

THE NEW YORK

ISSUE 7 10 A
2012



OUSa PRESENTS
IN ASSOCIATION WITH RADIO ONE

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BATTLE *of the* BANDS
2012

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REFUEL

OTAGO
Department of Music

The COSMIC logo is displayed in a large, bold, sans-serif font. Each letter is a different color: 'C' is green, 'O' is blue, 'S' is purple, 'M' is red, 'I' is light blue, and 'C' is yellow. The letters have a slight 3D effect with shadows.

Critic

Issue 07

Broadcasting Standards Authority agrees: stoners are cool | Page 6

The BSA rules in favour of Radio One over their pro-cannabis show Overgrown; stoners and civil libertarians rejoice.

Deep within the Clocktower, the Council meets | Page 10

Just cause we know you love elections, we've got another one for you! This time it is the student seats on the Uni council that are up for grabs. Check out the candidates and their promises.

If you don't like this status, we are going to shoot this poor African child | Page 19

Maddy Phillipps takes on Kony2012 and leaves Jason Russell in a naked quivering masturbating mess.

Animals are people too | Page 22

Katie Kenny talks about zombie hens and the state of animal welfare.

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Columns 26–31 | Culture 32–39 | Letters 40

UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO Plaza Café

Plaza Café Breakfast Menu | Every Day

Plaza big breakfast \$18.50

Free range havoc bacon, havoc sausage, free range eggs (poached, scrambled or fried), homemade hash brown, grilled tomato, roasted field mushrooms and toasted vogel's

Bacon and egg breakfast \$15.00

Free range havoc bacon, free range eggs (poached, scrambled or fried) and toasted vogel's

Eggs benedict \$13.50

Free range poached eggs, english muffin, hot smoked salmon or havoc double smoked ham with hollandaise sauce

Tomato, avocado and vogel's breakfast \$12.50

Tomato, avocado, rocket, lemon and extra virgin olive oil served upon vogel's toast

Pancakes \$12.50

Buttermilk pancake stack served with fruit compote, maple syrup, cream or yoghurt

Fruit compote options:

- boysenberry, blackberry and apple
- peach, mango and passion fruit
- rhubarb and red berry

Muesli and yoghurt \$7.50

Toasted muesli, natural yoghurt and fruit compote

Fruit compote options:

- boysenberry, blackberry and apple
- peach, mango and passion fruit
- rhubarb and red berry

Bagel breakfast \$6.50

Warmed bagel served with either fruit jam and cream cheese, or cold smoked salmon and cream cheese

Kids Breakfast Menu

Egg breakfast \$5.00

Poached egg on toast

Pancake breakfast \$5.00

Pancake and maple syrup

Toast Breakfast \$3.00

Marmite toast soldiers

HOURS

Monday to Friday 7:30am to 5pm

Weekends 9am - 4pm

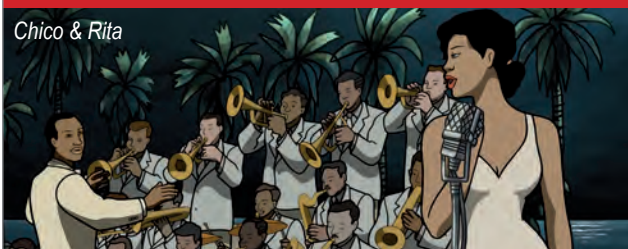
WORLD CINEMA SHOWCASE

2012



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I HATE EASTER. HATE IT. It's NOT THE IDEA OF having two days off work that I'm opposed to. I am of course, totally down with that. My issue is with ol' JC and his peeps. If you're down with Christ, and like to get down with other people that like him too, then man it must be sweet to have the government ensure that you get four days off (I'm including Christmas here) to allow you to remember how nailed he got to that cross, and how totes amazed everyone was when he "came back to life".

But for me, Jesus of Nazareth is just another historical figure. He's not the messiah, Christ, son of God, or my personal lord and saviour. He was a political rebel who agitated against the powers that be, and who in the end lost his life for what he believed in. It's a great story, and one we could probably learn some lessons from, but it's not the guiding narrative of my life.

New Zealand was founded by a Christian empire, and it makes sense that some of those Christian traditions are still around. Back in the ye olden days, it was important that the government protected your right to take a day off in order to attend the necessary masses and vigils. But in a modern multi-cultural Aotearoa, where very few people are actively engaged in the Christian faith, it is hypocritical for the government to still attach public holidays to dates of significance for a particular religion. Muslims, Sikhs, Buddhists, Jains, Jews, Hindus, Rastafarians, Shintos, Taoists, and plain old smelly atheists don't get a day off to do shit when their religion (or otherwise) calls for it, so why should Christians?

And it's not only the holiday for religion's sake that I have issue with. Those of us who aren't celebrating/commiserating over Jesus getting killed are forced to suffer through the deprivation of shops and service outlets being forced to shut for the day. Want to enjoy a cold beer at the end of one of your few stat holidays? I hope you stockpiled, cause you're screwed if you think you're buying any alcohol today mate. And then to really pile it on, everyone eats chocolate all weekend, and I am fucking lactose intolerant!

So here's the plan. Rather than Easter and Christmas being guaranteed public holidays, everyone should get four mental health days off a year, and you can take them whenever you want. Then you decide for yourself what is best for your mental (or spiritual) health. Want to go to mass on Good Friday? Go nuts. Want to sleep on the last day of Ramadan? All yours. Want to go to a four-day musical festival and take acid? Feel free.

That way, everyone gets what he or she wants. Christians can get together on their days off and chat about Jesus, Muslims can make the most of Ramadan, and Rastafarians, well, we all know what they're going to get up to. And I won't have to suffer through another chocolate-free Easter without a drink in my hand.

— JOE STOCKMAN

Critic is...

Editor | Joe Stockman
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News Editor | Charlotte Greenfield
Sub Editor | Sam McChesney

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Sports Reporter | Gus Gawn
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Broadcasting Standards Authority agrees: Stoners are cool

JOE STOCKMAN

THE BROADCASTING STANDARDS AUTHORITY (BSA) HAS SIDED WITH OTAGO University student radio station Radio One, after a complaint by an Australian based GP about the radio station's show *Overgrown*.

The show, which is produced by pro-cannabis protest group NORML, and is hosted by NORML Vice-President and local botanist Abe Gray, is dedicated to the discussion of issues relating to cannabis and argues for cannabis law reform in New Zealand.

Dr Rob Phair complained to Radio One in September last year after listening to *Overgrown* online. He claimed that the show was "shamelessly pro-cannabis" and ignored the detrimental health effects of the drug, specifically the link between cannabis and schizophrenia. Dr Phair further claimed that his views were misrepresented and he was personally denigrated in the show.

After the complaint was referred to the BSA last November, the

Authority released its decision on March 27, ruling that the discussion of cannabis on the show did not breach any standards of law and order. In its decision the BSA stated, "While we accept that the programme promoted and encouraged cannabis use and that such use is unlawful in this country, in our view, this was done in the spirit of protest and for the purpose of contributing to the debate on, and advocating the decriminalisation of cannabis."

On the show Gray had been critical of limiting the use of cannabis for medical reasons, saying, "misinformed people, whoever they are, doctors or otherwise, they're the ones who are actually doing a disservice to these patient communities by buying into one-sided propaganda and letting that dictate their treatment outcomes for patients."

The BSA said that its decision was supported by freedom of speech considerations. "The programme amounted to high value speech because it is legitimate and desirable in a free democracy for individuals to challenge particular laws and promote law reform. In a free and democratic society people must be allowed to question and challenge the law and to freely express their opinions and ideas on issues involving self-autonomy."

Radio One Station Manager Sean Norling welcomed the decision, telling *Critic*, "We appreciate the decisions made by the BSA ... It has vindicated *Overgrown*'s position as legitimate protest radio and reinforces our right to freedom of expression. Independent media's role in questioning authority and central government legislation is important now more than ever with the critical lens of NZ's mainstream media in an apparently glaucomic state."



Critic Editor Joe Stockman attempts to make Critic as cool as Radio One, with hungry consequences

Plot to Overthrow Auckland Student Magazine Editor Stockman Next?

STAFF REPORTER

CRACCUM EDITOR THOMAS DYKES MAY LOSE HIS POSITION NEXT WEEK FOLLOWING a petition from 20 members of the Auckland University Student Association (AUSA) which calls for a motion of no confidence against him.

The petition claims that Craccum (Auckland University's student magazine) has been overtly political, offensive, and unrepresentative of all students under Dykes's editorship. The AUSA executive has accepted the petition and called a Special General Meeting of the association on April 26 to vote on the no confidence motion.

Editors of Craccum are elected each year, rather than hired, as is the practice at other student media outlets. AUSA president Arena Williams said in a statement, "The Auckland University Students' Association has a proud history of electing the editor of the student magazine. It's a democratic platform for expression of students' views, and if students are unhappy about how it has been run this year, they're entitled to have their say at a Special General Meeting."

Kirk Jacinto, the student behind the petition, says that his move against Dykes was prompted by his disappointment with this year's first few issues of Craccum. "One gets the impression that this isn't a magazine that one picks up to forget about your stresses at university, but rather a magazine you pick up to feel a bit more depressed about things."

Dykes claims that it is his attempt to make Craccum more attractive

to the entire student body that has left some unimpressed with its new format. "What we have been trying to do is raise the intelligence, and there has been a bit of a backlash to that," he told Critic. "However it ends up, it is a win-win. We're making a magazine that we're proud of and we're not going to change that. If I lose, they want more cock jokes, they get more cock jokes."

Jacinto says that the problems have little to do with a lack of dick, saying, "I am aware that many [readers] miss dick jokes, but I don't think that's the issue. It's the overall lack of comedy, relevance and focus on the students. I am not in this as a result of a lack of dick jokes."

Jacinto, who unsuccessfully ran against Dykes for the editorship last year, says he will run in the resulting by-election if Dykes loses.

Craccum, which first began publication in 1914, has had a number of high-profile former editors, including Invercargill Mayor Tim Shadbolt and former Speaker of the House Jonathon Hunt. This is not the first time that Auckland students have exercised their democratic right to remove the editor, with the last vote taking place under similar circumstances in 1989.

Critic News Editor Charlotte Greenfield suggested that a similar ability to expel the Editor of Critic should be put in place at Otago University. In response to this clear attempt to undermine his authority, Critic Editor Joe Stockman challenged Greenfield to an "Arm wrestle/bake-off extravaganza, to once and for all end these needless leadership challenges". The results were unknown at the time of print.

See Spot Rot

CHARLOTTE GREENFIELD

AN OTAGO POLYTECHNIC STUDENT CAUSED A STIR after he displayed a piece of artwork last month featuring the carcass of a dog.

The second-year student's sculpture consisted of the remains of the dog draped over a beer crate and installed as part of an assignment at the Polytech's sculpture studio on Monday March 19. After tears and expressions of outrage from other students and staff, the sculpture was quickly removed and the studio closed for the day.

The student, who originally claimed he had found the carcass on the side of a road, said that the installation was a "tribute"

to the dead animal.

Initially it seemed to Critic that the backlash towards the artwork may have signalled that a new Vincent van Gogh or Jackson Pollock walked among us with dynamic artwork often being misunderstood in its own time. However, when it emerged that a burglary report was made to police on the weekend of March 17-18 in regards to the theft of the frozen remains of a dog, taken from a Dunedin vet's chiller, two and two were put together and the budding Damien Hirst's artwork began to look decidedly more illegal, and its criticism more justified.

After the police becoming involved in the incident, the student apologized to the veterinary clinic, which decided not to pursue charges.

The student has since been subjected to the Polytechnic's disciplinary procedures and will receive a formal letter in response to his actions.

On the bright side, a Polytech faculty member told the Otago Daily Times that the debacle prompted a meeting between art school students and lecturers the day after the sculpture was displayed, at which students were given a chance to debate ethical values in display art (this, presumably, was before the student's kleptomaniac streak was revealed). However one second-year student's parent remained concerned, telling the ODT his daughter did not need to be exposed to dead animals in order to learn, a sentiment 2,000 health science students may not share.

University collegial, if not universal

CHARLOTTE GREENFIELD

THE UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO HAS RECEIVED A GENERALLY positive review in an Academic Unit Report published on 20 March. The New Zealand Universities Academic Audit Unit (NZUAAU) undertakes a review of each of New Zealand's eight universities every five years and with Otago getting its turn this year.

The audit began with a self-assessment written by the University and submitted to NZUAAU's Panel last June. The Panel used this and interviews conducted at the Otago's Dunedin and Wellington campuses late last year to form their opinion of the University for their 65-page report.

The report was generally favorable with certain areas singled out for extra praise. The Panel seemed impressed by the prevalence of their favourite buzzword "collegiality", noting the University is "based on a collegial system" and "has an institution-wide collegial ethos ... in which collegiality is supported and encouraged at all levels".

However "collegiality" is also a problem because it is linked "to a reluctance to impose mandatory requirements on staff." Most of the Panel's recommendations were related to this issue, with increased mandatory frameworks and consistency across departments suggested. But do not fear, collegiality will not be reduced if this takes place. "The Panel does not see this

kind of compliance as being at odds with collegiality," the Report reassures.

In addition to the need for greater compliance and consistency, the Panel also expressed concern at an "under-representation of equity groups" among University academic staff, in particular Maori, Pacific Islanders and women. The Panel recommended a "system of strategic workforce planning" which would pay attention to "demographic impacts" and recruitment of Maori staff and Pacific staff. The report did not elaborate as to exactly how "a system of strategic workforce planning" would combat years of entrenched societal biases against minority groups. However, *Critic* speculates it can only add to the University's already impressive collegiality.



OUSA Market Day
 Thursday 19 April
 10-4pm
 Link Courtyard
 Stall holder info at ousa.org.nz
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Conserve nature, collect food, cuddle kittens.
 Give back to Dunedin, be a Super Scarfie!

**OUSA VOLUNTEER
 WEEK 2012**

16 - 22 April
 More info at ousa.org.nz

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 OTAGO
 1848
 P.O. Box 4800 Dunedin
 NEW ZEALAND

I Can Has Moar Vigilantism?



Critic News Editor Charlotte Greenfield practices her best sheriff moves on Castle St, in a blatant attempt to get her photo in the news section again.

CHARLOTTE GREENFIELD

THE WILD FRONTIERS OF NORTH DUNEDIN ARE SOON TO BE DEFENDED BY A BAND of "Scarfie Sheriffs" whose role will include protecting saloon-goers from shoot 'em ups, Indians and gold train robberies.

Although a little older than the average *Toy Story* 3D fan, scarfies have the potential to benefit from the new sheriff scheme which aims to establish a student on every North End street to act as a point of contact between residents and police.

Neighbourhood Support initiated the arrangement in response to continual frustration over the number of students who end up the victims of theft, in part due to a penchant for unlocked doors and leaving flats uninhabited for large portions of the year.

"We're really going for it this year to annihilate these burglaries in the North End, we've got to throw everything into it and make it not worth the bother for thieves," says Neighbourhood Support Regional Co-ordinator Sarah Hexamer. Scarfie sheriffs are a key part of the plan. "Street members can know who they can ask for advice on thefts or potential thefts and that person can pass that information on to police. If Neighbourhood Support or police want to get a message out, it can go through that person."

Sheriffs have yet been to be appointed, however Neighbourhood Support has already carried out visits to flats to inform residents of the crime prevention strategies being targeted at students. In addition to the Scarfie Sheriff scheme, students' email addresses or phone numbers are being voluntarily collected to allow police and Neighbourhood Support to send out group messages if a theft occurs. This would allow anyone who has seen any suspicious activity at the time of the theft to pass that information on to police and remind students to better safeguard their flats against thieves.

Any students with a fetish for spurs and/or cowboy hats can apply to fill the boots of Scarfie Sheriff for their street by sending an email to Neighbourhood Support at admin@ons.org.nz.

New Zealand Wastes Bucketloads on "Justice"

CHARLOTTE GREENFIELD

IT WAS REVEALED THIS WEEK THAT THE LEGAL BILL of everyone's least-favourite tutor Clayton Weatherston has surpassed \$440,000 and is expected to rise, with more invoices still to be filed. Because Weatherston relies on legal aid, the taxpayer will pick up this expense.

The former University of Otago PhD student and economics tutor is currently serving a life sentence with a minimum non-parole period of 18 years for the murder of 22-year-old Otago student Sophie Elliott in 2008.

The hefty legal aid fee was clocked up during Weatherston's 2009 trial in the Christchurch High Court, and the unsuccessful appeal of this verdict in the Court of Appeal in 2011. The same year, Weatherston attempted to overturn this verdict in the Supreme Court, which added to the costs.

Sophie's Elliott's father, Gil Elliott told the Otago Daily Times that Weatherston "did not deserve that kind of money spent on him."

However Professor Mark Henaghan, Dean of the Otago Law Faculty, points out that "out of context an amount like that always looks

strange, but the whole process of establishing the cost is done according to a formula." Limiting the amount that could be spent would lead to issues in the access to justice, according to Professor Henaghan. "We can't just deal out legal aid based on whether we like this person, but not that person. People are innocent until proven guilty and the state's spending a lot of money trying to prove them guilty. People need a chance to form a defence or access to justice will be unequal. Only the rich will be able to afford a decent defence."

Deep within the Clocktower, the Council meets

IT'S VOTING TIME. AGAIN. WHO DO YOU WANT AS YOUR TWO STUDENT REPRESENTATIVES on the University Council, sticking up for your interests against those University fat-cats?

The University Council is the big dog of University decision-making, voting on such issues as fee increases, the Service Level Agreement with OUSA, and the overall strategic plan for the University. They also have the power to shut down entire departments, as design students know only too well.

Before the Voluntary Student Membership Act passed, OUSA would just appoint two students to the University Council for a one-year term. But now students will vote directly. An email will be sent to all students with a link to the online voting site. Voting opens on Tuesday April 17 and closes on Friday April 20 at 3pm.

The election campaign rules are strict – if you're a fan of accepting candy from strangers, you're out of luck, because "No benefits or incentives can be offered to voters."

We'll leave you with an empty threat – as P. Diddy says, "Vote or Die".

MATT DODD

I'M IN MY FIFTH YEAR OF STUDYING law and politics at Otago and have loved every minute of it! The University Council decides on policies that affect all of us students and sets the tone for the University as a whole.

During my brief time in Dunedin, there has been a noticeable change in student culture. Most of this change has been driven by the University which now exerts more influence over the lives of students (on and off campus) than ever before.

It concerns me that we, as students, have been mostly kept in the dark about the practical consequences of policy decisions made in the institution that shapes so much of our lives.

Vote for Matt on the Uni Council and I promise to keep you in the loop!



LOGAN EDGAR

GIDDY STRANGER

I'm Logan Edgar, the OUSA Student President, and I am running for the student position on the University Council.

Up until now, the Student President has automatically held a seat on Uni Council, but the VSM bill that passed last year requires the seats to be filled by a direct election hosted by the University, so once again I'm on the campaign trail. In my current role I work full time focusing on representing Otago students and their interests, so I think I'd be a great choice to represent students on this very important University body.

I've been your council rep, alongside Jono Rowe, since the start of this year. We make a pretty great team, and now that Jono sits on the student executive as Admin Vice President as well, it makes perfect sense to keep us on there. We go into every Council meeting informed on each agenda item, and have the strength and organisation of OUSA behind us at all times.

We've worked hard to gain the respect of the other Uni Council members and will never stop defending and representing Scarfies and what they're all about.

Love ya,
Logz xxxx



THE MP IS IN



David Clark will be available to talk to you in the Link (next to the Main Library) this Friday the 20th April

12pm - 1pm



office 32 Albany Street (next to the Captain Cook)
phone 474 1973
email david.clark@parliament.govt.nz

www.davidclark.org.nz
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Authorised by Dr David Clark, Parliament Buildings Wellington.

TIA NEHA

KIA ORA TĀTOU.

My name is Tia Neha. My ancestry links to Northland, Hawkes Bay, the East Cape, East Coast of the North Island and France. I was born and raised in Dunedin, went to Broad Bay Primary School and went to Queen Victoria Girls College in Auckland. I am fully conversant in Te Reo and English which has enabled me to function competently in Māori and non Māori contexts.



At the University of Otago, I am working towards completing my PhD in Developmental Psychology.

If selected for the University of Otago Council, I cannot promise you the normally distributed two standard deviations above and below the mean life that will end in solving some of the world's complex issues. Probably more like creating a space that provides a flax roots approach. I can represent and help make productive decisions for the whānau and university whānau. This hands-on approach has been demonstrated with extensive experience on school, whānau, sports, recruitment, professional and Māori student and graduate research student committees. These background experiences have provided me with a grounded position when understanding, representing and acting upon the greater good of the university, whānau and the wider community.

MARGI MACMURDO-READING

MY NAME IS MARGI MACMURDO-Reading, and I am excited at the opportunity to run for the position of student representative of the Otago University Council. Born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, I hold dual citizenship in New Zealand and the USA. Residing in Dunedin since 2004, I am a "mature" PhD student, happily married to Mark Reading from Invercargill. We have two university-aged sons, Walker and Rory.



I have had the pleasant and unusual distinction of attending Otago University simultaneously with my sons, so my capability for representing students is unique and multi-faceted. As a parent of students I know first-hand the undergraduate point of view, and as a former OUSA postgraduate representative, I am well connected and well versed on postgraduate issues. My experience in starting and running a successful landscape design business, overseeing ten employees and hundreds of clients ensures my understanding of team-work and fiscal responsibility.

Representation, service and trust are the three key ideals that have fuelled my public service experiences on the OUSA executive, as both parent representative and Chair of the BOT at Logan Park.

In this final year of my study, nothing would give me greater honour than to be elected as your student representative.

JONO ROWE

STUDENTS TODAY FACE A NUMBER OF challenges including: Losing iconic events like the Hyde Street Party, Rising cost of Fees, and the Liquor Ban.

Overcoming many of these depends on students working with the University. Building and maintaining that relationship requires someone with skills, experience and ability to represent student interests.

I am that person.

I am passionate about Otago and the awesome lifestyle we have here. Logan Edgar and I have been working with the University to preserve the best parts of it.

Last year I fought successfully to get Student Reps back on the Appeals Board (where you appeal if the Proctor wants to send you packing back to mum and dad for burning a couch etc).

I don't promise things I can't deliver. A vote for me is a vote for: an alternative to the liquor ban, a safer Hyde Street party, a sustainable University, no unreasonable fee increases, and a university that listens

I have made a difference. I urge you to vote for experience, continuity and ability. Vote me and Logan back onto Council.



ANDREW WICKEN

AS A "MATURE STUDENT" I COMBINE student and professional experience. Over the last fifteen years I have held several jobs and volunteer positions within the campus community, most of which have involved student welfare, student safety, student academic progression, student social development, the health and wellbeing of young adults, or representing students both within student associations and on University committees.



Complementing my workplace experience, for most of this time I have been a student (full-time or part-time) with papers from each of the four academic divisions, (important with only two student representatives on Council).

Because the environment for student representation has changed, the successful candidates will have to adapt the way they engage with students across divisions and beyond the Dunedin campus. I believe that I have the diverse skills needed to lead the way.

The three key issues for students today are fees, greater transparency in how off-campus student issues are dealt with by the University, and support and representation networks for the hundreds of students learning outside the Dunedin campus. With your support I look forward to providing a student perspective on these and other issues to the University Council.

News IN Briefs

Quotes From

"The FBI is reporting that American universities are being infiltrated by foreign spies. They say everyone should be on the lookout for any student who's paying attention and taking notes."

—Conan O'Brien—

"On Saturday the Empire State Building went dark for an hour to draw attention to climate change. Of course, 10 endangered eagles then crashed into the building."

—Jimmy Fallon—

1 **USA | A US ONE MAN ODDITY TOOK VIGILANTISM TO HEART, WHEN HE DRESSED up as Batman, and redecorated his Lamborghini as a Batmobile. Unfortunately he was pulled over by some dry cops. Batman was obviously a bit saddened hearing "license and registration" from his fellow law protectors. They were probably just jealous.**

2 **CANADA | DONALD TRUMP SHOWED HIS DOWN WITH THE TRANS WHEN THE Miss Universe contest changed its rules to allow transgender contestant Jenna Talackova to take part in its show. Talackova born a man, underwent sex change therapy. So now before you go for your naughty bathroom break during the show, make sure you know which one your getting off to.**



3 **WALES | NOT TO BE OUTDONE BY THE LUNACY OF THE US BATMAN, A PROUD Welshman got arrested on charges of animal cruelty when he was found with an illegal stash of badger paws and eagle claws, which he claims to be a part of his lifestyle...as an Apache tribal head. This bizarre collection started when he went to America to live in a Red Indian reservation but the Americans, unimpressed, kicked him out. He said he took it up after he got divorced from his wife, and subsequently from reality.**

4 **INDIA | IT WAS A TIME OF SOLEMN RECKONING IN INDIA WHEN MIDDLE EASTERN turmoil came to the streets of Delhi. Three drunk Libyans beat the hell out of two drunk Afghans on the city streets. You've got to feel for the poor Indians, more used to spicy food, Bollywood, Chinese war horns and politicians watching porn, and were absolutely gobsmacked at this sudden diplomatic upheaval.**

Late Night

"Today was the annual White House Easter Egg Roll - or, as the Republicans call it, 'President Obama's Socialist Egg Redistribution Program.'"

—Jay Leno—

"George Zimmerman's family has been all over TV this week. The dad told Fox News that the real problem is so much hate coming from Obama. You know what, man.

Obama has drones and Seal Team Six. If he hated you, you'd know about it."

—Bill Maher—



FIVE SEX SECRETS

that aren't really secrets but you people need a kick up the arse

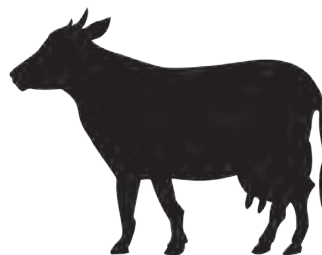
1 | Orgasms are amazing but the build-up is even better, so even if your hall guard is banging on your door to kick you nights prize out, slow it down and both come out with a grin.

2 | Just because you brought a girl a drink at Monkey (classy btw) it doesn't mean she'll be joining you at home. You just look like a wanker while she's off to find the next dude.

3 | Trawlers of the night: Picking up the last of the crop at 4am on Sunday morning, doesn't make you a boss, more like a borderline rapist.

4 | Sleeping with lots of people is not a bad thing, and if someone calls you a slut or man-whore then it means that they're not getting any.

5 | "I want to have your abortion" is the 2012 equivalent of "I want to have your baby." She's all yours.



\$1.3 MILLION

The most money ever paid for a cow in an auction.



672

The international telephone dialing code for Antarctica.



1 IN 3

Snake bite victims are drunk.

One in five are tattooed.

Mohammed

The most common name in the world.

—Sumantra Maitra—

—Tom Pullan—

Playoff time. Jump on the Band Wagon

THE START OF APRIL IS PLAYOFFS TIME FOR trans-Tasman sports. The Wellington Phoenix have had their A-League (football/soccer) playoff run ended by a heart-breaking extra-time goal to the Glory in Perth on Easter Saturday night. And by the time you read this the New Zealand Breakers will have either won, lost or be preparing for a deciding game three in their Australian NBL (basketball) finals series against the Perth Wildcats.

If the Breaker's go to a third game it will be played in front of a packed Vector Arena crowd of 8,500 people. The Breakers usually play home games at the 4400 capacity North Shore Events Centre. They occasionally fill the NSEC for a big game, but not regularly. The difference between regular season crowds and finals crowds? Bandwagon jumpers. For their respective regular seasons not many people

really care about the Phoenix or the Breakers. Sure, they get reasonable crowds, and hardcore fans will watch their games on TV, but when it comes round to the playoffs they become everyone's favourite team.

Take me as a perfect example; sure I like sports slightly more than your average student, but the Breakers and the Phoenix spend their regular seasons safely under my radar. I have watched one Phoenix game this year which I went to live at Forsyth Barr stadium because I got in for free. I have watched zero Breakers games this season. Yet there I was down the pub at 11 o'clock on Easter Saturday shouting at the TV screen as the Phoenix battled hard but ultimately lost to the Perth Glory. The amount of bluffing in that room was shocking: Punters were making speculative calls and getting angry at players for "always doing that" when

they had only learned the name of the player they were rubbishing at the start of the game.

New Zealand seems to embrace bandwagon jumping much more readily than other more passionate supporters groups. Often banners can be seen at the home ground of previously poor and woeful, but recently rich and successful Manchester City Football Club in England that read "Where were you when we were shit?" The exact same signs could easily be hung at the Westpac Stadium in Wellington or Vector in Auckland.

Still, everyone loves a winner and supporting a successful team is way more fun than watching losers. Playoff games are way more exciting than the regular season anyway.



RISING FROM THE ASHES

TO HELP YOU BANDWAGON JUMPERS OUT THERE CRITIC HAS DONE SOME HOME-work and come up with three comments you can make that will make it sound like you know something about the Phoenix, other than that they wear Black and Yellow.

- 1 "The Yellow Fever are the Phoenix's loyal supporters group. When the Phoenix are leading with 10 minutes to go all members (including females) will take off their yellow and black shirts and wave them around their heads for the rest of the match".
- 2 "Paul Ifill is one of the Phoenix's best players. He is English but plays internationally for Barbados because of his ancestry. When he is not injured he is one of the Phoenix's most potent attacking weapons and is probably their biggest goal scoring threat".
- 3 "The Phoenix used to be owned by greasy Wellington property tycoon Terry Serepisos. Since his property portfolio went down the tube he became too poor to pay the bills and had to sell the Phoenix to a consortium of Wellington businessmen. The new owners have promised coach Ricky Herbert the funds to build an even stronger squad for the 2013 season which could mean the Phoenix win their first title".

There you go, now you can sound smart.

UNBREAKABLE

THE BREAKERS HAVE BEEN THE BEST TEAM IN THE ANBL ALL SEASON. THEY went up against their closest rivals the Perth Wildcats in the grand-final series on the Thursday and Friday just gone and depending on results a possible game three on Tuesday (April 24).

To help you bandwagon jumpers out even further here are three comments to make when watching a Breakers game, which will make it sound like you know what you're talking about.

- 1 "Thomas Abercrombie is really good, but I don't think he could make it in the NBA. He's not physical enough and needs to get a more reliable jump shot. Those alley-oops he does are pretty awesome though".
- 2 "The Breakers don't really have a star player on their team. They have a lot of really good role players who know their job and are extremely well coached. They share the scoring around and have a deep bench".
- 3 "The 3 point lines in the ANBL are closer than those in the NBA. That means the white guys shooting the 3-pointers are more important than exciting black guys doing dunks. That's probably why the NBA is so much better to watch".

Citation will of course be required when using any of these quotes ...



Scarfie Wins South Island Surfing Champs



IF YOU ASK A SURFER WHERE THE BEST WAVES IN DUNEDIN ARE, DON'T EXPECT a friendly response. For a group of people that are laid back to the point of being horizontal they become notoriously cagey if they think their doggedly kept 'secret spot' may be revealed. Surfers generally can be divided into two vague groups. One group contains the lifetime slackers and weekend warriors who surf because they love to surf. They range in age and backgrounds from suited and booted lawyers to bare footed hippies with ankle bracelets. They surf as much as they can, which could be 2 times a month, or two times a day. Most surfers are in this group. The others are not quite so laid back. They compete fiercely and judges score their waves out of ten to find a winner. These are the big boys of competitive surfing.

Competition surfing is nowhere near as big in New Zealand as it is in Australia, or other parts of the world. However, there is a path for surfers who are good enough, or keen enough, to try to make a career out of surfing. Very few New Zealand surfers make a comfortable living and to do so you probably have to travel the world slogging away on the WQS (World Qualifying Circuit) in shitty waves and squalid conditions, often for years, trying to make it to the big dance, the ASP Dream tour. That's where you get the money, the fame, the chicks, the free trips and the perfect waves. That's where Kelly Slater is.

Dunedin and the southern coastline semi-secretly boast a massive variety of world-class waves. On the Otago peninsula it is possible to find a wave for almost any combination of conditions. You can get decent, un-crowded surf pretty much every day of the year. If you can convince

someone to show you where to go, and are willing to brave the freezing conditions, Dunedin is a great place to be a surfer. We even manage to produce and attract some pretty good ones.

Critic headed down to St. Clair beach over the Easter weekend to see what Dunedin's own version of competitive surfing looks like. The South Coast Boardriders South Island Champs. The Open Men's competition was won by local scarfie JC Susan, who went on a giant killing run all the way to the novelty sized cheque and free beer. Critic caught up with him to see how it went, and what the surfing life had to offer.

JC studies architectural drafting in Dunedin, and is originally from South Africa, but honed his surfing skills at the Mount (Mt. Maunganui). When he's not maintaining a classic Twitter profile (@jcsusan11) or "getting hammered and stumbling around in the strobe light" JC puts his studylink money to good use funding his budding surfing career. He is also helped out by

his major sponsor O'Neill New Zealand, who hook him up with wetsuits and clothes, and SND surfboards who help him out with new boards.

JC has competed around the country since he was a grommet (young surfer) and says the South Island Champs are a little more relaxed than the more commercial North Island versions. "It's a pretty sweet contest that the locals organise each year. The contests in the South Island are mostly laid back. The contests in the North Island are way more full on. There is more money involved and they try to run them like a business. It doesn't really work".

The contest was held in good conditions at St. Clair on Good Friday and the swell picked up on the Saturday with solid 4-5 foot sets with light winds. Wave selection was the order of the day as JC cruised through his heats in both the Mens Open and Mens Under 20 divisions. Highly accomplished New Zealand pro Luke Cederman was one of Susan's many victims. JC put it down to luck "everything just went my way, I only caught three waves and one was good. I assume Luke just got the 'St. Clair special' where all the waves he caught just turned to shit".

Nevertheless, JC avoided any 'St. Clair specials' and got all the way to the final which was held bright and early in smaller conditions on the Sunday morning (consequently Critic stayed in bed so didn't see it in person). The other finalists were Zen Wallis (Piha), Jake Scott (Dunedin) and Sam Dunfoy (Kaikoura) but JC got the jump on them by posting a 7.6 with his first wave, and then a solid score of 5.3 later in the final to comfortably beat the competition. JC also came second in the Mens Under 20 section losing in the final to Cody McCusker of Canterbury.

RED AND STARRY EYED

INTERVENTION IN SYRIA

FOR MORE THAN A YEAR NOW SYRIA HAS SPIRALLED INTO AN ARAB-SPRING massacre. The UN reports that over 9000 people have died in the conflict. These deaths are not all the consequence of President Assad's hard-hand though. Despite the spin we are receiving, Syria is bound up in an increasingly bloody civil war, with the number of deaths on the rise. The Assad regime reportedly kills anyone with two legs, and gets bonus points for a pram.

Intervention could easily lead to another Somalia, or a Libyan faux pas. Assad currently holds on to power with the support of minority Islam sect the Allawites, Syrian Christians and Shi'a. If the West supports the rebels, it's likely the minority groups will suffer a backlash that has been on the books for 40 years.

Moreover we should ask what the real reasons are. First off, why haven't we intervened before? Assad was once seen as a reformist ruler with a British education, and heralded as an example for the Middle East. His government has never had wide support from other Arab states, other than Lebanon and at times Egypt. Assad's real support comes from Iran, the US's latest pet peeve. Getting rid of Assad would weaken Iran, and thus strengthen Israel.

However the political chessboard must be played correctly. If the UN goes in, and by UN I mean the US, there is the danger that Syria will become another Vietnam, or that Syrians will unite against the US. The Middle East has always been able to see through the US's imperialist policies.

A real alternative to intervention would be boycotts and economic sanctions against the ruling elite, or any government that supports them. Russia and China – known for their human rights abuses – have supported Assad in the past, with reports that Assad's forces have received an \$80million boost from oil sales to China.

If the UN actually wanted to stop the bloodshed, it would prohibit trade. It would also do all it can to give aid to those most in need, amongst them many Palestinian refugees.

The UN does not see the Middle East as a worthwhile region. If it wasn't for its oil it wouldn't be on the map, much like Africa isn't. Instead of worsening the situation by intervening, we should make sure Assad is actually sanctioned by the international community.

RED AND STARRY EYED

Spec Execrable

CALLUM FREDRIC

EVERY MAN HAS HIS LIMITS. AFTER HALF AN HOUR OF ANNOUNCEMENTS about people being appointed to committees, Critic, much like any trauma survivor, retreated into a fantasy world. And that's when someone cracked an inappropriate joke about the early retirement of Ding Ding that had the entire exec laughing uproariously. What was that joke? We will never know. The exec were all extremely relieved that the comment had escaped, unheard by the media, and refused to repeat it.

At this stage of the meeting, Critic's notepad was as blank as the social calendar of a dedicated HealthSci student. And then the conversation turned to pornography. Porn sites (and plenty of other sites) have been blocked by the University, and President Logan says there "hasn't been enough master debating" on this issue. The exec held a serious discussion about the ban, regarding it as an attack on freedom of choice, and everyone except Education Officer Aaspreet Boparai voted to oppose it. Critic has recorded a cross-section of opinions from the vigorous discussion:

Logan – "I fucking love a maz." Victoria (Postgrad Rep) – "I would know, I'm always on those sites". Juana (Colleges Officer) – "Everyone should masturbate, it's healthy. Good for prostate cancer." Logan "It's a wanky issue, let's be honest." Ryan (Finance Officer) – "There are people who have specific needs". Aaspreet (supporting the ban) – "Pornography can interfere with your relationships, how you view women, you can get addicted." Logan – "You have people who can't go and pull, just cos you can't pick up a sheila doesn't mean you shouldn't have a release".

Talking of the people who fought to defend our freedom to visit non-Aryan porn sites, ANZAC day is coming up, and OUSA is getting all patriotic. They're getting involved with the Uni's ANZAC day event. According to Logan, this was suggested a few years back, but "flower power" students blocked the idea. There will be bagpipes, as well as cannons (hopefully to shoot at the people playing the bagpipes). There will also be a mass haka, and Logan says "some old salty war dog will give a big yarn about Vietnam". It's all going down outside

trum The Tory Templar

the clock tower, folks.

In accounting news, Deloitte has pointed out the huge costs to OUSA of providing for the rowing club and the squash club. Logan wants them to become more "sustainable", and is going to give them the hard word about "where OUSA wants to take" the relationship in future. Ominous.

The execies have handed in their quarterly reports, and Critic waded through them so you don't have to. Not that you would anyway. Here's what they've been up to:

Ryan Edgar (Finance Officer): Ryan was (pre by-election) the backup President when his brother was away, and so has had a small taste of the nectar of true power. He has been assessing OUSA's budget in light of the lucrative Service Level Agreement with the Uni. Ryan is setting up a "Scarfie Committee" with a representative from each of the main student streets. This group will presumably be the nemesis of another committee Ryan is involved with, which "looks to target areas of dangerous student drinking". He also set up the Executive Lounge on the ground floor of the OUSA office.

Francisco Hernandez (Welfare Officer): Exec stalwart Fran ran the petition against the liquor ban, which attracted 4,000 signatures. His Welfare Committee (which is a merger of all the former minority positions such as Women's Rep) is not yet functional, but he's hoping to get it sorted soon. He also intends to bring in \$3 breakfasts and \$3 dinners for the cheapskates among us. And he wants to set up an OUSA Flatbook with data about flats and landlords, provided by students.

Aaspreet Boparai (Education Officer): Aaspreet has just about got the Education Committee up and running. That's about all there is to report.

Blake Luff (Recreation Officer): Blake is organising the 24-hour exercycle spinathon to fundraise for the neurosurgery appeal. Other than that, he's been doing "general exec duties".

Victoria Koszowski (Postgrad Rep): Victoria has kicked off the year by promoting the Postgrad Society, which is a combination of a Committee and a social club, and presumably a place where 7th-years are looked upon with the same disdain most of us hold for freshers.

INTERVENTION IN SYRIA

AS I WRITE THIS, AND PROBABLY AS YOU READ IT, A DESPOT IS KILLING HIS PEOPLE.

State violence against rebels in Syria has led to the deaths of thousands of innocent civilians, who only want the freedoms that everyone else has. Kofi Annan has put forward a six-point peace plan that Syria, in anger at being expelled from the Arab League, looks likely to reject.

The Templar suggests the time for niceties is over. The time for talking is done. The time has come to spread the democracy that Assad is so keen to demolish. The time has come to intervene. Intervention has already worked in the fight to remove Muammar Gaddafi in Libya. The West needs to stand up for its democratic ideals and bring this bloodbath in Syria to a swift and categorical end.

Diplomacy hasn't worked and probably won't work. Diplomacy is a myth that baby leaders tell each other at nap time. There is no reasoning with a crazy person, calm though he may seem. The Arab League has tried that route. The world has tried expulsion, putting Syria in the naughty chair and whatever else mollicoddling socialists do these days. This man doesn't understand reason, he only knows force. That's what it takes to get rid of this tyrant, and the Templar implores the world to do it. The rebels cannot survive on arms alone, they need back-up from the air and they need it soon. How long must we sit whilst fellow humans die at the hands of this animal?

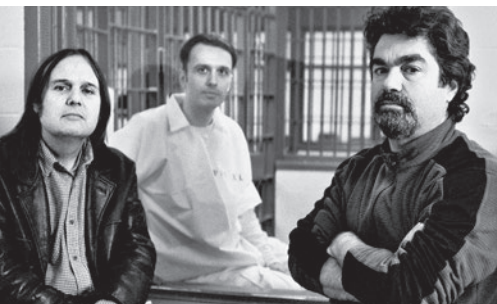
The UN wants to send peacekeeping troops to Syria. Ha! I agree, because that worked in, oh that's right, nowhere. Assad is probably laughing at the West, "oh look at those stupid people trying to come and babysit my country". If he doesn't want to give up power, power must be taken from him. Whether that happens with him living or dead, it will be no less than he deserves. The people will love the West for bringing an end to this conflict and, the Templar suggests, it could use some good press in the Middle East.

Here is my personal plea to Mr Obama to grow some balls and bomb the hell out of Assad. The time for talk is over. The time for action was long ago, democracy must come to Syria and at all costs. Get rid of Assad? Yes we can.

THE TORY TEMPLAR

World Cinema Showcase

Paradise Lost 3: Purgatory



CALLING ALL LAW BUFFS AND BAIN JUMPER FIENDS! LOOK NO LONGER! JOE BERLINGER AND BRUCE SINOFSKY'S *Paradise Lost 3: Purgatory* follows the trial and aftermath of the murders of three 12-year-old boys in 1990s Bible Belt America and those supposedly responsible – the West Memphis Three. The raw and somewhat disturbing footage documents a town's hysteria, which subsequently led to unreasonable pressure on the police to find answers to a heinous crime. Instead, this infraction induced an atrocious and gross account of convenient misunderstandings and small town animosity towards "Metal-lovers" or "devil worshippers" who refused to subscribe to the model teenager of the day. Without giving too much away, *Paradise Lost 3: Purgatory* offers a window into the US judicial system and challenges the credibility of trial by jury and the value of having a good lawyer.

SASHA BORISSENKO

Yes Madam, Sir



IN INDIA, LIFE IS TOUGH. IT IS A COUNTRY GOVERNED WITH A MIXTURE OF FEUDALISM AND DEMOCRACY creating constant, dangerous grounds. To attempt to achieve justice within this system which so easily yields to corruption is a desire which only the most determined can have. The documentary *Yes Madam, Sir* sheds a rare glimpse into one of those incredible individual's lives. Filming on her own camera for over six years, Megan Doneman reveals the inner workings of Kiran Bedi's personal life and career. From becoming the first woman to join the elite Indian Police Service to working with the UN and being awarded an array of top social justice awards, Kiran Bedi's life has been both fascinating and brutally challenging. While the shooting remains simplistic and of a technically average quality, Kiran's story is one that is both challenging in the moral and social issues it raises. A movie that is hard to forget.

LOULOU CALLISTER-BAKER

War of the Arrows



WAR OF THE ARROWS IS A SOUTH KOREAN FILM STRADDLING THE BOUNDARIES OF THE MARTIAL ARTS, WAR and chase film genres. When Korea is invaded by the Manchu in 1636, Choi Nam-Yi, a skilled archer, sets out to rescue his captured sister. Before long Nam-Yi's notoriety spreads and he meets his match in an elite band of Manchu soldiers. In a series of gripping action sequences – which make extensive use of both the Principle of Evil Marksmanship and the Inverse Ninja Law – Nam-Yi finds himself both hunter and hunted.

The film is a fast-paced action flick featuring strong lead performances and stunning cinematography. The chase scenes through the Korean hills and forests are highly reminiscent of *Apocalypse Now* and the film as a whole has the feel of a grittier, less whimsical *House of Flying Daggers*. A must-see for fans of historical action.

SAM MCCHESENEY

Alois Nebel



THE BLACK-AND-WHITE ROTOSCOPED ANIMATION OF ALOIS NEBEL PROVIDES A CAPTIVATING VISUAL TEMPLATE for this grim, atmospheric film from the Czech Republic. The eponymous main character is a middle-aged train dispatcher in rural eighties Czechoslovakia, a shy and possibly depressed man given to hallucinations of his childhood, which centre on the departure of the Germans after World War II. When a mysterious mute man crosses the border from Poland, the past and present begin to collide, though whether Nebel is aware of any of this is hard to tell.

As with other rotoscoped films like *Waltz With Bashir*, the animation is used to create a mood, rather than to push the boundaries of visual possibility. The mood in *Alois Nebel* is dark and solipsistic – following a man drifting through a sea of moral ambiguity, catching snippets of conversation and brief glimpses into other people's lives. An absorbing, low-key gem.

SAM MCCHESENEY

The World Cinema Showcase starts this Thursday at the Regent Theatre. For more information about the films and screening times, visit www.worldcinemashowcase.co.nz

If you don't like this
status, we are going to
shoot this poor African child

The Rise of Slackivism

BY MADDY PHILLIPPS



KONY 2012. IF YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE THE NAME, YOU ARE PROBABLY EITHER A) A DEAF-blind-mute, B) that Amish girl from my old FREN141 class, or B) living in a wifi-less hovel out at Aramoana with a sinister, scrawny man in horn-rimmed glasses named David. The 30-minute video, produced by American charity Invisible Children, aimed to "Make Kony Famous". "Kony" is Joseph Kony, leader of the Lord's Resistance Army in East Africa. The LRA specialises in the abduction of children for use as child soldiers, among other murderous pursuits. It is undeniably a very evil organisation. Kony is undeniably a very evil man. And the video was undeniably very viral. Within 24 hours of its release, Facebook news feeds worldwide were saturated with "MAKE KONY FAMOUS" statuses, promises to attend KONY-related events, and shared links to the video.

Image copyright "cheriejoyful"

Suddenly, without setting foot outside your flat, you – yes you! – could become an activist! Social change now requires no more than a few seconds of your time, in between stalking the guy you slept with on the weekend and doing the stuff.co.nz daily quiz. How easy! How wonderful! The world's problems, all solvable via a simple equation: you + Mark Zuckerberg + a WLAN connection = world peace!

So far, so "like"-able. So how did the campaign become so, well, unlikeable? Within a few days, it had become the most widely disparaged movement in recent memory. A month on, it is the dubstep of social media coups: hating the video is so mainstream that it's almost clichéd. However, the mocking and the memes, like those directed at Skrillex, are ubiquitous for a reason: there's just so much there to hate.

The first big problem with KONY2012 is the video itself. It is slick, patronising, and grossly oversimplified. The level of generic cheese is astronomical. The first five minutes could be an ad for any family-friendly brand, from Kodak to the Natural Confectionary Company to Persil. Puzzlingly, the film's star is not Kony, but Gavin, the cherubic son of Invisible Children founder Jason Russell. Russell plonks Gavin in front of the camera, shows him a picture of Kony, and explains how evil the big bad man is. Gavin fidgets adorably in his Breton-striped sailor tee and eventually says that we should stop Kony. It's not hard to imagine him following that up with an impish grin and cry of "Don't chop the Dinosaur, daddy!"

Quite what this flaxen-haired child has to do with Uganda is never really explained. Then again, not much in the 29 minutes is ever explained. The basic premise of the video is that by "raising awareness" of Kony's crimes through social media, public pressure will force the US military to capture Kony and free thousands of Ugandan kids from fear by December 31, 2012. One can only assume that at this point all those poor downtrodden Ugandan children will then be free to once again frolic barefoot through the lush savannah, dressed only in leopard-skin loin cloths.

Unfortunately for Invisible Children's idyllic vision, Kony is not in Uganda, having fled to the central Africa. The US military is also in central Africa helping various militaries fight the LRA, and has no immediate intention of leaving. So what exactly are Invisible Children trying to do? Putting an expiry date on Kony's capture may make sense from a marketing perspective, but deposing the leader of a child army is a little different from throwing out some mouldy colby.

Then again, the mouldy cheese method seems to be Invisible Children's approach to "raising awareness". In lieu of any actual facts, what we get over 29 nauseating minutes is shots of Gavin's birth, emotive pleas from Jason Russell that "the time to act is NOW!", single tears running down Ugandan cheeks, endless close-ups of the Facebook "share" button being



Social change now requires no more than a few seconds of your time, in between stalking the guy you slept with on the weekend and doing the stuff.co.nz daily quiz

clicked, a romcom-ish soundtrack, and shots of the earth from space to emphasise our Zuckerberg-enhanced sense of "togetherness".

The best moments of the film are merely diarrheal. The worst reminded me of my extended amoeba episode in rural China. Case in point is the montage of Ugandan houses being built by apple-cheeked young Americans. This footage is interspersed with the Americans and their grateful African beneficiaries shaking their respective booties to a frantic rock soundtrack on their smoko breaks. Just like Team America, Invisible Children clearly understands that to get shit done we're gonna need a montage.

So the movie is aesthetically offensive and factually incorrect. But none of this would matter if it were really doing something to help the children in Uganda. I would happily watch *Twilight* every night for a year if it would depose a warlord or two. Well, maybe a month; anyway. The point is, montage or no, shit hasn't gotten done. Because KONY2012 has the dubious distinction of setting an all-new gold standard for "slacktivism".

Slacktivism is the idea that by simply liking, retweeting or sharing something, you can change the world. Russell draws nasally in the voiceover that "nothing is more powerful than an idea". Actually, nothing is less powerful than an idea if it fails to be realised. Every Monday I have

You get your satisfaction from a couple of likes and pokes then disappear before morning without leaving your number. Commitment phobia never felt so heart-warming

the idea of attending all of my lectures; I am yet to successfully execute a week of attending every class. Similarly, updating your status and clicking "attend" is no guarantee of, well, anything, except annoying all of your Facebook friends with a constant stream of news feed items.

Actually, that's not quite true (watching KONY2012 has clearly got me in the mood for half-truths). Updating your status and clicking attend does guarantee a self-esteem boost. There's an argument that all charity work is just a vehicle to boost one's self esteem. Even if that is true, there's nothing wrong with it as long as actual charity work is getting done. But by simply "liking" and "sharing", people are getting the self-esteem boost without doing anything to help. If you can save the world in a click, why would you bother actually getting your hands dirty? Slacktivism is the one-night stand of social activism. You get your satisfaction from a couple of likes and pokes then disappear before morning without leaving your number. Commitment phobia never felt so heart-warming.

Michelle is a pretty girl from my high school who now divides her time between her Communications degree at AUT and Instagram. She chose to share the video, attend a KONY "Cover the Night – Hamilton" event, and update her status with "See u all there in April people, Me and Ben will be doing our part in making sure these sick criminals are brought to justice!!" At the time, I asked her why. She said it was a "really really important" issue. While writing this article three weeks later, I asked her

if she still planned to attend "Cover the Night". She replied, "Oh, is that still a thing?"

Reducing important social causes to just another "like" on Facebook reduces their perceived importance. When the plight of African children is just another post in Facebook's constant stream of banality, the issue gets mentally filed in the "Not Important" section, next to pictures of freshly-baked cupcakes and links to not-funny articles on Stuff. Invisible Children aims for awareness, but there is such a thing as too much awareness. When you're

aware of everything, it becomes hard to care about anything. Or at least to care about anything for more than the two seconds it takes to click "share" or "retweet". Instead of encouraging real activism, slacktivism is just fostering apathy – a department with which our generation needs absolutely no help at all.

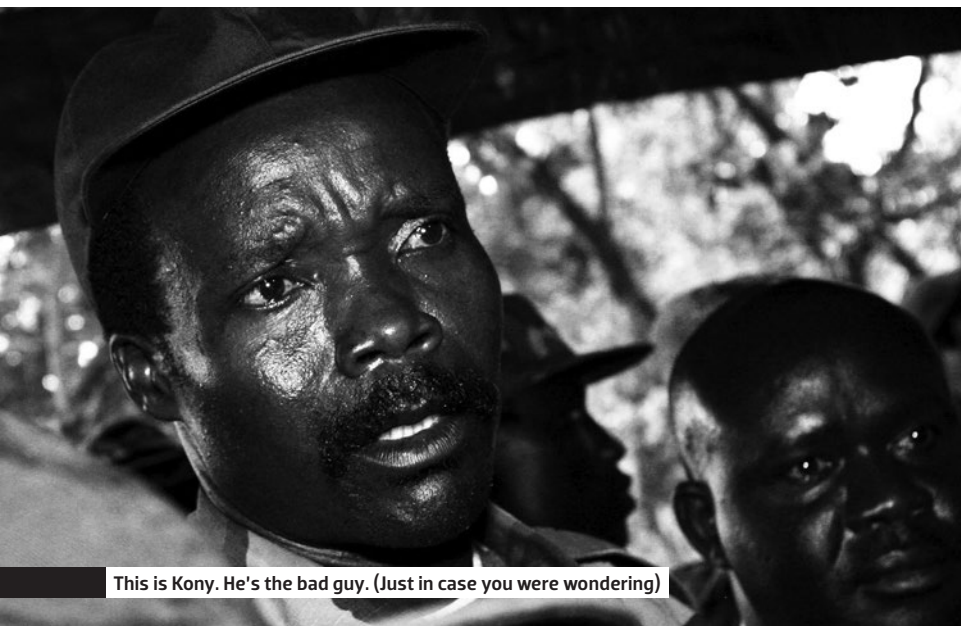
On Thursday 15 March, a week or so after the release of KONY2012, the world experienced a collective moment of *schadenfreude* not experienced since Kim Kardashian's divorce. Jason Russell, he of the soulful, beseeching gaze and angelic offspring, was detained after running around San Diego naked, swearing at motorists and vandalising parked cars. Police dispatcher reports described Russell as "banging his hands on the ground, screaming [and] incoherent".

All things considered, it was a brilliant finale to the KONY awareness campaign, if perhaps not exactly the sort of awareness Invisible Children were after.

Russell's meltdown perfectly encapsulated the narcissism that defined the KONY campaign. When a charitable cause is dumbed down into a vehicle for your own ego, you'd better be damn sure that your ego isn't going to spontaneously shed its clothing and start twisting and jerking as if it were being sucked off by an army of, ahem, invisible children. Likewise, when the ego of the benefactor becomes more important than the beneficiary, social activism suffers. Where once we Raged Against

the Machine, now we can't be fucked doing anything that can't be quickly accomplished in a new tab while illegally downloading the latest from Florence and the Machine.

KONY2012 begins with Invisible Children founder Jason Russell drawling nasally that "humanity's greatest desire is to belong and connect". As usual, he is full of shit. We have learned a lot from KONY2012, including the importance of not being caught on video leaping naked between parked cars with one's penis flapping freely in the breeze in the manner of a horny toad navigating a lily-pond. But most of all, in the post-Kony weeks we know exactly what twenty-first century humanity's greatest desire is. It is not "to belong and connect". It is not even to eat, drink and procreate all at the same time. It is to find ever more new and improved ways to wax our own egos to the point of gross engorgement.



This is Kony. He's the bad guy. (Just in case you were wondering)



Animals are people too

BY KATIE KENNY

The state of animal welfare

DURING THE RECENT SUMMER BREAK, I SPENT MANY WORKING hours standing at corners of supermarket aisles, trying to sell various superfluous food products. I eventually developed a knack for identifying potential purchasers; my buyers' trolleys often had one item in common: Free-range eggs. Free-range eggs? Allow me to explain:

THE CHICKEN BEFORE THE EGG

MY OBSERVATION MAY NOT SURPRISE YOU; EGGS ARE A POPULAR FOOD ITEM. AND most New Zealanders claim that they would be prepared to pay higher prices for free-range rather than caged eggs. Despite this attitude, around 90 per cent of eggs sold in New Zealand are still produced through battery farming. This makes my free-range buyer quite rare indeed!

In light of this, it appears that animal rights activists' emotive images of scrawny chooks suffering in cages are ineffectual against a desensitised public – or perhaps purchasing habits can be more appropriately blamed on that black-hole of good intentions, otherwise known as the "current economic climate". Regardless, ethicists argue that moral discussion on the importance of protecting animals' interests may provide a more positive and powerful response among consumers than upsetting imagery.

Minimum standards for farming egg-laying hens have been outlined in the Animal Welfare Act of 1999. The Act requires that farming systems adapt to match animals' normal behavioural patterns, because animals suffer when their behavioural needs are "frustrated".

This means that if for example, a hen wants to sit on her eggs, she should be farmed in a way which allows her to do this. However, what if hens no longer wanted to incubate their eggs? What if it could be the other way around, and the animals' behaviour could be altered to match the farming system? The breeding of non-broody hens is one such example of animal selection to improve welfare in current farming systems.

Dr Mike King of the University of Otago's Bioethics Centre says that "it is suffering that the animal welfarist is most concerned about, and [breeding of non-broody hens] is an example of a change that reduces

the suffering of farmed animals." He also points out that this isn't a new idea: Humans have trained and selectively bred animals for thousands of years, and many of us aren't too concerned about this, provided that the animals aren't suffering. "Good animal welfare is the minimisation of animal suffering."

ZOMBIE HENS AS ETHICAL SOLUTION?

SO, HOW WOULD YOU FEEL ABOUT CONSUMING AN EGG THAT WAS LAID BY A ZOMBIE hen? Such a question quickly prompts a moral standpoint from even the most ethically illiterate consumer. In furthering the idea of selectively breeding chickens, American animal ethicist Bernard Rollin has conceived the ultimate hypothetical scenario of welfare-friendly hen farming: The creation of chickens that experience only the brain activity necessary for them to live and produce eggs.

These "zombie chickens" wouldn't suffer in battery-farming systems, because they wouldn't have behaviours that could be frustrated. In fact, regardless of how they're treated, these hens wouldn't have the capacity to experience pleasure or pain at all.

Although currently far-fetched, this scenario demonstrates the potential of breeding animals for the purpose of improving their welfare. Before you jump upon your high-horse and cry "yuck!", it's important to consider that (from a purely animal welfare viewpoint) this move to alter animals to reduce their suffering is difficult to challenge.

How would you feel about consuming an egg that was laid by a zombie hen? Chickens that experience only the brain activity necessary for them to live and produce eggs

WE CARE = WELFARE?

BEFORE WE ALL GET NIGHTMARES ABOUT WALKING-DEAD POULTRY, LET'S backtrack to the moral arguments. Thanks to supermarkets' clean-cut and packaged animal products, it's easy to miss the pig for the pork-chops, and few of us follow through with our free-range intentions.

Despite this increasing animal-to-food disconnection, a MAF survey released last year ranked animal welfare as the sixth most important socio-political issue to New Zealanders (ahead of both unemployment and climate change). Our relation to and treatment of animals is so intertwined with the way that we conduct our everyday lives – with food, products, language, and our sense of who we are and our place in the world – that people are often disinclined to shift their ethical stance on the matter.

ANIMAL LIBERATION

AUSTRALIAN PHILOSOPHER PETER SINGER POPULARISED THE TERM "ANIMAL liberation" in his 1975 book *Animal Liberation*. Singer drew parallels between the abolition of slavery, the liberation movement of women, and – the "next logical step in the evolution of our moral sensibility" – the liberation of animals. Human or non-human, says Singer, all animals are equal.

This doesn't mean that we should allow our cats and dogs to sit at the dining table with us, or that pigs and cows should get the vote. What Singer means is that the interests of animals merit the same consideration as the similar interests of humans. The suffering or pleasure experienced by animals counts just as much as the same amount of suffering or pleasure experienced by humans.

To treat animals as any less morally considerable than humans has been labelled by British animal-liberation activist Richard Ryder as "speciesism". ("Racism", "sexism", "ageism" ... can you see what he did there?)

ANIMAL WELFARE OR ANIMAL RIGHTS?

DR KING'S PhD IN ANIMAL SCIENCE INVOLVED HANDS-ON EXPERIENCE WITH THE applications of animal ethics in animal experimentation. "That got me thinking about the ethics of animal research, and it led me in the end to not

be involved in animal research and to be involved in animal ethics instead."

From the distance that most of us experience such animal welfare issues, he acknowledges that things can appear deceptively simple: "When it comes to these things, you often get people adopting a strong position for and against something. SAFE, for example, have a very hard line on animal welfare, and they do whatever they can to try to promote that. Part of what they do just involves appealing to people's sentiments."

"Animal welfare isn't a radical position. Yes, the like interests of animals and humans are considered equally important, but this doesn't

Thanks to supermarkets' clean-cut and packaged animal products, it's easy to miss the pig for the pork-chops, and few of us follow through with our free-range intentions.

mean that some interests can't be sacrificed. Thus, animal welfare doesn't advocate for entire abolishment of animal experimentation, but would certainly limit it and promote alternatives."

ANIMAL WELFARE IN ANIMAL RESEARCH

THIS IDEA OF LIMITING RESEARCH ON ANIMALS, AND OF CONDUCTING RESEARCH in an ethically considerate way, is encapsulated by "Three Rs" which serve as guiding principles for the use of animals in research in New Zealand and internationally: Replacement, Reduction, and Refinement.

Dr King explains that, "everyone acknowledges that there are differences between animals and humans. But we have very tight restrictions on what we can do to humans. It would of course be beneficial to use humans more in research, but instead we use animals as models and try to make inferences from them that are applicable to humans."

The issue of animal research is more complex than most of us would care to realise, and as a result it's far easier just to say "I'm against all

animal experimentation" than to acknowledge the nuances of the situation. Many people forget that researchers are also ethically informed individuals, who have professional and moral obligations to promote good as much as possible.

While activists may be busy attacking researchers' "exploitation" of animals, it's often forgotten that research on animals can also greatly benefit the species of the animals tested. Additionally, a lot of animal research doesn't harm animals at all, such as observation studies and low-intervention studies. A blanket ban on research, therefore, seems like a fairly unreasonable stance by animal welfare standards.

ANIMAL WELFARE IN NEW ZEALAND:

THE ANIMAL WELFARE ACT 1999 MARKS A MAJOR milestone in the development of New Zealand's



Sad dog disapproves of animal cruelty



Happy pigs are happy.

animal welfare system. Rather than wasting word-space by regurgitating the Act's interesting but rather lengthy stipulations, I encourage you to check it out for yourself at www.biosecurity.govt.nz.

Despite the provisions of the Act, many animal rights defenders argue that farm animals, in particular, become the art of compromise. This is because farming often gets special exemptions from the requirements of the Animal Welfare Act, because the National Animal Welfare Advisory Committee "may, in exceptional circumstances, propose minimum standards and recommendations for best practice that do not fully meet the obligations of the Act." Such exceptions include feasibility and practicality, religious and cultural practices and, of course, economic effects.

This loophole has caused extensive criticism of the Act, particularly from ex-Green Party MP and animal activist Sue Kedgley. As Kedgley puts it, "how is it acceptable that it is an offence under the Animal Welfare Act to keep a companion animal (such as a dog) in a cage, but perfectly

If you take a pig from a factory-farming situation, and put it in a free-farming situation, it will engage in activities that it wasn't able to engage in while it was in a confined space

acceptable to keep a farm animal (such as a hen or a pig), in a cage for all or most of its life?". Such questions will hopefully be broached in the full review of the Animal Welfare Act, which began at the end of last year.

WHERE TO FROM HERE?

So, if enough people benefit from battery farming, and if the harm to animals is minimised, could it be justified? Dr King doesn't allow room for misinterpretation: "No. It's not okay. Not every system that has some positive balance of utility is okay, because it could be that you achieve a much greater balance of utility by doing something else."

Right, so let's say that a chicken is farmed in a "good" way – as in, its

interests aren't frustrated. Let's also assume, as many animal scientists do, that it doesn't have "life plans", or the capacity for long-term, future-directed interest in continued existence. Unlike us, chickens don't fall asleep with a "tomorrow's to-do list" in the back of their mind. Dr King says that "if we look after the chicken well, and kill it in a humane way, then the process seems much less morally troubling."

Even though a solution to current farming practices is perhaps a long way away, Dr King says that it's important to "improve welfare as much as we can, and as quickly as we can."

IS WELFARE WORTH IT?

IT ALL SEEMS LIKE LOT OF EFFORT, DOESN'T IT? HONESTLY, WOULD FACTORY-farmed animals really appreciate a change of surroundings? According to Dr King, it seems that they would. "If you take a pig from a factory-farming situation, and put it in a free-farming situation, it will engage in activities that it wasn't able to engage in while it was in a confined space. They do have interests which are unable to be expressed in some farming situations."

Acknowledging a concern for animal welfare, and adjusting our lifestyles in response, is part of being a morally good person. This alone should be motivation enough for us to make an effort to get to know more about humane treatment of animals.

For those of you who read this article simply for the promo-tip of identifying potential product buyers, don't think that I've forgotten to explain my secret. So, why do I rely on free-range eggs as a customer indication? It's likely that people who can afford to buy free-range eggs are also more likely to make spontaneous, unnecessary purchases. However, it's not all just about consumerism; the free-rangers also seemed slightly friendlier than the average pre-Christmas supermarket shopper. Stereotypically speaking, I suppose, people who are concerned about animal welfare tend to be caring and thoughtful.

Even the most apathetic of you, therefore, may benefit by concerning yourselves with animal welfare, at least for the sake of your own reputation – let alone for the sake of the animals themselves.



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.

THELMA

STONE COLD SOBER AND ARMED WITH A BOTTLE OF WINE, I ARRIVED AT TOKYO Garden exactly 10 minutes late. Thankfully my plan had worked and my hot date was already waiting for me. (Thank fuck she was not a boyish looking dyke.) After she downed her first glass of wine in about 30 seconds I knew that it was either going to go really well, or be really shit. The banter was good, the eye fucking was better, and before we knew it the food had arrived. I don't know what they study in zoology, but if it's the eating habits of a pig, she'd get an A+. After she had done 5 feral burps and licked her plate clean I realised I was more drunk than I thought when I agreed to go to the Cook with her.

A jug and a deep and meaningful later, I followed her out of the Cook and into the Link toilets where we proceeded to fuck each other, 69 styles, before I realised how hot her arse was, and how wet her pussy was (4 fingers wet) and fucked her from behind. Things were getting pretty hot, so we decided to head back to hers. On the way she fucked me on a car and a scooter before I slipped a finger or two up her in the middle of the street.

Once home we wasted no time in getting naked. I can't really remember the exact details but I know she came pretty hard a couple of times, and I had multiple orgasms. She didn't have toys, but we were pretty resourceful, using various objects found in her room. Who needs toys when you've got an imagination! After watching some girl-on-girl porn, and making a bit of our own, we were both pretty exhausted. We enjoyed some cute cuddles and kisses before falling asleep. She was a honey, even letting me sleep on her favourite dinosaur pillow.

Sadly for me, there was no more sex to be had in the morning, but I thoroughly enjoyed my stroll of success home. Hopefully she will turn up for our planned coffee date tomorrow. If not, I still have the memories of some hot hot sex, and the video to enjoy when I get really lonely! Thanks Critic – this may be a match (or maybe just a fuck) made in heaven.

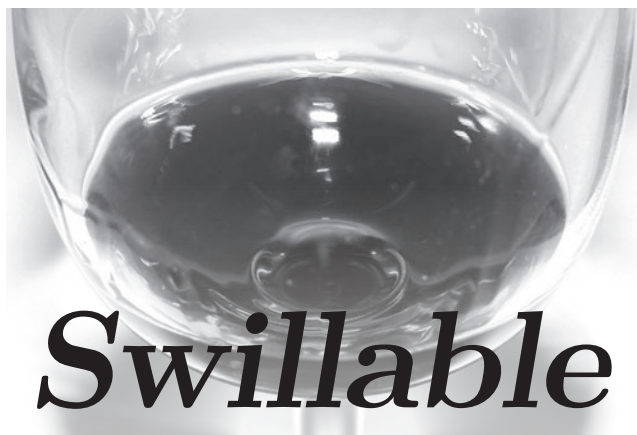
LOUISE

MY PLAN TO ARRIVE SLIGHTLY INTOXICATED DIDN'T REALLY WORK DUE TO TIME restraints prior to the night, and on top of that I arrived at seven exactly. Classic mistake. Ten disgusting minutes later my date walked in. Thanks Critic! You have no idea how scared I was that she was going to be a fugly dyke wearing combat boots with shaved hair and a furry fanny. She was quite the opposite – wearing Karen Walker all over the show, typical law, and a cute black dress that definitely hid how big her boobs were (10F I later observed in her bra). The conversation rolled pretty smoothly and after food and finishing the wine we decided where better to go on a Tuesday than The Cook. We quickly finished a jug and chat started getting intense so I decided that we best keep moving before I get a crier on my hands.

For some reason we both naturally walked towards the lib. She said she needed to go to the toilet, so I wandered in and then she gave me a look telling me to follow her right into the cubicle. She legit peed in front of me (is that weird on the first date?) and all of our giggling quickly turned into touching and kissing. Next thing I know we are flat out in a 69er. After a wee bit she jumps off, asking can we go back to my place and I oblige. As we are wandering down the street to mine she makes known that she has no undies on so I give her a little poke on the bonnet of a silver Toyota Corolla and then the seat of a scooter.

Unfortunately I do not currently have any vibes or strappies in my possession, so my last memory (before waking up naked, sweating and shaking on my bathroom floor) was almost losing my Emporio Armani moisturiser in my date. I had class this morning so the goodbye was a quick one but I have to credit her – I came twice last night, talented girl.

She may be gone but I am left with my internet browser history full of lesbo porn searches, a filthy hicky and a fishy smelling moisturizer bottle. Thanks for the memories Critic! I think I may have found the scarfie love of my life, or at least a potential fuck buddy.



MAC'S ISAAC'S CIDER

Taste: 6/10

Standards per vessel: 1.3

Price: \$13.99 per 6 pack

I'M NOT USUALLY A BIG CIDER DRINKER, THE LAST TIME I BOUGHT SOME WAS FOR a bout of Scrumpy hands in second year. Before that it was a friend and I at the tender age of 15 giving the Korean dairy keeper across the road from the liquor store \$20 to buy us little badasses a 6 pack. For this reason I don't pretend to speak with any expertise on the matter at hand.

Mac's have been producing ciders at their brewery for over 27 years and Isaac's is the latest label to be put up for sales. Its produced entirely in New Zealand, right down to locally grown apples, so its a great choice for those wanting to support local businesses. Especially in the Christchurch area.

I decided to drink the ciders throughout the week with dinner in the flat, usually some combination of rice, mince, potatoes or pasta. Cider being a lot more bitter than my usual choice of beer it was a little difficult to get used to at first. One night one of the boys decided to whip up some chicken thighs which actually went pretty well with cider. Not really a beverage to have with beef though.

Not being a regular cider drinker I found it difficult to compare with anything else really but I certainly would recommend giving this a crack as an alternative to beer one night. I have noticed in recent years an upwards trend in cider sales and it can't be without reason. Many bars and clubs have begun to offer some sort of cider on tap, even some of the classier joints in town like the cook will serve you a jug of fruity goodness.

This comes with some practical considerations. You might be craving a jug but the female in your company isn't overly enthused at the prospect of another litre of yeasty frothy splendour disappearing down your throat. Get a jug of cider and you'll both be happy.

Unfortunately my cider noob status had to turn this review into words more about cider in general rather than the Isaac's at hand. My recommendation is if you haven't yet travelled to the light side that is cider give it a jam, you might be pleasantly surprised with what you find.

Cheers again Cumby Superliquor for the hook up,

Your boy,

PILLBO SWAGGINS



BEFORE SUNRISE (1995)

DIRECTOR: Richard Linklater

FROM DIRECTOR RICHARD LINKLATER COMES A PERCEPTIVE AND POIGNANT FILM about two young twenty-somethings who meet as strangers on a train, sense a connection, and decide to take a gamble on each other. But the clock is ticking. Jesse (Ethan Hawke) and Celine (Julie Delpy) have just 14 hours in Vienna to get to know all there is to know about each other before both must go their separate ways. And they do make sure that every minute counts, talking intimately about everything and nothing ... before sunrise.

With no set plans but to make the most of their limited time together, the places that they visit, the people they encounter, and their ongoing whimsical conversations with each other provide a structure to the narrative. The urgency of the situation forces a sharing of each other's histories and of their hopes for the future. Jesse is more cynical than the free-spirited Celine. We learn that he is still nursing a broken heart and a bruised ego. Yet he strongly feels that Celine can benefit from what he has to offer her. In return, she responds to his directness with interest. While it takes a little while for them to relax into their roles, the chemistry between Hawke and Delpy is overt and mesmerising, which makes up for the times when their dialogue seems contrived and unnatural. Linklater's camera, however, is gentle and unobtrusive and privileges the audience with intimate first-hand knowledge of the developing romance. But what is to become of them when it's time to say goodbye? Will they keep their plans to meet again?

Before Sunrise is a paean to young love, when anything feels possible and finding a soulmate seems very probable. But it's not just for the romantics out there. It's a travellers' tale, with after-hours Vienna providing an intriguing and picturesque setting. It also superbly captures a particular stage in life when not a lot really matters and unexpected encounters and paths not yet taken can actually direct you to somewhere or indeed to someone. This is a delightful film with two exceptionally charismatic leads.

JANE ROSS



OLD, FAT, FEMME, ASIAN.

THE QUESTIONS I HAVE BEEN PONDERING THIS WEEK ARE: TO WHAT EXTENT IS desire political? And what are the ethics of proclaiming desire? I am thinking about this with reference to online dating in particular, which is a super common way for queer folks to meet. It has been a while since I have forayed into Internet dating and unlike loads of people who write about it, I don't want to hate on online loving. I actually think dating sites can be awesome ways to find hook-ups, friendship and love.

What does concern me are my observations and experiences of prejudice on gay dating sites. The sad reality is that within the queer* community we often repeat the mistakes of our hetero cousins: Body and gender policing, ageism and racism to name a few. This issue has been prominent in the gay community in particular over the last year, partly due to a new blog (Douchebags of Grindr) that names and shames individual faggz on their prejudiced shit online. I am reluctant to proliferate this stuff, but it is important to know what we are talking about:

"I've blocked more Asians than the Great Wall of China."

"Not into femmes, fatties and furballs."

"Vanilla and spice, no chocolate and rice."

From my perspective desire (and proclamations of desire) have political consequences and ethical obligations. Lots of us begin dating with narrow notions of who we're into and who we're not. Many of us find that these change over our lifetimes. Sometimes we need to do some personal work to better understand and question these prejudices.

Basically babes, that means that it is not cool online (or anywhere else) to proclaim your preference to only fuck the skinny butches of the Aryan race. If you find yourself choosing sexual partners of a certain background, perhaps you could treat this as an invitation to ask yourself why. Where have your ideas about who is hot/not come from? Do they stand up to scrutiny?

For those of you who are happy to keep on excluding people based on narrow criteria like cultural background, age or body shape – you should know that a lot of us find prejudice incredibly unattractive.

Finally, in an exercise in positive discrimination: To old fat femme Asians – I think you are super hot. Feel free to sashay your pepper haired, limp-wristed, chub self over and flirt up a storm with me. Also feel free to send me sexy pics or free stuff to dameladida@gmail.com

◀3 LA DI DA



HELLO AGAIN BUDDING EINSTEINS! THIS WEEK YOU'RE GETTING YOUR SCIENCE fill from the Psychology department, where Sophie Slater is currently unravelling the mysteries of memory formation. Specifically, Sophie is exploring how a small area of your brain – the dentate gyrus (DG) – can retain information over time (so you can remember what you had for breakfast!).

This small area sits at an anatomical "bottleneck", in a part of the brain called the hippocampus. This structure receives inputs from all of the bits of the brain which register things from your external environment (vision, smell, sound etc), and if the input is strong enough it will pass the "trace" off to other brain areas and store them as long term memories (it's really not that simple, but it will work for now). Studying how the DG works is particularly important because of this bottleneck – most, if not all, of the information which will eventually be stored in our long-term memory is at some point passed through the DG.

What Sophie looks at is the individual cells (neurons) within the DG using a technique known as sharp electrophysiology. These cells have a big body (soma), and also have long arms (dendrites) which receive electrical inputs from other cells (like the sense areas I mentioned before). Sophie takes a single DG cell and pokes a tiny glass electrode (about 50 times thinner than a human hair!) through its surface. She then sends electrical impulses into the body of the cell, which will then extend back into the dendrites, and into the parts of the cell which receive the input from the sense areas. Sophie also uses another stimulating electrode to send electrical current down the fibres which go to the DG. What she tests is how the timing between the two stimulations affects the activity of the DG, and hence how long-term memories are made (remember what's downstream of the DG). This timing relationship may prove to be one of the many mechanisms that underlie long-term memory storage, all of which work together in some additive way.

Sophie's quest to understand how memories are formed is a critical step in understanding disorders of memory such as Alzheimer's disease, so we can be better positioned to make decisions about potential treatments. And lest we forget, our very identity is made up of an intricate web of memories – so our journey to understand memory is ultimately a journey into our own selves. Ponder that!

ROBBIE MASTERS



MAN I BET YOU MISSED THE ODT WHILE YOU WERE AWAY OVER EASTER. BUT fear not! Critic has been saving up some of their little gems to settle your ODT withdrawal shattered nerves.

You might think that covering a cat show wouldn't be the number one beat in town. But I'm fairly sure that the ODT had to hold a raffle just to sort out gets the press pass. And the winner David; man he loves him some cats:

At the Otago Siamese and Shorthair Pedigree Cat Club and Southern Cross Longhair Cat Club show on Saturday, the humans looked like humans. The cats looked fabulous.

The ODT then focused their journalistic powers on settling a long running tree height dispute. The result was left in no doubt:

No doubting
tallest
tree claim

Now this next one I don't want to be too hard on. I like hats, and I know that sometimes, filling up space in a paper can be a challenge, but I'm not sure if this gem really needed to be front page:

SOME people wear different hats in their lives, and if they go to Hayward's Auction House in Dunedin next week, they can add fireman, sheriff and gendarme to the list.

And only in Dunedin would this need to be pointed out to people:

Streets could
be two-way

And lastly, I'm going to let this one speak for itself:

A Yak,
some wet
hens and a
little vodka

Love you ODT

UNCLE HOWIE



Hi Howie.

I went home over the break and saw my girlfriend for the first time since coming to dinners at the start of the year (she didn't go to uni). It was nice to see her again, but it's made me realise how little we have in common now, and how much I really just want to be single and have fun at this point in my life. I know I eventually want to find my dream girl, but not yet.

Hi bud,

It's important to remember that at this point in our lives we must simply enjoy ourselves. Many people fall into the delusion that their high school partners are their perfect match. This is often un-true. It's often your shared experiences and memories that lead you to this assumption. When in fact it should be your make-up as people that keep you connected.

Get out there and have some fun mate. Many guys get criticized for having a bit too much fun with the ol' clunge, but at the end of the day haters gonna hate. Do what you gotta do. If you find yourself sampling the smorgasbord of snatch out there don't be concerned. Your actions now will inevitably not affect your chances of someday find you soul mate. What's meant to be is meant to be. As I've always said, "you have to slay a few dragons before you meet your princess".

Howie

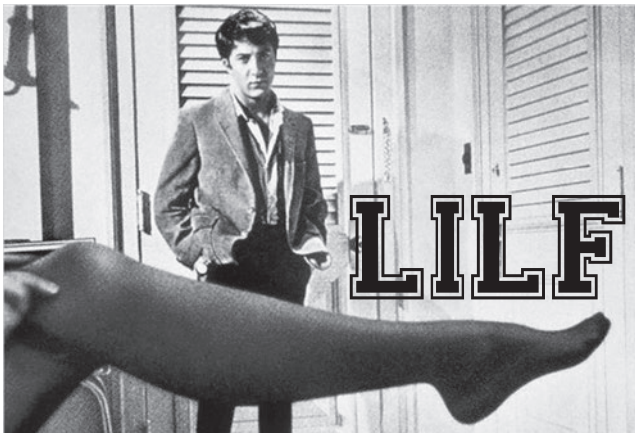
Dear Howie.

First up, just let me say how cool I think you are. You fully look like a tiger dude. Anyway I need your help. See, I am an RA at a halls, and I've started hooking up with one of the freshers. They're not on my floor thank god; but smuggling them in and out of my room is not going to work forever, we're bound to get caught. I guess I could just stop, but fresher or not, he's a pretty good root. What the hell do I do?

Hi there

As I am sure your aware many of the halls have fairly stringent rules regarding fraternising with freshers, so I would consider calling it quits. Although this guy may be a real vixen in the sack maybe put him aside for a year until he's left the hall. Consider it a good investment. However, going at it from a completely different angle you could hire a room at the delightful Cable Court Motel on Cumberland Street and make a real go of it. At a reasonable \$50 a night you'll land yourself room with total privacy with no chance of getting snapped by lurking hall authorities.

Howie



AN APPLE (OR IN THIS CASE, AN APORO) A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY ... FOR my sake I hope this old cliché is not true. Nobody who had been taught by Dr Jim Williams would want to keep him away.

As well as a cultural experience, studying Maori at Otago turned out to be an experience of a more carnal nature. Watching you deliver your lectures with such fury had me wishing you would rip off your shirt and break into a spontaneous Haka. You were like a young Howard Morrison, dazzling the room with your smooth voice and what I can only assume was a large kumara tucked down the front of your pants.

When I study at night, I can't rid myself of the recurring sensual reverie of you wearing nothing but a Maori cloak while you paddle your waka across a steamy river that shines in the golden moonlight. It interrupts my focus and I begin to let my imagination wander. Not even a marathon run of The Billy T. James show could distract me from my overpowering desire to see the taniwha underneath your grass skirt.

Your moving discourses on Ngai Tahu society only further worsened my love sickness. Instead of concentrating during lectures, I began to strategize how I might be able to convince you that re-enacting saucy scenes from The Piano might benefit my studies. Perhaps after that, you can show me how to participate in the traditional welcoming hongis with our noses. If I accidentally slip and get you on the lips, then, what can I say? "Whoops". Ever since I laid eyes on you I have wished I had grown up in your iwi.

Dr Williams, take me out for some kai. We will drink pina coladas and take a long walk along the foreshore and seabed. When we get back to your place we can dim the lighting and play some soft waiata in the background (I have Poi-e on CD). Once we have familiarised ourselves with each other perhaps you may feel moved to show me your Te Rakau stick, as I often dream that you will. (I also have my own patu here that I think could add a little fun to the evening). When you kiss me goodnight I will secretly be imagining that you are Winston Peters and I am your Pania of the reef, but I shall never forget the passionate night of kapa haka that we shared between the sheets.

In anticipation of the day that these fantasies can become a reality, and I can finally show you my Tane Mahutas,

Arohanui,

Womanly Wahine.

send your LILF love letters to critic@critic.oc.nz



THE OTAGO JEWISH STUDENTS PASSOVER SEDER POTLUCK

OLIVIA:

AFTER BENDERS THE PREVIOUS NIGHT JOHN AND I WEREN'T REALLY IN THE MOOD to get our skux on. Combined with the fact that both of us might be moving into the serial monogamy zone (John will explain more later), the Passover Seder ended up looking like the perfect thing for us at that time: a family type affair of good food and culture to reflect on why some nights (or relationships per se) mightn't necessarily involve skuxing.

If you are unfamiliar with the Jewish Passover Seder, it's basically a feast with many strange and interesting ritual activities throughout; at least strange and interesting to those unfamiliar with it. At one stage each person had to take a leaf of parsley off a bushel, dip it in salty water, and eat it. While such rituals are seemingly arbitrary, I was reminded of the beauty involved in such simple acts and how they can be linked to meaning in a story and bring people in a group together, providing us with that feeling of connectivity we all crave. John and I were both a little awkward about getting some of the rituals correct as we were both pretty uninformed and inexperienced in Passover Seder's, but everyone was pretty casual and friendly. Finally, the food was tasty (although you can't really go wrong with hummus and egg salad) and we got some pretty rad convos in before heading to pint night, after which John and I ended the night with a good platonic spoon.

JOHN:

THE JEWISH STUDENTS ASSOCIATION WAS A VERY FRIENDLY AND WELCOMING group of people, even as Olivia and I fumbled over some ritual aspects of the Seder, and it became very obvious we were not Jewish. It was a pretty small event of about 16 people (Jewish students: get some chutzpah and support your organization- there are surely more of you around).

Olivia and my ability to skux to our full potential has been limited of late, after both getting tied up in serial monogamy. When people say monogamy, realistically it means sequential monogamous pairings. Humans rarely if never "mate with one partner" wholly for life, and to aim for that is probably counter-productive. But the flip-side of this is that most of us naturally tend to spend our time with one individual, I consider a person who ends up dating more than a few people, but 'only one at any one time', to be a serial monogamist. What will that mean for our skuxing endeavours? Might be time to get some guest writers up in here...

DIATRIBE

CRIMINALISING THE LIBRARY AND THE GARDEN

A NEW BATTLEFRONT BETWEEN THE LAW AND THE PUBLIC is opening up before our eyes and many don't even realise. Ominous signals are coming from corporations and governments worldwide as what is to be a global system of militarised enforcement of "intellectual property" laws materialises.

Now I'm all for creators getting paid for their creations, but not at the expense of reasonable expectations of privacy and civil liberties. The content industry would have you believe that the only way for artists to get paid is to wage a "War on File-Sharing" in the vein of the oh-so-successful "War on Drugs". Well if that's the only way then I would say the harm is not worth the gain, but I hope we as a civilisation can do better than that.

Before discussing this issue any further, I think it is important to examine what file-sharing actually is, and what the implications of draconian enforcement of potentially outdated ideas of copyright are for the development of ideas and culture. "File-sharing" is simply the sharing of knowledge and culture. Books, movies, shows, works of art, software, any type of file that can be shared are part of the rich culture and technological knowledge that form the cornerstone of advanced civilisation. We are supposed to share these things. Our crowning achievement as a species was supposed to be maximising access to the aforementioned items to as many of our kind as possible. But along the way somewhere, someone decided that it was more important for them to make a personal profit.

Let me give the example of a library. A good library has always been the hallmark of advanced civilisations. Cicero said "if you have a library and a garden then you have all you need". And the idea of a modern library as a place where any person, no matter what their means, can come and access the collective knowledge and heritage of human culture is something that nobody of moral conscience would try to undo.

As a citizen, no matter what my background or financial capability, I can go to the library and educate myself about any subject free of charge. What I can afford never even comes into the equation. Indeed the idea that someone in an unfortunate circumstance could lift themselves up through access to knowledge and better their situation is, in theory, what many nations stand for.

Why the analogy of a library? Because the internet is equivocal to a giant library, and as the internet evolves

along with the way that we use it, it will increasingly fill this function. If I want to read a book, I can go to the library and check it out, even if it's brand new. But if I download a .pdf of the book then that is copyright infringement unless I pay a cartel of entertainment companies for the right to access it. The same goes for any movie or TV show or opportunity to use computer software like Microsoft Office. Now the difference in a library is that there is a limited number of each item. But for popular items libraries make an effort to have more copies, and I think most libraries would argue that the number of copies of most items is limited only by funding and that if they could have a greater number of copies of any book, needed to meet demand, they ideally would.

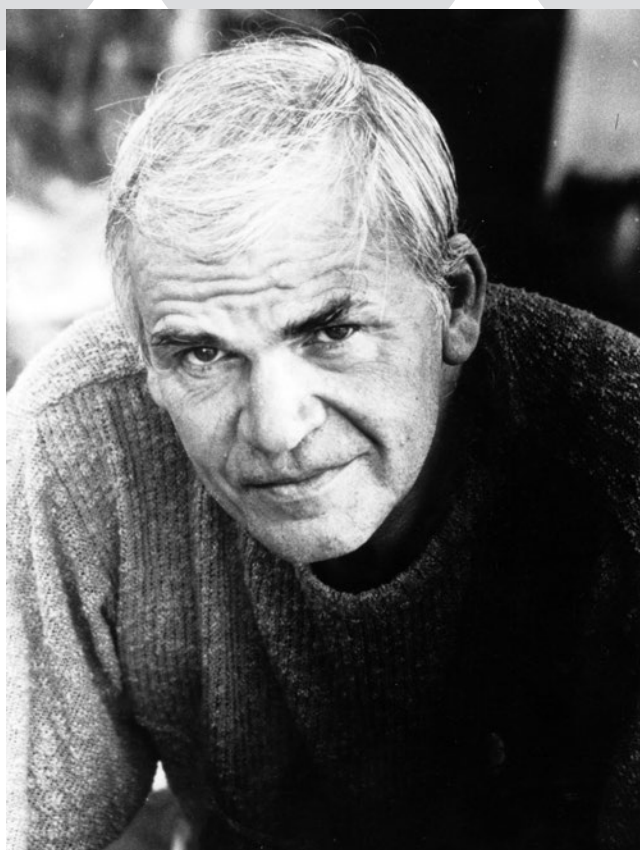
So when you think of the internet in that way, things like iTunes and armed police enforcing file-sharing legislation to "protect copyright holders" seems a lot like some Mafia thug standing at the door to the library and demanding cash before you get in. And hitting you up for more cash each time you read more than a couple of pages of a book or watch more than a few minutes of a video. You pay and use iTunes, sweet as. You use some alternative to access the same knowledge and culture because you can't afford to otherwise, you get thumped. This is what John Key and his mates at Warner Brothers are actually trying to do, not to make sure Bic Runga doesn't go hungry.

None of this is to say that creative individuals should not be paid for their contributions to knowledge and culture. Just that it should not come at the expense of the underlying morals and ideals of said culture; because then, what would be the point of developing the culture in the first place? Furthermore the current model, which puts the entertainment company executive as the middleman in charge of a trickle-down economics which still sees artists struggling despite record sales, has alternatives. Creative Commons licensing is one of many. Social micropayments is another.

All in all, when you start to look at "intellectual property" through this lens, the two words together start to leave a really bad taste in the mouth, and it makes the course our society is headed down look like the wrong one. Instead of sacrificing our collective morals and limiting technological advancement, we should focus on using our ingenuity to find creative solutions to support the creators of knowledge and culture in our society.

— ABE GRAY

Ignorance



IGNORANCE IS NOT JUST STUPIDITY. MILAN KUNDERA'S THOUGHTFUL EXAMINATION of repatriation is qualified by his own experience as a Czech émigré living in France. His firsthand experience of what it is like to leave home and start over provides the novel with a problematic yet realistic interpretation of nostalgia. He breaks down the word into its Greek roots – nostos to return and algos meaning suffering – to state that "nostalgia is something like the pain of ignorance, of not knowing." Here Homer's *Odyssey* is introduced and integrated into the narrative as a recurring device to buttress the experiences of his two lead characters. They return to their Ithaca – Prague – after twenty years, just like Odysseus had, unsure of a land that barely matched their memories.

The novel begins in the wake of the Czech Republic's Velvet Revolution, at a Parisian café where an émigré, Irena, is being convinced by her Parisian friend Sylvie to go back to Prague. "It will be your great return," she says to Irena. Her nostalgia is awakened. She leaves for Prague and in the airport happens upon a man, Josef, whom she had encountered briefly before immigrating to Paris. She is stunned by the coincidence, Josef pretends to remember her, and they trade details to rendezvous later. Irena and Josef then land in a city of memory.

Irena's ignorance surfaces at a reunion with friends; the dinner unveils the truth that time continued without her. Her friends want to communicate to her the hardships she had missed, and did not think to ask about the twenty years she was away. It was as if they wanted to deny the time she was gone and cut the absence out of her history. The profound sense of alienation felt by Irena upon her homecoming is mirrored by Josef's own experiences back home. He finds a vacant reception from his brother and his family. On the walls and on his brother's wrist, heirlooms of his had been absorbed into his brother's own belongings. Josef later reads a journal that he kept as a teenager and is shaken by the selfish and masochistic young man with whom he shares the same handwriting.

For reasons more personal than political, Irena and Josef begin to remember why they had left. Home begins to curdle in the glass as their nostalgia breaks down. Irena's identity, wrapped up in the past, finds itself in conflict with the present. Josef's amnesia of his past functions similarly to Irena's in terms of their mutual disappointment, but leaves the two representationally incompatible. The most remarkable element of Kundera's treatment of nostalgia as amnesia is his honest portrayal of love as a condition. The reader learns more than the fate of Irena and Josef by the end of the novel, but that love itself is not a word that describes a single emotion. Kundera plunges the reader into a deep examination of the sludge that spills from a broken heart, but in the same breath relinquishes the antidote to homesickness.

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I'M JUST LOOKING FOR A GOOD NIGHT/LIKE BABY, baby, baby, oh/that's what makes you beautiful!

One Direction, JBiebs, Reece Mastin ... just a small sample of our daily bombardment of images of young(ish) boys telling us how amazing we are. Despite encouraging cradle-snatching in anyone over the age of 18, these boys – and let's be honest, if they were girls, it'd be illegal – are all part of something a little bit bigger than just a post-1990s boy band revival.

Take Justin Bieber. The "Youtube sensation" snaffled up by Usher started the craze; his cute fringe and baby face appealed to millions of tweens who had recently learned from *Twilight* the importance of having a boyfriend. Suddenly, they had a potential one, one that told them how amazing they were, how much he loved them – for fuck's sake, he was singing to them – and the Beliebers were born. Young girls so delusional and so sure they LOVE Justin Bieber, they're prepared to make death threats towards any girl he looks twice at. But he must be doing something right; his album debuted at number one, and he's a multi-millionaire with a habibin' girlfriend and a horde of horny followers.

Then there's One Direction – the five-piece UK boy band from the X Factor phenomenon. They didn't even win! After they all got denied early on, love-to-hate-him Simon Cowell combined them into a super group with more hormones than a Double Down. Reece Mastin – the 16-year-old with botox lips – is their Australian counterpart, and he actually did win. Don't get me wrong, X Factor, American Idol – it's reality TV at its finest – but we're starting to get a formula here.

Let's take some boys that all look the same: They're young, cute, they can kind of sing. Add some sweet threads and a JBiebs fringe. Next let's make up a song ... what do little girls dream about? Film a video with your pre-packaged money-makers running around looking "sexy" and BAM! International superstardom. Girls from around the world will flock to see them and



Boy bands: the new get-rich-quick scheme

behind the scenes you'll be relaxing in your mansion with a model on each arm.

But why does it work? Last month, two tickets for the sold-out One Direction New Zealand concert went on TradeMe for over \$2000. Justin Bieber has cancelled countless concerts because the hordes of horny pre-teens are literally beating each other up to get a glimpse of him. And Simon Cowell, Usher – even Justin Timberlake had a crack – they all know this, and they're filthy rich because of it.

But the boys are all screwed. They will forever be type-cast as those cuties who got swallowed up in the hype that only lasted until their fans hit high school. Biebs recently tried to prevent that from happening with a new image – he got a haircut, announced to the world that his "balls dropped", had a pregnancy scare and did a few collabs with some black dudes. He even raps in his new single, because he wants to be "edgier". It is yet to be seen if his new look will succeed. In a few months, we'll probably see the fringe back again.

Top 5 Boy Bands of All Time

THE BEATLES

Okay, so they're not your stereotypical "boy band". But they were, and they were awesome. Unmanufactured brilliance.

THE JACKSON 5

MJ, his boys, and music they actually wrote. The King of Pop when he was still pretty normal. You know it's good when you're still listening to it 45+ years later.

(EQUAL) THE BACKSTREET BOYS & N*SYNC

The male leaders of teen pop in the late 90s. I loved them all. And Justin Timberlake and Britney? Cutest couple ever.

FIVE (OR FIVE)

I miss Five. Didn't they have that one really awesome song?

POSSE IN EFFECT

These guys are a 3-piece Dunedin rap crew. Facebook it. You might have seen them busking on George St and they've even released an album. Okay, so they're the antithesis of a boy band ... but they still made it into Critic.



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SSX

AFTER WHAT FEELS LIKE AN AGE, *SSX* is back. 2012's iteration brings the amazing snowboarding franchise into the real world, but retains all the madness that defines *SSX*.

With 9 deadly descents – from the Whitehorn Mountain in the Rockies to New Zealand's own runs down Tasman and Wakefield – the game lures old fans like myself and also opens up the game to new players. Its layout is simple, so doing tricks is a breeze. The crazier the better is *SSX*'s philosophy. You need to see it to believe it.

The wintry visuals are stunning. EA Sports have worked hard to give each of the nine areas its own unique vibe. Making your way through the career and multiplayer modes feels great, as it never seems as though you're boarding down the same track, or even in the same region. It's refreshing to be able to go back and find new routes and drops in tracks you've already played, especially when you consider how notorious snowboarding games are for repetitiveness.

To mix things up further each of the mountains' deadly descents have their own theme, making their completion harder. New Zealand's fog can only be penetrated using your pulse goggles, while (football field-sized) gaps in Patagonia can only be passed with a wing-suit. Of course, an oxygen tank is required to conquer Mount Everest.

The soundtrack to this game is amazing. *SSX* has a history of picking good tunes to go with their games and this is no different: A heavy drum



and bass listing, along with indie, electronic and the legendary Run-DMC "It's Tricky" track that all old fans of *SSX* will recognise from the trick mode. Having these songs play while you're going down the mountain, doing obscene drops, and tricks that Shaun White could only dream off, adds to the unique experience only *SSX* can bring.

There are some regressions from the latest iteration, the most notable of which is a lack of customisation options. That said, overall this game is a must-have. It's a game you can keep going back to. It sounds incredible and plays just as well. *SSX 2012* raises the bar for snowboarding games.

TOM PULLAN

Path of Exile

THERE'S A REALLY SUBTLE HINT OF AOTEAROA IN *PATH OF EXILE*. CERTAIN characters, such as the playable hulking marauder, are adorned with koru-inspired patterns. Swamps are packed with bipedal bird-like, but monstrous, Rhoa, and donating to the free-to-play (at least when it gets released; it'll be in beta for a wee while yet) grants the player a kiwi to root for invertebrates while he or she cleaves undead in twain.

Other than those visual splashes, however, *Path of Exile* is pure gothic. It borrows from *Diablo* proudly; Porcupine-ish creatures and zombies populate the first area of POE just as they did in *Diablo II*. The combat is equally recognizable and simplistic. Hold down an enticing key and your ranged-character will root their feet to the soil and launch projectiles at a hobbling menace. Gathering a ton of loot remains super-satisfying – especially when most of it is garbage.

NZ's own Grinding Gear Games carve out a niche for themselves in a



couple of ways. For such a small studio the visual design, especially the animations, are striking. This makes it all the more impressive that they promise to make *Path of Exile* totally free to play. It remains to be seen whether the game can stay afloat based on a steady stream of aesthetic micro-transactions.

BURLESQUE IS AN ART FORM THAT IS BECOMING more and more respected each year in our society. With competitions such as Miss Burlesque New Zealand, and Dunedin's very own Amateur Burlesque Nights, it is gaining popularity and recognition as a creative and valid dance form. The art of the tease is one that encompasses personality, charm, humour and a little sauciness for good measure.

With that in mind I attended Milly Wonka and the Burlesque Factory with high expectations. Ayla's Angels is a well-known burlesque troupe from Christchurch with a bit of a twist; alongside their classic, vaudeville routines, they are also known for incorporating circus arts.

Milly Wonka and her five golden ticket winners did not disappoint. Nancy Nightshade, who played Augustus Gloop in this sweet, tongue-in-cheek satire, said: "We wanted to portray a well-known story with a quirky, modern twist. [Our troupe] actually started thanks to Dunedin, really – the creation of Ayla's Angels burlesque was for OUSA Orientation Week in 2009. We wanted to come back and show everyone how far we've come."

The show opened with a guest performance from Dunedin's own Peachy Keen Burlesque, who performed an act in eye-catching matching costumes – and these girls can really dance. They were perfectly in time, exuded sensuality and even threw in some complicated footwork to finish! They perform regularly around Dunedin, so if you're living here, there's really no excuse not to see them at least once (and no doubt you'll want to see them again afterwards).

The act itself was closely based on the classic children's tale, except all of the ticket winners (bar Charlie, who on opening night was a lucky student plucked out of the audience) just happened to have a secret talent for – wait for it – burlesque!

Burlesque can be entertaining in itself, but the theatrics were what made this show special. Veruca Salt (Harlow Le'strange) transforming from a prudish girl into a hula-hooping extraordinaire has to be seen to be believed. Nancy Nightshade played the candy-crazy Augustus Gloop, Ruby Ruin took on the role of Violet Beauregarde and Josh Grimaldi (who, when not performing with Ayla's Angels, is a full-time magician) became the impressive stilt-walking Mike Teavee. Sports Suzi portrayed an insanely wacky Milly Wonka, at times leaving the audience wondering if her claims of "I'm extremely intoxicated!" had perhaps a grain of truth to them.



As a refreshing change from most dance acts, Button-Up to Paradise provided live music for the characters' routines, playing a range of well-known confectionary-themed songs such as "Candyman" and "Lollipop, Lollipop", as well as a few other classics with their own spin on them (no points for guessing what song "Hey Milly" parodied). Dancing in time to live music is no mean feat, but the Angels managed it.

The finale of the show was really the icing on the cake though, when our audience member, now dubbed Charlie, helped Milly Wonka onto her unicycle before she proceeded to skip with a skipping rope on the taller than usual one-wheeler. This is an incredibly impressive feat alone, but even more so when you take into account the minimal stage space at Sammy's!

The creation of the quirky characters prevented any of the boredom that can be associated (for the female population at least) with neo-burlesque, which is often just a stylised version of stripping. Milly Wonka and the Burlesque Factory stayed away from this, producing a concept that was fun, interesting to watch and memorable.

Next time Ayla's Angels are in town, you best check them out.

SIOBHAN MILNER



Clemens von Wedemeyer The Fourth Wall

This intriguing film-based project, investigates the relationship between fact and fiction in documentary-making. The exhibition is brought to New Zealand by ST PAUL St Gallery and Dunedin Public Art Gallery in cooperation with the Goethe-Institut with funding from the German Federal Foreign Office and support from Panasonic.





The Lorax (3D)

DIRECTORS: Chris Reynaud
and Kyle Balda



Mirror Mirror

DIRECTOR: Tarsem Singh

IF YOU WERE RAISED ON THE WHIMSICAL POETIC meters and trippy cartoon drawing style of Theodor Seuss Geisel (Dr. Seuss) you may find the nauseating pace of the new 3D film version a tad too much sensory overload. There is just so much going on, and while you won't want to miss out on the hectic experience, the noisy, fluorescent, and furious action often detracts from what is at the heart of this story – a cautionary allegory of ecological responsibility, which is just as relevant now as it was in the early seventies.

Dr. Seuss's *The Lorax* transports us to the futuristic commercialised world of Thneedville, where the residents have lost their memories of nature and any referent for what is real – air is sold in bottles and trees are CGI projections up for purchase. The story begins with our

protagonist, a plucky little kid named Ted (Zac Efron) who has a crush on pretty tree-hugging Audrey (Taylor Swift). Audrey wants to know what a real tree feels like and Ted decides that he's just the boy to make that happen. After being directed to the home of the reclusive Once-ler (Ed Helm), the man responsible for chopping down the last of the Truffula trees, the musical narrative jumps between Ted's courtship of Audrey and the Once-ler's remorseful tale of greed and of his broken relationship with *The Lorax* (Danny DeVito), the grumpy guardian of the forest, the sympathetic speaker for the trees.

Don't let the surge of sensory stimulus devalue what is central to Seuss' story – it's the trees (not the Thneeds) that everyone needs.

JANE ROSS

WHAT BETTER WAY TO ENGAGE AN AUDIENCE who are afflicted by today's frightful economic climate than to present a storyline based around a financially burdened kingdom thanks to the follies of a beauty-obsessed queen?

In one sense Tarsem Singh's *Mirror Mirror* affirms issues of violence, superficiality, 1950s patriarchy and jealousy through the subliminal targeting of the recently-emerged tween demographic attributable to the likes of Miley Cyrus, the Olsen twins, Bieber fever and those of the Jonas Brothers' ilk. This is overshadowed, however, by fantastic performances, enthralling imagery and wonderful set and costume design thanks to the late Eiko Ishioka. While I am not typically a fan of the wide-mouthed, big haired beauty that is Julia Roberts, her spitfire attitude and infectious laugh translates fantastically as the evil queen who doubles as a stepmother to Snow White (played by Lilly Collins, daughter of Phil Collins).

Rather than representing the queen's younger and more beautiful counterpart as in the Disney version of *Snow White*, here *Snow White* is portrayed as a Boadicea-like character, representing the 99% who are not at all in favour of the kingdom's deficit. If anything, this interpretation offers integrity as opposed to the classically stereotypical and possibly damaging themes that are evident in most fairy tales.

Mirror Mirror is fun, dark-humoured and, though it greatly departs from the orthodox Disney model of *Snow White*, it in no way fails to meet the high expectations inherent in creating a fairytale adaptation. But can *Mirror Mirror* compete with the talented (*sarcasm*) and multi-faceted actress, Kristen Stewart, in *Snow White and the Huntsman* that is due for release in June? Watch out for vampire-esque bloodshed, for this charming and inspiring tale is by no means Grimm.

SASHA BORISSENKO



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



The Hunter

DIRECTOR: Daniel Nettheim

DANIEL NETTHEIM'S *THE HUNTER* IS A BEAUTIFUL AND HYPNOTIC PIECE of visual art weaving the dreamscape terrain of the Tasmanian bush and the powerful presence of Willem Dafoe into a delectably tense thriller that delivers action, suspense and drama in equal parts. Dafoe plays Martin, a professional killer, inscrutable and set in his ways of warm baths, loud opera and deftly killing things. He is hired by the mysterious biotech company, Red Leaf, to hunt down the last remaining Tasmanian Tiger and to bring back genetic samples for a never quite defined, but obviously sinister, pharmaceutical patent. The company and its motives are never fully revealed but it doesn't matter to Martin, who takes on his new assignment as just another job ... at first.

Once Martin arrives in Tasmania he is directed to his accommodation, a remote farmhouse, by ominous local Jack Mindy, played by the under-utilised Sam Neill. *The Hunter* shifts into familiar territory here with an emotional appeal engaged by the endearing family whom Martin boards with. Frances O'Connor plays the newly widowed housewife whose husband recently disappeared under mysterious circumstances. Dosed and numbed by grief and pills she is primed for rescuing by the new houseguest, as well as her children, Sass and Bike, played magically by Morgana Davies and Finn Woodlock.

As Martin carries on with his mission, setting traps in the bush and searching for signs of the tiger, the film shines brightest. Cinematographer Robert Humphrey showcases the two real stars of the movie, the dazzling beauty of Tasmania itself and the penetrating countenance of Dafoe in perfect contrast and haunting silence. The plot thickens as Dafoe learns that he wasn't the only hunter sent by Red Leaf and quickly finds himself both predator and prey.

ANDREW OLIVER



Culture

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OCTAGON

The Women of the 6th Floor

DIRECTOR: Philippe Le Guay

A CINDERELLA STORY IN REVERSE, JEAN-LOUIS JOUBERT IS A SUCCESSFUL stockbroker living a life of upper-middle-class refinement in early 1960s Paris. He works the same job and occupies the same lavish apartment as his father and grandfather did before him, expecting to do so for the rest of his life, just as he expects to remain bound in a passionless marriage to his anal-retentive, socialite wife, Suzanne.

However, Jean-Louis's monotonous lifestyle of shares, bonds and perfectly boiled eggs is shaken up in the form of their new maid, Maria (Natalia Verbeke), a charming but headstrong new addition to the community of Spanish immigrants fleeing Franco's oppressive dictatorship who inhabit the building's sixth floor. Soon enough, Jean-Louis's (slightly creepy) attraction to Maria develops into full-on adoration for all of the maids and their Spanish flava, who breathe a bit of life into his dull existence. Following a misunderstanding with his wife, Jean-Louis is kicked out and opts to live upstairs with the maids. Here, for the first time, he can finally let his hair down, joining them as they all sing and dance, drinking wine and munching paella while they iron shirts.

If you're looking to see something with a bit of substance, this movie is probably not for you. Similarly, if you have a penis, this movie is most likely not for you either. Despite an attempt at a political subtext with the proletariat vs. bourgeoisie thing, the over-simplified, fantastical portrayal of life as an immigrant servant plus the clichéd ending renders it a little absurd. However *The Women* is "light comedy" at its finest and, undeniably, many a chuckle was had as I sat alone in the theatre on a Tuesday morning. All in all, a distinctly pleasant albeit inconsequential film. Muy bien!

BECKY RUTHERS

Film Society Preview

Wake in Fright

(TED KOTCHEFF | AUSTRALIA | 1970)

"This gritty classic follows the increasingly off-kilter journey of a very proper and uptight teacher whose one night in the outback turns into a shattering hallucination of gambling, drinking and brutality ...

Controversial and groundbreaking ... One of the great beacons of Australian cinema." – ACFI

Wednesday 18 April at 7:30 pm in the **Red Lecture Theatre**, Great King Street, across the road from the emergency entrance of the Dunedin Public Hospital.

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AFTER A WEEK OFF I'M SURE IT'S SAFE TO say that, for most of us, we're not at all rested. Cramming in working on assignments between crazy nights out? It's what the break is really for. Now that we're back in the swing of things, however uninvited it may be, it's time to get serious. It's time to look for even more ways to procrastinate and avoid working. As a Theatre major, I am somewhat biased, but here is what I suggest: Going out to a show. Our humble wee town is full to the brim of talented performers just waiting to get something on the stage. After the small post-Fringe lull the Dunedin theatre scene is revving up again. From the newly opened Red at the Fortune Theatre to the soon to open Lovepuke

at the Globe Theatre, there's something for everyone. And just think of the benefits, demonstrated here in this handy list!

- 1 First and foremost it's a legitimate excuse to dress up, spend the evening drinking champagne in heels and saying "Oh darling!" – which, let me tell you, is a great night out.
- 2 It leaves you feeling cultured and educated, particularly if you can impressively mention it in conversations with actual adults. It's up there with art exhibitions; people love to hear the youth of today are creative beings.
- 3 As the weather begins to turn against us long walks on the beach are no longer on the cards, let's be honest. Plus it's so far away! Theatres? Totally central to Uni and town. Yay!
- 4 Another benefit to living in a University-driven town is the level of student discounts available. Almost every production I've seen this year has been at a decent student price, with some theatres even offering yearlong subscriptions for students.
- 5 Finally, we've got our very own weekly productions here at Allen Hall. You pay more for a coffee that you do for a Lunchtime Theatre ticket (\$3). Why feel energized from caffeine when you could feel crazy energized from watching your fellow peers in the limelight?

After that you've really got no choice but to go along and widen your horizons by seeing all of the creativity in our fine town. You can keep an eye out here for more information or in the variety of other fantastic – and free – publications around. I hope this has been an inspiring lecture on theatre and you all feel compelled to watch something meaningful this very second, or at least pretend you do. No? Okay. Better go get that coffee before your next class.

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Vietnamese Salad

This colourful, crunchy and tangy salad is of Vietnamese inspiration. A piquant dressing coats finely sliced vegetables, poached chicken (if you so wish), honey-roasted peanuts and fresh mint. You can substitute the lemons for limes for a more authentic flavour, though they will set you back a few more dollars. Preparation can be done in advance – if so just pour the dressing over immediately before serving.



Image by James Stringer

INGREDIENTS

FOR THE SALAD

- ½ a red cabbage, finely sliced
- ½ a green cabbage, finely sliced
- 4 carrots, peeled and sliced thinly
- 1 telegraph cucumber, peeled, de-seeded and sliced thinly
- ¼ cup of honey-roasted peanuts, roughly crushed
- 2 large handfuls of fresh mint, chopped
- 500g chicken breast, poached and shredded (optional)

FOR THE DRESSING

- Juice and zest of 2 lemons
- Fish sauce
- 1 TBS white sugar
- A thumb sized piece of ginger root, grated

METHOD

1. After peeling, slice the carrots in half across their width, and then lengthways. Slice into thin lengths, and then slice these in half lengthways again. They don't need to be as small as matchsticks, but the thinner the better.
2. Treat the cucumber the same as the carrots, but before slicing, cut a v-shaped cavity along the length to lift the seeds out. Slice the cucumber thinly.
3. You can toss the vegetables together, or pile them separately in a wide serving bowl with the cabbage as a bed, followed by the carrots then cucumber.
4. If you choose to add chicken, choose chicken breasts roughly the same width. If some are particularly thick (i.e. more than the width of three fingers) you may wish to slice them lengthways. Place the chicken in a wide saucepan in a single layer and top with water so it is covered entirely. I usually add a few dried chillies, a small piece of fresh ginger root and 1-2 teaspoons of chicken stock to

this liquid to flavour the chicken as it cooks. Bring to the boil, then reduce the heat to very low to maintain a very gentle simmer. Cook for about 25 minutes, or until chicken is cooked through. Drain off the liquid, and rip into shreds like a hungry caveman. Add to the cabbage, carrots and cucumber.

5. To make the dressing, combine the lemon juice and zest, fish sauce, sugar and ginger. I usually add the fish sauce drop by drop, tasting as I go until the sourness of the lemon is offset by the saltiness of the fish sauce. Depending on your tastebuds, you might want anything from 1/2 tsp to 2 teaspoons of fish sauce. Don't be repulsed by the scent as it's the crucial ingredient to the salad and once combined with the rainbow-like assortment of vegetables and mint, it really shines. Pour the dressing evenly over the salad, sprinkle over the mint and peanuts, and devour.

This will serve five people at a cost of about \$24 with chicken, or \$16 without.



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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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I THOUGHT WE WERE COOL?

Dear Critic

I hate: White people, vegetarians, bigots, homosexuals, Asians, men with small penis's, fatties, hairy people, people that smell bad, gays, transexuals, everyone ever associated with OUSA, John Key, that bald bastard David Shearer, the Pope and the Papacy, generally, damn Filipinos, people that try and sell me shit, and you. Mostly I hate you.

Fuck off.

ARE YOU TWO GOING TO FUCK?

Dearest Stephen,

I met your father in a drunken haze.

He was to quick to sing your praise

I hear your comics are bloody awesome

Keep up the good work..

From your secret admirer

P.S Your have the wickest dad. Grow up to be like him :)

YAY?

Dear Joe Stockman

Congratulations, I like this years Critic way more than I liked last years. Unfortunately I haven't actually read it.

signed No-one

RA RA FASHION BABY

Dear Critic,

The new Otago University jackets that the OUSA put up on their Facebook wall are practically orgasmic. Their American football-jock style and vibrant colours have got me losing substantial amounts of sleep. Please appeal to the OUSA on my behalf in an attempt to get them manufactured before I end up with a nice snug fitting strait-jacket instead of a uni one. My family are sick of hearing about these life-changing jackets and are thinking

of having me committed. I admit, I love them in a very unhealthy way, but I am begging you as a significant subdivision of the OUSA to please ensure their swift production, as I am just one more descriptive account of the jackets away, from a padded room.

Taryn Dryfhout (long-time worshipper of American college culture)

TOTES AGREE

Dear Joe

Who the fuck says "totes"?

unnamed

COOL, I THINK ...

Dear Joe Stockman

I don't think I like Critic as much this year as I did last year. Lucky for you I still read it anyway.

signed everyone

IT'S AN ONGOING CONCERN

Dear Critic,

Last Tuesday I was studying on the 2nd floor of Library when I spotted sports editor Gus Gawn in the Audiovisual cubicles once again masturbating. He appeared to be pleasuring himself to a VCR of some kind of horse race. Quiet frankly I was disgusted.

Can you have a word with this fucking mug, he beginning to become a nuisance.

THEM'S FIGHTING WORDS!

Dear critic,

May I ask how the 4:20 club got the responsibility of running radio one? The only people that actually listen to it are the drunken freshers passing through the OUSA archway on the way home from town. Even then the listening is non-consensual... It's pretty much auditory rape.

There are 20 odd thousand students at this university – an ideal market for a radio station being that a majority of these students have similar tastes in music. This is absolutely wasted by the fact that a group of people would rather flaunt their drug-induced creativity than give a shit about their market audience. How about getting in some students to run the station instead of 40 year old men- people capable of relating to the target demographic and actually playing something worth listening to?

NOTICES

FUNDING FOR STUDENT PERFORMANCES

Funding of up to \$1500 per project is available to help University students and staff fund public performances (e.g. comedy, dance, theatre, film, music) which wouldn't happen without this support. Closing date for applications to the Division of Humanities Performing Arts Fund is 20 April 2012.

For more info go to: otago.ac.nz/humanities/perfartsfund or email: jane.gregory@otago.ac.nz

ANZAC DAY SERVICE

Will be held on ANZAC Day, Wednesday 25 April 2012 at 1.30–2.00pm followed by refreshments in the Link

Location: Memorial Walk, in front of the University Clock Tower Building. The public are welcome to join with Students, Staff and Friends of Otago University Students and staff from Residential Colleges are especially invited and encouraged to attend.

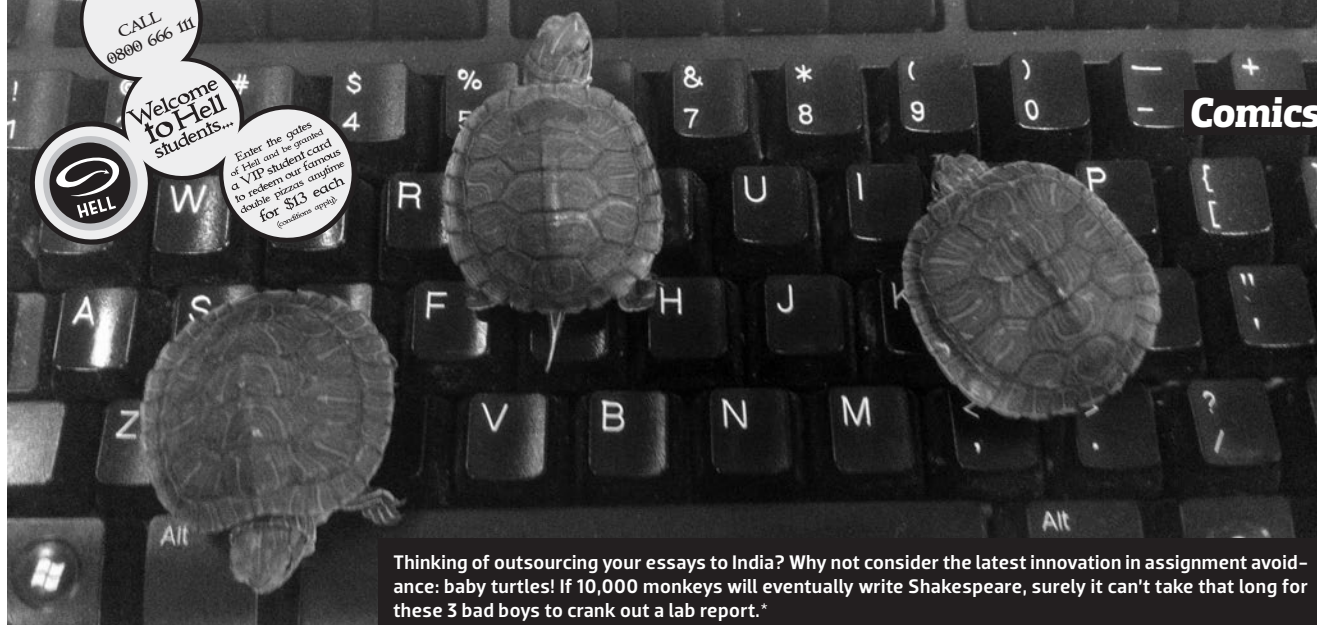
CAMPUS GARDEN HARVEST FESTIVAL

SEA & OUSA present the inaugural Harvest Festival at our uni campus community garden! Come down and check out the garden, share some kai from our BBQ, listen to some live music, get your hands dirty helping make a new garden bed, or just chill and have a yarn amongst the stalls. Wednesday 18th April 12–2pm

HAVE AN OPINION ABOUT GINGERS?

I'm writing a monologue-based play similar to the Vagina Monologues, only it's about redheads. If you have any experiences/jokes/anecdotes/nicknames related to people with orange or red hair, please visit this website to complete my survey: surveymonkey.com/s/BKYSDKJ or contact me ateclord@gmail.com. Cheers, Emma.

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.



Thinking of outsourcing your essays to India? Why not consider the latest innovation in assignment avoidance: baby turtles! If 10,000 monkeys will eventually write Shakespeare, surely it can't take that long for these 3 bad boys to crank out a lab report.*

* Critic takes no responsibility for any of you munters having to repeat Health Sci because you got baby turtles to write your assignments for you.

Once Were Easter Bunnies – Ryan Benic



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Every day I'm chapil'n



I'M HELPING LOGAN ORGANISE OUR FIRST EVER OFFICIAL ANZAC DAY SERVICE on campus. It will be awesome. We start at 1.30pm on Wednesday 25th April. Be there. We will gather on the lawn in front of the Clocktower building, and conclude with refreshments in the Link. Together we will honour all those men and women in the military who have served or still are serving our country, those who died at Gallipoli, and those who have died in all wars. Together we will express our deep longing for peace and our common commitment to finding non-violent ways of resolving conflicts. All around the planet a deep desire for peace and justice at all levels is bursting through into human consciousness. Our Peace and Conflict Studies Centre here at Otago is helping nurture and express this desire for peace. (otago.ac.nz/ncpacs) Members of our Dunedin Abrahamic Interfaith Group (dunedininterfaith.net.nz) are also doing our best to articulate and express the commitment to peace which lies at the heart of Judaism, Christianity and Islam. Through our visits to schools, interfaith dialogues and our annual open Peace lecture on campus we seek to encourage peace in our hearts, peace in our communities, peace with the earth, peace in our world. Last year, along with one thousand peacemaker delegates from all around the planet I attended an international peace conference at the University of the West Indies in Kingston Jamaica. On this campus I encountered an incredible international commitment to overcoming violence and to bringing in peace and justice. Check out my report (otago.ac.nz/chaplain/otago021114.pdf). There is hope for us, and for our world

Peace be with you as you launch into the second half of semester one. See you on Anzac Day.

REV. GREG HUGHSON

HYMN FOR ANZAC DAY

Honour the dead, our country's fighting brave,
honour our children left in foreign grave,
where poppies blow and sorrow seeds her flowers,
honour the crosses marked forever ours.
Weep for the places ravaged with our blood,
weep for the young bones buried in the mud,
weep for the powers of violence and greed,
weep for the deals done in the name of need.
Honour the brave whose conscience was their call,
answered no bugle, went against the wall,
suffered in prisons of contempt and shame,
branded as cowards, in our country's name.
Weep for the waste of all that might have been,
weep for the cost that war has made obscene,
weep for the homes that ache with human pain,
weep that we ever sanction war again.
Honour the dream for which our nation bled,
held now in trust to justify the dead,
honour their vision on this solemn day:
peace known in freedom, peace the only way.

Music: © Colin Gibson 2005 | **Words:** © Shirley Erena Murray | **Tune:** ANZAC 2005

Crafty Cats Spin Yarns...

Ever had an interest in handicrafts but never knew where, when or how to pursue your desire? Don't even know what handicrafts are? Shame on you.

Head down to Clubs and Socs on the 23rd of April (Monday) between 6 and 9pm to check out our first ever fibre craft demo night. Enjoy a series of demonstrations including spinning, weaving, knitting, crochet and many more not to mention a hot cuppa and a bickie or four. Be there or be square. Please note there will be a \$5.00 entry fee.

Need a Dollar?

OUSA has a dollar or two to share with the great clubs and individuals who make Otago epic! If you want help, for the club or getting to that conference, ask OUSA for a grant. The 2nd grant round is closing this Thursday, the 19th of April at 4pm! Check out all you need to know at snurl.com/moneyz and email cdo@ousa.org.nz if you have any questions.

Want some good karma?



OUSA is running a volunteer week this week, so if you want to get involved, for an hour or for a day, we've got a range of options to help you give back to Dunedin. Come on guys, she's a beaut wee place, it'll be great for your CV (say the Career Centre) and it'll also give you a great appreciation for the people who live here all year round. More info www.ousa.org.nz

Logan Edgar as Steve Jobs.



Logan and the crew have the 2012 OUSA Organisational Plan seminar all ready to go. He reckons he's going to take on Steve Jobs' character to do the seminar so I'm sure if at least the content isn't hilarious he will be. But seriously, find out what the OUSA Executive have planned for the future. **Archway 3, 3pm April 18th.**

More to do this week:

WED
18 APRIL

Campus Garden Harvest Festival, Campus Garden cnr Albany & Anzac Sts, Wed 18th April – BBQ & Live Music

THUR
19 APRIL

OUSA Market Day, Link Courtyard (library end), 10–4pm
Cheap epic goodies



LOGAN SAYS...

Welcome back to studies you wee buggers,

This week I'm talking University Council elections. You see this fine institution we all study at is quite the complex beast, and at the helm of this beast is the University Council. The Council is the highest governance board of this University, which is the difference between the Vice-Chancellor roaming all supreme with a dictatorship, and having a fairer democratic governance structure. This week the elections for the two student representatives on Council have sprung up. The elections are proudly held by the University this year because the VSM bill took away the mechanism for OUSA to have an election. Jono Rowe and myself have been the two student reps for all of this year so far and have moved mountains. We've debated the Liquor ban, defended the Hyde St keg party, opposed fee increases. Most importantly, we've gained the respect of other council members which can only be achieved by time at the Council table.

Up until 2012 the OUSA president has automatically held a seat on Council. Which makes sense really, I mean I'm the only student on this campus who works full-time purely representing this student body's best interests whether that be in the media, in a political setting, on a student-owned subsidiary company or on a committee inside the University or wider community. If elected, Jono and I want to represent you better than any student Council reps have before. We want to push to get Council directions on really important issues. This has never been done before – but why the hell shouldn't it? The student reps are Council members just like any other Council members. We will push to make issues that are relevant to students heard as they arise throughout the year because I wasn't elected to do what's going to be best for the Uni, or for OUSA, or for any other external body. I was elected to do what students want.

I hope you make a safe choice with your *election.

Vote Logan and Jono,

Cheers mate.

Don't be a stranger...

Email: president@ousa.org.nz

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Brock and Blue

Yilmaz delicious pizza sauce. Authentic Turkish sundried tomatoes, fresh hand broken broccoli. Covered with 100% New Zealand mozzarella cheese and fine blue vein cheese.

Blue Cheese Chicken

Yilmaz delicious pizza sauce. Freshly sliced onion and mushroom, chunks of marinated chicken breast. Covered with 100% New Zealand mozzarella cheese and finished with fine blue vein cheese.

Chicken Apricot

For the sweet tooth... full, rich apricot sauce, chunks of marinated chicken breast. Covered with 100% New Zealand mozzarella cheese. Finished with delicious cream cheese.

Chicken Avocado

Yilmaz delicious pizza sauce. Chunks of marinated chicken breast, Fresh New Zealand avocado slices. Covered with 100% New Zealand mozzarella cheese. Finished with a swirl of sour cream.

Mediterrea nea n

Yilmaz delicious pizza sauce. Turkey's own sundried tomatoes. Juicy sliced olives. Fresh spinach. Finished with 100% New Zealand mozzarella cheese.

Cranberry and Brie

Yilmaz delicious pizza sauce. Freshly sliced mushrooms. Chunks of marinated chicken breast. Covered with 100% New Zealand mozzarella cheese. Finished with delicious cranberry sauce and chunks of brie cheese.

Zucchini

Yilmaz delicious pizza sauce. Authentic Turkish sundried tomatoes. Freshly sliced zucchini covered with 100% New Zealand mozzarella cheese. Sprinkled with plenty of parmesan cheese.

PIZZA MENU

All pizzas made with 100% New Zealand MOZZARELLA CHEESE

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Supreme

Hot Chilli

Italian

Vegetarian

Satay Chicken

Chilli Chicken

Beef Pizza

Chicken Pizza

Hawaiian Pizza

Mushroom

Falafel

Just Cheese

Garlic Bread

KEBABS

Comes in roll-up bread with fresh mixed salad, humus and your choice of Yilmaz sauce.

- Chicken Roll
- Beef Roll
- Vegetarian Falafel

MEALS ON RICE

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