taken place, and will have been a raging success, an utter failure, or just possibly something in between. *Critic* will be have been there filming all day, so look out for our *Critic* TV Hyde Street 2012 episode coming very soon.

– JOE STOCKMAN

Critic is...

Editor | Joe Stockman
Art Director | Andrew Jacombs
News Editor | Charlotte Greenfield
Sub Editor | Sam McChesney

Politics Reporter | Callum Fredric
Sports Reporter | Gus Gawn
Ad Designer | Sam Stutch

Feature Writers :
 Katie Kenny
 Maddy Phillipps
 Zane Pocock

P.O. Box 1436, Dunedin
 (03) 479 5335
critic@critic.co.nz
www.critic.co.nz

For Ad sales contact:
planetmedia.co.nz
planet@earthlight.co.nz
 (03) 479 5361

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Ding Ding Valiantly Resists Dream Team Whitewash



CALLUM FREDRIC and JOSIE ADAMS

NOT SINCE THE BEATLES VISITED OUR SUNNY shores has *Critic* been so excited. The OUSA by-election results were announced at 4:30pm on Wednesday March 21, to the joy of the "Dream Team" and the dismay of No Confidence's loyal fans.

Jono Rowe strolled into the Administrative Vice President role with 1058 votes, more than all other votes combined. Ding Ding gained the support of 88 students in her victory in the International Students Officer race, beating Dream Team candidate Shane Corrigan who had 61. Good turnout guys.

Angus McDonald was the most popular candidate of all, gaining 1114 votes in a crushing defeat of all pretenders to the Campaigns Officer throne. Juana Dising was elected as Colleges Officer with 880 votes, although Maddie Harris put up a good fight with 689 votes.

After the results were announced, awkward handshakes were exchanged, although President Logan Edgar chose to congratulate Angus with a cheeky kiss on the head. In his new role as Campaigns Officer, Angus intends to get straight onto campaigning against the liquor ban, as well as taking it upon himself to look for some decent international events for Re-O-Week. He also has the job of keeping the exec up to date on any political issues that affect students.

Critic asked Jono Rowe how the Dream Team managed to get so many votes. Facebook groups for the campaign were a "springboard", but students have a tendency to join those groups or events and then forget to vote. So the Dream Team spent a lot of time doing some "good old-fashioned knocking on doors, meeting people in lectures, the library, and the Link."

Brand-spanking new Colleges Officer Juana Dising plans to directly meet with freshers

and RAs. She has already made the trek up to Salmond, and claims she will visit Aquinas, although *Critic* will believe that when we see it. She's organised a Wednesday football competition for halls, and also intends to put on an event at the stadium. Juana's signature campaign trick was handing out pamphlets and a lolly of less than \$1 in value, to avoid the crippling vote penalty that could have accompanied a finding of excess spending.

Ding Yi Ding is "reeling" after her win, and couldn't express enough gratitude for the support she's received. On winning, she gushed about fulfilling her promises and representing the people accurately, using a turn of phrase that will serve her well in her political career. She's already planning a survey, and as we passed her on our way out she was up against the corridor wall, enthusiastically updating her Facebook status.

The Young Nationals Southern Region

Admin VP

International

Campaigns

Colleges

**JONATHAN
ROWE**

1058 votes, 55%

**DING (YI)
DING**

88 votes, 56%

**ANGUS
MCDONALD**

1114 votes, 59%

**JUANA
DIESING**

880 votes, 46%

Matthew Jordan 471 votes, 24%

Daniel Stride 211 votes, 11%

No Confidence 188 votes, 10%

Shane Corrigan 61 votes, 39%

No Confidence 7 votes, 5%

Derwin Smith 258 votes, 14%

Todd Dickens 249 votes, 13%

No Confidence 159 votes, 8%

Scott Lee 124 votes, 7%

Maddie Harris 689 votes, 36%

Scott Lee 199 votes, 10%

No Confidence 163 votes, 8%

ticket didn't fare so well, with none of the three candidates (Maddie Harris, Todd Dickens and Mat Jordan) who had the backing of the boys in blue winning a position. Maddie described how she got involved: "It was a Sunday morning and I was still a little drunk over at Todd's place catching up for coffee, and then he had this Young Nats meeting and suggested I came along. I rock up to the meeting with considerable amounts of alcohol still pumping through my veins and the topic of the election came up ... It's pretty much a being still drunk and signing up for things 101, it was totally awesome though and campaigning was a great experience!"

The leadup to the by-election was not without a bit of drama, with Critic receiving a visit from two grim-faced Derwin supporters who were unhappy with a quote that had been attributed to Campaigns Officer candidate Derwin Smith. Smith had described himself as in his "fifteenth year or so of a BA". Because his

physical appearance suggested to Critic that this was a perfectly feasible scenario, the quote was duly reported. Apparently Smith was joking and is in fact in his twenties, but Critic stands by the implied allegation that he looks really old. Now we really are going to get bashed.

Returning Officer Sophie Riley mentioned that the hard-fought election campaign had resulted in a few complaints. The "Dream Team", despite having dropped the unauthorised "OUSA" from their title, still managed to irritate a few with their Facebook campaign. They were fined one vote each. Although Critic expected this to cripple their victory hopes, it apparently made little difference, with three out of the four of the Dream Team winning their campaign (Ding Ding being the only non-Dreamer).

President Edgar also received complaints for endorsing the Team. It was argued that his nominating and seconding of the candidates involved breached the rules preventing

standing members of the Exec from endorsing candidates. Sadly for the VRWC (Vast Right Wing Conspiracy), this complaint was not upheld. A further complaint was laid against Juana Diesing for filming her campaign video in Unipol, but Returning Officer Sophie Riley did not uphold the complaint, ruling that Unipol was too far removed from OUSA. There was also some contention over interrupting lectures (you again, Dream Team) in order to campaign. But it was all deemed legit in the end.

Logan was happy with the results, saying the new team is a "party exec" with the right mixture of work and play. "Business up front, party at the back much like a mullet." However, he noted that the exec "had better fucking be at work tomorrow morning."

Tame Iti Hangs Jury



CLAUDIA HERRON

QUESTIONS HAVE ARISEN OVER THE FATE OF THE "UREWERA FOUR" AFTER A jury was unable to reach a verdict on the most serious charge against them.

On March 20 Tame Iti, Te Rangikaiwhiria Kemara, Emily Bailey and Urs Signer were found guilty by a jury on a number of firearms charges. The offences carry a maximum sentence of four years' imprisonment and

a maximum \$5000 fine. However, the jury was hung on the most contentious allegation of the trial, whether the four had participated in an organized criminal group.

17 people were arrested in 2007 after police raided an alleged military-style training group in the Urewera ranges. However, only four remained to stand trial in the Auckland High Court last week.

Valerie Morse, one of the 17 initially arrested, remarked in a media release after the trial that the hung jury indicated that the Crown's story didn't "stack up". She said that supporters of the Urewera Four had always maintained that the organized criminal group charge was laid so that "the Crown could use evidence it knew was illegal in order to secure convictions on firearms charges."

Contention has been rife in relation to the considerable expense of this trial. The NZ Herald reported that more than \$2.8 million of taxpayers' money would have been spent so far and that this figure was expected to rise.

As to the likelihood of the Crown seeking a retrial, Crown Prosecutor Ross Burns told the NZ Herald that, although a retrial would normally be pursued by the Crown, "it will have to consider it carefully in this case."

The Urewera Four are to be sentenced on May 24 and the issue of a retrial will be referred to the Auckland High Court sometime next month.

Victoria IS the bomb

GUS GAWN

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY IN WELLINGTON PLUNGED into chaos on Monday morning when an anonymous email sent to the University outlined a bomb threat against the Easterfield building at the Uni's Kelburn campus. The building was evacuated and cordoned off for several hours while police used a bomb dog to search the premises.

A Victoria University spokesperson said that they were unsure where the threat came from or the motivation behind it. After a thorough search the Police deemed the building safe enough for classes to resume, though some morning classes were cancelled.

Speculation is rife that Critic Editor Ol'Man Stockman initiated the threat to test the skills of Salient's (Vic's version of Critic) news division. When the Salient news team failed to secure a single photo of the incident Stockman was heard ranting in the Critic office "What the fuck are they doing at that bloody rag? I've got Go Pros attached to every one of my staff just in case."

The bomb threat was the biggest thing to happen to Victoria University since one of their researchers worked out that psychopaths prefer commerce degrees. In unrelated psychopath news, not many students know that Otago's very own psychopath Clayton Weatherston used to work as Shaq the Cat, the much-loved mascot of the Highlanders.

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Edgar shits on rights abuse claims

CHARLOTTE GREENFIELD

OUSA PRESIDENT LOGAN EDGAR APPEARED IN TWO HARD-HITTING INTERVIEWS last week. The first took place on *Breakfast* on Tuesday March 20. Veteran journalist Corin Dann challenged Edgar on OUSA's current student enrolment procedures, which allow the student association to skim cheekily above legal restrictions brought about by the Voluntary Student Membership (VSM) Act.

This was followed two days later by a more informal affair on an OUSA toilet. While Edgar acknowledged that giving an interview from such a location was "one of those things I'm not meant to do", circumstances intervened – nature in the case of Edgar and a looming print deadline in the case of *Critic* – and the interview took place nonetheless. Edgar further subverted social norms by using the female toilets, a move unappreciated by female staff members given Edgar's history of scabies. Edgar reasoned that, "somebody just done a poo in the other one and it stinks. This is going to be emotional enough for me as is."

Asked whether he had been nervous to appear on national television for only the 10th time, Logan yelled from behind the half-closed door, "Not compared to this. I'm getting all teary. I'm not sure if this is right. In comparison, [the *Breakfast* interview] was really easy. It just all flowed out."

On *Breakfast*, Dann grilled Edgar on whether automatically enrolling students in OUSA was a breach of the law, "just a little bit?" The President defended OUSA's move. "Our legal advice says no and OUSA is very comfortable with that legal advice." This is due in part to the fact that the membership is now "free" (although *Critic* is skeptical, suspecting the membership fee may be found somewhere in the increase in University fees this year) and in part due to OUSA's "simple and well-advertised" opt-out procedures. "All you have to do is come talk to me, or my 11 Exec members, and say 'I want to opt out'," claims Logan. "We've had three students opt out, out of 20,000."

Dann then questioned whether OUSA's independence would be impaired by the University's new-found control of the organisation's purse strings. "As far as legitimacy goes for me, I got the most votes of any student in the 122-year history of OUSA and I'm never going to let a coin here or there stop me speaking out about student issues, [nor are] my student executive," Logan responded. "That's something I would be concerned about down the track, that execs get in that mindset ... That was what our protests around VSM were about, but hey we're just going to have to work with what we've got, and I think it is sustainable."

Waiting tentatively outside the toilet door, *Critic* asked Logan why *Breakfast* had chosen him as the national authority on the legal status of enrolment procedures under the VSM Act. "I dunno. Clearly they need to move the NZ Union of Student Associations office down here. My mum was proud though. My grandma even saw me on TV and rang me up, which was pretty special. I think I've undone all that with doing this interview on the toilet though."



Air NZ's Cockpit Cock-Up

BELLA MACDONALD

AIR NEW ZEALAND HAS DISCOVERED CRACKS NEAR ITS PLANES' COCKPIT WINDOWS, grounding 11 aircrafts and causing delays to flights in and out of Dunedin.

After hairline cracks were found in one aircraft during a routine inspection, all 11 planes in the 11-year-old ATR fleet were grounded until further inspections could be made. This resulted in the cancellation of flights and further delays to other services around the country, affecting 5000 passengers between Sunday May 18 and Monday May 19.

Services to and from Dunedin were also disrupted. One frustrated Otago student suffered delays on her way to Christchurch for an interview. "It put me in an anxious state as I didn't know if or when I would even arrive. I also had to miss my accounting lecture to get to the airport on time. Prior warning of the delay would have been helpful."

Air New Zealand spokesperson Haley McCrystal told Critic there was no concern that Air New Zealand's reputation or credibility would

be damaged. "Passenger safety and that of our staff is paramount and non-negotiable at Air New Zealand hence why the decision was made."

Air New Zealand told Critic that by conforming to the ATR manufacturer's instructions to replace the cockpit window every eight years, the interior cockpit panels need to be removed. It was apparently under these panels that the hairline cracks were revealed. The Critic Mathematics Team is baffled – this means that the windows would have been replaced prematurely, when the aircrafts were only three years old, in order for the eight-yearly inspection to be taking place now.

With explanations such as these, the credibility of Air New Zealand has been questioned. The delayed Otago student Critic spoke to vented, "Air New Zealand is supposed to be our leading airline. How am I meant to trust them in the future after such a fundamental fuck-up?"

Air New Zealand provided other forms of transportation to affected passengers such as later flights and connecting bus services, which extended one Otago Student's two-hour flight to a nine-hour scenic drive. Perhaps Jetstar isn't so bad after all.

Sex, blackmail and head injuries

CALLUM FREDRIC

NATIONAL MP NICK SMITH HAS RESIGNED FROM HIS MINISTERIAL ROLES AFTER the first major Parliamentary scandal of the year. On July 7 last year, Dr. Smith wrote a letter to ACC in support of his "friend" Bronwyn Pullar, who was fighting a long-running battle with ACC after suffering a head injury in a 2002 cycling accident. The letter was a character reference, describing Ms. Pullar as having "a strong reputation as a very effective and efficient worker" before the accident.

Because Dr. Smith was ACC Minister at the time, his personal involvement in an ACC case gave the impression that he was interfering with the case. To make matters worse, the letter was written on official ACC papyrus. Dr. Smith had also written another letter in support of Ms. Pullar in 2010 without disclosing that he knew her personally.

NZ First Leader Winston Peters made the most of Parliamentary privilege (which allows MPs to speculate wildly without being sued for defamation, much to Critic's jealousy), implying that Dr. Smith and Ms. Pullar had at some point had a sexual relationship.

The scandal factor ramped up even further due to allegations that Ms.



Pullar had attempted to "blackmail" ACC into granting her two years' worth of benefit payments, by threatening to release the private information of 6,700 ACC claimants that had accidentally been leaked to her. The matter has been referred to the police.

Dr. Smith's ministerial portfolios of Local Government, Environment and Climate Change have been divided among his colleagues.

Dunedin North-based National MP Michael Woodhouse described Dr. Smith's resignation as "bloody sad for the caucus and sad for Parliament too, losing someone with a huge intellect and a massive work ethic. But he made an error of judgment that fell below the standard expected of a Cabinet minister and unfortunately you have to go when that occurs."

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Marmite stocks depleted

Zombie Apocalypse expected to follow

BELLA MACDONALD

MARMITE HAS DISAPPEARED OFF SHELVES ALL AROUND NEW ZEALAND, FOUR months after Sanitarium's Christchurch factory was closed following an engineers' report showing the building was unsafe. "Marmageddon" has ensued, resulting in rationing, mass riots and the breakdown of New Zealand society.

The closure of the Marmite factory, which usually produces 640,000kg of Marmite a year, has spread alarm throughout the South Pacific. One passionate Marmite connoisseur from Otago University vented her frustration. "Not being able to buy Marmite is like not being able to buy dildos. A girl just can't go without."

Sanitarium General Manager Pierre van Heerden reassured consumers, "We are hoping get the factory up and running by mid-July but this is only an estimate from the engineers." A tower situated above and beside the Marmite plant has been damaged and needs to be deconstructed before the plant can be accessed and repair plans made.

Backup options have been explored, with van Heerden sending staff to South Africa and the UK to see whether their facilities could be utilised to produce the New Zealand version of Marmite. Unfortunately it

was established that these factories would be unable to do so, as their Marmite is of a "saltier" variety.

The Marmite Crisis has reignited the long-standing conflict between those who prefer Marmite and those who opt for Australian spread Vegemite. In particular, there have been questions over whether those who are normally Marmiters will defect to the Vegemite cause. New Zealand Prime Minister John Key has already admitted his disloyalty on TV3, saying that he will eat Vegemite if necessary. Van Heerden however is not unduly concerned. "I don't believe it's the case [that Marmite eaters will turn to Vegemite]. Marmite consumers are very passionate, it's an iconic Kiwi brand."

Critic assessed the Marmite situation in Dunedin. Centre City New World admitted they had "limited stock left" but that there has been no noticeable increase in Vegemite sales. Centre City Countdown also had no Marmite left on the shelves but had a special on Vegemite products.

With a wait of at least four months before Marmite stocks can be replenished, van Heerden issued instructions on how to endure the disaster: "Use it sparingly, use it on toast, as the heat makes it go further, and only use it every second or third day." Critic can only hope that it will be enough to get New Zealand through these dark and difficult times.

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Castaway's 'Wilson' makes tragic real life appearance in Southland

SASHA BORISSENKO

INVERCARGILL LOCALS ARE IN SHOCK OVER WHAT HAS BEEN DESCRIBED AS NEW Zealand's worst maritime disaster since the Wahine in 1968. An 11-metre fishing boat, the Easy Rider, capsized in Foveaux Strait on Wednesday March 14 with nine people on board. Only one person is thought to have survived, with four bodies having been recovered and four still missing at the time Critic went to print.

A rogue wave upturned the boat just after midnight, allowing no time for emergency action. According to the Invercargill Mayoral office, rogue waves of this kind are common in the area given the shallow waters. "The sea floor is only 46 metres deep," said Aisha Williams, PA to Mayor Tim Shadbolt. At the time of the incident the Foveaux faced heavy rain, gale force winds and a four-metre swell.

Dallas Reedy, the only survivor, sought safety by clinging to the hull of the upturned boat for two hours before it sank. No other signs of life were heard in the area. With the help of a petrol can, that he aptly named "Wilson", Mr. Reedy managed to stay afloat for a further 16 hours before he was rescued. "I sang to him. I talked to him. I just did everything I could to stay alive ... I'm rapt to be here, I didn't want to die, I fought hard to stay

alive for my family."

While the wreck of the Easy Rider has been located on the sea floor near the Northern tip of Stewart Island, the families still wait for news of their loved ones. According to Southland Police Area Commander Inspector Lane Todd, "Police had hoped for a better outcome at this stage, and our thoughts and sympathies remain with all families involved ... We continue to support the families with our iwi liaison officers and victim support teams."

Since 2006, 17 people have died in the Strait, 14 of whom were on Muttonbirding expeditions. Muttonbirding is an annual event "based purely on a fiercely protected customary right," according to Tahu Potiki of the Otakou Runanga, and "the bulk do it for pecuniary gain." Although some of those involved in the seasonal harvesting of seabirds have moved towards helicopters, the area is not well regulated or monitored according to Mr. Potiki, and the possibility of people investing in bigger ships to tackle the fierce waters for this activity is slim.

Invercargill Mayor Tim Shadbolt has raised questions about the dangers surrounding Muttonbirding. He has confirmed plans to talk with Ngai Tahu representatives in a bid to prevent any future tragedies in the Foveaux area.



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News in Briefs

DEATH OF OTAGO STUDENT

CHARLOTTE GREENFIELD

THE STUDENT COMMUNITY IS MOURNING ONE OF ITS own after the death of commerce student Thiago Nazario on Monday March 19.

The 27-year-old had been living in New Zealand for a number of years after leaving his native Brazil. He was heavily involved in Dunedin student life, as a receptionist at Clubs and Socs, and a Kiwihost for international students at a University-run flat.

Jaimee Quarrie Coulter, fellow Student Staff Receptionist at Clubs and Socs where Thiago worked since September 2011, described Thiago as "great to work and socialize with. He was so liked by everyone and fitted in quickly. He'll be universally missed by all of us." Thiago is survived by a six-year-old daughter, currently living in Brazil, of whom he was "very proud and always talked about" according to Clubs and Socs staff.

ALCOHOL MAKES YOU FEEL BAD

WALTER PLINGE

A \$27,000 STUDY DISCOVERED THAT SECOND-YEAR uni students "struggle to concentrate" after a night on the piss. 281 students were tracked by asking them to fill in a daily internet based diary for three weeks.

Students that hit the bottle hard were reported to feel much sicker the next day, and to have twice as much trouble concentrating and managing their workload. The "Extreme" drinkers of the bunch, had more 14 standards in one night for men, and more than 10 for women.

Dr Tamlin Conner, the psychology researcher leading the study, said she was surprised to find that those that had less than six drinks in an evening suffered no discernible effects.

Realising that easy cash money is available for research proving things that are common knowledge, Critic has put in grant requests to study whether personal hygiene makes you

more attractive, and if nakedness is socially acceptable in lecture theatres.

ROAD RULES CHANGE

WALTER PLINGE

Our give-way rules are changing for the first time since, um, Critic couldn't find out the last time they changed, but ages ago at least. The New Zealand Transport Agency (NZTA) has said "We are urging people to use extra patience, caution and courtesy at intersections on Sunday and next week. If someone else makes a mistake, give them a friendly wave." NZTA estimates that the rule changes will result in a 7% reduction in overall intersection crashes. In a blinding piece of bureaucratic idiocy, NZTA had initially planned the change to occur at 5am on April 1, when the Transport Minister pointed out that the date might make some people think it was all an elaborate prank.

Scarfie Chronicles

CLAUDIA HERRON

IF THERE'S ONE DAY WHEN IT'S ACCEPTABLE TO claim a bit of "Irish ancestry" because your great-grandmother's brother's cousin was born in Dublin, it's St Patrick's Day. The dirty old town of Dunedin was evidentially on good terms with old Paddy, who got the fella upstairs to deliver a stellar day for his favourite scarfie leprechauns.

The Woodhaugh Hotel, nestled somewhere between Willowbank and Wellington, was one of the main stopping points for the day. Its eight strapping hoteliers are committed to high standards and sent out an invite to "anyone" to come join in the shindig. Out the back, an array of greenies (and not of the political kind) sprawled out in the sunshine and sunk into a state of glorious oblivion.

The Mongrel Mob, although not wanting to join in, dropped by for a cup of Irish breakfast, and a peek-a-boo at the hotel. Shit later got crazy, not – surprisingly – because of the Mongrel Mob, but due to some "P-Heads" who charged onto the dance floor to lay a formal complaint about the noise levels. Obviously not satisfied with the reaction to their work, the P-Heads returned and this time took matters more physically into hand, smashing decks and ripping the sound system. Thankfully, security at the hotel was on the ball and rolled them out of the house and back to the street. Unfortunately, it didn't look like they'd be getting their room key deposit back.

Back on the other side of town, a group of lads took keg racing up a gear. Seven thirsty scarfies snuggled up together in a car with a

keg and shut the doors. Drinking commenced as did the not altogether successful attempts to urinate and vomit out the window. Things came to an early close when one lightweight, who "hadn't had dinner", passed out after six beers. He's now known to these high-minded lads as the "six-beer queer".

And then there was the unlucky lass who had herself a real hair-raiser of a night. The Octagon was ablaze with fire dancers doing their thing and this girl managed to get her luscious locks to take on the form of real-life fiery ginger. While the lass's hair follicles were frying, her boyfriend proceeded to confiscate the offending firestick and fight the fire dancer all in his girlfriend's honour. Hair hair young chap!

Rower rows toward rowing victory (in a rowboat)



GUS GAWN

EARLIER THIS MONTH 38 ROWERS WERE NAMED TO REPRESENT NEW ZEALAND at the London Olympics in July this year. It is the largest rowing squad that New Zealand has ever mustered for an Olympic games. Beyond shot-putter Valerie Adams, most of New Zealand's medals will probably come from these 38 rowers. All the big names are there, including Mahe Drysdale and World Champions Hamish Bond and Eric Murray. To virtually no visible fanfare Otago University Rowing Club's very own Fiona Bourke was also named. Turns out she is a legitimate medal hope as well.

Fiona is one quarter of the New Zealand women's quadruple sculls squad, which has been consistently on the podium in European competition in the past 12 months. They even snagged a bronze at the last World Championships in Bled (that's in Slovenia). They are a young squad who have proven themselves in international competition and look poised for a surprise (to everyone except themselves) spot on the podium in London.

The quad squad consists of Bourke, Eve Macfarlane (NZ's youngest Olympic rower at 19), Louise Trappitt and Sarah Gray. The girls have been together for a couple of years now and are currently training full time at the New Zealand rowing base at Lake Karapiro. Under the watchful eye of super-coach Dick Tonks, the girls are logging it out 6 days a week to be in top form when July rolls around. Fiona Bourke's day consists of four hours on the water, cycling, weights, mat work and physio treatment as well as regular trips to the nutritionist and sports psychologist to get the mind and motor right. She's pretty busy at the moment but luckily for Critic she let us steal her lunch break to have a quick chat.

Fiona was a fresher at Otago way back in 2007 (she has a BCom and a BSc underway) but has recently put the scarfie dream on hold to chase Olympic metal. Intriguingly her first year at uni also turned out to be her

first year in a rowboat. "I came down for my first year and went along to the Clubs and Socs open day (they have one every O-Week if you missed it). I saw rowing there and it sparked an interest. That year I participated in New Zealand Uni Games as a novice (kind of like a rowing fresher) and caught the rowing bug."

A year later things really kicked up a notch for Bourke. "I decided that I quite enjoyed it. I set a goal for myself that I wanted to make the New Zealand U23 crew before I was too old." Juggling study and serious rowing takes a real commitment. "By the time you have two trainings a day and studying as well, you have to make sure every part of your day is being used productively. Now that I look back on it I think, crikey you were really pushed for time. When you've got to do it, you just knuckle down and do it."

London is just the beginning for Fiona and the crew. "I would say that we are a developing crew. We have a good few years left in us. The stroke and I have only been rowing for 4 or 5 years. We are a very young crew. That works to our advantage because we are still keen and really ready to give it everything."

Team bonding is a huge part of their success. "We know that as soon as we stop having fun we stop rowing well. We know each other pretty much inside out. When you go overseas you live in each other's pockets for three and a half months then you come back here and see each other for most of the day. We definitely become a tight little unit."

Fiona sensibly refused to be drawn into any speculation about how much shagging the New Zealand Rowers would be getting down to at the notorious sexual hotbed that is an Olympic Games Village. For the record, at the Vancouver Winter Games 100,000 condoms had to be shipped into the athletes' village. That's about 14 per athlete, and they still ran out. Apparently the hormones run hot in such finely-tuned athletes. Bourke fobbed Critic off by saying "We are looking forward to the racing side of things more. That's not the reason we're going over there". Smooth.

On coach Richard "Dick" Tonks: "He's a man of few words but you know that when he says something you've just got to listen to it. You have to really take what he says and really use it and apply it to your rowing. He's got a no-bullshit approach. You know exactly where you stand. You turn up on time, you train hard, you do as he says and you trust that he'll point you in the right direction."

Although you can never become rich from rowing, Bourke and her teammates are in it for the long haul. Their real target is a gold medal in Rio de Janeiro in 2016. Luckily for Fiona, rowers generally peak around age 26-27. Fiona Bourke is 23 this year. You do the math.



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Highlanders Unbeaten

Who Saw This Coming?

GUS GAWN

IN UNBELIEVABLE CODE UPDATE NEWS, THE HIGHLANDERS ARE UNDEFEATED (or they were when we went to print on Thursday). That's right folks – two home games, two away, four wins, 16 points, top of the table, top of the conference, top of the world.

It's not as if they've had an easy draw either. They snuck through in three grudge matches against the Crusaders, Chiefs and Hurricanes and ground out a victory against a Waratahs team containing plenty of Wallabies. Crowds have been great, filling up the lunchbox and especially "The Zoo". I have said before that the marketing idea for "The Zoo" is as cheesy as a herd of cows on a trampoline, but that hasn't stopped you students packing it out at the two opportunities that you have had.

There have been several standouts so far. *Critic's* undisputed favourite Highlander Aaron Smith has been so much better than Jimmy Cowan. Cowan should just leave the country right now, while he still has a rugby career. Cowan has become obsolete – he can't even kick a ball out to end

the game any more. Smith has done that twice in one game! Unfortunately when *Critic* informed Aaron of how awesome he is, he was disappointingly humble. He pretended to be learning plenty off Cowan when we all know he is already the best halfback in the country and possibly the world.

I don't think even Jamie Joseph really knew who Phil Burleigh was until he put him in the starting line up for the season opener. Turns out he's a solid contributor in midfield who can't stop scoring tries. Meanwhile, John Hardie has become the pride of Dipton – usurping previous pride Bill English, who stole the crown from a rouseabout named Kingi. Hardie looks like he might be the Highlanders number seven for a long time and may even get the opportunity to ride All Black pine if he keeps up the good work.

Unfortunately the next game at Forsyth Barr isn't until Saturday April 7 (next week), meaning that we won't have had a game to go to in nearly a month. Instead there is a game in Invercargill on Friday March 30, which in my opinion is a massive miscalculation. The momentum and excitement are up here folks.

I bleed blue and gold.

Warriors at Forsyth Barr, Yes Please.

GUS GAWN

HOW MANY OF YOU WANT TO SEE THE VODAFONE WARRIORS PLAY AN NRL GAME at Forsyth Barr Stadium? I know I do, and I bet you do too.

Though Rugby League is the poorer cousin to Rugby Union in Dunedin, there is a dormant support base. How many of you regularly settle down to watch the Warriors on a Sunday? Plenty I'll bet. How many of your mates do the same? Heaps. So why can't we entice an NRL game to the lovely Forsyth Barr Stadium? If Taupo gets a game surely we can have one.

Luckily, Australian NRL clubs have a history of bringing home games across the Tasman to satisfy the hungry non-Auckland NRL fan base. In the early 2000s the Bulldogs brought a fresh-faced Sonny Bill Williams, along with other star names like Willie Mason and Steve Price, to Wellington's Westpac Stadium to give the locals a taste of NRL action. The Roosters did the same at AMI Stadium in Christchurch in 2010 and the Sharks hosted the Warriors at Taupo last year. The precedent is set; Dunedin should be next.

In the crowded Sydney Rugby League market, ambitious teams are always looking for new ways to gain more fans or a bit of extra revenue. Many suburban Sydney clubs like those already mentioned (plus the Rabbitohs and Tigers) often find themselves playing their home games at either ANZ Stadium (that's the massive Olympic one) or sharing the smaller Sydney Football Stadium with their biggest rivals. Die-hard fans often have to travel right across Sydney to watch their beloved teams in heartless, neutral cauldrons. With their home life so imperfect it is no wonder that Sydney clubs want to "play away".

When *Critic* approached Forsyth Barr Stadium management they were extremely enthusiastic about the idea. David Davies, CEO of the Stadium Management Committee, said "we are always interested in attracting new events, including NRL games to the venue – we think there is an appetite for league in the South." Even better: "We are in discussion with a few clubs but nothing definite has been confirmed as yet." Davies would not tell us who those clubs were, but *Critic* understands that one is the Vodafone Warriors, who would most likely be the "away" team for any game. The others are most likely Sydney clubs.

League legend The Mad Butcher showed *Critic* the Warriors' club members' point of view. "The season ticket holders are the backbone of the club," he rasped. "It would be great to see, but that would mean one less game per season for the members in Auckland." He added he would fully support another club holding a game at Forsyth Barr. At this point *Critic* got star struck, started mumbling weird shit, and had to hang up.

The student on the street is into it as well. "Scarfie Greg" said "the thought of Lewis Brown ankle skuxing in the Octagon after a big win in front of 'The Zoo' makes my insides tingle."

Local Rugby League coordinator Steve Martin said he was "absolutely" behind the idea. "It's something all Otago Rugby League Districts are keen on." He added that Southland has a strong Rugby League community who would also be keen to get in behind the idea.

So, students, do you feel like this is something that we should throw our weight behind? Get onto 'Critic-Te Arohi' on Facebook and have your say.

RED AND STARRY EYED

ON PORTS OF AUCKLAND

UNIONS MUST KEEP ON FIGHTING!

The Ports of Auckland dispute has hit the media like a wildfire, with ideological differences underpinning all coverage of the dispute. The issue is both complicated and serious. If the port wins, it will be a significant blow to the union movement in New Zealand and could set a precedent for many other businesses.

The workers and the union representing them, MUNZ, have been asking that improved work conditions be signed into the negotiations that have been going on for 8 months. The Port, however, wants to make hours more casual and it wants to impose work conditions that could mean the wharfies would get little time off.

The Port cut short the bargaining by trying to sack the almost 300 workers involved. Whether it can legally do so will be decided by the Employment court.

John Key says New Zealand businesses need to be competitive in the international scene. However if this competition deprives people from fair work, fair pay and fair holidays, we are really just sacrificing the wellbeing of Kiwis and their families. While the Greens are correct in saying the union position is about secure and decent working conditions, Labour has taken months to find a stance. Instead of supporting the workers and the unions, which give them a large share of voters, Shearer and his bunch have been eyeing up business interests. Shearer & co. would rather a compromise where the workers will undoubtedly be at a disadvantage.

The right says the wharfies earn too much and that more casual hours will benefit business interests in the current rut the economy finds itself in. Lies – the \$90,000 salaries the stevedores receive reflect the higher costs of living in Auckland. Moreover, safe working conditions with good pay should be the norm rather than the exception. Every worker wants to know whether they will have enough work to feed the family next week. Many have also said working at the wharves is unskilled labour, and therefore it doesn't matter if workers are sacked. This implies that unskilled labourers should not have the same rights to job security as the rest. It forgets the dangerous working conditions at the port, and the many weeks of in-work training any new worker receives.

If the Port simply accepted the modest proposals asked for by MUNZ, this dispute would not have lost it millions of dollars in negotiations in the first place.

RED AND STARRY EYED

Spec

New Zealand First (Turkmenistan Second)

CALLUM FREDRIC

THE NEW ZEALAND FIRST PARTY IS THE SALMOND COLLEGE OF POLITICAL parties – far enough away from the mainstream to be forgotten by most, but not quite far out enough to gain notoriety like the Mana Party (Aquinas). For the average Kiwi, only one thing springs to mind when they think of NZ First ... the charismatic leader Winston Peters. Critic loves to inform, so we talked to the Leader, and Troll-in-Chief, of Young NZ First, Curwen Rolinson, as well as "de facto Leader of Young NZ First Dunedin" Beau Murrah, about the policies behind the pinstriped suit and the smile.

HISTORY

WINSTON PETERS STARTED OUT AS A NATIONAL MP, BUT HIS OLD-SCHOOL conservative views meant he was never a fan of the free-market reforms and welfare cuts National implemented in the '90s. He spoke out against his own party, gained a reputation as a maverick, and was eventually expelled from the National caucus in 1992.

Rolinson says: "We were founded in 1993 because neither of the 'big two' parties were listening to New Zealanders about the disastrous impacts of their runaway Rogernomics and Ruthanasia programs." Since its formation, the party has only been out of Parliament once, from 2008 to 2011. But despite being written off by everyone (to the betting-related detriment of yours truly), NZ First surged triumphantly back into Parliament in the 2011 election with 6.6% of the vote, entitling them to eight MPs.

IDEOLOGY

THE MAINSTREAM MEDIA TENDS TO STEREOTYPE THE REPORTING OF MINOR parties. For NZ First, stories would focus on the party's popularity with old people, Winston's love of the "baubles of office", and Winston's reputation as a maverick. Does Winston Peters have any genuine ideological views? It's hard to say. But there's no doubting the sincerity of the young activists currently involved with the party.

As Murrah says, NZF's founding principle is "to put New Zealand and New Zealanders First." NZF is sceptical of the notion that foreign investment, trade and immigration benefits NZ, believing the benefits of lucrative trade deals with other nations are outweighed by the restrictions these deals place on NZ's economic sovereignty. Rolinson says: "We want New Zealand's laws written by Kiwis and for

trum



The Tory Templar

Kiwis – not by Warner Brothers executives or shadowy international trading blocs."

Rolinson succinctly describes the party's ideology: "We are, in a word, Nationalists. We want Kiwis to rise up and take ownership of their nation and destiny ... we are far better able to take on the world and win when we are united rather than needlessly divided." The party wants to deliberately foster a sense of national pride in schools.

NZ First is centre-left economically, like the Labour Party. As Rolinson notes, NZF "are profoundly suspicious of neoliberal (right-wing) economic policy". They support raising the minimum wage and implementing a universal student allowance. However, the party occasionally displays right-wing tendencies by supporting tax cuts and targeting welfare dependency.

NZ First also has a populist/direct democracy streak. According to Rolinson, NZF opposes situations in which "121 MPs get to pre-empt the will of the people," and would support binding referenda on contentious issues like gay marriage.

Another way to describe NZF is as a conservative party in the true sense of the word. Most of their time in Parliament has been spent opposing changes proposed by the government of the day. When National is in power, NZF opposes welfare cuts and asset sales. When Labour is in power, NZF opposes social policy changes. NZ First tends to receive a significant number of "protest votes" from people wanting to ensure a strong opposition in Parliament. Rolinson: "Ultimately we've been put back in Parliament to keep this government accountable."

NZ FIRST VS. THE MEDIA

PARTICULARLY IN THE LAST TWO ELECTIONS, THE MAINSTREAM MEDIA HAS given little genuine airtime to NZF. The little coverage that existed was usually negative, with a constant focus on polls showing the party struggling at 2-3%, repetitive lazy jabs at the old age of NZF voters, and a negative focus on the antics/scandals relating to Winston himself.

Murrah: "One of the most basic media filters that exists is what media organisations choose to cover or not cover. NZ First gets filtered out to a significant degree." It doesn't help that Winston "has always had a pretty antagonistic relationship with the media". Rolinson agrees: "Before the election, Winston-baiting was an amateur sport with the press corps!" However, he believes the media coverage since the election has been more positive.

CONCLUSION

MURRAH CLAIMS HE "WILL BE DRINKING WHISKEY WITH WINSTON SOMETIME later in the year. If he comes to my flat for drinks I will invite everyone I know on Facebook except maybe ACT on Campus." Meow.

ON PORTS OF AUCKLAND

THE MARITIME UNION AND PORTS OF AUCKLAND ARE AT ODDS OVER THE PORT'S insistence on more flexible working hours, and the union's insistence that this provides too much uncertainty for staff and is inherently unfair. What to do? Strike, apparently.

If even a hardcore lefty such as Auckland Mayor Len Brown is saying that the company's first offer (in September!) should have been accepted, you know that the unions don't have a leg to stand on. The offer would have given the workers a 2.5% increase in pay each year for the next three. The Union rejected this offer, which was a generous one considering that reports suggest workers earn over \$90,000 a year for about 26 hours of work a week. If that's what they earn I'll take their job.

Though several offers have been made to the Ports of Auckland workers the company has finally lost patience and realised it couldn't afford to have workers getting paid for doing no work. Considering that the ports have already lost the lucrative business of Fonterra they have been more than considerate. If you want to spend your time striking rather than doing your job there are plenty of people out there who need one, so don't complain when they take yours.

The unions say changing people from being permanent staff to part-time means that their families couldn't plan things. This is at the very least clever manoeuvring of the facts to suit the union's case and at the most an outright lie. The Ports have stated they would roster workers on for 160 hours a month delivering said roster a month in advance. If you can't plan that far ahead the Templar suggests you shouldn't be involved in an industry that connects New Zealand to the world, try something a little less strenuous.

If workers want to blame someone for losing their jobs they should look no further than their beloved union. If you think a union has your best interests at heart, the Templar has some sad news to deliver: They don't. Unions function to serve union bosses and couldn't give a toss about their members.

Maybe this will teach people that unions are no good, and striking is as dumb an idea as they come. Now go re-apply for those jobs, get off your arse and do some work. Oh and while you're at it tell that bloody union of yours to get stuffed. There's no better advice than that.

THE TORY TEMPLAR

Dunedin's Fashionistas

by Maddy Phillipps

H, FASHION WEEK. THAT SACRED WEEK IN WHICH THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE COME together to drink champagne, nibble at canapés, snort rockstar rails of coke and snark about other beautiful people. Decadent. Rarefied. Hectic. Fabulous.

Or, you know, not, if you are lucky enough to live in Dunedin. Here, Lindauer Fraise replaces Perrier-Jouet, weak methadone pills replace cocaine and one's best shot at a canapé involves a trip to the 24 to pick up some Bluebird Salt and Vinegar crisps. And as far as the "beautiful people" part goes, I see no need to expend precious energy refuting that statement when you can all simply look out the window by way of confirmation.

Yet despite these glaring obstacles to creating a week of fashion and decadence we could truly be proud of, the thirteenth annual iD Fashion Week begins next Monday. The event is described as "a celebration of the city's fashion identity, creativity and distinct style". I have spent the last four years closely observing Dunedin's "fashion identity, creativity and distinct style", often while working in the hospitality industry, so this description did not immediately inspire confidence. However, it turns out that while Dunedin is sorely lacking in front-row celebrities and delicately curled endive fronds encasing Beluga caviar, it is surprisingly replete with truly creative designers.

This talent will be showcased next week at the iD International Emerging Designer Awards. 28 finalists from seven countries will compete to win the \$5000 prize and the chance to present their collection to a front row of supportive family members and shrieking Maori Hill housewives at the iD Fashion Show on Friday March 30. Finalists Molly Barrington and Jojo Ross are both Otago Polytechnic graduates. We sat down to chat about themselves, their collections, and the current state of Dunedin style.

Molly Barrington



Photo by Matt Chapman

WHEN I MEET HER FOR COFFEE, MOLLY BARRINGTON is wearing beat-up Converse, a tight blue skirt, vintage wire-framed sunglasses and laddered tights. She has perfectly tousled auburn Just-Been-Fucked hair. The overall effect is that of a grungey mermaid. Barrington grew up in Christchurch, which she describes as "kind of like a bigger version of South Dunedin". I immediately forgive her unstudied sexiness and decide that I like her.

Barrington dabbled with sewing in her teens, and modeled in a few Christchurch fashion shows before moving to Dunedin's sunny shores to study fashion design at Otago Polytechnic. Initially she designed womenswear, but found herself drawn to the "challenge" of designing menswear. She claims to abhor trends. I don't know if it is possible to truly avoid trends in the fashion industry, but it is certainly possible to favour timelessness, which is what Barrington does – and does very well.

Her menswear collection, "Shooting Buffalo", was inspired by the American art-house director Jim Jarmusch and his

postmodern Western film *Dead Man*. She draws heavily on Jarmusch's "acid Western" aesthetic: Hard, heavy leathers, suedes and soft linens with metal detailing and leather etching create a collection imbued with a sense of timelessness, permanence and gravity. It's power dressing without the pocket squares and shoulder pads; the power of these clothes is grounded in the durability and earthiness of the materials. The pieces make a statement, but it is a subtle one – wearability is Barrington's constant concern. Her pieces are designed to meld seamlessly into the wearer's wardrobe, no matter how outré or understated his personal style may be.

This aesthetic is a shrewd business move for a Dunedin-based designer. Barrington's target customer, the late 20s to 40s professional Dunedin man, is not exactly known for his avant-garde approach to dressing himself. Barrington hopes that her neutral palette of cream, black and khaki offset with Western-inspired silver accents will inspire the sartorialist but won't intimidate the everyman. Ultimately, she says, she wants her clothes to inspire confidence in the wearer.

Barrington's confidence-via-comfort philosophy has already attracted interest from the fashion industry – so much so, in fact, that the designs in the "Shooting Buffalo" collection have formed the starting point for her menswear label TR FRANC. Barrington plans to start building up the label next year after spending the summer working with the Dunedin Fashion Incubator. I initially assumed the Dunedin Fashion Incubator was a euphemism for the puffer jacket, but apparently it is a Polytech-based company that "offers tailored support to help you start and develop your own business and fashion line". I have a beautiful vision of little vintage cardigan-wearing foetal Fashion People curled up in amniotic fluid as Originality Vitamins and Disdain For The Common Man Minerals are pumped directly into their bloodstreams.

Perhaps the Disdain Minerals are already flowing through Barrington's veins; but personally I consider this a desirable personality trait, so it just makes me like her more. She thinks Dunedin's current worst fashion crime is "everyone dressing the same". I press her for details, as I always do when I feel someone is on the cusp of a deliciously bitchy statement. She cites the groups of girls who roam Dunedin's streets dressed identically in short, floaty white skirts, high-top Converse and oversized Ruby jumpers, paired with a Karen Walker bow necklace Mummy and Daddy got them for their 18th birthday. I agree so vehemently I spill my long black all over my skirt, which mercifully is neither white nor floaty. Luckily I am wearing a neckline that hides my Karen Walker necklace.

Jojo Ross



Photo by Matt Chapman

JOJO ROSS IS SOFT-SPOKEN, YET WITH A THICK SOUTH ISLAND accent. Throughout our phone interview, she is unfailingly self-deprecating and sweet in the same über-Southern way that characterised the better customers at my old workplace, the Mosgiel Tavern (don't ask). However, it soon becomes apparent that unlike the inbred Countdown workers and farmers' wives who frequented the Tav, Ross is sophisticated and switched-on, albeit in a floaty, "Creative Person"-y way. She grew up in Queenstown, and moved to Dunedin because she was attracted by the Polytechnic's artistic, design-based course.

Her graduate collection, "The Anomalies", is based on String Theory, which apparently explains "everything". I am naturally wary of anything that claims to explain everything because it tends to remind me of the Abrahamic faiths. However, string theory is in fact "an active research framework in particle physics that attempts to reconcile quantum mechanics and general relativity". The words "physics", "quantum" and "relativity" (especially the moral kind) put together are probably enough to give your average fundamentalist a heart attack. I immediately warm to the concept.

So, how does one translate a Theory of Everything into a fashion collection, which cannot really claim to be a theory of anything except wild overspending? Ross's collection comprises 13 three-dimensional string-and-PVC pieces which hover weightlessly above black and silver base layers. The

effect is appropriately otherworldly. Ross has always been fascinated by space. The collection reflects this by creating literal space between the garment and the wearer. According to string theory, there are other people living other lives closer to us than our clothes. Ross's string pieces give these other-dimensional people ample room to breathe. Even to the casual observer these clothes are a breath of fresh air.

The garments aren't going to be seen stumbling down George St at 2am faintly redolent of vomit any time soon; this is art, not fashion. Ross doesn't care about wearability. She sees herself as a conceptual artist, and after seeing the collection I am inclined to agree. The whole thing reminds me of *Tron: Legacy*, but mercifully without the much-hyped but ultimately very disappointing Daft

Punk soundtrack. Ross is too modest to mention it, but she has already been noticed, winning both the "Top Collection" and "Directional Design" prizes at the Polytechnic's annual Collections show last year.

Ross plans to leave Dunedin after iD, saying that New Zealand is too small for conceptual fashion. Dunedin, especially, is concerned "mainly with practicality". I agree: Europeans are the Thoroughbreds of the Caucasian people, whereas New Zealanders are a common, thick-ankled breed more in keeping with the Cob or Shire horse. I can understand perfectly why Ross would want to head for Central St Martins to fraternise with the Hussein Chalayans and Rick Owens of this world at the earliest opportunity. There is certainly more than an echo of Chalyan's light-up skirts and wooden dresses in Ross's similarly futuristic graduate collection. Equally, the amorphously draped black silk base layers feel very Owens. Together, it's a potent combination.

Despite her art-not-fashion credo, Ross still has opinions on the current state of Dunedin style. Like Barrington, she hates the sheep mentality of Dunedinites, and is particularly incensed by girls in labia-baring Supré dresses paired with little lace-up Warehouse sneakers.

Dunedin's uniquely vile style has clearly been good to Ross in one way however. She follows a post-apocalyptic aesthetic, and what town can better offer post-apocalyptic inspiration than one which is home to Castle St?



The Critic 2012 Bar Safety Review

Each year Critic takes it upon itself to review the bars and night spots of North Dunedin to make sure that they are taking proper care of you. We didn't want to of course, we'd rather just stay in and watch *Mad Men* episodes on endless repeat, but we stoically headed off to some of Dunedin's greatest bars to assess how, ah, safe they are ...

CRITIC OFFICE: PRE DRINKS

YOU CAN'T JUST WANTONLY HEAD OFF TO TOWN STONE-COLD SOBER AND expect to have a good time. Adequate and appropriate pre-gaming is key to, a) having a good time in town and, b) not spending an entire week's Studylink coin. The trick, of course, is to just be having a good time but not to be stumble-drunk, or your town plans will be up to fucks and no bouncer will be letting you in anywhere. Critic went with beer and wine as the appropriate pre-town drink, though geriatric editor Joe Stockman went with a white wine spritzer (white wine with sprite zero to be exact). Lol. After a bit of banter and just enough drinks Critic pulled the plug, locked Howie in the office, and headed off to the Cook.

THE CAPTAIN COOK TAVERN

JESUS THE COOK HAS BEEN AROUND A WHILE. AND AS THE LAST REMAINING truly Scarfie pub in North Dunedin, it has a lot of responsibility resting on its shoulders. Everyone (except of course old man Stockman) got ID'd, so good work there Cook. And when we went to order four jugs of Tui they insisted that we point out the group that was sharing them, lest one of us sat and drank four jugs alone. Critic set about drinking the jugs while politics reporter Callum and volunteer Loulou investigated the state of the bathrooms. Though happy with the accurate and unconfusing signage ("Boys" for boys and "Girls" for girls), there were concerns that both possess a less-than-faint odour of urine, and that as it was still pretty early it was



probably only going to get worse.

The Cook is nice enough. It's a solid student pub, with cheap feeds; and after having to shut down for 24 hours a few years ago after getting one too many law students maggot, they seem to have upped their game in the responsible drinking stakes. They even have art on the wall! And Critic feels that there is nothing quite like having the majestic Captain James staring down at you while you're getting your grind on. Sadly, the Cook was hardly pumping. Poor organisation on Stockman's part had seen Critic head out on the Friday night before St Patrick's day. Leaving the Cook to its own devices, we set off down the road to that essential first year experience, Monkey.

THE MONKEY BAR

ACCORDING TO LOCAL LEGEND, MONKEY WAS ONCE A CHURCH. HOWEVER, GIVEN that its exterior closely resembles that of a church this may be less "legend" than "obvious logical inference". Considering the number of unholy things that go on in there on a daily basis, it's perhaps safe to say that its Christian days are long gone. And despite the inherent lack of safety in dancing around a bit with high set pews, the bouncers were at least very safety-conscious, and even pensioner Stockman got asked for ID this time (though the bouncer struggled somewhat with '84, how old does that even make you?).

Once inside the nice, if utterly undertrained bar staff made up a round of quick fucks and Critic was off to the dance floor. And lo and behold it wasn't more than two minutes before Skrillex dropped and the Critic interns were busting out more moves than Sonny Bill. However, a polished wood dance floor with a spilt drink is a recipe for disaster, and more than a few of us found ourselves face down on the dance floor. Sports reporter Gus Gawn demonstrated the extent of his Monkey experience, and was up and away dancing on the pews, wildly swinging his legs in some sort

of pendulum motion, possibly to stop his gigantic head from becoming unbalanced. "Enough of this foolishness," bellowed the boss man. "We're off to a real fucking bar."

VIVACE KARAOKE LOUNGE BAR

AS CRITIC WALKED INTO VIVACE, FIVE LOVELY LADIES FROM SOUTH OF THE motorway turn-off were crooning away to their flat-noted content. It seemed that Stockman didn't even have to put his chit in before Sunni (the karaoke aficionado that runs this fine establishment) had the old man's favourite song up on the screens; and before we knew it Stockman was away, screeching his failing heart out to Piano Man. Jesus save us

Critic feels that there is nothing quite like having the majestic Captain James staring down at you while you're getting your grind on

all. Sunni later told us that "Oh yes, he come regular. Every Tuesday night he here by 5pm. Usually all alone. Very sad. Very funny for us though."

You couldn't help but feel safe in Vivace. It has a lovely relaxed atmosphere, and moderately priced sake. However, one could rapidly become physically ill depending on who has the microphone in their hands. Critic wrapped up a few quick numbers, knocked back some sake shots, and headed down the road to get our boogie on.

FEVER CLUB

CRITIC HAD NEVER BEEN TO FEVER CLUB BEFORE, BUT HAD HEARD RUMOURS around the Union food court that it was the place to be for a cheap boogie. The rumours got the cheap bit right at least. Everything about Fever club is bizarre. The house lights are still on, throwing into sharp relief the look of "fuck my life, what the fuck am I doing here serving booze to 18-years-olds" on the 65-year-old bartender's face. The music is ambient at best, and sometimes difficult to hear over the noise of our conversation. Even the dance floor, an attempt at a '70s light box, is just sad and strangely depressing. There were upsides. Cheap as chips V and Vodka combos picked up the entire Critic ensemble at a strategically important moment, and the coat check (which wasn't actually open) would at the very least protect your belongings from the South D types that make this kind of place their bread and butter. Critic had had a taste of Fever, and was more than happy to take some paracetamol and move on. Bring on the Octy.

THE SOUTHERN BREAK

CRITIC WAS A LITTLE BIT WORRIED HEADING INTO THE BREAK. WE'D HEARD THAT it was the haunt of ultimate fighting champion types who tear the heads off crocodiles for shits and giggles. Filled with apprehension we headed inside, only to find the place completely empty. A little bit gutted, we took advantage of the cheap shakers (and a few of us took advantage to the impressively clean toilets for a tactical). Rumours of the impressively violent nature of the Break became more apparent when six police officers wandered in to have a look around. Critic implored the DJ to play NWA's "Fuck tha Police", and while the DJ was keen, he couldn't seem to find it in his playlist. Gutted. After giving it a quick once over (and posing for a photo) the coppers were off, and so was Critic.

METRO

UPSTAIRS METRO IS SO NICE. IT HAS ALL THIS LOVELY brickwork, and these little fire cauldron things on the tables out the front – a thoroughly lovely place to spend a quiet evening with some friends. But we all know that Critic wasn't there for upstairs; Critic was there to get down and dirty (literally in the case of the toilets, what a fucking disaster they are) with downstairs Metro. The dastardly decrepit Stockman ordered a round of tequila shots for the group, and a few cling-ons that had inevitably arrived, and while some retired to the lovely outside area to top up their nicotine levels, the rest of Critic hit the dance floor ... and quickly realised that we had brought the only females. Literally. A quick survey confirmed that even the bar staff were all rocking XX. Jokes rang out about sausage festivals, and the awkwardness of 40 straight guys bumping and grinding with nary a female in sight. Metro, you can be cool, but for now it's time to leave.


INNOCENT BYSTANDERS

IT'S ALL STARTING TO GET A BIT HAZY NOW. AFTER a few rounds of shots and mixed drinks at the

previous establishments, IBs seemed like the right spot to chill out for a tick with a beer. Maybe it's just the location (right next to Velvet Burger) but nights often seem to wind up at IBs. The bouncers are pretty generous to let some of us in at all. And it was only after winding our way upstairs that we received a txt from Gus Gawn, which read "We're u, town? I'm outside of the/ Prob not. Okay bye". Gawn hasn't been seen since.

It seemed that IBs were closing before we had even finished our pints. Cranky old Stockman got pretty up in arms, ranting about "not pouring me a fucking handle if you weren't going to let me drink the bloody thing". When the bartender tried to hang one on him by asking "What are you doing out anyway; wouldn't you have missed Coro Street?" Stockman retorted with "Don't be fucking daft. I MySkyed it." Oh dear god.

POP, MAYBE? CAN'T REMEMBER. IT WAS PROBABLY POP

THE PROBLEM WITH ALL OF THESE SMALL UNDERGROUND BARS IS YOU THAT YOU have no external reference points, so you always end up dizzy and disorientated. The music is too loud, but you're usually too maggot to say anything important or worthwhile anyway. The bartender is looking at you with the disdain reserved for those who are annoying the very sober with the antics of the very drunk. The loud boisterous claims of awesomeness, the slightly unwell look in the eye. Anyway, Pop – overall, very safe. We think. The stumble to the cab rank at the end of the night could be a little bit shorter though. 

Can't get enough? Extended photo gallery online at critic.co.nz/1713



The



State of Style

by Zane Pocock

IT'S A SUNNY SUNDAY ARVO AT THE IRONIC KRONIC FLAT ON CASTLE Street. You and your fellow scarfies are sitting on the last remaining, slightly-charred couch on the porch. The mate to your left grunts about his new Lower jeans. You look at him slowly, with your head cocked ironically to one side, and tell him not to be so gay. Taking a sip from your SoGo, you use your free hand to aim your piss at the ridiculous idea that is fashion.

Okay, scarfie boy, so that's how it is. Fashion is a waste of time and you have nothing to do with it. You don't care about what you wear. It's a scam, a marketing ploy for the girls and the gays. But here's a question for you, little scarfie boy – how do you show people you are a scarfie? Is it a tank top with stubbies and jandals? Winter or Summer, doesn't matter, still the same?

Although it's widely been considered that approximately 0% of scarfies actually give a fuck about it, fashion is a very important part of everyone's daily lives. If you choose to wear clothes at all then you care about it. If you choose not to, you still care about it. If you dress like Dobby the House Elf, believe it or not, the decision to do so means that you do care about fashion. Bearing this in mind, and with iD Fashion Week fast approaching, I set out to get *Critic's* audience clued up on the state of the fashion industry in Dunedin, New Zealand and the wider world.

RESPONSIBLE PERSONALITIES

THE COMMERCIALIZATION OF CLOTHING IS OFTEN MISPERCEIVED AS A NEW problem, blameable on contemporary capitalism. But not only has it been around for what seems like forever, it's also not necessarily such a bad thing. Historically, there's always been an interest in the so-called global "fashion centres". Around the turn of the 20th century, for example, very wealthy English women would frequently head to Paris to check out the latest collections.

Historian Dr. Sandy Callister points out that even in Victorian times, "women were always following what the court and royalty in society wore." It was a way of showing your place in the world and escaping, for a brief moment, the patriarchal society in which you lived. Fashion was a medium through which one could display individuality and personality; the latest fashions were aspired to and admired.

If the commercialization of clothing is an old phenomenon, the contemporary concept of globalisation is still relatively new. It's globalisation which has led to such a diverse ecosystem within the industry; to differentiations emerging between the likes of high street, couture, and indie. Dr. Callister says that emerging markets have only recently started to get caught up in the torrent of world fashion, with China and India, for example, now publishing their own versions of *Vogue*, and major brands

from Europe setting up their retail chains in these new markets.

Although a lot of modern people seem to be in utter fear of globalisation, and its apparent cultural homogenisation, those in the fashion industry point out both its inevitability and its positive attributes. Marie Holly, a design assistant at Dunedin-based label Nom*D, believes in the important role globalised fashion has to play in crafting our individual identities. "People are always wanting to be different," Marie says. "People say in their minds 'I need this' a) because it has a fashionable label on it and b) it's kind of what they wanted, in the sense that it's a jacket or something like that, and so they tell themselves that they need it."

Labels play on this. They tell us that we want to buy something, and it's the massive accumulation of these different design angles which have provided the wide selection we all have in front of us these days. In a way, it allows for a wide range of different people. "You can buy the label because it's different," Marie continues, "or you can go to Glassons and get a \$30 jacket which is practical and cheap. But then again, you're not any different from the other hundreds of people who have bought that same jacket for that same reason. So it's all about your identity, and whether you want to portray that you are someone different, or that you can afford these sorts of clothes."

But both Dr. Callister and Marie strongly believe that you need to be a responsible and well-read buyer. For example, Stella McCartney has just produced a video for PETA which is turning heads because for once it isn't about fur; it's about leather. "She really has made me think about some of the implications of leather goods," Dr. Callister says.

Chain stores are definitely something to avoid too. "It's about your value set," Dr. Callister continues, "I'm not for buying cheap products where I think people have been producing them in factories and they're not well-cared-for and they're using too many chemicals. Even though fashion is very ephemeral and it's here and gone, I really like the idea of

as this paints of the industry, it's important to differentiate between style and fashion. Although different fashions will come and go, it's a sense of style and individuality which will endure.

Karl Lagerfeld, for example, wears exactly the same outfit every single day. Yet as the head designer for Chanel, he's considered one of the most stylish and fashion-conscious men in existence. He's fashion-conscious in designing the latest trends. He's stylish for not having to personally dress head-to-toe in them season after season.

While changing fashions will always have an important place in culture, it's the ability to consistently piece together outfits that work which denotes the all-important sense of style. Rather than purchasing an item

While changing fashions will always have an important place in culture, it's the ability to consistently piece together outfits that work which denotes the all-important sense of style

of clothing merely because it is "in fashion", a person with style will build up an outfit through a creative process involving aesthetic imagination and suitability to their body shape.

It's still important for brands to create new trends, as style would be a real mission without them. But diving headfirst into fashion without a sense of style can result in inevitable tragedies, such as larger women inducing the cupcake effect with a pair of too-tight Levis.

In a world so saturated by the media, having this individual style seems to necessitate that we avoid following what is dictated to us through the mainstream. The influence is breaking down because the likes of *Vogue* work on an old business model – a model that assumes they're the primary influence and that they have the power to dictate what's "in" to the world.

It's a model which fails to recognise the enormous influence of blogs, which also serve to disseminate information to consumers; a recent movement reflected in the most recent CFDA awards, in which two renowned style bloggers – Garance Doré and Scott Schuman, who runs *The Sartorialist* blog – jointly won an award for their work in fashion media.

Blogs now serve a much higher purpose than angst-driven teenagers with a tumblr; they are

legitimate parts of the media, particularly within the fashion industry, which have the phenomenal modern power of communicating in real-time. And it's not just blogs which are moving forward. Shows are now streamed live with instantaneous feedback from all around the world, and designers are trialling letting their VIP customers assemble at certain global points to watch shows they otherwise couldn't attend.

Dr. Callister thinks that the old monthly model of *Vogue* is "probably struggling now to be vertically integrated, where the likes of net-a-porter.com can go from selling-mode back to producing collated magazines online. I think it's very interesting, because a lot of the new media models are cross-referencing. So net-a-porter just commissioned Garance Doré

It was Oscar Wilde who ironically stated that "fashion is a form of ugliness so intolerable that we have to alter it every six months."

something that's really sustainable – which you're going to like for some time. Or if you don't, that you can gift it on. As we learn more about the source of materials and the processes behind them, you can't be ignorant, you've got a responsibility in that."

"I would love to never go into chain stores purely because I know where their clothes are made and I don't like it," affirms Marie.

LOOK AT THIS FUCKING HIPSTER

IT WAS OSCAR WILDE, ARGUABLY THE WORLD'S GREATEST HIPSTER, WHO IRONICALLY stated that "fashion is a form of ugliness so intolerable that we have to alter it every six months." But as daunting and unfavourable a picture



to do a series of videos over Fashion Week."

Dr. Callister collects *Vogue* – in particular she loves the photo shoots which Grace Coddington has styled – and she loves them as comfortable things which you keep. "But I don't feel I'm dictated to by *Vogue* at all," she affirms. "It serves a different function now."

We're at a very interesting time regarding influences in the global market. Miuccia Prada, for example, isn't just selling clothes on her Miu Miu site. In a section called Miu Miu Musings, the site runs group discussions in the world's fashion empires. A recent "musing", for instance, concerned Audrey Hepburn and her little black dress. "So [websites] are the new ways of editing what consumers see," Dr. Callister says, "and I think people who are very passionate like me probably follow a few of them. So *Vogue* would be one form because it is a paper copy, but there would be others."

VINTAGE – HERE TO STAY

DR. CALLISTER BUILDS ON THIS. TALKING OF YUK KING TAN'S EXHIBITION *Overflow*, on at the Wellington City Gallery at the moment, in which there's a photograph of a cargo ship loaded up with clothes, she points out that "when you see the scale of that, you realize that vintage is just a small thread of the fashion world." She mentions the importance of realising that there are aspects of vintage clothing that can never be relived. Once, when she was talking to Violet about some of her clothing, she remembers being told that "the kind of quality and the materials they're made of will never be repeated."

"For some people it's an appreciation of the craft and the history of clothing," she continues. "For some it's not that, it's just how do you become a citizen of the world by juxtaposing something from the '60s and something that's from now, and building your own eclectic way of expressing your identity. Vintage allows you to do that."

And there's always a changing benchmark of what vintage is. "I used to think of vintage as Edwardian or Victorian, and maybe into the '20s, and now I see it as something you might have loved two years ago. You loved it and you put it away and then it's vintage in your own wardrobe! Because we live in that nano-second culture now."

LIGHT SPEED TO NEW ZEALAND

TRADITIONALLY, NEW ZEALAND has been ages behind world

trends. In the colonial days, it took new European fashions about six months to reach us, and by then new things were happening. This trend, however, has become much less apparent in recent years, to the point that New Zealand designers like Karen Walker are considered world-leaders. There's also a particularly interesting "fusion" starting to go on in New Zealand, with our young Asian population, particularly in Auckland, bringing in their own trends which are still somewhat under-the-radar.

Rather than considering ourselves behind the fashion scene, we need to consider ourselves as tangential leaders. Our culture has a high degree of informality and inclination to the great outdoors, which all influence fashion here. Nice footwear, for example, is hard to maintain if you walk a lot, whereas in centers like London, the fashion-conscious have it easy by taking the underground.

The cultural melting pot of New Zealand has actually sparked international interest of late. The huge fashion event *Pacifica* has had a huge global impact: "Clearly we aren't Paris and New York and London," Dr. Callister reiterates, "But I think that we still have our own kind of interesting take."

Marie, who was trying to set up her own label in Wellington when she came to work at Nom'D in Dunedin earlier this year, represents a large number of New Zealanders who find inspiration in their unique surroundings. "I suppose that's why people start up their own designer brand," she says, "because they want to do their own thing in their own environment."

But it's not easy. For Marie, "I'd be working 40 hours a week at my work, then come home and design it all after-hours. It's tiring, and it's a lot of money." But people still try, and Marie can see that there are opportunities in the market, even if they are limited. "You've got a really small target market, and so it could go either way."



Photographer: James Stringer
Models: Hazel / N | Kayleigh / Ali McD
Makeup: Christal Allpress
Hair: Vicki & Darlene / Moha
Hazel and Kayleigh wear Cupcakes Lingerie

In fact, you may have recently noticed the appearance of t-shirts around campus bearing the prints of painted cultural icons. The work of recent University of Otago Design School graduate, Jon Thom, these are from the up-start brand Moodie Tuesday which is beginning to become a well-known local brand. The challenge for these labels then, is getting beyond the local market.

WE WANT MEAT!

WHY THE FUCK ARE SKINNY BITCHES EVERYWHERE IN FASHION? IT SEEMS THAT if ever a discussion turns to fashion, the issue of skinny models will quickly rise to the top of the agenda. Not long ago, artists would paint their muses with beautiful, healthy curves; the extremely skinny were the freaks to them.

But that in itself could be the problem. For Dr. Callister, fashion has never been "about normal people." When models are walking down the runway in shows, "it's just about body shapes that can wear those clothes to a phenomenal effect. They're theatrical shows which are very different from people in the street. Everyone says 'we'd like to see more normal people,' but it's not true for that inner circle ... They're always interested in strange beauty, and that beauty that's slightly ugly, and bodies that are slightly exotic and rare.

"You look at the models when they're not on the catwalk and you see that they're young and they've got pimples and goodness-knows-what. But it's a world which is packaged for an event in a certain kind of way. I see it as theatrical, I don't see it as aspirational in any sense. And when I look at images in magazines, I know they've all been photoshopped."

Where we should focus more then is in education. "I guess it's a terrible thing if you think that's real. And that it's somehow a global standard, because it's not. It's just the fashion industry." And from time to time they do have breakthroughs: Vogue Italia, for example, recently did a whole issue about black women. We're starting to see a much wider expression of global beauty, even to the extent that we're seeing older models like

Top Model, then Tyra Banks said 'we're portraying the wrong message, that being underweight is fashionable or good,' and so she couldn't carry on. When people are noticing it and not allowing it, that's a good start. It stops people going over that line."

SO WHAT'S SO GOOD ABOUT ID FASHION WEEK?

ID FASHION WEEK, ONE OF THE BIGGEST ANNUAL EVENTS IN DUNEDIN, IS STARTING to mean a lot in a country in which we rarely see international guests, and whose national Fashion Week in Auckland is boring and commercial. One of the key platforms behind it is the local fashion school, as well as the huge attraction of the world-class emerging designers awards.

For Marie, the event last year was a kick-start to her career, to the

It's about body shapes that can wear those clothes to a phenomenal effect. They're theatrical shows which are very different from people in the street

point where she was able to show her line over in Italy. It was all about creating those opportunities on an easy playing field rather than having to go up to the main NZ fashion week. "I also think it's a fantastic opportunity in general for people to realize what's going on," she says. "And they can come to see what Dunedin and others in the South Island are doing. Where else would I get this opportunity?"

Dr. Callister also enjoys the "lovely hometown audience who are really enthusiastic. I'm really impressed by how many of the women from Southland and Otago are really interested in fashion. And interested in fashion in a way that is quite, quite different from their Auckland counterparts. That because of the presence of Plume and Nom'D and brands they've imported, people are more into the Rick Owens and the Martin Margiela, which are quite indie."

BOOM

FASHION AND STYLE ARE CRUCIAL ASPECTS OF OUR IDENTITIES, our culture, our socializing and our history. Every day on campus, every one of us will walk by hundreds of other students between lectures and make snap judgments based on the clothes they wear. Whether you are the student with Prada creepers entering hourly style posts onto your Tumblr

throughout the day, or the one adamantly committing the fashion crime that is sneaks, fashion and style will always affect your life. If you thought you could wear a potato sack to uni from now on in protest, too late; Project Runway made them into fashion items two years ago. Maybe an outfit of steaks? Everyone knows you can't do that thanks to Gaga circa 2010. Everything is fashion. And you can never escape that. **G**

I'm sure those strange creatures are just as worried that they're not as fabulous and beautiful, too. They're just creations. The mediated constructions of beauty and exotica

Kristen McMenamy and Stella Tennant.

"I'm sure those strange creatures are just as worried that they're not as fabulous and beautiful, too," Dr Callister concludes. "They're just creations. They're mediated constructions of beauty and exotica." Marie also says that it's all to do with the media and what they portray as wanted. "If they start pushing models which are curvier, then we will slowly go back that way," she says. "But I think where some other fashion weeks banned certain size models, that's a good start. Because you get girls who are just not eating. I remember watching a really skinny girl on America's Next

Thoughts? Comment on this article at critic.co.nz/1712



Me Love You Long Time

Dunedin is renowned for many things, but its dating scene is not one of them. Getting boozed and pashing people on the dance floor is hardly anyone's idea of romance, so Critic wants to sort you out. Every week we're sending two loveless loners on a blind date to Tokyo Gardens (with a bottle of wine to ease things along of course) to see if we can make some sparks fly. If you want in on the action, email critic@critic.co.nz.

HARRY

MY NIGHT STARTED AT 6:30. I WAS UNDER PRESSURE AND UNPREPARED. NOT ONE piece of blind date research was done on Google, unlike my female counterpart. I instead decided to wing it and hope for the best. 20 minutes and a number of shots later I was on my way with a bit of Journey mentally preparing me for the night.

That pre-date tension was released when the "mysterious" figure walked in. First impressions: Good. Really nice and extremely easy to talk to. Pretty face with extremely beautiful eyes! She had a very nice figure. But the whole casual black pants look does you absolutely no favours.

The mood was set with the soothing tunes of Tokyo Garden filling the room and before long we were holding a good conversation and finding the odd thing out about each other. And I mean odd. Cheers Critic, you hooked me up with a feminist lesbian. Although at times she came across as straight, the main summary I got was that her goal for the year was to have a full-on lesbian experience.

Besides liking the idea of cunnilingus, we did find something else we had in common. The thought of drinking the cheap, complimentary bottle of red wine made us cringe. So it was only fitting we order sake, which, may I mention, is meant to be served at room temperature. Now I don't know what "room temperature" is to these Asian folk but to me room temperature doesn't involve boiling the sake in a kettle thus giving you a burning sensation when you take a drink. (Also Critic, while I'm on this topic, is the name change from "Summer Lovin'" to "Me Love You Long Time" due to the change of scenery from Toast to a popular Asian restaurant? Racist, very racist.)

Two hours later, after finishing the bottle of wine and watching my date woefully devour her udon noodles, we headed off to The Cook for a game of pool and a couple of jugs. Look, I'm not going to lie. Obviously going into this blind date, it does run through your mind that potentially The Cook's aren't the only jugs on the cards ... but ahh no. They were. Perhaps tugs is a better way to sum up the end of my night. But all in all an enjoyable night and I would definitely take her on a second. So thanks Critic.

REBECCA

PRE-DATE DEBATE: SHOULD I SHAVE MY BOX (HAVING A BRAZILIAN ON FRIDAY)?

What are the chances of him being an inept, anti-social loser/psycho? The flat votes keep the hairy box, if I don't root him one of them will. I began the evening by downing chasers, most of which ended up on my face. I'm not currently feeling sexy and free!

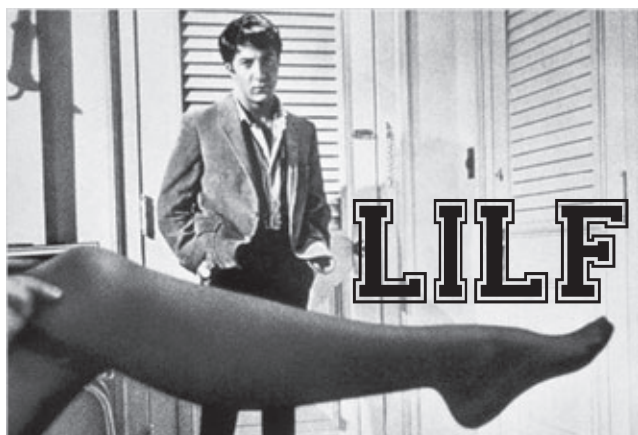
Hazy-eyed and trying not to slur I enter the restaurant. He's sitting at the back. Blindness means I can't see him but if he's not the goods I'm contemplating being my German exchange student alter-ego, complete with ze accent, to get the night even more raging. I decide no.

First observations: Looks slightly like a "One Direction" member, shoes are a decent size and crotch ... has potential. He's sober and I'm rolling drunk. He claims that he's had shots and RTDs (seriously?!?) beforehand but I'm unconvinced. He adds that he's filling in for a mate; I'm unconvinced of this too. I say that I'm desperate and sent my own name in.

I see a bottle of red wine (red wine Critic, really? I'll crawl out of here) but decide to order us sake, which he pays for. I'm thankful for no awkward silences; my pre-date preparation of "blind-date" questions has succeeded. Food comes out almost immediately. I battle for three hours to finish mine. I hope he didn't think I was an ano but believe me, eating udon noodles with chopsticks at my levels of inebriation is no easy accomplishment.

In no time we're told the restaurant is closing, so we demolish the wine by playing "I've never". Not to brag but I'm King of this game. We head to The Cook despite his complaints of hating it. He attempts to put a wager of a kiss on a game of pool, but it's all too PG for me and sounds like a cringe-worthy "One Direction" line. He claims he's a professional pool player but (women rule) I won.

He walked me home. We didn't poon. For the first time in my life I am a lady of abstinence. He got my number ... this is new. I walk inside to two of my flatmates in the process of taking advantage of some poor drunken victims. Critic, you have not yet restored my faith in the male species, but maybe put me a nudge closer. Even if this doesn't blossom into a romance (I HATE ROMANCE!) at least I know we have one thing in common: We have both had a strange anal sex experience.



RELIGION AND GLOBALISATION WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A PAPER THAT ONE TAKES to learn about religion, beliefs and the gods of the world. Little did I know that my thoughts would be much more occupied with a certain square-jawed, dark-eyed lecturer. Krishna's got nothing on Will Sweetman.

That first lecture, you delivered the PowerPoint presentation with such magnetism that I found it impossible to concentrate on the content. You were like a gift from the gods themselves. The way that you eloquently outlined the main beliefs of the major world religions made me want to study the Kama Sutra while I dream of the day that you might demonstrate its significance for me. Not even a cover-to-cover reading of the Bhagavad Gita could distract me from my wandering daydreams.

While you were reading aloud from our textbook "World Religions Today" it crossed my mind that you might be more impressed by somebody cultured, who does yoga and sports a red kabbalah string bracelet. While I cannot offer you the limber physique of a yoga trainer, or the quiet transience of a kabbalah follower, what I can offer you is a thorough knowledge of everything tantric. I also have the body of a God (unfortunately it's Buddha).

I have tried to be zen about the whole situation, but the way your shirt is always untucked from your pants at the back makes me wonder if you could provide the climactic elevation to spiritual advancement that I have been searching for. Now although I am young, don't feel as though you have to shelter me from anything. It is my lifelong hope that you will lead me into enlightened temptation.

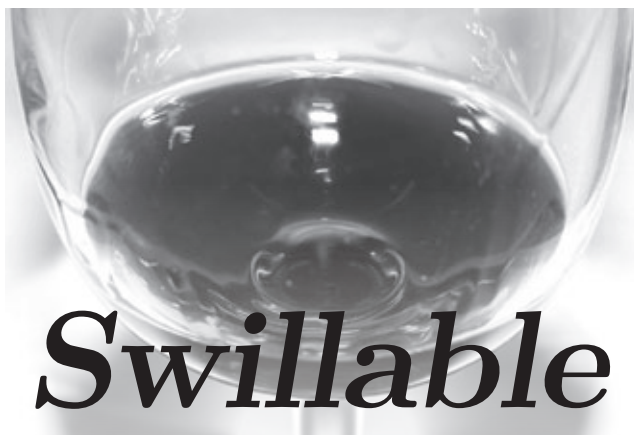
Dr. Sweetman, fire of my loins, I ask only that you take this time to allow me to tell you how I have long been yearning to be your crouching tiger and secretly desiring your hidden dragon. When I look at your photo (that I stole off the University of Otago website), it makes my heart leap into my throat, as I realise that we are but a sensual rebirth away from seeing the gates of paradise together.

In the words of the Dalai Lama, "Sleep is the best meditation", so let's you and I do just that, together. Then perhaps we will both reach the ultimate nirvana.

Always ready to show you my lotus flower,

— ENLIGHTENED ONE

Send your academic love letters to critic@critic.co.nz



CHANG

Taste: 9/10, **Percentage:** 6.4% (domestic), 5% (export)

Price: 45 baht (approx. NZ\$1.90)

Standards per vessel: 3.1 in big bottles (Yai Chang)

A strong yet tasty pale lager that has only been in production since 1995 yet has since gone on to gain 60% of the local beer market in Thailand. Chang currently sponsors the Everton football team. A notable Carlsberg influence is present in the flavour after a merger in 2006.

Due to the strength of the beer and size of the bottles this shit seriously sneaks up on you. Four beers down and you're already more than 12 SoGos deep. The Chang is not to be taken lightly.

Chang was almost instantly discovered by our group of scarfie students soon after disembarking our plane in Chiang Mai. Someone did the math and realised how fucked up we could get for our usual NZ\$12-a-night piss money. I almost came when I discovered it tasted like the urine of a god.

We were stunned to discover that these giant green frosty gems could be found and purchased without ID at every 7/11, restaurant, bar, backpackers or dude on the side of the road with a chilly bin. I thought I was going to awaken any moment to a harsh and disappointing reality. I didn't. We were like paedophiles in a playground.

Soon the group had separated all over town and a rowdy night ensued. After a session of morning banter we established that some had purchased brass knuckles, a pair had gone 3 rounds in a Muay Thai ring (blood noses and black eyes to show for it), one lad had purchased gerbils and given them all to local children and one limp-dicked amateur had been too wasted to get it up for his "happy ending" massage.

Chang had become one of my all time favorites.

Your boy,

PILBO SWAGGINS



MEMENTO (2000)

DIRECTOR: Christopher Nolan

MEMENTO FOLLOWS ONE MAN'S HUNT FOR HIS WIFE'S KILLER – A SEEMINGLY simple plot complicated by protagonist Leonard's (Guy Pearce) inability to store new memories. As it turns out, we rely on such abilities for any kind of functioning, let alone a self-propelled manhunt. Leonard sidesteps this need through simplifying artifacts of memory onto notes, polaroids, and rather assertive tattoos. Let's just say he is dedicated.

The opening scene shows Leonard killing Teddy (Joe Pantaliano). A brutal beginning, all is explained when it is revealed that Leonard holds Teddy accountable for the rape and murder of his wife. From then on the scenes of the movie are played in reverse chronological order, which frequently leaves both Leonard and the audience befuddled. As we backtrack through unfolding past events (which have already culminated in Teddy's death) scars of deceit, manipulation and mistrust are carved through the storyline.

If you're one who likes the cheeky flaunt of awards as a mark of prowess, this isn't the hellcat for you. While *Memento* was nominated for Academy Awards in both Original Screenplay and Editing, it won neither. This film is yet another example of how prestige isn't the sole ticket to classic status. In its time, *Memento* wasn't the belle of the Academy-ball, although at least it got invited.

This film can be trusted to show you a good night. I can guarantee you this much, because on top of a fine film, there is the weight of a fine director. Christopher Nolan has since unleashed his talent for storytelling upon a wider cinematic audience with his hits *The Prestige*, *Inception*, and the *Batman* reboot films. *Memento* illustrates Nolan's affinity for riveting storylines and highlights the simple pleasure he seems to find in tinkering with the viewer's imagination.

— GERARD BARBALICH



GLITTER BOMB

IN CASE YOU MISSED IT, THIS WEEK'S NZ TRANS-QUEER NEWS WAS OVER THE "glitter bombing" of feminist writer and commentator Germaine Greer.

The action was undertaken once again by the Wellington-based Queer Avengers, who tipped glitter all over the seated septuagenarian, who appeared stunned in the photos taken afterwards. The "bombing" was in response to comments Greer has made as recently as 2009 about the "delusion" of trans women who she stated, "seem to ... be some kind of ghastly parody, though it isn't polite to say so". Greer's comments are a part of a wider picture, a hardy strand of transphobic feminism that has been rooted in place for decades.

Feminists like Greer refuse to acknowledge that trans women – women who were assigned as male at birth, but have since transitioned – are women. I agree with the avengers, transphobic feminists seem to have failed to learn the lessons of their own struggle. Really transphobic feminism is at its best when it is being deconstructed in feminist theory textbooks.

If I am honest though, I remain uncomfortable about bombing of any kind. Part of me would prefer to talk (even with the obtuse and intransigent) at all times. There is something in holding to a process even as we agitate for change. Perhaps we could find common ground, or at least agree to disagree, but make sure that Greer appreciates the harm her comments cause, to (trans)feminism(s). On the other hand, a quick sprinkling by the glitter fairies delivers a shock to Greer, and draws mass media attention to the issues that trans women across Aotearoa continue to negotiate. It doesn't cause any permanent damage, and definitely improved Greer's drab outfit. On balance, I think I side with the bombers, but continue to hold my discomfort.

While Germaine Greer does contribute to the negative climate of hate and misinformation that exists around trans people, for me a more pressing issue that has come up recently is the experience of trans folks in NZ prisons. I went to a prison lately to do some education work, and was shocked by what I heard. Ladies – imagine for one moment being put in a men's prison, strip-searched by male guards, subject to harassment and sexual assault by fellow inmates, continually referred to using the incorrect pronoun "he". There has been a petition going around about this issue – I encourage you to sign it. If nothing comes of the petition, perhaps Minister of Corrections Anne Tolley could be the next target for some glittery action?

✂ LA DI DA

UNCLE HOWIE



Howie.

Is it true that different races have different size penises? I've only ever played with white boys, but I've been checking out some of the cute brown boys around this place and thought I might get a bit more variety in me, if you get what I mean ...

Racing for answers

Hey mate,

There are many colourful (pun intended) assumptions made in relation to racial stereotypes; unfortunately they are often untrue. Many have fallen victim to these unrealistic speculations and ended up with a "brown" boy whose package is just a few kumaras short of a hangi. There has been some research on the matter, but generally the results come back inconclusive: There is just not a huge (again, pun intended) number of men willing to measure their cocks in the name of science.

Dunedin isn't the most racially diverse "place in the world"; however, if you do come across a couple of exotic cuties then give 'em a crack. Why not? You may be the lucky lady who finds a cute dark-skinned man packing a 12-inch shlong. We all know the stereotypes surrounding the Asian community and the age-old saying "Once you go China, you'll want a small vagina". However I would say give them chance, as you may be pleasantly surprised ...

Good luck,

HOWIE

My mates are trying to tell me that what I'm drinking in town is affecting my chances of picking up. I'm a bourbon and coke man, always have been. But the boys reckon I should drink something a little classier. Does what I'm drinking really affect my chances of pulling?

Hi buddy,

There has to be a balance between class, alcohol strength and masculinity in your choice of beverage. I can imagine pashing a man that tastes like a Woodstock is not the most romantic experience. Beers are a safe choice for a bloke, but when buying a girl a drink I wouldn't get them a handle of Cook Draught. You should really just buy her a soda and lime; last thing a guy would want is a drunk girl on their hands.

HOWIE



THE TEAM OVER AT THE ODT SPENT MOST OF THE PAST WEEK DISHING OUT SOME truly fantastic advice about a range of social issues. First up, they have a whole new family violence avoidance plan ...

Beating the abusers

That's right, if you can't stop them beating people, then, um, beat them ...

They followed up this pearl of wisdom with coverage of some seriously ground-breaking research at our very own University. Apparently (and Critic is far from convinced) if you drink less alcohol, you'll feel better the next day. Fascinating:

Drink less, feel better

The ODT finished off their advice for the week with two stunners. Firstly, they questioned the acceptability of spraying foam over underage children. Critic's going to say no to that one.

"Is it appropriate to hold a function where 14- and 15-year-olds are squirted with foam while wearing white T-shirts?"

And then, a little tip for the orally inclined:

It's all in the way you you hold your tongue ...

And lastly, the ODT royal watch team managed to include the ChCh earthquake and the Queen in the same piece, a massive coup. Critic is shocked that the Queen isn't getting involved in this one:

Not intervening

Christchurch:
The Queen will not intervene to help save Christchurch Cathedral, despite a plea from a local heritage group.

Christchurch heritage group Iconic wrote to the Queen late last year asking



The Queen

Poetry

A Small Ode For Sir Walter Raleigh

Like your secretly Methodist mother
Says to justify the big spend,
"Oh but it will go with anything,
And look so good on a
Special weekend."

To refresh after devouring
The Colonel's choice
Or as a celebratory gesture
To welcome some Wisterian's
Impending divorce.

The quiet congratulations,
A post coital victory dance;
Or something to do with your hands
When the flag flies
At half mast.

To avoid talking to some
Pestering weevil
Nip out and wink,
While coughing and spluttering
Up their glorious cancerous evil.

Under sun or moon, at dawn and dusk
Take your tea on the back step and watch
Wisps, puffs, spirals, rings ascend.
And thank God that you are blessed
To have sent a little extra cushioning
To the place where we all must rest.

DAN LUONI.



FAR FROM A SIMPLE ANATOMICAL MOVEMENT, KISSING IS A COMPLEX EMOTIONAL and philosophical endeavour. It's easy to get wrong and so, so good when you get it right. Now there are lots of different types of kissing: Affectionate, sexual, platonic, as a greeting, and on and on. But Critic isn't interested in the boring ones. We're interested in how to really get down to the tonsils and kiss the hell out of someone. So, without further ado ...

Step One: Prepare the area. Dry chapped lips are never a turn on. You need to exfoliate that shit. Use a light sandpaper and gently work around the top and bottom lips in concentric circles. Once you're done, apply a generous amount of chap stick. If your lips are bleeding slightly when you're finished, don't worry too much. That's a sign that you've really got down to the fresh healthy skin.

Step Two: Find a partner. Really, anyone can be your kissing partner. Some cultures frown upon kissing certain people; your sister, for instance. But here at Critic, we're not nearly so picky. As long as you're both consenting adults, then get in there. And speaking of adults, the very old can be great kissing coaches; years of experience and the lack of dentures can make for a very special kissing experience.

Step Three: Saliva control. Having too much or too little spit can make for an uncomfortable experience for both partners. There are a few easy solutions if your partner is either too wet or too dry. Too much slobber? You can suck that stuff back yourself and simply swallow it. Too dry? Gently spit into your partners mouth every few seconds.

Step Four: Focus on the nose. Just like an accurate, loud and satisfying high five, you need to make sure that you make initial contact in the right spot. The trick for a high five is to watch the other person's elbow, and then slam those hands together. Same thing here, except you need to focus on the person's nose. Stare directly at your partner's shnoz, and your lips will seamlessly come together. Look away, and you might find yourself sucking chin.

Step Five: Contact! Congratulations, you've locked lips and are now officially kissing. Open and close your lips in rhythm with your mate. Once you're both comfortable, you can move onto a little tongue action. Quickly poke your tongue in and out of your mouth. Your partner will probably quickly join in, and you'll be on your way to kissing bliss.

Good luck to you.

DIATRIBE

JUST ASK

"JUST ASK" – TWO WORDS THAT SEEM SO SIMPLE. IN STUDENT CITIES SUCH AS DUNEDIN, SEX ALWAYS seems to be the topic of much consideration and is often acknowledged as just sex. The random one-night stands and "friends with benefits" ease the meaning and pressure surrounding sex and have subsequently changed the way we define our sexual relationships.

In New Zealand studies highlight that 1 in 4 women in a lifetime and 1 in 20 men in a lifetime will experience some form of rape or attempted rape. This information reinforces the need of more education and awareness surrounding the area of consent. The following information gives you exactly that.

The word consent in its most simplistic form means permission. How do we get permission? We ask. It is as straightforward as this. Regardless of who your partner is; your boyfriend, girlfriend, sex buddy or person you met at the bar 20 minutes ago, gaining consent is essential for every sexual experience.

The way consent is defined seems so basic and many people tell me that of course people know when someone wants to have sex. The statistics unfortunately do not seem to agree. It seems obvious that people want to have sex with people who actually want to have sex with them. Yet there is much debate over the so-called "grey area" when alcohol comes into play.

Sex is either consensual or non-consensual. Not being sure does not mean you want to. Being in a position where you are not able to freely, willingly and enthusiastically say yes, does not mean you want to. And feeling as though you are unable to say no due to pressure or force, does not mean you want to. Pretty much the easiest way to know if your potential partner wants to have sex with you, is to ask. Asking someone's permission takes at the most 5 seconds (just as long as a lot of actual sexual experiences) and is as easy as saying "are you sure?" or "do you want to?"

Due to the fact lots of people have sex purely for the sex, our sexual partners may not be that close to us (I mean not emotionally close to us). Because of this, your potential partner may not be sure what you want or how far you want to go. Just because you say yes to one type of sexual experience, does not mean you consent to everything. You can change your mind. This leads to another aspect of sex that is completely ignored in the movies, yet is proven to make your sexual experience much more enjoyable. Communication.

Talking about what you and your potential partner are going to do, want to do, or what position is best to try out makes sex actually worth your while and can be quite a turn-on. Once gaining their consent, keep the conversation going and do not be afraid to tell them what you like and what you do not like.

Negotiating sex is an empowering way to take control of your body and is a way to practice making decisions for yourself. Just remember to respect your partner's decision and if you are not sure, just ask. Because if your partner hasn't said yes, how will you make them say yes, yes, YES!

From your friends at Rape Crisis



Brother Number One

DIRECTOR: Annie Goldson

BROTHER NUMBER ONE IS A NEW ZEALAND documentary which follows former Olympic athlete Rob Hamill as he journeys to Cambodia to testify against the man responsible for the torture and killing of his brother, over thirty years ago.

Rob's brother Kerry disappeared in 1978 while sailing towards Asia on his yacht with two others. It was some time before the Hamill family learned that he had been captured and executed by the Khmer Rouge. Rob's journey to the last place that Kerry was alive is interwoven with the history of the regime's rule in Cambodia and the way that it impacted on the country and its people. It presents the story on a global level, as well as a personal one, told from Rob's point of view. The mix of courtroom scenes, re-enactment, real life footage and photographs makes this documentary honest and authentic and its main character inspiring.

You don't need to be familiar with Pol Pot or his regimes to enjoy this documentary, but it definitely is not a movie for anyone looking for light entertainment. The film was emotionally draining and often haunting, including graphic pictures of prisoners who underwent violent torture and eventually death. The stories that surface during the 99-minute film are nothing short of horrific, and worldview-altering, but it is a film well worth watching.

Anyone wanting a film that expands their view of the world and the human condition should watch this. Whether you are interested in the past, Cambodia, New Zealand or just humanity in general, this film will deliver. Few documentaries present such an informative history with a human interest focus that is as sincere as this one. I would recommend that anyone with a soft side brings their tissue box.

TARYN DRYFOUT



My Week with Marilyn

DIRECTOR: Simon Curtis

MY WEEK WITH MARILYN IS BASED ON THE diaries of Colin Clark (played by Eddie Redmayne), a third assistant to the film director of *The Prince and the Showgirl* which famously united Marilyn Monroe (Michelle Williams) and Lawrence Olivier (Kenneth Branagh) in 1956. Clark revealed in 2000 that he had omitted a week from this diary, in which he had a very close relationship with Marilyn during filming, and while she was married to Arthur Miller.

The film is conveyed through the perspective of Clark, a fresh-faced youth both excited and intimidated by his newfound surroundings. It seems inevitable that he will be drawn under the almost spell-like quality of Marilyn's persona, despite his initial courtship of wardrobe assistant Lucy (Emma Watson).

Plot-wise not a great deal actually occurs in this film, and I got the impression that a star-studded cast were struggling to work with a poor script. The character and perspective of Clark gave the film a weak structure, which was occasionally offset by predictably strong

performances by Branagh and of course Dame Judy Dench who played the small role of actress Sybil Thorndike.

Although the viewer is only privy to Clark's perspective, the personality of Monroe is the focus of the film. We are made aware through observation of her daily tantrums on set, insecurities, vices and general demeanour that Monroe was a burden on those who surrounded her.

The film obviously aimed to portray the certain constructed nature of Monroe's seductive exterior, yet I was left with a feeling of inadequacy. Williams' delivery of Monroe was impeccably grating, complete with voice and mannerisms, as well as curves enhanced by a good deal of padding.

I found Clark and Monroe's semi-romance to be less than captivating, and would decidedly classify this film as a Hollywood execution which held great potential but unfortunately fell a little flat.

MICHAELA HUNTER



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



Project X

DIRECTOR: Nima Nourizadeh

IMAGINE THE BEST PARTY YOU NEVER HAD. THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE AND limitless booze; DJs, fireworks and a flamethrower; a smorgasbord of uppers and downers; topless girls and a bouncy castle. So sets the stage for *Project X*, the latest incarnation of the "found-footage" genre. But instead of monsters (*Cloverfield*), superpowers (*Chronicle*) or apartheid-era aliens (*District 9*), *Project X* invites us all to, as Oliver Cooper's character Costa brags, "the most epic party of all time."

To begin with, *Project X* is less of a film as it is an "experience". If you're looking for a coherent plot line, well-developed characters or quality dialogue then read no further. *Project X* will not satiate the cinephile. But what the film lacks in substance, it makes up for in substance abuse.

It follows the misadventures of three high school "losers" as they attempt to throw a huge party to be "popular". Are you groaning yet? Despite an initial effort to "keep it small and intimate," the party continues

to grow until it, quite literally, explodes.

In some ways it is a profound meta-analysis of our socially connected era; no longer can an event be "intimate" once it is "Facebook official". *Project X* is as zeitgeist-y as it gets, but the film's complete lack of structure is its ultimate downfall.

Director Nima Nourizadeh began his career making music videos, and that's exactly what this feels like: Drugs, booze, and Playboy bunnies. While perfectly suited as visual accompaniment for Rihanna's next project, the debauchery and hedonism gets old fast.

Don't get me wrong, the party looks unbelievably fun, and living vicariously through the wealthy teens of Pasadena is escapism in its truest form. But for all its cheap gags (ball-busting midget/stoned dog), and excessive nudity, *Project X* fails to deliver.

LUKAS CLARK-MEMLER

MARTHA MARCY MAY MARLENE IS NOT THE full name of the young woman in this film – thank goodness. Her real name is Martha. Marcy May is the name given to her by Patrick, the leader of the cult she has been living with for the past two years. Having fled the cult community, disoriented and distressed, Martha is staying with her sister Lucy and sister's husband Ted in their luxurious holiday residence.

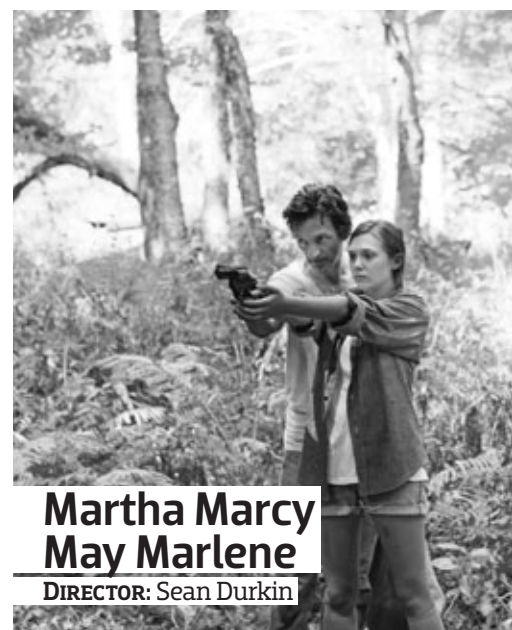
Martha brings back with her into the "real world" many of the values and attitudes instilled in her during her time in the cult, and is unable to transition into outside life. While it is clear that she left for a reason, she has been brainwashed so successfully that she cannot shake her previous mindset, and is beleaguered with visions of Patrick and the extended cult "family". We realise how badly affected and confused Martha really is when she crawls into bed with Lucy and Ted while they

are having sex, thinking that this is entirely appropriate behaviour.

The big buzz surrounding this film has been created by lead actress Elizabeth Olsen, sister to Mary-Kate and Ashley. Appearing in this challenging role as her debut performance, it is clear that the 22-year-old is destined for a more unconventional path than the "showbiz" career of her older sisters. Olsen's compelling, natural performance is impressive and a strong hint that this girl is definitely one to keep an eye on. The film is beautifully shot with a soft focus – every still would make a great photo.

Martha Marcy May Marlene is a difficult film to watch, and I left feeling quite troubled as there is no real resolution or happy ending. Nevertheless, it is extremely well-crafted, captivating and quite beautiful, so definitely worth a trip to the cinema.

SARAH BAILLIE



Martha Marcy May Marlene

DIRECTOR: Sean Durkin

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The 10pm Question

Kate de Goldi

"FRANKIE LIKED VERY MUCH TO REMEMBER that February the fourteenth had begun badly and shown every sign of becoming a real horror, but – as the benefit of hindsight proved – it marked, ultimately, a turning point in his mood and fortune, because at 8.36 a.m. the new girl boarded Cassino's East-West school bus"

Frankie Parsons is a 12-year-old boy who plays cricket, draws birds, and worries. He worries about groceries, and smoke alarms, and getting sick. More than that, he worries about his mother, Francie. Francie hasn't left the house in nine years because all the worries in her head make the world unbearable. And when Frankie isn't worrying about his mother, he worries about becoming her.

Then he meets Sydney, and his life is turned upside-down. Sydney doesn't seem to be afraid of anything, and has no patience for Frankie's reluctance to talk about his family, or for his clear and safe routines. Sydney forces Frankie to answer the hard questions that have always niggled in the back of his mind, and together they uncover all the things about their homes that they would prefer to hide away.

This relatively short and easy-to-read novel looks at the life of the average Kiwi kid and asks what lies behind it. Why does he not want to go to camp? Why does her family move around so much? De Goldi uses the total honesty of a child's perspective to expose the secret instabilities everyone harbours, the desire to



hide a problem away in hopes that everything will just go back to "normal". At the very least it will expand your vocabulary, as de Goldi makes a point of showing that there is a word for every problem and it is thus neither abnormal nor shameful to experience them. The relevance of this message and the effectiveness of the way in which it is delivered are supported by an NZ Post Book of the Year award, a Readers' Choice award and a number of prize shortlistings, assuring that this is a worthwhile read.

This book is not a life-changer, but the end of the novel gives that deliciously satisfying

The end of the novel gives that deliciously satisfying feeling of emptiness that all good books should

feeling of emptiness that all good books should incite; the internal heaving of a sigh that closes a door on a set of very alive characters and asks: Where do I go from here? If you're looking to fill in a rainy Saturday or just need to calm the heck down, this book is a good escape and easily recommendable to anyone.

NATASHA LOVEDAY



The Binding of Isaac



IDIDN'T REALISE THAT THE ISAAC (A NUDE BABY, THE EPONYMOUS PROTAGONIST of *The Binding of Isaac*) was tossing large spheres of his own lukewarm salty tears at his enemies until I'd attempted the game a handful of times. Forgivable, I think, as *Binding* is filled with dozens of depraved, silly plot points, enemy characters and items with which to dispatch them.

Isaac's mother, the final, most horrifying boss character in the game, is the victim of shocking religious hallucinations. She traps Isaac in the basement to satiate her version of the Abrahamic God's thirst for sacrifice, along with discarded clothes that grant Isaac additional powers and a floating decomposing head that belches throatfuls of flies to murder her son. All pretty standard.

The labyrinthine basement is randomly generated and subsequently packed with a network of rectangular rooms full of pits, rock falls and locked chests. It's instantly recognisable; the player is immediately comfortable in a soft cushion of gaming tropes lifted straight from the '80s. Stacked on top of these simplistic foundations are a tremendous variety of upgrades to Isaac's projectile (often altering the tears to a more potent bodily fluid) and an almost-as-large collection of enemies.

It would be easy, once you've grabbed a few items, and Isaac has a coat-hanger through his head and a dead cat that floats around behind him and one red stiletto on, to think that *The Binding of Isaac* is all edgy visual design and a generally offensive aroma. That would be wrong – the game is great because each upgrade has such a tangible effect on the simple 4-directional combat. Ghostly tears, for example, can pass through enemies but cannot put out fires as quickly. Bombs can crush rocks to make bridges over pits, but only if you detonate the explosive in the correct location. Attention to detail is the game's greatest strength.

Every room is different, every enemy encounter is different, every combination of brilliantly creative power-ups is different. *The Binding of Isaac* is what happens when you combine unique, evocative visual design with a ton of variety and tight, simple controls – as it is randomly generated this is a game with near limitless replay value.

LEX ESPRESSO

He's now in the East Lane of the ISB building. You know, that bit of the library which isn't really the library. Like, you could walk around the outside, but if you're lazy or it's wet or something, you can walk through from the bit where everyone smokes through to Albany St. It's really nice, he's even put out some pot plants.





Scarfies Come Home

AN INTERVIEW WITH SIX60 BASSIST CHRIS MAC IS ONE OF THE EASIEST 20 minutes a music journalist can ask for. Sure I asked him the important stuff, but considering how nervous I was about calling a member of Six60 (I messed up the phone number three times, my hands were shaking so much), the yarn I had with him was really just your average Friday lunchtime chat.

Interrupting him mid-rehearsal, we talked about what Six60 have been up to and what their plans are for the future. After spending summer touring various "hot spots" ("well, they turned out to be cold because it was always raining") and festivals around New Zealand with Mt Eden Dubstep, they're coming to Dunedin on March 30 and 31 for their last appearance in the city before heading overseas.

Chris described their summer tour as just a lot of fun (even in the rain). "Mt Eden Dubstep are a cool bunch of guys that put on a good show, and it felt like a family just hanging out for the summer." His highlights? "Rhythm and Vines was a whole lot of fun. Tauranga, The Mount – all of it was pretty incredible. We were just amazed at the crowds and just so shocked that there were so many people there. We really were surprised at the turn-outs."

Their two shows in Dunedin are their first since late last year, and at the time of going to print, Saturday night had already sold out. Chris said the band are really excited about coming home again. "I think the last time

we played down there was around exam time ... we had such a good crowd ... but we're excited to be down at the start of the year! Everyone's fresh ... not stressed out, and people are ready to just let loose and have fun."

And of course they're playing in the city where it all began. "It's always so much fun thinking like ... it's Dunedin. It used to be like a backyard party and now it's all these other friends who are coming to watch us and it's fun." Both gigs are at Sammy's, and tickets for Friday's show are selling fast. Chris described the venue as a different place to play, because he likes the history and heritage of it. But he said his favourite spot was Union Hall because it was special to the band: "it's such a University place and it's so historic for us so, that was always a big thing for us."

Once the summer tour is over, the boys are headed overseas to tour Australia, Europe and the USA. If you follow Six60 on Facebook and Twitter you will have seen their posts asking where they should tour internationally – but

does that make a difference when they're picking places to tour overseas? "Entirely. There's a bunch of shows that we've booked in the US based entirely on the feedback we got from Facebook and Twitter ... we just went where we were requested. Hopefully it will translate to seeing some people at the shows!"

And after the tour? The success of Six60's self-titled album at the end of 2011 – it debuted at number one and was certified gold in its first week – has many people asking when we can expect more music. Chris didn't disappoint: "We're writing for the next album already, and there's some really exciting stuff coming out for that. So I think we'll be recording near the end of the year. Hopefully a whole new album, which may not be out until 2013."

And then I asked that same age-old question, I had to know; Marmite or Vegemite? "Aaah! Well it depends upon the vehicle! It totally does. Like if I'm doing it with cheese, then it's gotta be Vegemite, but if it's on Vogels then you have to go Marmite, so it's totally about the vehicle. I grew up in Australia on Vegemite and it's only since I came to New Zealand that I've learnt to embrace Marmite," he said. So we have a man who swings both ways on the Marmite/Vegemite debate – that's a first.

Six60 are playing at Sammy's on March 30 and 31. Saturday night has already sold out and Friday is going the same way so if you want to go you're going to have to get your tickets ASAP.

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March 16–29

IT'S A FUNNY THING ABOUT LIFE THAT WE ALWAYS seem to want the opposite of what we have. Cue hideously overused trope "the grass is greener on the other side", and all that jazz. Ironically, this cliché seems to apply even more to those things that we once had and can never have again, with youth being the most obvious example. Every little kid wants to be a "grown-up" faster, even if going to bed whenever they want seems to be their only reason, but looking back I genuinely wish I'd appreciated being a child more. Finger-painting, playing tag, jungle gyms and imaginary friends (admit it, you totally had one) are only a few of the many things I miss the most about being little.

Enter "The Wonderful World of Ivan Hill", an exhibition of pure, unadulterated delight, precisely because it allows one to indulge in that nostalgia for the past that everyone has experienced at some point in his or her life. The title of the exhibition gives the game away, of course; highly reminiscent of fantastical fairy tales and other childhood fables, it immediately evokes images of all sorts of cunning mythical creatures, adventurous young protagonists and any assortment of whimsical characters. Curious interactions between fairies, ghosts, mermaids and gnomes feature prominently, set against whimsical natural backgrounds: Dark woods, wide meadows, fairytale cottages and deep ocean scenes – in short, anything else you might expect from, say, an illustrated children's book.

It isn't even simply the subject matter of the paintings that emphasizes this impression; Hill's medium is oil paint on canvas, which he wields in a wobbly, almost clumsy manner that largely mimics the effort a child (granted, a child with precociously fine motoring skills) might make in their first colouring book. The result is a bright, charming assortment

of burnt oranges, candy pinks and deep velvety blues that makes one immediately crave a Crayola set.

In all honesty though, my intention is not to trivialize these paintings by depicting them as being representative of simply childhood fantasylands. While Hill's collection does at first glance tend to espouse a kind of youthful innocence, on closer examination it becomes clear that these paintings are not aimed deliberately or even specifically at a young audience. On the contrary, it takes a certain kind of maturity, product of some growth and experience, to fully appreciate them. The very power of the exhibition lies in its ability to provoke that aforementioned nostalgia, that fond remembrance of a more carefree past both elusive and bittersweet – the kind that can usually only be truly felt and appreciated in adulthood. Who doesn't want to go back to that golden era of games of sleeping lions, knuckle bones, "pedal pushers" and rushing home at 3pm on the dot to watch Pokémon (immediately followed by Dragonball Z, of course)? Hill's artworks aren't enchanting simply because they feature bunnies frolicking happily in romper suits and trees that can walk and talk; rather, their real magic lies in making those wonderful, forgotten worlds real to us once again, if only for a few minutes.

As one of Hill's last-ever exhibitions, in honour of his approaching 80th birthday, this whimsical collection is most definitely worth a look. Go on, pop into Gallery De Novo and bask in that sunshine-y, feel-good kiddie glow again. Personally, I'd take Oshkosh B'gosh over Karen Walker any day.





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Boys from the Black Stuff

Necrotising Fasciitis

WALKING INTO THE PERFORMANCE SPACE I IMMEDIATELY FELT LIKE MORE than a spectator; the darkness, the soundscape and the organised chaos of the space drew the audience in before we could fully appreciate that we were immersing ourselves in the installation that is *Flesh*.

Walking around was unsettling, as the music distorted the space like fingernails over a chalkboard being cut with the comical sounds of groovy game-show music. Overall a nauseating effect. Without any clear direction the audience was left to their own devices, allowing them to view the sometimes beautiful/comical/disturbing/politically-charged installations at their leisure, more like an art gallery than a performance.

The programme had a helpful essay (citations and all) to help us make sense of the work, which I personally found slightly patronising as I had my own ideas about their vegetarian agendas long before I read it. The work itself was tangible; the textures of frozen fruit combined with action figures and photograph sculptures of fruit and rubbish were both interesting and fun. The videos caused a mix of sensory reactions – somewhere between a vomit and a laugh is the best way to describe it and next to the live musicians it provided an interesting juxtaposition between the flesh and the televised, reminding us that we are in fact consumers.

Looming over all of this was possibly the highlight, the girl kneeling in a tray full of ice with a saddle on her back. With what can only be described as painful endurance on behalf of the creator of *Flesh*, Hana Aoake, the image of meat slabs being objectified in the supermarket next to women in the 60's, was clear. Straddling the fine line between repulsion and attraction *Flesh* was challenging and a refreshing change from the standard theatre fare.

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Balsamic and Sun-dried Tomato Roast Chicken

UNFORTUNATELY, AUTUMN IS TECHNICALLY upon us. However there are still many reasons to celebrate; most important among these is that we still have a few weeks left to revel in the glories of summer produce. Fifty-cent corn can still be skimmed off the cob to transform any salad. Second tomatoes can be preserved to create a relish that will make any late-night toastie undoubtedly memorable the next day. Broccoli and courgettes can still

be purchased in abundance for loose change, as can silverbeet, which can be boiled down and stuffed into pastry or blended with cream and garlic to create a mouthwatering pasta sauce.

The benefits of eating seasonally go without saying. Vegetables will be cheaper and more vibrant, and your cooking abilities will rapidly improve after trying out new recipes using different ingredients. Today we have a recipe using my favourite summer ingredient:

Eggplant, or "The King of Vegetables" as it is known in its native India. The King should be lingering on the shelves at affordable prices until April and is surprisingly versatile. This dish has even converted many of my previously eggplant-sceptical flatmates. Usually eggplant is prepared by sprinkling with salt and laying to rest before rinsing and cooking. However the makeshift sauce in this recipe means you can take the vegetable as is and go for it!



INGREDIENTS

1 medium sized eggplant

600g chicken breast

About 12 sundried tomatoes and ¼ cup of oil from the jar (Homebrand have \$5 jars)

1/2 cup balsamic vinegar (Pam's is cost-effective)

1 heaped tsp brown sugar

- 1 Thinly slice the eggplant lengthways and cover the bottom of a ceramic or glass baking dish with the slices. Don't worry about peeling it as the skin is thin enough to be edible once cooked.
- 2 Thin the chicken breasts so that there are roughly six pieces and lay them on top of the eggplant.
- 3 Scatter the sundried tomatoes around the chicken.
- 4 Spoon over the oil from the jar of tomatoes, leaving enough to cover any left in the jar to keep them moist. (Top up with olive oil to make up 1/2 cup if necessary.) Mix this with the balsamic vinegar and brown sugar. Pour this mixture evenly over the chicken and eggplant.
- 5 Bake in a preheated oven at 180°C for approximately 25 minutes. This cooks surprisingly quickly!
- 6 Serve with creamy mashed kumara or potato and green salad.

It will cost you just over \$20 to buy all the ingredients from scratch for this dish, feeding **six** and leaving you stocked up to make it again and again.

MAEVE JONES



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LETTER OF THE WEEK

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



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A POOEY PROBLEM

Dearest Critic

Whilst performing my morning bodily functions this morning, the taste of blue lagoon lingering and bad curry keeping me immobilized my mind drifted to the thought of evolution. Having absolutely no possible scientific background I'd like to pose a question to those more well informed than myself. Is there any possibility that in the distant future us humans will have assholes that don't need wiping? or better yet an asshole that wipes itself? Why the hell not? Any information would be greatly appreciated

Yours always

Dazed and Confused

LOVE LOVE LOVE

"Dear Blond guy with a pony tail.

(Who we believes is a research assistant in the PE department.) You are very hard to 'accidentally bump into! If you would like to not so accidentally bump into each other please contact critic.

From the red headed heart shaped sunnies.

PS Chatted last in the 'O' week tent :)

HOOK UPS

Dear Easy Like Sunday Morning,

Lets go on a date. Your theologically based love column looked excellent next to mine. I think we could look excellent together.

Sincerely,

John Stevens.

P.S: Olivia may possibly join if you wish.

NOT ENOUGH IN JOKES

Dear Critic

I honestly belly-lolled a few times at this issue; you took just the right amount of piss without getting nasty and personal; Some of the headlines were hilarious, as was the ODT watch. But mostly it's funny because in this issue and I hope in all the rest, you guys have

found the right "distance" from the characters within the issue. After sitting on Execs and listening to other "regular" students bitch and moan about the Critic for the past 6 or 7 years (Jesus Christ, that's a long time), the main, most-of repeated complaint I've heard is the "inside jokiness" feel that began over-taking Critic beginning in 2009. 19, 975 students are not on a first name basis with the people who occupy the Lime Green Bubble that is OUSA/ Planet Media, and so they've put the rag down in boredom after realising they have no idea who the name-dropped figures are. I'm happy to see that temptation to wink knowingly at 5 or 6 people in print is diminishing. It's much more hilarious when you're reporting from above, alongside or underneath what's going on around ALL of campus.

Thanks for the lack of smug. Keep it up- it's refreshing.

Margi MacMurdo-Reading

WRONGNESS IS WRONG

Dear Critic

Regarding Issue 2: it is wrong to publish a column advocating "hunting" people in town who are "at least near sobriety" for the sole reason that they might vomit before you "get out your o-face". Preying on drunks for sex is wrong for reasons other than your selfish sexual desires. It is also wrong to present as normal date behaviour helping someone home who is too drunk to walk and then after they have "stumbled" and "crashed" to the bathroom, stripping off in their bedroom to persuade them to have sex with you. A man not caring whether the woman would say yes if sober and how she might feel later is exactly the kind of dehumanisation that leads to date-rape, even though it didn't in this case. Nor is it okay for Joe Stockman to brush this off on his R1 show as just being "challenging".

Heidi Boulter

10-YEAR OLDS HAVE RIGHTS TOO

Dear OUSA,

I just voted in the election and put in the obligatory date of birth, the first year on the

pick list was 2002. Now I know some people are super smart and come to uni at a young age but mmmm really how many 10 year-olds do we have?

Cheers, Amused

KONY ON ACID

Dear Editor,

With great power comes great responsibility. I refer to your editorial in issue 3 that drove poor Mr Russell to run around the streets naked. Furthermore I suggest that stuffing poor Howie into a pot (issue 3 page 7) in an attempt to visually display the horrors of vissection is cruel and unusual punishment for such a trusted and respected colleague.

Yours

An irate but loyal reader.

CRITIC DONT SPELL GOOD

Dear Critic,

My Issue 4 reading experience was marred by a glut of spelling and grammatical errors. In the feature titled Bibliophilia (written by an English major), there were two Monday-after-noon-ruining mistakes in the leading paragraph alone. I might also take the rants in the letters section more seriously if could get your 'it's' and 'its' right (jk I could probably never take you seriously). It isn't hard to use spell check, to make sure you've got your (not you're) contractions correct, and read over what you've written before you send it to be published. This is an 87 year old magazine with a proud tradition of sticking it to the man and making up its sources, not The Cess Pit Where Journalism Goes To Die commonly known by its alias www.stuff.co.nz.

Sincerely,

I usually hate word Nazis but fuck.

Nik Brown

ODT NAILS IT

Dear Critic

In the Monday, March 19th ODT There is an article on page five headed "Charges possible after Waitati crash". In the 4th paragraph it states that "....the male student seated in the vans rear was uninjured". That male student is my flatmate and he is still in hospital with the worst injuries of the three people in the car

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.

(severe concussion and brain bleeding). Doctors are saying he will get out later in the week. Another quality ODT article.

Cheers

NO FAN OF WELFARE

Dear Critic

I would like to ask Francisco Hernandez whether he thinks that he is the right person to be the "welfare officer" at OUSA. Francisco: If you are unwilling to come forward and speak out on important issues then perhaps you should step down and let someone who IS actually interested in the welfare of vulnerable students take over the role. You do not understand your position at all. Perhaps this is not the role for you, and it is time to step down.

Regards,

Max Whitaker

FRAN PARRIES

Hi Max,

Feedback and criticism is always welcomed by me and OUSA. I'm very interested in looking after the welfare of vulnerable students and speaking out on their behalf – but I can't do it alone. I'd like to invite you and anyone else interested in Welfare related issues to join the OUSA Welfare Committee. This year, one of my goals was to empower the committee system and transfer power away from the executive to the student body. The OUSA Welfare Committee will consist of semi-autonomous subcommittees (such as the Pacific Island Committee, Women's Issues Committee, Mature Students Committee) that will have power over their respective domains. I look forward to hearing back from you. Feel free to flick me an email at welfare@ousa.org.nz

Warm Regards,

Francisco Hernandez

PRAWN FAN

Whoever wrote that letter about Gus Gawn last week is delusional. Gus Gawn or Angry Panga Poodle (as I like to call him) is not only the best writer the Critic has had for years, but he's bloomin' gorgeous too. A large head makes the man I think. I loved his article hassling Hamish McKay, way to stick it to him Gussy Goo! More people need to be like Gus. He's just super!

P.S. maybe have more photos of him in the mag?

NOTICES

BALD FOR A CURE

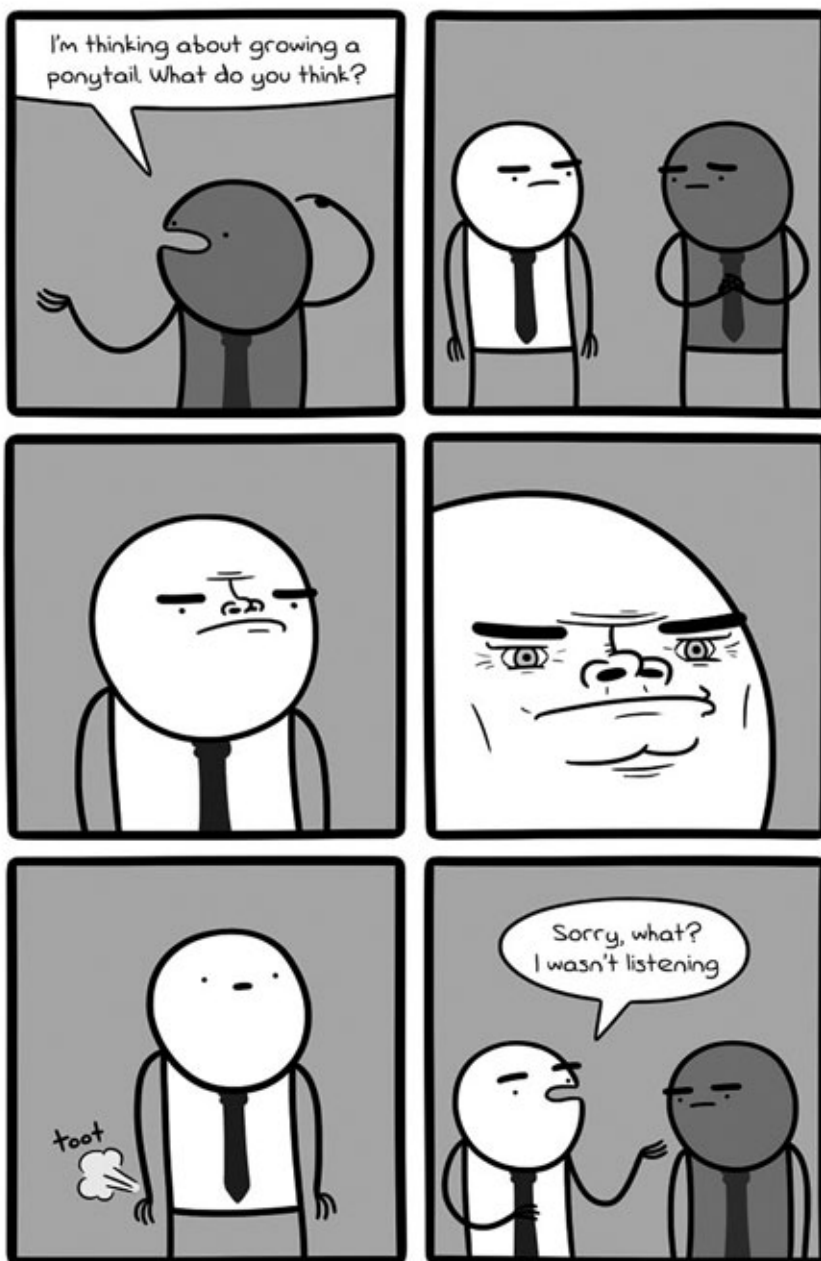
On 30th March (Friday), 8 volunteers will be going bald for Leukaemia and Blood Cancer NZ at lunchtime between the Link and Castle lecture theatres. Come show your (monetary) support for an organisation which receives no other form of funding at an event which features Dr. Tony Zaharic and Dr. Dave McMorran.

ZUMBA

ZUMBA is on every Monday and Wednesday at Alhambra Rugby club rooms (595 Great King St). It is \$4 per session for students with ID or \$6 otherwise. Everyone welcome, come join the party! www.facebook.com/emilyzumba

LITERARY SOCIETY

First annual games and pizza night in the Humanities Common Room, Burns floor 1, at 5.30 this Thursday the 29th. Everyone welcome!



www.anticscomic.com

Te Roopu Māori



EHARA TAKU TOA, HE TAKI TAHI, HE TOA TAKI TINI

My success should not be bestowed onto me alone, as it was not individual success but success of a collective

YOU may or may not be aware of all the various divisional and departmental roopū (groups) on campus. Each roopū are autonomous, who all share the same whāinga, which is to tautoko their taura so that they can aspire to greatness and share their knowledge with their whānau, hapū and iwi.

Te Roopū Whai Putake is the Otago University Māori Law Students Association. It is lead

by their Tumuaki Renata Davis, a Law and Arts Major Student. Te Roopū Whai Putake provides strong educational, cultural and social support networks for all Maori students and fall under the national Roopū Te Huinga Roia.

Te Oranga ki Otākou are the Māori Medical Association and come under Te Oranga. They are lead by their Tumuaki Lucy Barber. They had their freshers hui weekend out at Otākou marae which saw one of the biggest intake of 2nd year Māori medical students, as well as older medical students from around New Zealand come down together to embrace in a sense of whakawhanāungatanga.

Nga Mokai o Nga Whetu are the Māori Dentistry Students Roopū and is lead by their Tumuaki Sam Paterson. Their national Roopū is Te Ao Marama. Like Te Oranga ki Otākou they are mainly based on the opposite side of campus they are busy promoting Hauora Māori and also promoting Māori practices within their division by having kapahaka practice and te reo classes.

PEMA: Physical Education Māori

Association (Te Roopū Whakakaha Tinana) are a relatively new Roopū and are lead by their co-tumuaki Chanel Phillips and Grace Cooper. They have also had a noho out at Karitane and have been busy planning events for the year.

Other Roopū that we hear through the kumara vine that want to re-establish or establish themselves are Te Tai Tuara (Commerce), Post Graduate Roopū, Science Roopū, Humanities Roopū and Social Work Roopū.

Finally, a big mihi out to all the taura that turned up to the SGM last Monday. Was such a great turn out, and one of the biggest I have seen in my years here. I would like to mihi to all the taura that challenged Te Rito's budget, constitutional changes and general running, its' heartening to know that you have a voice and want to be heard and exercising that right for the future taura is important and Te Rito encourage that throughout the year and at these meetings.

But enough from me for now

Mā te wā

Lisa xx

Dr Jekyll and Mrs Hyde St – Ryan Benic



Need a Dollar Dollar, a Dollar that's what you need?



You're in luck, did you know OUSA provides Clubs AND students grants to help with all sorts of things?! You didn't?! Well, share with us your story and we could share our dollar with you! The 2nd grant round is closing on the 19th of April at 4pm so we've given you

heaps of time to get organised. Check out all you need to know at snurl.com/moneyz and email cdo@ousa.org.nz if you have any questions.

Tournaments!



Have some spare time on your hands? Go check out our upcoming tournaments:

Snooker Tournament:

The annual Snooker Tournament is running from 5-10pm Wed 28th at our very own Clubs and Societies Centre



Table Tennis:

Saturday 31st March and Sunday 1st of April at Unipol.

Wanna do a course?!

Aerial Silk Aerobics, Walking beyond Campus, Aikido and Parkour (free running) are just some of the new courses due to break out in semester two. Keep an eye out on our website or pop on in to check out what's going on!

We are always looking for new and exciting courses to cater for the ever changing interests of our students. If you have an idea of something you may be able to teach or something you would just like to try that we don't offer at present please contact me (Michaela Hayes) the Recreation Programme Coordinator for OUSA - michaela@ousa.org.nz



LOGAN SAYS...

Morning all,

I've got some very sad news to report unfortunately. You see we here at OUSA have not been the least bit cheery this week as the association has been struck with a death in the family;

The death of our colleague Thiago Nazario who worked at the Clubs & Societies centre, and studied in his 2nd year at the University of Otago's School of Business came as a great shock to this tightknit association. Our condolences to his family, flat mates, girlfriend and all that knew him. Thiago's death emphasizes how there is so much in our lives that matters only a little when compared to those few things that really do.

Well how's about that Hyde St Party aye? Bloody marvellous (fingers crossed you all behaved), you might have seen me cruising around dressed up as Barrack Obama. I'm always surprised about the costumes and atmosphere on the street at the event and want to thank everyone who supported the event. I also want to thank my own crew at OUSA for getting behind my crazy person idea and stepping in to help facilitate the event's needs.

Nek crazy but brilliant idea: I'm currently organizing an ANZAC Day service to happen on campus on the day. It's never been done before and I think it feckin well needs to. Long gone are the hippie days of flower power and spray paint that would have previously seen the day impractical to host out front of the University Clocktower. I now see it purely as a day for celebrating comradery, national pride and honouring those that gave their lives so we can fail tourism and sip on an ol scarfy Diesel.

In closing I would like to welcome onto my executive following last week's By-Election; Jono Rowe my new Vice-President. Juana Diesing my new Colleges Officer. Angus McDonald my new Campaigns Officer and Ding Ding my new International Officer. I'm looking forward to working with each of you this year, It's going to be a fucking ripper!

Sincerely,

Logan Edgar

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