



**OUTDOOR TECH TURTLE SHELL 2.0 RUGGED WIRELESS BOOM BOX**  
\$199.00

This thing kind of does look like a futuristic turtle, from a conceivable future where all animals are turned to plastic and painted in various pastel hues. I don't mind this kind of future. Maybe we should let the aphrodisiac hunters take down all of the current versions of slimy and stinky animals and replace them with inoffensive plastic versions. We could even reboot their personalities, so never again would a child be subjected to the disturbing vision that is a monkey whacking off, and plastic beasts wouldn't have to poop, so you'd never have to watch Chairman Meow's tail twitch frantically while he backed out an impossibly pungent bomb into your mum's prized pot plant. Then we could install wireless speakers into all creatures great and small, and concerts' sound requirements would be serviced by fuchsia, plastic rhinos roaming the crowd's outer rim, aquamarine chimpanzees in the moshpits and canary-yellow condors swooping overhead throughout. The struggling Big Day Out would become the Big Day Out With Added Harmless Beasts, ticket sales would soar, and we'd all be treated to a hands-on animal experience, while being treated to the sonar delights that we've been receiving here in the office, courtesy of our Turtle Shell 2.0 Boom Box. – **WD**  
[www.outdoortechtechnology.com](http://www.outdoortechtechnology.com)

**QUIKSILVER AG47 BOARDSHORTS**

Everyone comes out of the woodwork when the Gold Coast points awaken from their springtime slumber. A late start to cyclone season last summer made our corner of Queensland an even more rabid surfing community than usual, and because of this most waves featured more than one rider. Whether it was a 12-year-old who has just learnt the joy of swearing or a tourist floundering on a foamie, a flotsam in the lineup always makes for an interesting slalom course. And everyone hates slalom. Between dodging goat boats and leg burning rides, the one constant of the day is the mile long run-arounds. Past the Coolangatta cognoscenti sitting under their favourite Pandanus tree, solving the world's problems one beer at a time. Past the old guy that burned you on the biggest board in the world. Past the bogan from out west with bleached blonde tips in his hair and an unfairly hot girlfriend. To run past all of these people, you need a pair of board shorts that won't reduce your thighs to tears or chafe your downstairs mix up.



Turns out, Quiksilver's product team has been holed up in some Victorian university for the past year (speculative) concocting a fabric that's basically a spa for your inner thighs. Seriously. It's the most lightweight boardie out there (you can pretend you're naked!), it's 100% water repellent (so you're basically invincible) and it's as stretchy as those weird sticky hands you can buy from 20cent machines in takeaway shops. So fear the run-around no more, my friend, for chafing is a thing of the past. – **WD**  
[www.quiksilver.com.au](http://www.quiksilver.com.au)

**FOX THE DIRECTOR SUNGLASSES**  
\$169.99



Have you seen the movie *The Fantastic Mr Fox*? Well in it there's a scene where Mr Fox and his associates encounter the mysterious wolf:

Fox, Kylie, Ash and Kristofferson ride down a country road. Kylie sees something across the meadow. He says warily:  
**KYLIE:** Don't turn around!  
**FOX:** What? A huge, wild, grey wolf with ice-blue eyes stands 50 feet away.  
**FOX:** (Loudly) Where'd you come from? What are you doing here?  
**FOX:** Canis lupus! Fox points to himself.  
**FOX:** Vulpes Vulpes! No answer.  
**FOX:** (Loudly) Pensez-vous que l'hiver sera rude? (Aside) I'm asking if he thinks we're in for a hard winter. The wolf shakes his head. Fox nods.  
**FOX:** He doesn't seem to know.  
**FOX:** I have a phobia of wolves!

The wolf does not answer. It breathes heavily – its teeth are long, sharp and yellow. Its tongue hangs out, and its eyes are wild. Fox closes his mouth and his eyes soften, raising his paw in the air. The wolf

blinks a few times and trots away.  
**FOX:** What a beautiful creature. Wish him luck, boys.

Fox guns the motor. Gravel spits from under the spinning tyres, and they tear off down the road.

These Fox sunnies are called The Director and the Fantastic Mr Fox was directed by Wes Anderson, who is probably my favourite director. Online pundits claimed that by Mr Fox having a phobia of wolves he was being racist, but that's pretty elaborate considering that they are different species. A more plausible explanation would be that the wolf represents our savage side, as the foxes are wearing clothes and riding scooters, while the wolf is wearing nothing and running wild. It's probably best to not believe everything that you read online, to watch this movie if you haven't already, and to check out these sweet sunnies from Fox, which ironically will make you look like *The Wolf* from *Pulp Fiction*. – **WD**  
[www.foxhead.com](http://www.foxhead.com)