

THE SEX ISSUE

Issue 18 – 01st August 2011



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THE SEX ISSUE

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Thanks to Sarah and Cambrian for lending their modelling skills for the cover this week. Thanks also to Niki for being an excellent photo assistant and patient voice-activated light stand.

X-RATED

This week, we present our sex issue. Sex, if you hadn't noticed, is pretty big; if you're not having it, you're talking about it. And if you're not doing either of those, you're probably thinking about it. Quite often at that, if the notorious seven seconds statistic is anything to go by.

Given this, it's pretty easy to see why people think we're sex-obsessed. It's not love that's all around us, it's sex; in the form of music videos, advertising, television, magazines, the internet and movies. Some argue that such excessive discussion of sex trivializes it, others argue that this is a sign of sexual liberation. As should be obvious from the mere fact we've produced a sex issue, we're all for openness about sex, assuming one leaves one's sexism and judgement at the door.

Much like the narrow idea of beauty in our society, sex is often presented in a fairly idealised way on TV and in movies. Only in the realm of the bleary box do people orgasm at their lover's touch, or manage to have sex while entirely clothed. In reality, there are no "hard and fast" rules about sex (pun sort of intended). To emphasise just how different people's perspectives and experiences are, we sent Siobhan Downes out to talk to six different students about, well, sex. Meanwhile, Mrs John Wilmot, our resident sexpert, did a little field work and came up with the top locations around Dunedin for a little hanky panky.

I suppose what I'm saying is that sex means a lot of different things to different people. Unfortunately for the *Critic* team (or fortunately, depending what you're into), "sex" has been more associated with the awkward and bizarre this week than the exciting and satisfying. On Monday, my flatmates and I sat around watching our gender-confused bunny hump a detachable fake-fur collar on our couch. Post-coitus, the gender-confused bunny in question pooped on its new love before eating the droppings off its back.

On Tuesday, we directed a photoshoot in which my flatmates pretended to have sex on my bed (if you somehow missed this, see the cover). Needless to say, a fair few glasses of goon were necessary to enable me to survive the experience.

Wednesday saw me holding a banana in front of Countdown (much to the excitement of a near-by consumer). By Thursday, we were discussing the top ten most memorable movie sex scenes with a 7 and an 8 year old in the office. Whoever said *Critic* wasn't educational?!

Hopefully, a lot of awkwardness during production maketh a good read post-production. Enjoy!

Julia Hollingsworth

P.S. Ironically, there's no "Summer Lovin'" this week due to the snow fall (the owner of Toast's car was stuck in his driveway). Never fear, it'll be back next week!

VOLUNTEERS REQUIRED

We are seeking volunteers for clinical comparison studies of market brand-leading drugs alongside generic formulations of those drugs.
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Letter of the Week

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



University Book Shop
Dunedin's Finest Book Shop

CRITIC DESIGNER: "ANYTHING BUT THE KNEECAPS!"

Dear Critic,

I am giving you a choice. Either we has moar lol cats, or I kneecap your designer.

I look forward to inferring you answer from the next issue.

Militant pussy.

MORE AFRAID OF WEIRDOS THAN INTELLIGENCE

Dear Editor

I thought cultural cringe was dead but your 'culture' issue reveals a pathological fear of intelligence and signs of that familiar territorial imperative affliction, of cold weather angst. Meanwhile the University and ORC quietly plan to disembowel Montgomery Avenue in summer and I have asked to see the plans with none forthcoming. The actual residents of Leith Street Nth the ones who endure year after, year the mindless sniping of Ellis the vandals cultural progeny, by the beautiful wild river, and wonder could someone prove their chops as a journo and uncover the Montgomery Avenue plans, and if it will remain a public footpath and road.

Yours faithfully,
Sue Heap

FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT

Dear "Eagle of Liberty".

Are you retarded? I am going to presume that you are. Otherwise, your bizarre and inaccurate claim that socialists "slaughtered millions of people who opposed communism" leaves me concerned about the future of the ACT party (I kid, i don't give a fuck about the ACT party). When was this battle royal between socialism and communism that I seem to have missed out on? It also seems that you may be confused about the difference between socialism and communism (its pretty much the difference between Sweden and Soviet Russia).

P.S If "Politicians always lie" then what lies are the ACT party telling us?

Sincerely yours
fuck you and all you believe in

A VERY CIVIL DISPUTE

Dear Aaron Hawkins/The Agenda Gap,

As the Executive officer primarily responsible for the 'Local MP's debate VS and other issues' I wish to publically respond to your recent column on the "AGENDA GAP." But before I begin, I want to extend a hand of congratulations to you for writing an interesting and very readable column, full of good ideas.

Compliments out of the way, I wish to address the three

issues you raised about the VSM debate.

1. Turnout – While the turnout level was not as high as you would get at a rock concert – it was respectable with up to about 100 people by my count at the high point of the debate. At one point at the debate, there was standing room only and the Gazebo Lounge was filled to capacity. Next time, I will be sure to get a bigger venue to accommodate more people. I also want to note that far more people attended this debate

2. Communication – I take full responsibility for this as Communications Exec Officer. There were posters and fliers, but as you said, they weren't noticeable. It may have had something to do with the fact that I designed them myself and I am no designer. In future I'll be sure to liaise with Zina to get her to design posters and fliers as anything she will design on a bad day will be miles ahead to anything I can come up with on my most inspired day.

3. The "V" Competition – As far as I know, OUSA was not responsible for the "V" competition and we couldn't have controlled when they were going to do their event. The VSM debate had been arranged weeks/month in advance and the MP's had locked the time onto their schedules, but it could not easily be moved.

Finally, I want to thank you for taking the time to constructively criticize the debate. Overall however, I am happy with the way that the debate went and I look forward to improving future debates and events with your feedback.

Warm Regards,

Francisco Hernandez

OUSA Colleges and Communications Officer

SCARFIES APPARENTLY RAPISTS

To that guy who wrote the article on Scarfie culture,

Yeah right. Scarfie culture sucked sorry. It's a dinosaur. It's good that it's dying out. Why? Well scarfie culture was just a funny name for a big boy's club for rugbyheads. The image you painted about inclusivity was total bullshit. It was drunk meatheads going out and training up their skills as rapists. It sucked. It had nothing to do with any of the real pleasures of going to a University – yeah, you know, learning amazing stuff, interacting with great professors and classmates, having fun in a diverse amount of ways that didn't involve destroying your liver and raping girls.

Yeah, so you quoted Marc Ellis. That's a genius move, way to prove how "inclusive" scarfie culture was by quoting New Zealand's [note: edited to remove potentially defamatory language] saying some condescending shit about how even losers could find some hole to hide in while the rugby cuts had all the fun. Marc Ellis is a national embarrassment to New Zealand. He doesn't know any better, but the fact that our culture celebrates and facilitates the man (still, in the year 2011!) is a national shame. Your shameless idolisation of the man marks you as an idiot too. Sorry bro.

Okay okay so everyone whined and bitched when the university got sick of stupid fuckwits burning shit and fighting police. You all whined and bitched when the university took a good hard look and Dunedin and said 'why don't we try and make this a pleasant, fun place to study. why don't we try and foster interaction and community between people of all backgrounds – not just popular kids from nz high schools who think the dunedin drinking scene is fun.' i agree with them. dunedin's pubs and nightlife is nasty and rotten. good riddance. the scarfie culture you think was so great was bullshit. its dying, and its being replaced by something much healthier, much safer and much nicer for everyone. I'm personally happy about that, and a lot of

other people are too. Sorry your shitty little boys club is on its last legs bro. But the rest of us have better plans for the future.

Sincerely,

Not a scarfie.

Dear Not a scarfie.

I feel that while stewing in the vitriol and hatred that seems to define your point of view you may have missed the point of my article. You have an idea of Scarfie culture which is negative. That's fine, you're allowed to. If you don't like something, don't engage in it. But don't destroy it for others who happened to enjoy it. I assure you that I love/d being a scarfie. I never played rugby, was never a popular kid, and have never raped anyone. But I did love/d drinking at student bars with my mates, and living a truly scarfie lifestyle. I would never take away your right to be a crazy kill joy man hating feminist, so lay off my right to proudly call myself a scarfie, and define that word how ever I want.

Cheers

P.S. the name is Joe, it's right at the top of the article.

REVIEW THE REVIEWER

Oh hai critic.

I think that Pippa Schaffler should leave her stupid comments in her pocket re: Doc's Coffee House. 3 cupcakes out of 5? What the shit? The coffee is as strong as a Soviet baby on steroids.

Doc's is the best place to get coffee near campus. It's super cosy, and, unlike Lex, Phil doesn't serve up cynical banter with his coffee. Plus, loyalty cards are the best thang since fairy bread.

I like dinosaurs.

Love your work

Liz Triceratops

P.S. I am a libertarian but The Eagle makes me wanna vom.

WILL TRY HARDER SOZ

Dear Critic,

Your first edition of Critic TV involving 5 freshers taking suppositories was hilarious but in all honesty rather lacking in substantive analysis. I wanted to see possible some late night footage at monkey bar. I wanted to see whether one or several of them could scux or like that one chap in the video ended up chundering/jeoying out. I expect more serious investigative journalism next time but commend the project.

Love,

Critic

WHERE'S MAI FAN PAGE??

Hey Critic,

you're so fine,

you're so fine you blow my mind,

hey Critic.

Lots of love

The Official Julia Hollingsworth Fan Club

CAPE WARS

Dear Cape Girl

We're waaay ahead of you on that one.

Regards,

Forward-Slash and the Green House Alliance

RANT ABOUT RANT, HOW META

Dear Pissed off White Woman,

What's your problem man? Madonna rules! There are surely many more terrible things in the world to get pissed off about than one of the best female pop stars of all time. Wanna know some fun facts? Madonna is American (OMG! when did that happen?!) and Celine Dion has been French-Canadian for a while, probably since March 30, 1968, her birthday (wow, are there, like, French people in Canada?). The old bag that you refer to as Madonna is in fact not seventy, she is 53. Gee, die already!

Lol I liked your joke about Madonna's lack of parenting skills regarding her 13 year daughter's unwaxed monobrow! It was really funny. Most 13 year old girls should really be worrying about their appearance and especially unwanted body hair, it's a real problem. Even unplucked eyebrows make me want to vomit. Maybe you should write your next column about that?

Yours contemptuously,
Justine Bieber

Your contempt is delicious!

Surely there are many more terrible things in the world to get pissed off about than someone joking around in a column, in a scarfie magazine of all places? Just trying to rustle up a few laughs love, god knows some people need it. But thanks for the giggle! The fact that someone would intentionally use Justine Bieber as a fake name had me in stitches.

xoxo
Gossip Bitch

BOOKSHOP WITHOUT BOOKS

Dear UBS,

Against my better judgment I went into your store the other day to buy a book. I wouldn't usually indulge in such outlandish behaviour, given the mediocre range of titles you stock and the hilarious prices you charge for them, but I really wanted to read the book right away and I was also possibly drunk or something.

Unfortunately you didn't have the book, and your staff on the front desk had never heard of it. Sure that might be acceptable if I was trying to buy a Dickens first edition, or it was some obscure book by a distant relation that I was only buying to placate my mother. However the book I was trying to buy was released two weeks ago and shifted 300,000 units on its first day.

In an age where I can order books of the internet for about 50% of the prices you charge UBS has two advantages that might allow it to survive; immediacy of supply

and staff knowledge. Way to capitalise on that shit.

Oh well at least you probably ain't going broke whilst there is still first year health science students who need to spend hundreds of dollars in your store.

Cheers
Sobered up.

KELIS <3s DUNEDIN COMICS

Dear Critic,

Your comics have been disappointing lately; please bring back Antics! It is the milkshake which brings all the boys to the proverbial yard. In the meantime, I made an editorial cartoon displaying biting political satire, which you can feel free to use. You're welcome!

Yours sincerely,
Oliphant

Hello Oliphant,

I'm the new comics editor. I also edit DUD: The Dunedin Comic Revue, a regular comics anthology of New Zealand comics that features cartoonists ranging from up and coming Dunedin artists through to established cartoonists that have had work published by DC, Vertigo, 2000AD and Fantagraphics. I'm definitely going to try to bring back Antics. In keeping with the rest of Critic's local content only philosophy I plan to keep the comics section purely devoted to Dunedin cartoonists (which Stephen Gillan, the artist behind Antics is).

Spencer

NO MORE PRIVATE DETAILS/PARTS PLZ

Logan, only your girlfriend or boyfriend knows the truth about your testies but seems to me you're the sort of fine upstanding citizen to stick it to ACT. I imagine pretty soon you will have HilARY Calvert down on her knees begging to give you a b.....job. (please don't sue me Hilary, it was just a joke I, no sense of humour ACT)

If it looks like VSM is a goer, can you do perhaps do a secret deal with Hilary and cut us poor students a concession pass to La Maison?. No doubt students will join up the new OULaMaison69 quick smart. All this is very un PC of course but straight talking does a lot, and being horny and frustrated is no joke.

Anyway may the force be with you, all you pathetic whinging ex-jafa 20 somethings should look to Logan as an example of a dude who takes action when it matters, so stop crying over whether you cant afford the latest fashions or you didn't get lucky last night, and get behind him !.Get your earphones off and engage with the world !, believe it or not that's what students used to do before

the likes of Hilary came along to try and shaft everyone. So stop bending over ! (unless you like it like that ...)

(PS .Logan, that pony ride thingie last week with Julia around the union lawn was a bit suspect, who was riding who? sure it was innocent fun, that devilish look gives you away, but its good leadership material, look at how many people love John Key !

Signed
A mature student ?

I like cut of your jib sailor.

Yea the ACT party and in-particular their VSM (voluntary student membership) bill sure do suck a fatty mate.

And although my balls are pretty big they are not disproportionately so but mind you not having a BF/GF at the moment it's pretty hard to seek a non-bias opinion on that ;-). I hope this helps.

And if you like bending over or being bent over for that matter then that's fine too because we at OUSA are a pretty bloody diverse lot.

Furthermore it did look like Julia enjoyed that pony ride a little too much doesn't it?

Cheers From
Logan Edgar
A mature president?

NOTICES

ZUMBA IN THE NIGHTCLUB

Your favourite Zumba fitness class but with a big dance floor and disco lights. Join the party at Urban Factory, 101 Great King Street. Weds: 7.30-8.30pm, Thurs: 5.30-6.30pm, Fri: 6-7pm. \$6 or \$4 with a Student ID. More info, contact Olivia: 027 862 2048, or Facebook "Zumba with Olivia".

OUSA CONSTITUTION AND BUDGET

OUSA Constitution submissions can be submitted between July 25 and August 5. If you'd like to make a submission email it to constitution@ousa.org.nz


OUSA Budget submissions for the 2012 OUSA Budget can be submitted until August 30, if you'd like to make a submission email it to budgets@ousa.org.nz

LETTERS POLICY

Letters should be 200 words or less. Deadline is Wednesday at 5pm. Send letters to critic@critic.co.nz, post them to PO Box 1436, Dunedin, or drop into the Critic office. All letters must include full contact details, even if you don't want these printed. Letters of a serious nature directly addressing a specific person or group will not be published under a pseudonym, except in extraordinary circumstances negotiated with the Editor. Critic reserves the right to edit, abridge or decline letters without explanation. We don't fix the spelling or grammar in letters. If a writer looks stupid, it's because they are.

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TOP 10



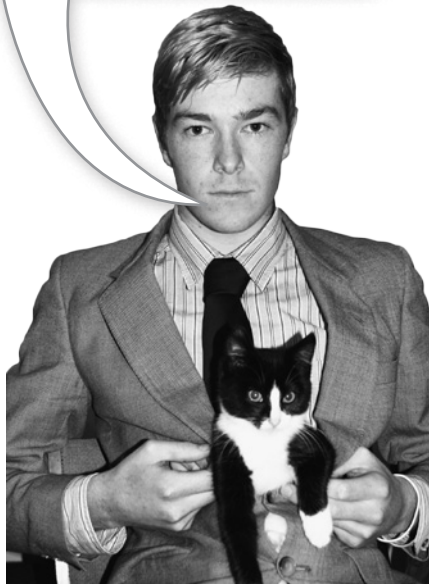
The least sexy sex scenes according to *Critic*.

- 01 *Bad Teacher*. It may be new, but Diaz and Timberlake's dry humping scene is set to become a classic.
- 02 *Eagle vs Shark*. Beautiful in it's simplicity. "Do you want to have sex?" "Yep".
- 03 *Amélie*. Amélie's adorable disinterested face is etched into our collective memory.
- 04 *The Room*. More horrifying than sexy. Bonus points for using the same terrible footage twice.
- 05 *American Pie*. The cherry pie scene put us off pies for life.
- 06 *Black Swan*. There are few things more off-putting than accidentally having sex with your evil alter ego.
- 07 *Sex and the City 2*. Miranda and Steve. Too much visible middle-aged flesh for our liking.
- 08 *Showgirls*. More reminiscent of a person having an epileptic fit or a washing machine than anything sexy.
- 09 *Teeth*. Nothing like the threat of having your dick bitten off to convince you to keep it in your pants.
- 10 *8 Mile*. Eminem may be a good rapper, but no one wanted to see him in a sex scene.

PRESIDENTIAL PRATTERINGS

THE LOGAN EDGARISM OF THE WEEK

"I've been busier than a one-armed brick-layer in Baghdad this week".



Shake, Death Rattle & Roll

The United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing, more commonly known as the Shakers, is a religious movement that espouses the somewhat growth-limiting doctrine that sexual intercourse is a sin and should be banned.

The movement gained popularity in the 18th century, peaking at a somewhat respectable 6000 members, who formed a number of communities in America. However the movement struggled to grow, possibly due to its rather optimistic ban on procreation, and as of 2009 it counted a paltry three members in its ranks.

EARTHTONZ FESTIVAL

EarthTonz festival is held in Queenstown on New Year's Eve, and has a line up featuring Tommy Lee, The Freestylers and Minuit among others. EarthTonz are offering a special student pre-sale offer with a saving of \$50 when students buy a ticket between 5th – 9th August by going to www.ticketek.co.nz/earthtonz and entering the CODE NYE2011. Woohoo!



5 porn pages for every non-porn page on the internet

5.71 furthest male ejaculation in metres

80 documented cases of multiple penises

3 furthest female ejaculation in metres

5.5 mean erect penis length in inches

9hrs 58min longest continuous jerking session by one man

Your perversions seem pretty tame compared to this guy

A 20-year old American man faced nine charges of outraging public decency after he was found having sexual intercourse with cracks in the pavement on multiple occasions.

The man was apparently busted several times with his pants around his ankles pleasuring himself in gaps between paving stones on the sidewalk. A judge ordered that he undergo six months of counseling for his strange sexual fantasies and also popped him in the slammer for 18 months to cool his heels.

However neither the counselling nor the prison time seems to have addressed the root (geddit?) of his problems, as the deviant was soon back in court on charges of making love to black plastic bin bags in front of some schoolgirls. This time the offender told the court that the offending stemmed from a nine year sexual fixation on bin bags that centered on the "feel and touch of the bin liners".

Apparently his ultimate fantasy was to get into the place where the bags were crushed together. This time the judge took pity and just sent him back for a more intensive bout of therapy.

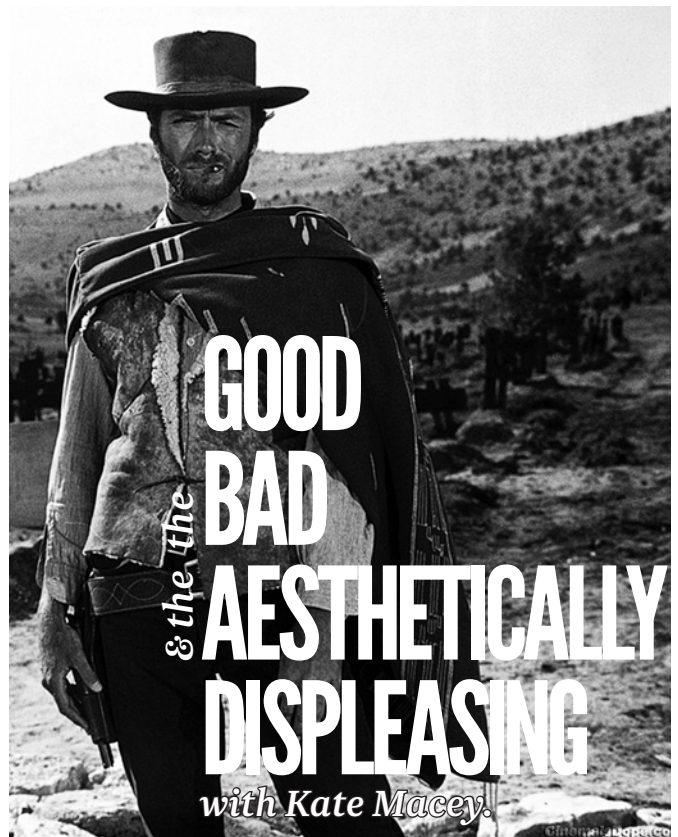
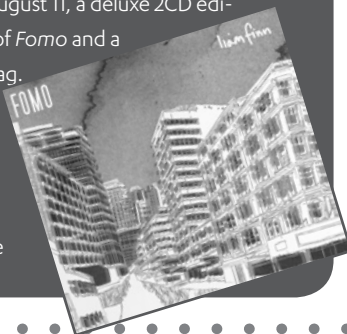
Win Win Win!!!

New Zealand music golden boy Liam Finn is back on the road to promote his beautiful new album *Fomo*. Critic has three lovely prize packs worth over \$100 each to give away, each containing a double pass to Liam Finn's show at ReFuel on Thursday August 11, a deluxe 2CD edition of *Fomo* and a

Fomo tote bag.

It's almost too good to be true!

To be in to win, email critic@critic.co.nz with the subject line "Liam Finn Giveaway", and tell us your favourite new age acronym. We'll announce the winners in Issue 19.



The Good *Bitching over NZNTM*

Despite having just alienated half of the population, there is no better way to ease out of a stressful week than by sitting in front of the TV and ranting about how minging you think these aspiring giraffes are. Irony points will be awarded for those eating 'top of the food pyramid' items and wearing trackies while doing so.

The Bad *Cider*

We get it; salutations for having achieved a sort of magical unisex state between being manly enough to reside in little glass bottles yet girly enough to, well, not be beer. But still, yawn, overdone, time for something new.

The Aesthetically Displeasing *Melted Snow*

Joy abounds when our streets are lined with the white powdery stuff (not to be confused with the other white powdery stuff lining the nasal cavities of Charlie Sheen and his ilk). But when the snow melts, we must contend with grey sludge and muddy footpaths. Even minging-er than those giraffe chicks.

54 percentage of men who admit to masturbating at least once a day

11 average number of erections a day for men

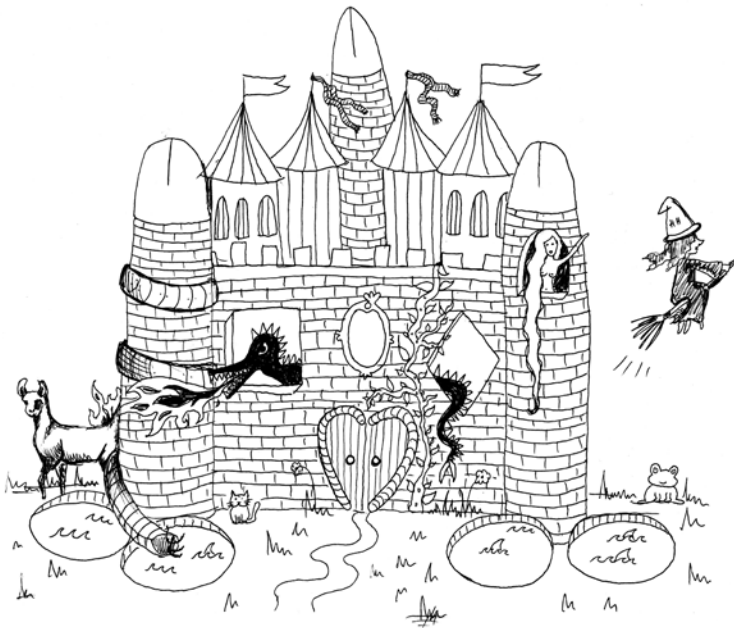
69 most children birthed by a single woman

5 age of world's youngest mother

120,000,000 acts of sexual intercourse per day

13.5 length of world's largest wang in inches

Because the only thing people like more than drinking is studying



The University neglected to provide Critic with any indication of the design of the new building, thus we present to you Critic's highly speculative artist's rendition of the Marsh Study Centre. Features include phallic-inspired turrets, a fire breathing dragon, and scarves proudly flying in place of flags. Sources close to the project have indicated to Critic that it is likely – though unconfirmable at this stage – that all these features will make it into the building.

The University of Otago has released plans to redevelop former student pub Gardies into a "study and social centre."

Last year the University paid \$1.75 million to buy the Gardens Tavern and transform the former drinking den into a new facility called the Marsh Study Centre, named after Graeme and Eunice Marsh, who made a "substantial donation" to the project.

The University of Otago Council approved the proposal for the facility based on a need identified in the Campus Master Plan for "more study and social spaces as the student roll has increased in recent years." Critic hopes that the new students who have increased the roll are thirsty only for knowledge – University property services director Bruce McKay has stated that "alcohol would not be served" at the Marsh Study Centre.

A University spokesperson told Critic that consultation during preparation of the Campus Master Plan suggested that "students attached special importance to informal gathering and study hubs such as the Hunter Centre, ISB and Link and that they desired an enhanced provision of such facilities." Luckily no one was the least bit attached to Gardies or the Bowler.

Vice-Chancellor Sir Professor David Skegg said that the centre will provide students with a "warm and comfortable environment for study in both group and self-learning modes." Skegg describes it as "a really

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or staying awake?

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Students jizz themselves as rockstar student politicians hit Dunedin

attractive venue for students living in the northern part of the city." *Critic* suspects that students in the northern part of the city found Gardies pretty attractive as it was, particularly after a few rounds of Toss the Boss.

The existing building on the site, with 800 square metres of floor space, is to be modified and upgraded to provide study spaces for up to 250 students. Additionally, landscaping is to take place in the former garden bar to "provide attractive courtyard areas for study and relaxation." *Critic* speculates that the landscape gardeners may find numerous treasures during the process of the redevelopment, including fossilised vomit and the petrified remains of the scarfie dream.

A University spokesperson told *Critic* that the cost of the redevelopment was "commercially sensitive." The University plans to open the centre in time for the 2013 teaching year, but has not indicated when the upgrade will begin.

– Aimee Gulliver

NZUSA Co-Presidents David Do and Max Hardy visited Dunedin last week as part of a nationwide tour of member campuses in order to engage with constituent students. Throngs of female students had to be held back by security after Do and Hardy hit the Dunedin campus, such was the sexual allure of the delectable student politicians.

In late 2010, following a period of dissatisfaction with NZUSA and the services it was providing to its members, OUSA gave notice of its intention to withdraw from the national organisation. NZUSA has a one-year notice period for any member withdrawals, and OUSA will be making the decision on whether to carry out its withdrawal before the end of the year.

Critic spoke to Do and Hardy, questioning them about the benefits to OUSA of remaining in the national organisation, given OUSA's fractious relationship with the body in recent years.

Hardy stated that NZUSA has undergone a "comprehensive change process" to address OUSA's concerns and ensure "we are a power voice for students nationally". He said that he was confident that "we have addressed the concerns OUSA raised last year, and that we will see the

national organisation pick up and actively deliver value for OUSA which was one of their concerns."

NZUSA is "waiting for OUSA to come back to us with where they're at," said Hardy, who insists that he "wants OUSA as a member."

Hardy described the potential withdrawal of OUSA as "very destructive to the national organisation, and very destructive to students' voice nationally." He went on to claim that "without NZUSA, we wouldn't have things like interest-free student loans."

"It's a no-brainer that [OUSA] should be a member of NZUSA."

OUSA President Logan Edgar told *Critic* that he thought that NZUSA was a "strange beast" but said that he thought that "they are starting to good job behind the scenes with regards to VSM."

He added that NZUSA was "good if they have been given something to do, but if they don't have anything to focus on they wither away and turn to shit."

– Aimee Gulliver

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Authorised Education Reseller

Only 12 students found frozen dead in their hovels after minor snow flurry; authorities pleased

Dunedin experienced sudden snowfall last week, bringing widespread chaos and disruption to the city, but also delivering a couple of days welcome entertainment to the student population that didn't have to study for UMAT.

During the early hours of Sunday July 24, snow began to fall on those Monkey Bar patrons who were stumbling home suitably light of coin and completely bereft of dignity. Other residents of North Dunedin awoke later that morning to be greeted by a blanket of virgin white snow covering the student ghetto.

For the majority, the snow and ice meant freedom from lectures and labs on Monday. It was declared via national radio and television that the University of Otago was closed for the day, despite this not being the case.

Students were left confused and frustrated as the University failed to communicate that many lectures were not in fact cancelled until midday. The fact that most classes were still on was not posted to Blackboard until after many lectures were scheduled to have run.

Additionally, the central library was forced

to shut early to ensure that staff working would be able to commute home.

The closure of many roads across the South Island meant that some lucky mountain-goers could enjoy another day or two of excellent fresh powder. Those less fortunate, who were travelling when the snow hit, found themselves unable to get over the Kilmog, and many had to either endure a night freezing in their cars or spend the evening in one of those awkward small towns like Waikouaiti.

However, the snow did bring a positive element to Dunedin. For the first time this year students were able to amuse themselves with something that didn't involve alcohol or shelving. A record number of people were seen outside frolicking in the snow, a marked change from the typical Sunday regime of students hiding inside with a blue Powerade and a Disney movie while scratching away at their newly acquired rashes.

Indeed commotion rang from all corners of North Dunedin as snowball fights delivered hilarity and damage to property in equal measure.

One particularly misguided second year student lobbed a stray curveball that violently smashed the window of the local kindergarten. Fortunately the kindergarten was closed at the time of the assault..

The unnamed female assailant attempted to board up the window with some plywood and tape stating, "I thought it would be good karma. It's pretty fucking funny now but I did feel terrible".

Castle St was flourishing with life as residents engaged in inter-flat snowball fights, optimistic cross country skiing, and rather more daredevil manoeuvres involving clinging to the back of a fast-moving Toyota Hilux and sliding through the snow.

Nine people turned up at Dunedin Hospital's emergency department with ice-related injuries on Sunday, four on Monday and five on Tuesday.

— *Lozz Holding*

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Fact: students not all that disease ridden

Despite being irresponsible, binge-drinking slops who rarely attend class and mostly just waste the government's money at the rate of \$170 a week, Dunedin students are apparently not riddled with venereal disease.

Following the election of new OUSA President Logan Edgar, many have been expecting STI levels to reach pandemic proportions among the student population, after Edgar surged to victory on the back of a sexually-charged campaign that seemed poised to usher in a new age of free love in the student ghetto.

However, *Critic's* research has shown that levels of STIs among Dunedin students in 2010 were relatively low, with only the most common STI, chlamydia, registering any significant showing among the student population; a fact that bodes well for infection control during Edgar's term.

Figures that *Critic* obtained courtesy of Student Health indicate that 4.09% of students who tested for chlamydia in 2010 registered a positive result. This compares with an 8% incidence of positive results found in a Family Planning Association of New Zealand study that screened patients at Wellington clinics, and similar rates have been reported in other studies among the New Zealand population.

In total, 113 positive results for chlamydia were recorded at Student Health in 2010. Genital warts was the only other STI to present in a significant number of students, with 62 cases registered.

Other STIs were comparatively rare, with herpes managing a tally of just 25, while gonorrhea was found in just four sloppy students.

The rarest STI, however, was syphilis, for which only two positive results were recorded in 2010. Syphilis has been enjoying a minor renaissance worldwide since the turn of the century, after infection rates were severely curbed in the decades following the discovery of penicillin. Many famous historical figures have been rumoured to have suffered from the potentially debilitating disease, including Henry VIII, Al Capone and Mussolini, a fact that doubtless provided little comfort for the two unfortunates who contracted it last year.

Overall, the relatively low incidences of most STIs among students suggest at least some were paying attention in sex ed, and President Edgar welcomed the findings, saying that he thought "these figures show students are making solid, mature decisions, even when they are out of their tree on a tray of SoGos."

Edgar also added that he hadn't seen numbers as low as these since he checked out how his opponents polled in that Presidential by-election a while back. Ooh snap.

Student Health stated that despite the figures it was important for students to remember to use condoms and practice safe sex, and encouraged any students who are concerned that they may have been exposed to an STI to make an appointment to have a checkup.

– *Gregor Whyte with reporting by Lozz Holding*

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Students unite for non-shitty future

New nationwide youth-led lobby group Generation Zero held a public lecture last Wednesday to encourage students to be proactive about climate change. Held at the St David's lecture theatre, the venue was almost packed to its 550-person capacity.

The lecture was entitled "Cheer up Bob", inspired by Energy Studies Lecturer Bob Lloyd's pessimistic outlook on the global warming crisis, with the intention of giving Bob and the audience hope for the future. Alec the Climate Chicken, presumably Generation Zero's mascot, was also present.

Lloyd spoke first, warning; "if you're really attached to your current lifestyle, you might get depressed".

According to Lloyd, the oil peak occurred in 2006, natural gas will peak in 2020, and coal will peak in 2025 (although some have suggested it could be currently peaking). Lloyd said that the world currently has unsafe CO₂ levels, and in order to reach a safe level, we will need to use no coal after 2030, no unconventional fossil fuels and only conventional oil.

The crux of Lloyd's pessimism rests upon the paradox that we need economic growth in order for people to survive, yet economic growth at the same rate as at present is physically impossible. According to Lloyd, if we continued to grow at the same rate, in 400 years we would have to cover the whole of the world with solar panels to provide enough energy. In 1400 years we would require as much energy as that emitted by the entire sun.

He noted that economic growth was defended with "religious zeal" by politicians and society. As a result, Lloyd pondered the rather depressing question; "Are people actually capable of independent thought?"

In an attempt to cheer up the eponymous Bob, and the (by then) thoroughly disheartened audience, Ashton Kelly, head of Medical Students for Global Awareness, spoke, emphasising that addressing climate change problems was "difficult but not impossible". He added "behavioural change is just as important as policy change".

The former co-leader of the Green Party Jeanette Fitzsimons, who originally could not be reached as she was hosting a dinner party, addressed the audience over Skype. "It's very hard to avoid getting depressed if you think you're alone. But you're not alone". She encouraged the audience to plan, act, and link up with others who feel the same way, and urged the audience to challenge their consumerism and to ridicule their opponents. Fitzsimons also emphasised that using renewable energy was only worthwhile if we cease using fossil fuels, as otherwise it makes no difference. "We haven't got time to waste by changing lightbulbs".

Louis Chambers, Law student and head of the Generation Zero movement in Dunedin, concluded the speeches. He commented that we are currently in a time of change and encouraged the audience to be proactive. Chambers noted that the student movement would be particularly surprising to politicians, given that students "are usually so useless".

Chambers aptly summed up the evening; "This isn't about politics, this isn't about loving nature. This is about a future that's not shit".

— **Julia Hollingsworth**

To find out more about Generation Zero and how you can get involved, email Louis on dunedin@generationzero.org.nz or visit their website generationzero.org.nz

BOUNCING OFF THE HALLS



UMAT. Four letters that strike fear deep into the bosom of the deluded freshers that still actually think they'll be getting into Med School on the back of that B+ average from first semester. Forget the clap, the can-man or crowbar-wielding, fat South Dunedin swamp-donkeys on P. The most frightening thing on the block last week was a three-hour test of your problem-solving abilities and empathy skills. This test can literally be the deciding factor between a life of fast cars, beautiful nurses and free morphine, or a lifetime spent as the physio for the second string Otago Men's Lawn Bowls team.

A group of Studholme lads that would most certainly have failed miserably in UMAT will now be testing their problem solving skills in a different arena, the hazardous process of trying to defraud money out of AMI for 'accidental' damage to their car. The necessity of the insurance application stems from an

incident when the brainless drongos decided to drive up Mount Cargill for some epic shredding opportunities. Unfortunately they didn't pull off the best parking job upon reaching the top, well and truly upturning their car into a pile of snow off the side of the road. *Critic* anticipates a different tune will be sung to the insurance assessor, however, even though getting money out of AMI at the moment is probably more difficult than getting a tuggy at the Student Life open day.

In tamer news, a snowfight at Arana got a little out of hand, leaving a window shattered as completely as the Med School hopes of a first year from Gore. A pioneering Cumberland entrepreneur broke the first rule of childhood, quaffing a quart of yellow snow to make the few dollars necessary to keep him in SoGos. Details as to whether the yellow homemade frosty-boy was his own brand or his roommates were unforthcoming, but

Critic was informed he profited to the tune of \$5. *Critic* encourages the future Allan Hubbard to invest his profits in an STI check at Student Health. He is at Cumby after all.

Meanwhile two Arana girls took a unique approach to preparing for UMAT. In an attempt to broaden their minds the pair splashed out and bought some Kronic. The girls toked up on Dundas St and were appeared to eyewitnesses to be urinating in their pants while tightly holding onto each other. *Critic* was unable to contact the two, but speculates that their forthcoming online video 'Two girls, one firetruck' will be an internet sensation.

If you are a stupid fresher or know of a stupid fresher who would like their story to be told, e-mail it through to critic@critic.co.nz. No names, we promise.

— **Lozz Holding**

execrable

exec /ɪɡˈzɛk, ɛɡ-/ ► noun informal an executive: 107
execs.
ORIGIN late 19th cent.: abbreviation.
/ˈɛksɪkrəb(ə)l/ ► adjective extremely bad or unpleasant: execrable cheap wine.
DERIVATIVES execrably adverb.

Upon entry, *Critic* received weird stares from the exec, perhaps in part because we arrived at whopping five minutes early. Not wanting the exec to think we were too keen, *Critic* stared at an empty chair for a while. Unfortunately, this didn't put the exec off: they were all happy to see someone new and started conversing. Next thing I know, the exec will start thinking I'm a regular and we'll be on first name basis.

Surprisingly there was wide consensus in the exec to begin with, as everyone agreed the room was cold. Cold is an understatement. *Critic* was shivering in a jacket and a hat with a scarf wrapped around the face, leaving only a small gap to check out what was happening. Handily, this get-up allowed *Critic* to quietly dose off without being noticed.

The exec sure are a bunch of funny people. To lighten the mood, they joked that the meeting might be over by 7pm- two hours

away! *Critic* politely joined in on the laughter, only to find we were the only one laughing. After this incident, and rudely missing out on the chocolate, *Critic* stayed quiet and pretended to be aware of the meeting.

The major wind damage that the Mojo building suffered last semester had long been on the agenda. There were long numbers and longer words on the three photocopied sheets of paper, which no one seemed to understand. To repair the building to the standard it was at will cost OUSA around \$70,000, however to demolish it only \$16,000. While the former cafe is a much needed asset, the threat of VSM is forcing the exec to look at its destruction. Just quietly, *Critic* thinks we may as well leave the wind to finish its job. Logan agreed, hoping the snow had done so already.

The exec then went into looking at future possibilities for the site: Logan is keen for an

OUSA flat, "like the 'V' flat", where there will be BBQs, low rent and real scarfies; meanwhile, Francisco wants a caravan park. *Critic* thinks any scarfie caravan in Dunedin would probably be stripped for firewood by May at least and a scarfie flat wouldn't fare much better. After Logan almost forgot the NZUSA president would be visiting later on in the week, *Critic* learnt OUSA had been stupidly planning to hold elections during the break. With the low voter turn-out already, *Critic* thinks it would take a lot of bribery to get anyone to show up.

Apathetic *Critic* was more interested to find out that Logan asked Ari to the Te Roopu Ball. Their outfits were to be decided behind closed walls, and so *Critic* was kicked out of the boardroom. No worries, we'll hack some phones and keep you posted.

— **Daniel Benson-Guiu**



No More Mass Exodus

Due to negative media attention, the Canterbury Engineering Students Association (ENSOC) has cancelled its Great Quake Escape event. The event had been planned as a celebration to thank students who had helped out after the series of earthquakes that devastated Christchurch.

Speaking to the *Otago Daily Times*, ENSOC President Loren Burnett said the Great Quake Escape had been wrongly portrayed by the media as being the Undie 500. This led to its cancellation, even though ENSOC had ensured a full schedule for the event so participants were kept busy. Alcohol-free buses for transport were also promised.

Burnett hoped that the cancellation of the Great Quake Escape and precautions taken by ENSOC in planning the event showed the organisation's enthusiasm to work with the authorities. Despite its cancellation, a liquor ban will remain in central Dunedin from August 19-21, when the Great Quake Escape was supposed to take place.

– **Teuila Fuatai**

New Zealander of the Year

A New Zealand man who witnessed the horrific Oslo bombing has become an internet sensation after giving an interview that literally defies belief for its vacuous stupidity.

Cameron Leslie, predictably a University of Waikato graduate, is a sales rep for Thomson Reuters in Norway and was attending his local gym when the bomb attack rocked the inner city. Leslie told *Campbell Live* that the moment the attack occurred was "quite overwhelming for a couple of reasons...when the blast went off I was on the eight repetition of a 165kg bench press, umm you know that's quite a lot of weight."

He added that after it became clear that it was a terror attack, they were ordered to evacuate and he duly left, but before evacuating "naturally, I finished my set".

The extraordinary douchebaggery displayed by Leslie has turned him into an internet sensation, a fact that he will almost certainly add to his extensive LinkedIn profile, which is so detailed that it would not be out of place to see paper clip management among his proud achievements in the many roles of responsibility he has held. It would certainly

sit nicely beside "packaging and shipping of products" after all.

All we know at *Critic* is that if anyone bombs us, Leslie would definitely be the man we'd want to drag us from the rubble. Dude is strong yo.

– **Staff Reporter**

Poet to become doctor

Central Otago poet Brian Turner is to receive an honorary doctorate of literature from the University of Otago later this month.

Turner, who was formerly a New Zealand Poet Laureate is humbled by the distinction. "I'm honoured, pleased, and surprised. It's a tribute I find quite special- from one of New Zealand's premier universities and the province where I was brought up", Turner told the *ODT*.

Turner has had a long and illustrious career in New Zealand literature, including being made a Robert Burns Fellow in 1984, becoming the writer in residence at the University of Canterbury in 1997, and receiving the Prime Minister's Award for Literary Achievement in 2009.

– **Staff Reporter**



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Vote Chat: Politicians talk Politics

Each Friday at noon, politics lecturer Bryce Edwards is interviewing politicians in an ongoing series called "Vote Chat". Last week, Labour's North Dunedin candidate and electoral shoo-in **David Clark** stepped up to the plate and talked about existential philosophy, social justice, and running in the nude.



David Clark was born in raised in Beachlands, South Auckland. His father owned a manufacturing business and Mum returned to high school and eventually medical school after raising her young family. Though his was not an overtly political family, his Christian upbringing installed in Clark a sense of social justice and the need to make markets work for people, and not vice versa. His self-described "liberal Christianity" led Clark to be ordained as a Presbyterian minister after graduating from Otago.

While Clark found working in a local parish a massive buzz, he sought to immerse himself in the more corporate reality of the average Kiwi. After being told to finish his PhD before applying for serious jobs, Clark returned to the academic fold and completed a PhD in existential philosophy. Despite his fluent German and understanding of both Kierkegaard and Sartre, when asked to sum up what existential philosophy actually was, Clark um-ed and ah'd before summing it up as basically Christianity without the god bit. Right, glad we cleared that up.

Clark then served in Treasury for nearly three years before working on the creation of NZ's Emissions Trading Scheme. When challenged by a man of questionable intelligence about the veracity of climate change science, Clark humbly told the man that he had a very fair question

before explaining that when 98% of scientists tell you something is happening, you should probably believe them.

After leaving government Clark took up his current post as Warden of Selwyn College, a step back, one might think, from the heady heights of the beehive, before realizing that the move was probably politically calculated; Dunedin North is a safe Labour seat and an easy ride into parliament (Clark is no carpetbagger, though, and he had been based in Dunedin for thirteen years before moving away). Interestingly, Clark's younger brother is also running for parliament in the upcoming election, leaving *Critic* looking forward to noogies, name calling and Charlie horses in the debating chamber should both make it through.


When provided with an opportunity by *Critic* to relieve himself of the guilt and humiliation of any secrets or scandals that he might be hiding, Clark meekly confessed to once winning the Tour of Southland nude running race in Invercargill (*Critic* wonders if it was a 'race' per se, or more some kind of fleeing scenario). Clark followed up his confession of public nudity by admitting to having (OMG) smoked marijuana. Clark feels that growing one's own marijuana should be, if it isn't already, ignored by the police.

Despite his drug-crazed nudity-filled youth, Clark is looking forward to the challenges of parliament, though he acknowledges that as a first term MP in a likely opposition role he will be a "big fish in a small pond". Clichéd analogies aside, people seem to like Clark, even comparing him to NZ's holy of political holies, John Key. While Key isn't left leaning, Clark can't be too upset; Clark himself describes Key as "effervescent".

When asked what would compel someone to get into the thankless world of politics, Clark responded that he was "getting into politics because he wants to make a change". He believes that National is not doing enough to close the gap between rich and poor in NZ, important as a "society is best judged by how it treats its most vulnerable members". And while he believes that "the best form of welfare for anyone is a job", there needs to be a net for those who can't support themselves.


— Joe Stockman

This Friday 5th at noon in Burns 6, Bryce Edwards interviews Green Party Co-Leader and all round GC Metiria Turei.



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Nothing Personal

by Georgie Fenwicke

Iranian Embassy Siege, London. Northern Ireland Troubles. American bombing, Tripoli. Tiananmen Square. Gulf War, Kuwait. Genocide in Rwanda. Siege of Sarajevo. This is a woman who has witnessed and covered some of the most significant moments in recent history. She has been shot three times, for heaven's sake, and still has part of one of those bullets lodged in her toe for good measure.

The former BBC Chief News Correspondent, a position which she held for 14 years, Kate Adie OBE is a member of the old guard; a journalist comfortable in situations of up-close, death-defying reportage. Feisty, informed, to the point and quick-witted, Adie hasn't missed a beat in all her 65 years. She is very clear about how she defines the responsibility of a reporter: you report and you stay alive long enough to file the story. To do that, she has used her own unique sense of judgement to assess dangerous situations, one that "has always been based on a very simple argument ... you're there in order to bring news back and to bring it back you have to be alive."

Why the need to report on war? "That's absolutely obvious. War changes lives, war is the biggest event that often happens in a person's lifetime, war changes how ordinary people live, war changes the circumstances in which they live, and therefore it is one of the greatest of events of a particular period to report [on]."

Being "neither easy nor pleasant", reporting in such tense and guarded environments is undoubtedly difficult. "Probably the first thing you should say about it is that a great deal of the conduct of war depends on surprise and secrecy," she explains. "You don't announce to your enemy that you are about to invade them. That conflicts automatically with the basic habits and functions of journalism. You are always going to bump into all sorts of attempts to report straightforwardly."

Instead, it is something that becomes "automatic", you push the boundaries and the people involved for information. But there are limitations: "If you are in a war zone, there are some areas that you do not and cannot get into or if you are in a riot, there are often areas forbidden to you. You get as close as you can."



Talking about the recent uprisings in Egypt, I bring up the situation of another woman journalist, Lara Logan, who was molested when reporting from the middle of the protests in Tahrir Square, Cairo. Was it bad judgement? "It is nothing to do with reporters whatsoever," she fires up, "It is to do with the status of women in those countries, their poor legal status and the sexual behaviour of the men in those countries who do not respect women and who interfere with them." Simply put, you are not the story, they are and such personalized accounts have no place in news stories: "the very fact that you thought this was a story about a women reporter and her behaviour showed that you didn't quite understand that men [even in the Western world] would highlight this as why women ought not to do this."

Of the positive developments to result from these protests, however, Adie points out that hope may be on the way for women's rights, "some of the elements that are going on in the Middle East perhaps will have an element of change because women are in the forefront at quite a number of these protests. And women who know that they are badly treated and know they need equality in the law and in social matters. So you can only hope for it, [but] I think you need to be able to highlight what happens in the proper way."

The immense media interest in the Lara Logan story is evidence of the rise of the personalized account in modern journalism, one that quite clearly Adie is not an advocate of. It's a style that "in the view of many of us gets in the way of actually telling it how it is."

But journalism in the twenty-first century is changing in more ways than one. I try to get her to comment on the current hacking scandal dominating the press in the UK, but receive a fairly direct answer: "there is no way I am discussing something that is practically live on air at the moment." Having just seen the first video of Wendy Murdoch defending her man minutes before our interview, it is a fair call.

But with or without Murdoch, what is her opinion on the future of broadcast journalism? "If I knew that I would be starting my own television station," she replies. For the record, this is not on the cards. But as she admits, "very few people have any firm idea about what is going to happen in the broadcasting world. There are new challenges and systems coming in what with the internet and a great deal more easily acquired pictures and information. And nobody seems to know precisely what might happen."

However, Adie is quite clear about the changes she doesn't approve of: "The one big change, I suppose in television, has been the impact that

24 hour news has had, which has to a certain extent destroyed on the spot reporting."

Interestingly, it is an issue of technology and the demands of the modern day consumer: better image quality, immediate access, online streaming. Indeed, "you can see it on screen." Such a demand for up-to-the-minute access to current affairs only necessitates more expensive and sophisticated equipment. "If you have a satellite dish, then you are not going to put it in the line of fire. It is expensive. And to talk to the satellite dish for 24 hours, you have to be live, so therefore the dish is not where the action is. It is at distance from it. And that is one of the major things that has happened with television news reporting."

Having covered everything from style to *not* being a war correspondent - "nobody ever has the title of war correspondent for a lot of technical reasons involving all sorts of things from the Geneva Convention to the law, plus the fact that nobody does it full time" - we finish our discussion on the subject of one of Adie's old haunts, Eastern Europe. It has been some months now since the Serbian military commander Ratko Mladic was arrested for war crimes. He was responsible for the Srebrenica massacre where in July 1995 more than 8000 Bosnian men and boys were shot and killed.

Mladic's arrest elicited a number of reactions, inspiring both messages of support from some Serbian nationalists and celebrations from those who he persecuted and harmed. What does Adie make of the situation? Well, it's a response that comes in two parts. "I think what you will find is that some people would desire and also imagine - and it is a bit of imagination - that by putting him on trial you draw a line under the war and the dreadful things that happened, and that that would leave the country able to go on to a different future and better relations, etc." But then, "there are a lot of people, not because they don't desire this, that it doesn't draw a line under this, who feel that if you only put the generals on trial, you somehow miss out that all the people in the villages who killed their neighbours, somehow they have all changed."

It is undoubtedly an ongoing issue, as the correspondent concludes, "I think what it is is whether or not it really changes people's minds and there is not a great deal of evidence that it automatically does."

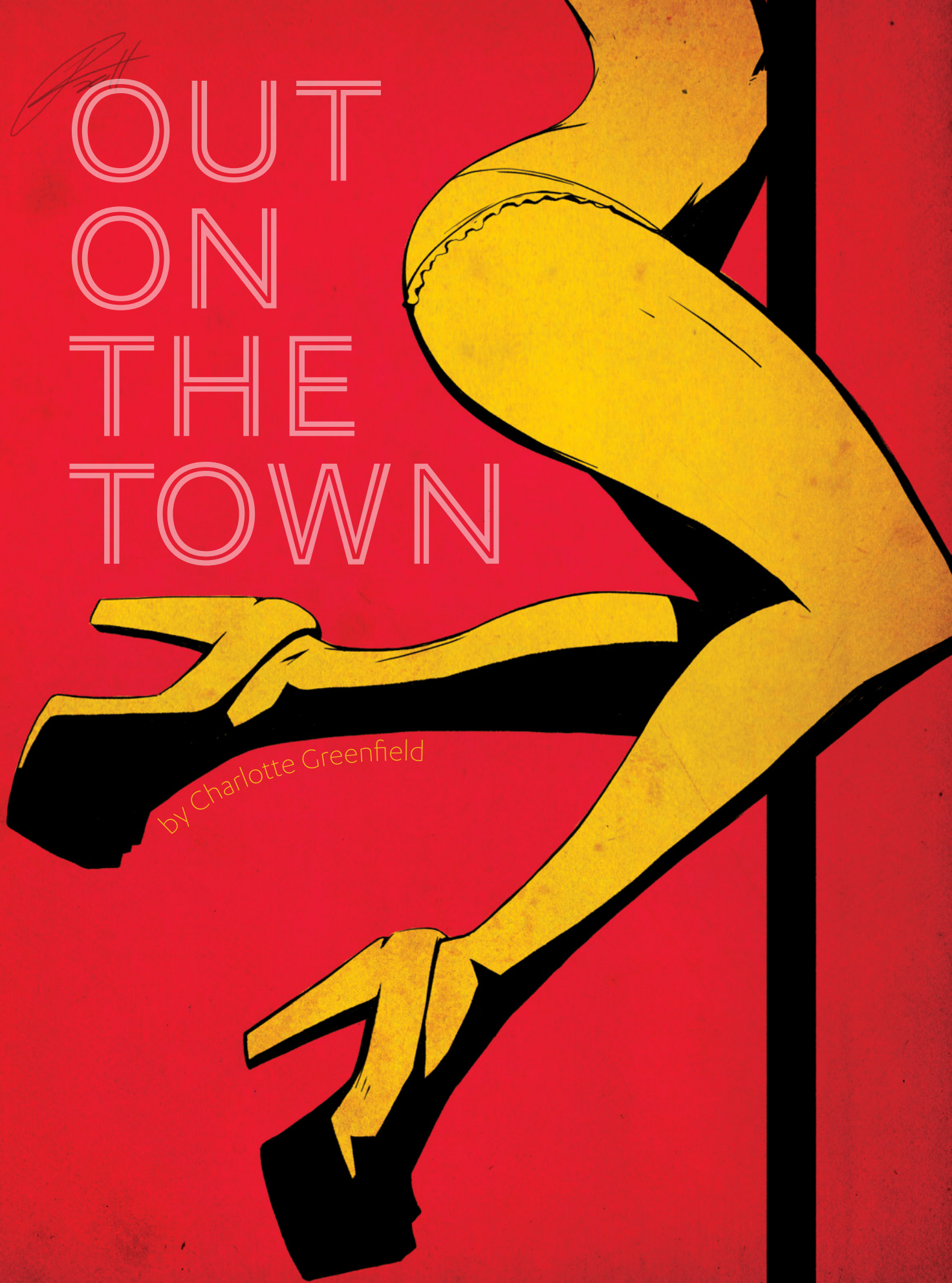
Kate Adie answers my questions in her own way, they are considered and informed, but God is she quick. Then again, she has needed to be. For someone who has vowed never to retire, she shows no sign of letting up yet.

*very few
people have
any firm idea
about what
is going to
happen in the
broadcasting
world*

Post

OUT ON THE TOWN

by Charlotte Greenfield



ONE HAPPENING SATURDAY, *Critic* decided

to brave a suitably cold winter's night in order to find out whether Dunedin can justify its urban identity with sufficiently sordid nightlife. Much to everyone's surprise, it can. We may have no White House or Mermaid, but what we found was more than enough to blow *Critic's* inexperienced and innocent mind for at least one night.

After warming up with a few drinks and a trip to the money machine for cash (strippers are one of the last stronghold of services holding out against Eftpos), we ventured into the very classy Edwardian building that houses Stiletto's, Dunedin's 'finest' (and only) stripclub. The interior was considerably less sophisticated, but not in the way I was hoping. Expectations may have been set too high but something about the un-sexily dimmed florescent lights, the nylon carpet and the non-reflecting mirrors was more reminiscent of Laser Force than Baz Luhrmann's *Moulin Rouge*.

STILETTO DOLLARS WERE AVAILABLE AT THE BAR, WITH AN EXCHANGE RATE COINCIDENTALLY THE SAME AS THE NZ DOLLAR

The routine inside Stiletto's was a fairly set one. Girl comes out and dances to one song in her underwear. Second song comes on and girl takes off underwear. By the third song, girl wanders round room

first past the assigned 'tipping area', which is populated by slightly disinterested looking men who slide cash into any underwear she still has. They looked like pros. Feeling inspired, we wanted to partake in a bit of cash sliding ourselves but couldn't figure out a) whether only 'stiletto' dollars were accepted b) how one could get said stiletto dollars and c) where exactly to put the stiletto dollars if there was no underwear in sight. Luckily we're fast learners. Before the night was out we had ascertained that stiletto dollars were available at the bar (with an exchange rate coincidentally the same as the NZ dollar) but that normal cash was equally welcome, "but no coins, it's not very comfortable for the ladies." We never quite worked what to do about

the underwear situation, but luckily for one of our hot-blooded young males, his chosen woman had retained her fluoro g-string, providing a suitable receptacle for his hard earned stiletto dollars. When queried about his experience, he confirmed, that it was well worth his \$2 plus \$20 entry fee, and with an expression of incredulous awe, he described the girl in question as "so...soft".

But it wasn't simply the skin *Critic* was concerned with, and once the titillation wore off, our contemplation began to take on a more clinical tone. *Critic's* esteemed editor maintained a running commentary throughout, consisting of reflections such as "there are so many sequins in here!" and "that girl has a really nice ass." We were all impressed with the dancing ability on show, some of which was nothing short of artistic endeavour. Whereas before the girls had presented us with the awkward prospect of one naked person in a room of clothed people, as they undulated and gyrated their way around the catwalk and up and down the poles, at times 4 metres in the air, the lack of clothes became a sidepoint. "You're such a good dancer, I don't even need to see your vagina," remarked one of our team as he as he considered 'Butterfly Girl' (so named by us due to the tattoos flapping ornately across her back).

We were beginning to feel more at home.

One of us was offered a job, another a potential date with a dancer, and I was feeling a boost to self-esteem that can only come from naked women repeatedly approaching and ignoring your male neighbours in order to embrace you and whisper suggestive comments in your ear. The one thing no one quite got around to getting was a lap dance. Though several were tempted, the \$50 and extra \$20 for 'touching', was a little out of any of our budgets and our ever conscientious editor muttered something evasive about auditors when asked to borrow the *Critic* credit card.

If fervent researchers couldn't scrape up the required cash in the name of investigative journalism, who is paying the dancers' wages? "The recession has hit the hospitality industry hard across the board," says Pete, the co-owner of Stiletto's, adding although the added element of 'dancing' sets Stiletto's apart from other bars, this can act as a blessing and a curse. "When town is having a good night, people tend not to venture down to us." Instead the income comes from a mix of regulars, pre-wedding functions, sports teams' end of season celebration, businessman and, it is anticipated, "the thousands of Poms in town for four weeks" during the Rugby World Cup. Whoever's paying, it's enough to ensure that being a stripper "is going to earn you much more than working at a supermarket check-out," says Pete. Ashley, a former employee of Stiletto's, remembers, "on my first weekend I pulled about \$1200, and on a more average weekend it'd probably have been around \$600 for Friday and Saturday night." For her, it was worth it for more than just the money, "it was heaps of fun, I'd describe it as getting paid to exercise, wear heels, meet cool people and not worry about a

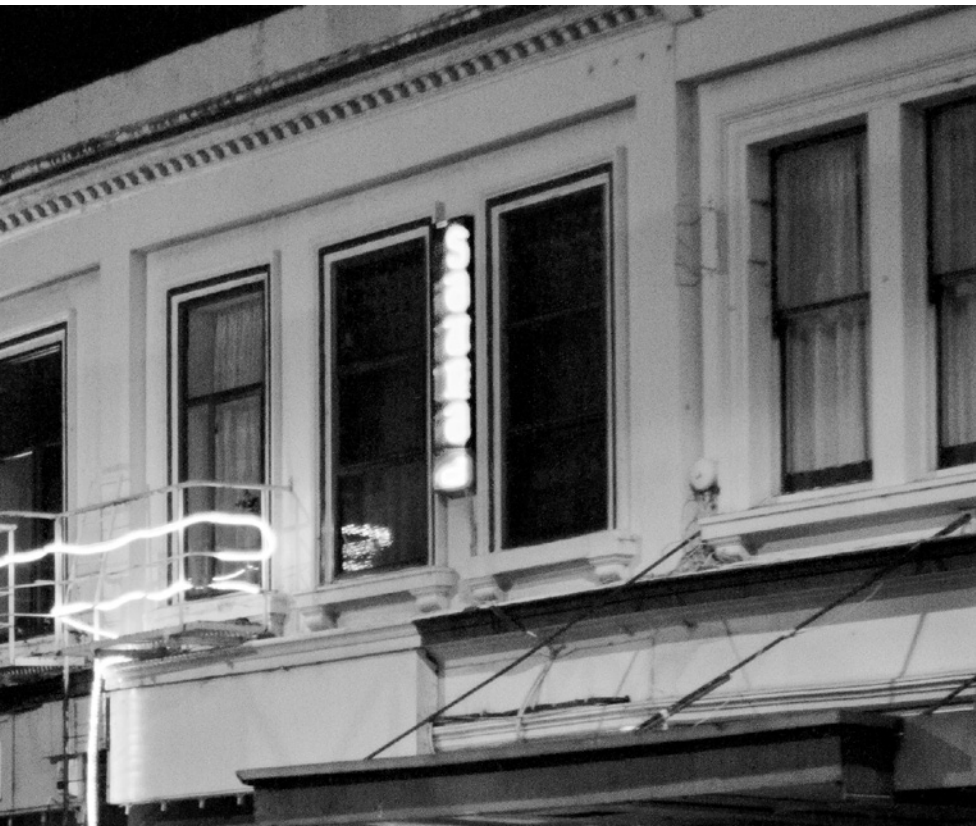
THERE WERE TRICKS; I HAD A FAKE 'REAL' NAME, A FAKE 'REAL' OCCUPATION AND A FAKE GIRLFRIEND



uniform! Not to mention, there's a pretty great power dynamic – a lot of people think that stripping is degrading to women, but at the end of the day we're flirting outrageously with guys who genuinely believe that we're interested, so that they'll either literally throw money at us or pay exorbitantly for a private strip show in a tiny little room with a camera in the corner that prevents any shit actually going down."

But there's a manipulative side to making the career profitable. "There were tricks; I had a fake 'real' name, a fake 'real' occupation and a fake girlfriend – people are more likely to tip/buy dances if they think that they're somehow special and know the 'real' you. In saying that, there were plenty of cool people there who didn't really require much work. A lot of the people I met were just genuinely good guys who wanted to see some boobs and they were good fun to sit around and have a drink with when off-stage" (*Critic* hopes that we were included in this category).

Having taken on Stiletto's in 2005, when it was known as 'Cleopatra's' and was "pretty run down and gang-affiliated", Pete and his partner Sylvia are aiming to "take the sleaze out of striptease." *Stiletto's* has strict policies banning the use of cellphones and cameras and "would be one of the strictest bars on intoxication in town." The type of employees is equally important. "It's not for everyone," says Pete, and Sylvia, a dancer herself, points out the importance of getting a group of women who gel rather than let the competition get out of hand.



Ashley found this was the case. “The only bitchy part of the job was song choice – if someone else danced to a particular song, nobody else was allowed to. So basically the new girls had waaay less choice.”

Where Ashley had issue was not with her fellow workers, but with the management. “The specific reason I left was to do with a contract. We didn’t have [written] contracts when I began. We didn’t pay stage fees and we kept all our tips – they [the management] took a cut from private/lap dances though”. During Ashley’s employment, Stilletos introduced contracts. “They [the contracts] took away a cut of our tips and introduced stage fees, but much more importantly were very strict as to our obligations and their rights.” However, Pete says that contracts with Stilletos dancers are standard in establishments across the country and are “in many aspects a lot fairer than other clubs”. He says the contracts set out “what Stilletos expects from our dancers as a standard of service”.

BENEATH HILARY CALVERT'S FORBOD- ING GAZE, THE FEMALE CONTIN- GENT OF OUR GROUP WAITED

Blissfully unaware of anything contract-related, *Critic* wandered out of Stilletos a little more sober than upon entry, but not yet ready to finish our survey of Dunedin indecency. The city’s two other adult establishments are conveniently located in the Exchange, a short distance from the one we had just left. Beneath Hilary Calvert’s forboding gaze, the female contingent of our group waited while we sent two brave men up to enquire at La Maison, House of Pleasure. Proving that it is in fact “Dunedin’s Classiest Establishment”, the Madame informed our men that for them to have a threesome “with four friends watching” they would have to pre-book because “not all the girls are into that kind of stuff.” Disappointed in all talk and no action, they then asked the price of the proposed event. \$140: a bargain, considering that if they each paid half, it would cost them the same as a *Stilletos* lap dance.

We gave the boys a break for the last leg of the adventure and climbed the rickety stairs up to Lucky Seven. Upon realizing his new customers were female, the manager called out to the back “don’t worry girls”. We could almost hear the collective sigh of relief. We were given a private tour of Lucky Seven’s long fabled sauna, spa, swimming pool, and waterslide. Use of these facilities costs \$10 and \$5 if you bring your own towel. “And don’t worry, it’s separate from the other side of business. We get men coming in all the time asking to use the sauna and getting disappointed when they go in and realise there’s no lady inside”. Well you would, wouldn’t you? Exhausted and newly corrupted, *Critic* decided to call it a night and wandered home past the Octagon through the hordes of zombie-like drunks heading to town. The x-rated sights we’d just seen suddenly began to look classier.



Between the Sheets

By Siobhan Downes

Or, like, on the d-floor at Monkey Bar, on a bike, or in the celebrity squares of Central Library. *Critic* goes Cosmo and talks to six students about the world's favourite pastime.

Sean

Looks are only as important as how horny I am. There's no real requirement – I'll take anything I can get. All the models I've been with have been ugly. Mean bodies, but hideous face wise. How many models have I been with? Well, uh, two.

I don't need a wingman. It's easier to do it by yourself. You dance close to them, give them the 'eye'. Bit of a grin. You come up behind them and chirp to them for a wee bit. You know, chirp. Like a bird. Chat them up. Then you turn them around and go in for the kiss.

One time I just did it with some girl in the middle of town, like in front of some random's apartment. Then the guy who lived there came home and was like, 'it's okay, you can finish up'. Then there was this time near the dental school, and a big crowd of people were watching and cheering me on, like 'yeah, yeah', haha.

Some others are a bit blurry. One is up for debate. Neither of us know what we did, but we both woke up naked, and yeah. But I usually get good feedback, even if it's not my best work.

I have this scale I use, which is:

1. I'd do it with her but wouldn't tell anyone.
Have to be trashed.
2. I'd do it with her and only tell a few friends. This is your typical, any day of the week kind.
3. I'd do it with her, tell everyone and brag about it. I should be so lucky.

*But I usually
get good
feedback,
even if it's not
my best work.*

Aiden

It's not something I like to keep secret. Except from my parents. People ask me and I say 'I'm this'. 'I also like guys as well as girls' – that's the phrase I like. One of my friends said 'I knew there was something weird about you'. If people ask, I'll tell them.

With guys, I'm very shallow – I see them and think 'I want to ravage them'. With girls, I tend to become friends first with

them, I want to spend more time with them, and I want to make them feel good. With guys it's about making me feel good.

I met him at the gym. I saw him, and thought 'he's pretty delicious looking'. I would go running on a treadmill, and every time I finished he would be there. We got talking, asked each other questions. Then one day we got together in the bathrooms. I was 14 or 15. There wasn't any penetration, but there was a lot of hands-on activity.

If I had to choose a life partner, I think I would choose a girl, because I'd like to have children. I imagine if I marry a girl, she'd know about me being bisexual. But when I like someone it's stronger than 'lust'. I think love is stronger. If I marry a girl, I'm not going to cheat on her with a guy at the gym.

*When I like
someone
it's stronger
than 'lust'*

Lily

I'm a bike rider. Riding boys is different because you're doing all the work on a bike. But in sex I just get to lie there. I really like boys that shave their legs – guys who ride bikes always shave their legs.

This one time, I was with a cyclist boy, and we were doing some night-time activities. Everything was going well and then I got foot cramp halfway through! It was such a mood killer. So I left. But my car battery was flat. I was too embarrassed to go back, so I went to the pub to call a taxi. I met Ricky Herbert there and ended up yarning about football until the driver came.

Am I turned on by lycra? At a race you can judge their packages by their lycra. You can see their arse and their diddle. I've gotten distracted in races when people pass me and

I see their arses and I think, ooh, I'd better chase that arse.

Best part about sex? You're always learning. Like the bike. On the bike you have your base fitness and you get your tempo going. Being a bike rider you've got good stamina. I can show you my programme. And I get real excited when I have a road bike ride. It's kind of like sex. It increases your endurance. Then you also do lots of short intervals.

Um, I think it would be good having sex in my lycra, because it works away the sweat. And yeah, I would consider having sex on my bike.

*And yeah,
I would
consider
having sex
on my bike.*

I don't know when I realised I was gay. I guess I've always known, it's always been there – I knew there was something different. I got outed at school. It felt like my world had come crashing down. But it turned out to be the best thing that could have happened.

My parents were pretty okay with it. Dad took it better than Mum.

I had already had sex when I came out. Before I had sex I was like, oh yeah, I want to try it. I would have been 16 when I lost my virginity. It hurt a lot more than I thought it would. But I was happy for the rest of the day. Then I didn't hear from him again and didn't have sex for another two years. I found out he had been doing it with someone else.

It's made me a lot more romantic about the idea of sex. I want a relationship and then sex, that sort of thing. Not just meaningless. My ideal kind of sex would be hot and steamy with lots of kissing and touching, while still meaning something to the both of us.

People think I'm a bit of a slut because I'm flirty and like the tease, but when it comes to the crunch, I shy away from it. I guess I'm still innocent about sex and relationships.

In the Dunedin gay community, word spreads quickly. It's a small, cliquey community. Like, once you've slept with one person you've slept with them all.

*My ideal kind of sex
would be hot and
steamy with lots of
kissing and touching*

Max

Astrid

The physical problems with my ex were just a small part of it, because he was such a psycho. It was like hiding emotional bruises. He had very strict ideas about how he wanted his own life to be, and how mine would fit into it. He wasn't so much a boyfriend as another parent. We weren't doing anything fun that teenagers should be doing – we basically just kissed. Amazingly, I got bored of that.

Then I met my new boyfriend, and it was a total flip. Physicality straight off the bat. We have a level of intimacy I had thought I was never going to find.

We were hooking up on his bed near the start of our relationship and suddenly I heard a really alarming noise. I'd accidentally rolled on my phone and called my ex – he was still on speed dial, since we'd only broken up a couple of weeks before. I quickly hung up the phone, turned it off, pulled out the battery and threw it across the room. I still don't know if he answered or not.

I think sex is a massively important component of a relationship, but the act itself is not always necessary. It's more about being fully open with each other. That was the difficulty with my ex – we were on different planets emotionally and couldn't discuss anything sexual without bringing other issues into it.

I think sex is a massively important component of a relationship, but the act itself is not always necessary

Emily

I wanted it. But I was also real scared. What happens if I get cum in my eye, or if it smells down there? I was the last one out of pretty much all my friends, even though a lot of them were Christians. You come close with other things – bit of touchin', kissin', grindin' – but never the penetrative aspect of the deal.

When we started going out, I said, I'll give myself four months before we have any sort of sex. Then I realised he was far more attractive than I first anticipated. So we cut that down to two months. One morning we woke up and went for it.

It was different to what I expected – better in a way, I think my hymen had already broken one time when he was fingering me. I was like, 'you've got long nails', haha. When it came to the sex, there was no blood, no tears. Just kinda weird – a thing inside you, you're like 'aw, what's that'? But when you get a bit of momentum it's quite nice in places.

Well, then there was a gobby in the celebrity squares in the library, when we were studying for exams. I swallowed that time. Apparently if you eat lots of pineapple, it tastes like pineapple. Then we broke the bed one time. After we started it was like once a day, sometimes several times a day.

Since I've started taking antidepressants, I haven't wanted sex as much.

Sex has made me more comfortable with my body. Being so close to my boyfriend has made me less insecure about it. And it just gives you something to do, really. It opens up a whole new avenue of activities. Like one time, we tried to have sex in a cemetery.

Apparently if you eat lots of pineapple, it tastes like pineapple.



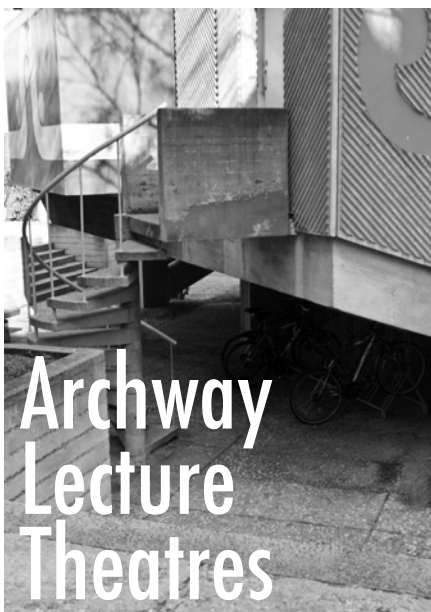
Into the Wild

Mrs John Wilmot ventures outdoors, and rates locations for their al-fresco sex appeal.

I have nothing against basic insertive vaginal, anal or oral intercourse.

In fact, I happen to be somewhat, and by “somewhat” I mean “extremely and borderline obsessively”, partial to all three. But sometimes it’s not enough, and it’s an itch that whips and chains cannot scratch alone. It’s the thrill of the great outdoors, minus the repulsive orthopaedic Teva sandals and too-tight Icebreaker merino base layers stretched over rolls of middle-aged flesh. It’s public sex, and it ranges from the foul to the fabulous. Unfortunately in Dunedin it often tends more towards the foul, a fact to which anyone standing around the Octagon at 3am watching South D’s finest gnawing at one another’s mandibles can attest.

Ever the philanthropist, I hope that by providing you with this handy guide to Dunedin’s most and least suitable places to bone, you too can attain exhibitionist nirvana. Don’t let the cold put you off. There’s nothing like a bracing sou’wester to make your nipples stand to attention, ready to battle against the elements like the hardy little soldiers they are.



Sex is possibly the only thing that could make an LAWS314 lecture in Archway 1 bearable. The ergonomics of the seats in there are even worse than those of the 1989 “champagne”-coloured two-door Mitsubishi Mirage hatchback with snazzy racing stripe I owned circa 2006 - 2007. The discomfort is such that it is impossible to sit in this fetid pit of arrogant future stars of Kensington Swan clad in their best Ruby gears for any length of time without squirming. Ergo, it ought to be easy to pass off orgasmic thrashing as mere repositioning of one’s posterior on your seat, which was presumably designed to ensure the comfort of a large gibbon or small orangutan. This is by no means mere speculation. I know for a fact that during one of Stuart Anderson’s unintelligible yet inimitable Property lectures he observed a fresh-faced student casually fingering his lady friend in the middle rows. We should all applaud this courageous sexual pioneer for the revolutionary he is/was. In fact, I wholeheartedly encourage my fellow students to follow his fearless lead. The idea of mass lecture orgies seems but a small step up the evolutionary ladder from the current situation, where students are already lovingly lubing up and vigorously fingerfucking their own sense of self-satisfaction via constant MacWank Pro usage.

A purely speculative **4/10** for the actual pleasure involved but the ballsiness of the act plus the fact that if your partner leaves something to be desired in the looks dept you are assured copious amounts of slutty wanna-alt Auckland eye candy pushes it up to **5/10**.

Can barely bring myself to write about this. Overall experience was more depressing than seeing four fat bitches in a Ford Escort. Let me preface this by saying that once engaged in sexual activity I will generally see things through to their logical conclusion come tsunami, Luftwaffe invasion or revelations of John Travolta’s raging heterosexuality. The Metro toilets, however, destroyed my nympho spirit after a mere four licks from base to tip of a random punter’s dick. I was kneeling on the floor of the toilet stall when I felt a sinister sort of squish in the region of my left kneecap. As I stood up, a used super tampon slowly detached itself from my Levante stockings and returned to earth with a soft thud. I stared, transfixed, as the sodden lump of rayon oozed claret onto the soft grey nubuck leather of my shoes.

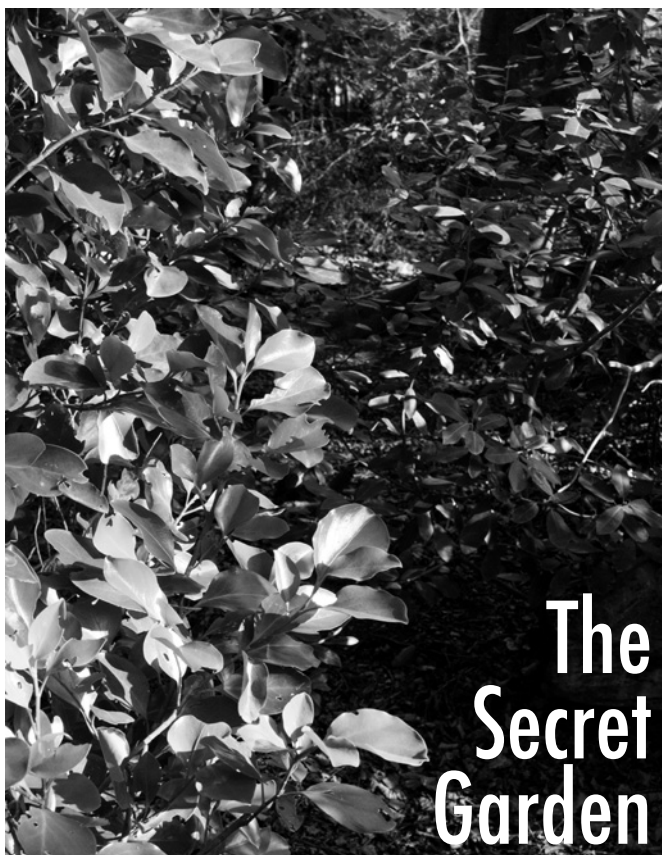
I do feel that a BJ or at the very least a sneaky pash in the most diabolically vile bathrooms of all of Dunedin’s noxious pits of nocturnal depravity is an essential part of the scarfie lifestyle. However, I would rather gang probe Magda Szubanski than personally repeat this experience. **0/10**.



Just up from the Octagon there is a magical place. I am loath to give away its exact location, but just north of the fine drinking establishment that is Metro is a beautiful little courtyard garden hidden down an alleyway. The ideal place for a joint, a line, a tab, a root or any combination thereof, pheromones ooze from every leafy evergreen and flowering hellebore. Boys, taking a girl here is a move slicker than two eels fucking in a bucket of snot and precum.

A word of warning, though - don't follow my lead and get so swept up in the romance of the place that you forget the name of the person you just screwed. Admittedly I do this with some regularity irrespective of locale (I make no apologies; I am a visual/kinetic learner not an aural one) but the Secret Garden sparked a particularly awkward incident. Post-al fresco action I felt obliged to invite the Wanaka snowboarder, who had nowhere to stay, back to my house until sunrise. The moment a chink of half-light appeared through a gap in the curtains I called him a taxi. The sadistic bitch on the other end asked the name of the passenger. Frantically trawling my wasted memories for clues, I eventually slurred, "Uh, Jo-oe??" He snarled, "It's Pete." I attempted a pissed floozy laugh. He looked at me like I'd just admitted to fantasising about a gangbang with Rodney Hide and Michael Laws, then gathered his clothing and stalked out with what would've been dignity if he didn't have a used condom stuck to his naked left thigh.

Base rating of **9/10, 10/10** if you manage to remember their name.



deal for beginners, mildly exposed in-vehicle coitus in the Countdown carpark will render the popping of your public-sex cherry smoother than my labia after a visit to Je! Beauty Therapy. I recommend parking up in the middle of the carpark, ensuring equal proximity to the supermarket and the police station, then heating things up in the boot or back of your vehicle. The exhibitionist in you will relish the wide cross-section of society walking past your steamed-up windows, from trackpant-clad bogans to Joan the Butcher to those lovely folk from Greenpeace who seem unaware that their chronic halitosis renders them ineffective advocates for the anti-seabed drilling movement. Once you're feeling confident, hop out of the car and bang on the bonnet. Get a car wash first, though. I did this straight after returning from Queenstown and was forced to spend an unpleasant half-hour after the fact scraping Maniototo dust, small midges and other miscellaneous winged insects from my bum and lower back. Oh, the things I do for you in the name of research!

Anyway, probably the ultimate point in Countdown's favour is sheer convenience - cuddling after sex is frankly overrated when one could be taking advantage of the Weekend Windback on Fab Frangipani 2x Ultra Concentrate. And possibly purchasing some combination of Dettol, baby wipes and Summer's Eve Feminine Wash if you don't take my advice on the car wash thing.

Basic in-car **6/10, 7/10** if you add in a Titanic-style sweaty window-swipe. Can probably get up to **8/10** for good old-fashioned on-the-bonnet banging.

Opinion



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32 Two Left Feet, The Eagle of Liberty | **33** ODT Watch, The Agenda Gap
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We Can Do It!

DIATRIBE

Timaru gynaecologist Dr Albert Makary recently claimed that New Zealand women treat sex like “paddock mating”. We’re too promiscuous and what’s more, we’re “glamourising” it (God forbid we would make something enjoyable look fun).

Instead, Makary thinks we should be stigmatizing sex, having a “nanny revolution” if you will. Presumably, “Sleeping with Strangers: It’s not my future” posters will pop up at bus stops, and “It’s not who we’re sexing, it’s how we’re sexing” ads will blare out of the television screen.

But before you write off Makary as a lone wolf, other people have come out in support of his views. Sex therapist Mary Hodson, thinks women are sexually promiscuous because they feel a need to “compete with the boys and be the same as boys”. Huh? Oh, and apparently, the root of all evil in this case is “sexual freedom”.

While Makary and Hodson might be concerned about women’s promiscuity, I’m more concerned about the double standard being applied (and published by none other than the *ODT*). When men have lots of sex, they’re players. When women have lots of sex, they’re compared to farm animals?

Both make reasonably poor attempts at covering their latent sexism with arguments about how women can get hurt emotionally. Emily McKenzie, who studies psychology, told the *Herald*; “what I’ve seen is young girls that are sleeping around to try and find love and boost their self-esteem. I’ve seen the effects of promiscuity on my peers, and I am a strong advocate against such actions”. This line of reasoning not only places all the blame for these harmful encounters on women (surely the men who are breaking women’s hearts are somewhat to blame as well?), but reinforces the idea that men are emotionless when it comes to sex, while women spend their time sobbing their heart out. In addition, it seems pretty hard to prove that women are more hurt by sexual encounters now than when they were sexually repressed.

It’s not that we should force women to be promiscuous to show how “free” they are, it’s that women should be able to have casual sex, or not as the case may be, and be free from judgment. According to a *Herald* article, Makary was also concerned that the focus of sex education implied that sleeping around was okay ‘as long as you’re wearing the right gear’. And you know what, contrary to what Makary thinks, it IS alright as long as you’re wearing the right gear. The sexual revolution wasn’t just about getting lots of action outside the bonds of wedlock; it was about liberation and the ability to choose paths for oneself.

Because really, is promiscuity such a bad thing? While enforced promiscuity a la Logan Edgar is unappealing, enforced conservative viewpoints on sex are also pretty unattractive. We shouldn’t be making sweeping judgments that condemn people’s lifestyle choices. We shouldn’t be teaching a watered-down version of Christian philosophy, with moral imperatives that teach abstinence and suppression. We should be able to sleep with whom we choose and enjoy sex, without being compared to filthy farm animals.

– **Carrie Bradshaw**

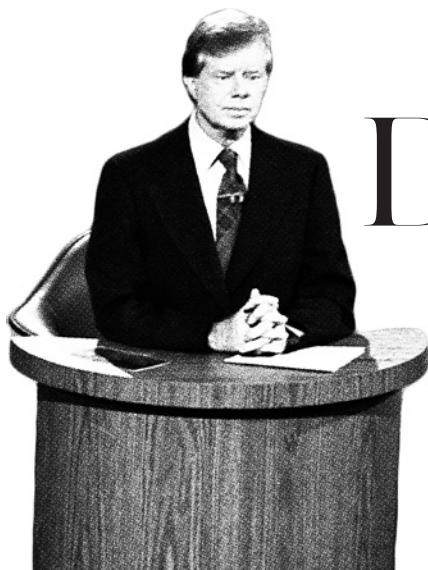
Want to get your voice heard? Write us a 500 word diatribe on whatever grinds your gears, and it could be featured on this page. Send it to critic@critic.co.nz by 4pm Wednesday.

Shawn Miller

POST FEB. 15 TO FEB. 28



WAR PRODUCTION CO-ORDINATING COMMITTEE



Debatable



Debatable is written by the Otago University Debating Society, which meets for social debating every Tuesday at 7pm in the Commerce Building. This week's motion is **"We should outlaw public displays of affection"**.

Emily Hay argues the affirmative, while *Maddie Harris* argues the negative.

Affirmative

The issue of public displays of affection, aka PDAs, is no longer about getting a room, it's about getting some self respect. PDAs repulse society and show a deep despise for your own integrity. The idea that you think others like to see this disgusting display, or the fact that you don't care, shows what a deeply narcissistic and bad person you are. Not to mention the negative impact it has on society.

PDAs are not committed by hot couples, but by those that are so feral that they have to show off as publicly and as annoyingly as possible that, "YES! Someone is interested in me!" (shock horror). Newsflash; no one is jealous when viewing a PDA. People only stare because they are baffled by how this equally feral pair found one another, and how neither of them have the commonsense or courtesy to commit these acts in privacy. Canoodling in public doesn't mean you're loved, it just shows the world what an insecure individual you are.

Not all PDAs are a simple matter of looking away. In some situations you are cruelly stuck in a confined public space with a couple intent on having a teen pregnancy. If I wanted to watch a porno, I'd borrow my flatmate's hard drive and watch the pros do it, not these amateurs at the back of the bus. However, in the majority of cases, yes, one could simply look away but the fact is people should not be forced to avert their eyes in public places or cross the road to avoid some love sick lunatics. It does not mean you're frigid if you don't appreciate these public profanities; it only shows that, like most Otago students, you are one classy cat. You are someone who has standards and doesn't like to be blinded by insecure people trying to hide their loneliness and insecurities with unnecessary public affection.

People who hate PDAs do not hate love and do not hate affection. PDAs don't make people think, 'oh how nice love does exist.' It makes people want to vomit. PDAs are basically just a half assed attempt at foreplay, without the climactic ending. Either do it right, privately in your bedrooms, in your flatmate's bedroom, on your kitchen table or in your tiny scarfie toilet, or don't do it at all.

People clean up dog poo because no one enjoys being surrounded by shit. So why not clean up PDAs because, let's face it, if I had to choose between a sidewalk with poo on it and a sidewalk with a cud-dling couple, I'd take the shit any day.

– *Emily Hay*

Negative

The affirming team has painted the misinformed picture of our streets being full of lousy attempts at anticlimactic foreplay, abysmal failure at recreating pornos on buses, and unattractive needy couples inappropriately eating each others faces off.

I have three responses to this. Firstly, to the anticlimactic remark, the climax comes later. Secondly, the argument to outlaw PDAs is frigid and a gross overstatement. Patience is a virtue and applies when witnessing these situations so take this as a piece of advice next time you're on a raunchy bus ride. And thirdly, to the insinuation that our society is full of unattractive make outs, we ask the affirmative to show a bit of that self respect that's been a main feature of their self righteous babble and stop insulting the sex appeal of our society!

On side negative, it is our belief that societal balance would completely collapse as a result of outlawing said PDAs. Thinking about it this way, we are effectively outlawing our young generation of alcohol-infused romances founded on 'the pash', denying over-exuberant arts students basic self expression and, more severely, abolishing the possibility of old couples holding hands that remind us of that strange concept of marriage without divorce. A wise man once said "feminism killed romance" and obviously he was right. The affirming side of the argument has completely missed the real implications that outlawing PDAs would have on a society like ours. Let's face it Dunedin, we get a bit frisky. With the majority of the population between 18 and 24, and a tendency to get drunk often and face impaired judgement when in close proximities in the depths of Monkey Bar with the opposite sex (or same, if that's your field of expertise!), it can only be expected. Sure, a confrontation of one's own lack of affectionate public displays can evidently leave the less romantically-endowed amongst us feeling slightly inadequate and bitter and condemn such activities in a ridiculous feminist rant. It's a repulsive fantasy of the affirming team that anything from a cheeky pash to a raunchy mid-footpath straddle can be deemed as unfit for society. It's not dog shit, it's ground work. And ground work gets results! Suppression of a sneeze can lead to rupture of a blood vessel and suppression of PDAs can lead to a sexually deprived society. Otago; your future, your choice.

– *Maddie Harris*



As you have no doubt heard by now, VSM is coming, blah blah blah apocalypse blah blah. This silly little piece of doublethink, which restricts the way that students and universities can contract with one another, is nothing but a socialist plot. Disturbingly, VSM has been promoted by the ACT Party, erstwhile defenders of liberty. Apparently, Roger Douglas cannot escape his socialist past with Labour. He is quite clearly a grapefruit: yellow on the outside but red (socialist) on the inside.

However, there are heroes on both sides. Recently, our glorious leader Scarfie McScarf locked himself in a cage to protest this aberration. However, some socialist protestors, disguised as ACT On Campus, took offence at his gallantry. They held up some highly ironic signs (socialists love holding signs), then showed their own contempt for liberty by assaulting Mr McScarf.

ACT MPs Grapefruit Douglas, Humpty Dumpty Hide and Madam Hilary have cleverly disguised their socialist plot as an attack on compulsory unionism. Clearly this is a facetious, flimsy rationale. A union is a collective comprised of workers – dirty, smelly workers – which bargains with employers. A students' association is a body comprised of students which bargains with universities. Students aren't *employed* by universities. They are consumers. Consumers are good. Consume, mindless minions, consume!

The grapefruit-egg-brothel party also claims that students' associations violate the right to freedom of association by forcing its members to join. This argument annoys me so much I could assault someone in Tonga. And then steal a dead baby's identity. If my neighbour offers to sell me a spade, but only if I join the Communist Party, I am not *forced* to join the Communist Party because I am not *forced* to buy the spade. In a free market, my neighbour is totally within his rights to make this offer and I am totally within my rights to take it or leave it. And as much as I would like to take that spade and hit him in his simpering little commie face with it, I won't because I LOVE LIBERTY.

Similarly, if a university wants all its students to join a students' association, it should be allowed to make that a condition of enrolment. If prospective students don't like this, they are at liberty (liberty!) not to enrol. Claiming otherwise, and legislating to that effect, is clearly a gross interference with the free market. It is socialism, pure and simple.

As any non-socialist rightly believes, nobody is *entitled* to a university education. User pays, bitch. So when a university imposes conditions like students' association levies, this doesn't violate anyone's rights. If these lazy ACT-voting socialist bums can't afford the levies, maybe they should quit whining and get a job, like their parents did. And while you're at it, take a goddam shower.

– **Sampson McChesney**

The Eagle <3 s America

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave / O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

America. Sweet Land of Liberty, Defender of the Free World, home of the Bald Eagle and the Statue of Liberty. America saved the western world from fascism, stopped the spread of the communist plague, and now stands resolutely as the last bastion of hope against Islamic terrorism. The Eagle salutes our American friends. Yet the childlike, petulant, utterly naïve, Kumbaya-singing socialists, sheltered from the realities of the international world, are not grateful for the elimination of Osama bin Laden. On the contrary, most of these modern-day hippies hold noisy anti-American protests at the drop of a feather. If they hadn't fried their brains through substance abuse, these Green-voting full-time protesters would realise that the only reason they're free to chant their laughable slogans (the Eagle's favourite is "Food not bombs") is because of the tireless efforts of the USA.

Ever since the Founding Fathers signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776, America has soared above other nations. "All men are created equal" = brilliant. (Maori Party disagrees). "[Humans are born with] certain unalienable Rights [to] Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness". Beautiful stuff. Next up was the Constitution, which in 1791 was amended to include the sublime Bill of Rights. Ten clauses of pure liberty. Free speech, free religion, the right to bear arms – it's the stuff of nightmares for socialists, who have repeatedly tried to take away these precious rights. But their attempts have been struck down time and again by liberty-loving judges, who have a duty to uphold the Constitution regardless of what the government or the authoritarian majority say. America isn't only famous for its great legal system though – enterprising Americans are responsible for wonderful inventions like jazz music and skyscrapers. The USA is a nation that values individual creativity and innovation.

Socialists have always been anti-America. The USA represents everything socialists hate – freedom, liberty, success, and the power of the individual. Much like Batman in *The Dark Knight*, the USA is often misunderstood and scapegoated as 'the bad guy' by ignorant people. But America does damn well at managing a difficult task – defending the Western World. They have to make the tough decisions that don't have easy answers. Sometimes, the only option is to go to war. Or should America have relaxed with a beer while Hitler conquered Europe? Realistically, who would socialists rather have as the global superpower? Russia? China? Wimpy Scandinavia? Give America a break, wretched socialists, or the Eagle will give you a break. In the spine.

You are the wind beneath my wings,

The Eagle



THE AGENDA GAP

When the snow fell last week, most people were happy about the snow fighting and snow creations that would likely ensue. The ODT, on the other hand, must have jumped for joy as they realised the endless potential for puns and news stories.

And boy, did they really squeeze every last drop that they could from the snowy situation. Any possible experience of the snow was covered in immense detail, whether people had sledded in car pods, claimed to be unaffected, were scared of driving, or had some snow on their back lawn. Whole pages were dedicated to pictures of snow and snow-related headlines. (Meanwhile, of course, the rest of the world was fixated on other things like, oh, I don't know, the Norwegian attacks, the death of Amy Winehouse and the unfolding of the British hacking scandal).

They kept it "cool" with funky and mildly misleading captions:

Chilling out . . . Pedestrians in Thames St dash through a flurry of snow in a shower which hit Oamaru mid-afternoon yesterday. PHOTO: DAVID BRUCE

They cleverly combined product placement with their headlines:

Icebreaker

They used "icy" puns that talked simultaneously about emotions and the weather:

Tension thaws after 11th-hour frost saves festival

They even made an adorable picture, like they made for the Christchurch earthquake or the election or an ongoing media scandal. COZ THIS IS BREAKING NEWS PPL.

THE BIG CHILL



By Tuesday, as the ice started to thaw, ODT sensed that the newsworthiness of the snow was dwindling, so they went in for a little light scaremongering. On Tuesday's paper, emblazoned across the front page was the headline "Now the fear is black ice". The implication: if you were scared of the 10cm of snow we had before, YOU SHOULD BE RUNNING FOR YOUR LIFE FROM THE INSIDIOUS BLACK ICE THAT COULD STRIKE AT ANY SECOND.

They had also begun to run out of "witty" puns. Instead, they began to fall back on poorly worded headlines that offered helpful tips.

Stranded: whisky helps

Thanks ODT. What would we have done without you?

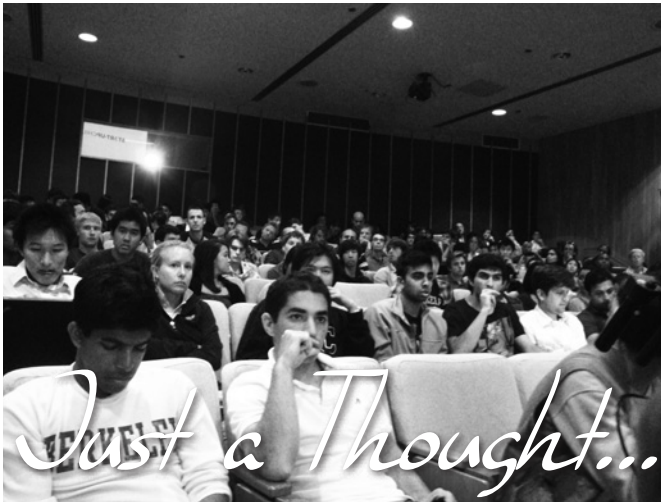
Politically speaking, the environment (and by that I mean the planet we live on and which sustains us) is seen as an inconvenience. For generations now, the fact that the sustenance of the planet can't keep up with human consumption has been wilfully ignored. Slowly – very slowly – the ideas of man-made climate change and peak oil managed to get past the smoke screens, and politicians had to be seen to be taking these things seriously. Deniers of all stripes were stranded in the realm of the fringes and fanatics. David Bellamy is no longer taken seriously, much to the cabbage-tree-choking delight of Old Man's Beard everywhere. As the evidence piled in from all sides, our elected leaders were in danger of looking illiterate or incompetent or both if they maintained their negligence. So they changed their mantra of 'Deny, Deny, Deny' to 'Delay, Delay, Delay'. They set up treaties, committees and international summits. Brows are furrowed. Chins are stroked. Nothing happens: no regulation, no legislative change, nothing of note that might help apply the handbrake to humanity's suicide mission.

Here in New Zealand, both the Blue Team and the Red Team are guilty of doing this on our behalf. Our Prime Minister would rather us be followers than leaders, even if it means taking environmental cues from a giant open cast mine across the Tasman. '100% Pure' is just a brand, an aspiration rather than a proclamation, and if election results and recent polling are any indication, Mr & Mrs Middle New Zealand are quite happy with this. So it is with much interest that I note the great concerns being raised about freedom camping recently. 'Tourists are destroying our precious planet!' the people cry. 'Something has to be done about their sullyng our image before the Rugby World Cup 2011!'

Regional authorities and politicians agree it is an outrage too. Never mind the dairy cows shitting in the river just upstream, those Teutonic travellers in their badly painted Escape rental vans have to be stopped! All of a sudden, even those plucky small business owners have turned environmentalist. And by environmentalists, I mean hospitality industry lobbyists. If rugby fans just sleep in their vans, hoteliers/moteliars won't be able to gauge them with their artificially inflated market rates for accommodation! I'm surprised Heineken haven't pushed for the temporary banning of off-licenses so they can peddle their batch-brewed swill in the smallest glass for the highest price for a month or so. They could call it a moral crusade against public drunkenness. This army of - presumably volunteer - enforcers, when they're not making sure rugby clubs aren't letting people watch the games on TV, rapping on the windows of campervans or force feeding you 'Dutch' beer, should just resort to confiscating people's sandwich fixings and shunting them off in the direction of an Official Snack Food Supplier.

The IRB bankrupted my country and all I got was kicked out of my car for having a nap.

– Aaron Hawkins



Surviving wrong-paper-itis

So the holidays are now a mere memory, new papers have been picked, and lectures have been attended (or not, in the case of some people I know). What is there to do once you've come to realise you made rubbish choices? How do you cure what I've come to know as 'wrong-paper-itis', I hear you ask?

The first system of this terrible disease is the onset of Irritable Mood Syndrome as triggered by a bad lecturer. So if you're being taught by the Phil Goff of lecturers, then try this game on for size (Laws 101 might not have been so grand without this trick). Turn your lecturer into a mythical character. Trust me, nothing will make a semester fly by like spending a couple of hours a week constructing elaborate tales that

your newfound character must follow or the world as we know it will seek to exist. Delve deep into your imagination and let your wildest fantasies take hold. Try a dragon battle in Week Four or a legend about how he saved the princess with his PowerPoint skills. The more farfetched the better; remember, this is meant to last a lifetime.

If you prefer to make it look as if you're actually doing something, try penning the next great novel you've been itching to get to. I would think you could get halfway done, or at least to the first big twist by semester break. Employ all your skills in this because it would be one hell of a story to tell Oprah when you're a published author who failed second year English. Just picture it now; 'so how did you come up with this great idea?'. 'Well, Oprah, I was bored in English so decided to write a little book instead'. Legendary.

Now I understand that not all of us can conjure up a novel in a semester, so if you feel like letting your imagination work in other ways, how about a running internal monologue? 'What?' you say. Well, create elaborate nicknames for all those in the lectures and construct an internal monologue in line with Steve Irwin. 'Look at this beauty, the very rare mature student trying to exercise its intellectual dominance by calling out'. Just keep those monologues in your head, you don't want to be known as that guy who talked about the class as though it was on *Animal Planet*. There's no way back from that.

If this all fails, you could just pay attention. You might learn something you didn't know, though you won't remember it past two hours before your exam. If not, just sleep, you can never have too much sleep. It's just a thought.

– Lyle Skipsey



Leuchtenberg – Mildes Wein Sauerkraut

\$4.99 for a 500g packet

This week we're off to Germany to indulge in finely shredded pickled cabbage with wine. I was a little sceptical as I held the foil pack in my hands. After all, cabbage is hardly

considered something to pleasantly rouse your tastebuds. I'll never forget the sight of daunting piles of over-boiled, unseasoned white cabbage at year six camp. The outcast at dinner. (The cabbage, that is, not me) Raw red cabbage in salads is about as far as I will go when experimenting with the brassicaceae family.

On opening the packet, my nostrils were spared nothing. This particular variety was sharp in scent and flavour, owing to both the pickling process and the addition of wine. It has a long shelf life but requires refrigeration once opened. Sauerkraut, which translates in German as 'sour cabbage' has a fairly commendable texture. However, it does carry an unshakable tang, which can be rather overbearing.

I prepared the cabbage as per the packet instructions, attempting to transform the wet, lumpy mass into a satisfying supper. Given I had an unnerving half kilo of the stuff, I increased the amount of liquid stock to be added (I opted for chicken, but you could use vegetable) from one to three cups. After

mixing these together in a large pot over a medium heat, I added enough butter to make the Heart Foundation keel over, and plenty of cracked black pepper. A few teaspoons of flour can be added at this stage to thicken the sauce. After heating, you'll have a pot full of warm, buttery cabbage. What's not to love?

Well, eating it at this stage still remains a very offensive assault to the tastebuds, as the punchy tang prevails. I'd recommend preparing the sauerkraut as above, and using it in meals that need some bite to them (both in flavour, and alternative textures). Try it as a moderate garnish for omelettes, or serve it atop steak. You could also incorporate it into a quiche with ham and a mild, creamy cheese. It's certainly a novel way to eat cabbage, but proceed with caution. Fans of piquant food will love it. Cabbage haters will continue on their crusade against it. I'm going to arbitrarily guess that the population is equally divided between the two groups (hence the quite average rating). Pick a side.

5/10

– Ines Shennan



STATE OF THE NATION THE SEX EDITION



| NAME STRIPPER NAME | LIZ JIZZ | LILY DEFLOWER | ANTHONY MUNDINE | ANGUS HARDWOOD | SAMANTHA MCBOOBS | DANIELA DOUBLE D-LICIOUS |
|--------------------------|-------------|------------------|--------------------|-------------------|---------------------|-----------------------------|
|--------------------------|-------------|------------------|--------------------|-------------------|---------------------|-----------------------------|

WHERE WOULD BE THE BEST PLACE FOR SOME 'AL-FRESCO' SEX?

Liz: In a dark dirty alleyway

Lily: In the Botanics in the soft flower beds.

Anthony: In the Playboy mansion, with all the Playboy bunnies.

Angus: Tropical Island.

Samantha: In an abandoned, haunted house: "Curiosity killed the kids"

Daniela: In the cook.

WHAT'S YOUR GUILTIEST PLEASURE IN TERMS OF INANIMATE OBJECTS YOU HAVE/WOULD USE?

Liz: Just my hand

Lily: Doing the doggie with a dogroll.

Anthony: Flashlight

Angus: Handcuffs

Samantha: Condom

Daniela: Desk-chair leg

WOULD YOU RATHER BE A STILLETOS STRIPPER OR PLAY IN THE LUCKY 7S MESSAGE POOL?

Liz: Stilletos to get my bits out

Lily: The massage pool for a more personal experience.

Anthony: Stilletos

Angus: Whatever gets me paid more.

Samantha: Massage Pool

Daniela: Lucky 7s massage pool.

WHAT'S THE COOLEST THING YOU DID TO CELEBRATE THE SNOW?

Liz: Went for a snowboard down the street with Ali & Louise

Lily: Rode a snowman

Anthony: Castle Street snow fight

Angus: Some skids in the car

Samantha: Made cocktail slushies with the snow

Daniela: Stayed in a farmhouse with 30 unknowns eating cheeserolls while stuck on the road for 12 hours.

WHO DO YOU THINK WILL BE THE NEXT PERSON TO JOIN THE 27 CLUB?

Liz: Planking

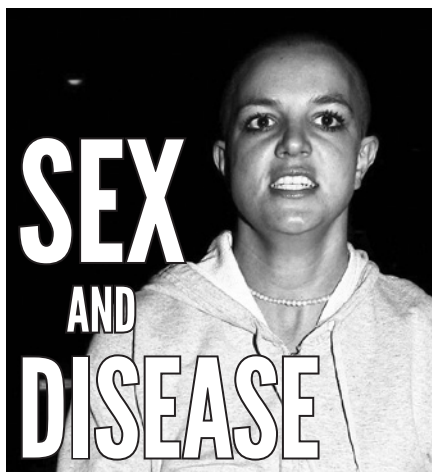
Lily: Drew off C4

Anthony: Lady Gaga

Angus: Ned Marks or Michael Bayley

Samantha: Hugh Heffner

Daniela: Bruno Mars "I hate his hats"



I have this friend – let's call her SknyDioGr12 – who has only had sex with one person, ever. During the course of their turbulent four-year relationship, her boyfriend has screwed his way through Auckland's tacky D-list skank supply, snorted his way through its coke supply, and injected his way through its steroid supply. SknyDioGr12 has stood by him throughout, because every time they get back together, "it's just different now, you know? He's getting anger management counselling,

and he's trying to cut down on his drug dealing, and that Miss Universe New Zealand chick he was fucking totally has cellulite anyway, what a trashbag. I'll facey you the picture!"

SknyDioGr12 reached a new low in April when she discovered an interesting bottle of medication in the glove box of her boyfriend's 2009 Audi A6 while waiting for him to return from Video Ezy with CrappyJenAniston-RomCom #239. Further fossicking revealed a pamphlet from the Auckland Sexual Health Clinic. Ultimately the night was spent not with *Marley and Me*, but instead with 'Genital Warts and You'. (Personally I think the former is probably the more sinister scourge of twenty-first century society, but I digress.) When my friend, still sobbing into her Karen Walker bow necklace, called to tell me about the incident, I couldn't help but feel smugly satisfied that someone who once observed that she 'wasn't like me' because she 'couldn't just, like, pick up a random guy in a bar and sleep with him' was, indeed, not like me – insofar as that she was infected with the human papillomavirus.

Still, one must remain vigilant. I take a

When too much weight has been lost from the fridge, especially in the junk food shelf, the fridge locks itself for the rest of the day, and the obese person can't get into the fridge anymore. This would stop them from endlessly cramming donuts and cakes. I am not 100% sure about the technological requirements to make this work, that's where you guys come in.

Let's work on this brilliant idea together, and we can split the profits 50-50.

Cheers,
Steven.

Dear Stephen,

Thank you for your email. Unfortunately we would not be able to produce an anti obese fridge, as this would be considered as discrimination, however the concept sounds good with the shelves but I don't think consumer would like a fridge that locked them out, and this particular model would not sell very well.

Kind regards

Natasha

Fisher and Paykel Appliances

Customer Care Representative

two-pronged approach to STI prevention, generally choosing to a) use condoms and b) avoid setting foot in the Monkey Bar at all costs. Yet it is not inconceivable that something could slip through the cracks, so to speak. Every time I get tested I lapse into a borderline hallucinogenic state like Renton's heroin withdrawal in *Trainspotting*, complete with cold sweats and awful nightmares involving an HIV game show similar to the one in that movie, except that the host is Jason Gunn and good God, those eyebrows of doom plus STI uncertainty plus a couple of suspicious ingrown hairs in the pubic region does not a peaceful slumber maketh.

Anyway. Despite my rampant promiscuity I remain resolutely clean, to the considerable annoyance of the SknyDioGr12s of this world. One can only conclude that there is no God. Either that or there is one and he loves sluts. Probably the latter. At least I'm 99% sure that's what the Student Life Lounge kids were telling me at 9am on Tuesday before I told them to fuck off because it was too early for Jesus.

– Mrs John Wilmot

Dear Natasha,

You're right, that is a very good point. Being locked out of the fridge is a semi-permanent inconvenience and wouldn't sell well. However, I came up with a variation on this idea, but for anorexic people. It has the same weighted shelves idea, obviously, this is the masterpiece which gives value to the product.

But this time it wants the weight to go down, and if it doesn't go down enough the fridge starts beeping loudly. I know you're thinking "that might not make them eat food", but it will. When the microwave beeps at me I ignore it for a bit, but then it gets so annoying that I have to go over and open it.

So let's talk business,
Steven

Dear Stephen,

Thanks for your response

The weighted shelves concept with the beeping sounds better however if you have a template or a model and take a photo we will forward it to our product development team.

Kind regards

Natasha

Fisher and Paykel Appliances



Prank*D tries to invent things. Goes badly.

Hi,

I was wishing to communicate with Fisher and Paykel regarding an innovative refrigeration idea I came up with before going to sleep last night.

I was contemplating how many obese people there are in the world and how it's only getting worse. I decided that the best solution for this was to control the food source of obese people so they can't keep stuffing their faces with food. Then it came to me: The Anti-Obese Fridge.

It can have different shelves for different food types, with weight sensitive shelves.

Review



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41 Games; *Green Lanterns, Dungeons of Dredmor* | **42** Art; *Graduate Exhibition*
43 Film; *Film Festival Picks, Cars 2, African Cats, Copacabana, Mrs Carey's Concert* | **46** Performance; *Impros II, Do You Want To Hear a Secret?*
47 Food; *Polenta*

Battles – *Gloss Drop*

It's 3 a.m. I'm 11 years old, sleep-deprived, watching C4. "Battles – 'Atlas'" appears onscreen. "What the fuck, Atlas? That Kiwi band who wrote that annoying song 'Crawl'?! Wait. Ohhh, I see."

The thumping drums, alien keyboards and ultra-distorted vocals amuse me for a bit, as does the music video, then I get creeped out and switch it off. I don't sleep too well.

Cut to the modern day and I'm a huge fan of Battles. After devouring their debut album, *Mirrored*, in Fourth Form (the second track of which is 'Atlas'), I've since been itching for a follow-up. I've gotten a taste for chunky, high-register math rock, and one album and a bunch of obscure EPs can only get you so far.

Battles' sophomore effort only arrived this year, under the delicious moniker *Gloss Drop*, oozing into our universe after the controversial departure of vocalist Tyondai Braxton from the band (his name sounds like a pretentious sports car, I know). Instead of replacing him, the three remaining Battlers have recruited guest singers to do vox on four of the twelve tracks on *Gloss*, including Gary "Here in my Car" Numan and Yamantaka Eye of Boredoms. Wowee. The remaining eight songs are instrumentals, bizarre free-for-alls in which the band members dance around each other sonically and gradually pound, scratch and twinkle towards a semi-logical finale. Fanboy bias aside, this could go either way.

Thank Christ it works. *Gloss Drop* rivals, and arguably exceeds, its now-classic predecessor. Opening track 'Africastle' sets one hell of a standard, pulsing and chiming with newfound optimism, and this level of quality continues until the very end of dichotomous closer 'Sundome' (incidentally featuring Yamantaka's Eastern yelps). It's bright. It's happy. It's gooeey. It's colourful. Right off the bat I'll say there are no

mindfuck tracks present, nor any that rival the self-sufficient greatness of 'Atlas', but the album's consistency and creativity make up for that.

And despite its more accessible nature, *Gloss Drop* is actually quite a bit weirder overall. The unthinkable wacky moments of *Mirrored* have been snuffed out, true, but so have the small pools of comprehensible rock normality, like the surprisingly conventional section of 'Tonto' that begins just shy of the three-minute mark. *Gloss Drop*'s consistent bizarreness is a mixed blessing; the cheerful psychosis that echoes throughout the album makes it feel like one long rollercoaster, even if its tamer moments (lead single 'Ice Cream' and 'Sweetie & Shag' come to mind) create less empathy as a result.

In terms of actual sound, the production is fantastic. All of the instruments sound clear, clean and loud, allowing us to follow where they dart around more easily than on *Mirrored*. And although the vocal appearances were apparently recorded after the rest of the track, each voice fits its song like a glove. Standouts would include the sensual goof-off 'Ice Cream', the chewy funk number 'Futura', the simultaneously droning-and-sparkling 'Sundome', and of course 'My Machines', the bombastic tour-de-force that Numan soars over in what must be my favourite track on *Gloss Drop*. And yeah, 'Inchworm' sounds like a Yoshi-themed level on *Mario Kart*.

Intelligent, matured, ecstatic and hella fun, *Gloss Drop* is an amazing album. I suggest you go out and buy it, along with a kilogram of bubblegum and a trampoline, and get stupid this weekend.

– **Basti Menkes**     

VOID CLOTHING PLAYTIME REPORT



thur
4/8

Urban Factory: Gridlok

Support from Rampant (AK), Contra and Aural Tendencies. \$15+bf presales, \$25 on the door.

Regent Theatre & Rialto Cinema: New Zealand International Film Festival

The annual celebration of cinephilia returns to the refurbished Regent Theatre (and Rialto Cinemas) for 18 days of the finest film offerings. Programmes available from the Radio One office, or at nzff.co.nz

fri
5/8

ReFuel: Ash & The Matadors

With Sunley Band and Cult Disney. \$10.

Urban Factory: The Feelers

Hope Nature Forgives Rock Tour.

Tickets from eventfinder.co.nz and Urban Factory.

sat
6/8

None Gallery and Glue Gallery, 24 & 26 Stafford St:

*INK PRESENTS: Dunedin's first ever ZINEFEST

Workshops, stalls, bands. Feat. Killmore Girls, SoNic Smith, Black Yogurt, QTPI, My.OH. and DJ Fadez. \$2, 10am-6pm, after-party from 9pm.

ReFuel: Ignite the Helix, AFFCO, Black Sky Hustler, Iron Tusk

8pm doors.

Chicks Hotel: Psychic Maps

'hello, i'm charlie sheen' Tape Release.

w/ Opposite Sex and Patrik Fitzgerald. \$10 from 9pm.

FUTURE GIGS:

ReFuel: Liam Finn - 'FOMO' Album Release Tour

Thursday, 11th August 2011

w/ The Drab Doo-Riffs. Presales from ticketmaster.co.nz.

see the full gig guide at r1.co.nz



Fair Ohs – *Everything is Dancing*



Providing a down to earth, stylized and heavily Californian take on the choppy afro-rhythms and chiming guitars recently made popular by Vampire Weekend and Abe Vigoda, most listeners would be surprised to discover that rather than polo shirt-wearing upper class rich kids, Fair Ohs are simply three self funded “blokes” from London, England. On *Everything is Dancing*, the songs sparkle with bite, passion and energy, creating a musical landscape suited for sun-drenched beaches and tropical surf. On opener ‘Baldessari’, the ever-changing drums and anchored bass allow rambunctious vocal melodies to soar throughout, a glorious call and response chant sure to bring a smile to the listener’s face.

Knowing their strengths, the group is quick to repeat this minimal and punchy formula, with ‘Eden Rock’, ‘Colours’ and ‘Summer Lake’ all providing similarly engrossing post-punk pleasure. On ‘Yah’, guitarist Eddy Frankel channels Pete Townshend, laying down sharp power chords in an instrumental that wouldn’t sound out of place on *Tommy*. Simply put, the joy of this record isn’t its originality or innovation, but rather its intention. This is a group that sounds in love with music and maintains their goal of providing pure summer joy. It may sound all terribly naïve and pretentious but so what? At least I didn’t use the word ‘uplifting’.

– Sam Valentine 

Musical Lolcats of the Week





Christmas Cookies™

APPLICATIONS HAVE BEEN EXTENDED UNTIL SUNDAY 14TH AUGUST!

Christmas Cookies sales positions are still available across New Zealand. See Student Job Search or www.cookieTime.co.nz for more info and application details.

Hurry! Make sure you are in the running for the best summer holiday job around!



Our Tragic Universe – *Scarlett Thomas*



Inside this teen-fantasy-adventure-esque cover (complete with cool black edged pages) is a story about Meg, a freelance author struggling to survive by teaching writing classes and reviewing popular science books. All the while she is trying to write her 'real' novel, a task she seems unlikely to complete, living in a damp house and trapped in a dead relationship with the temptation of an impossible affair.

Having the protagonist as a creative type with DRAMA is a little clichéd but this book is one of the good ones. The fact that Meg is a writer allows the narration to give insight into narrative structure itself and also presents a poetic view of the world. I'm sure it has a lot to do with Thomas's skill as writer, but it feels natural when lines like "The grey afternoon was curling into evening like a frightened wood-louse" are scattered throughout the prose.

The characters and situations all seem to serve, almost entirely, as a vehicle for Scarlett Thomas to tell us all sorts of interesting things. This sometimes comes across as a little like a lecture, but makes sense as the people Meg surrounds herself with are all historians, aspiring philosophers and writers themselves. From what I have learnt from this book, I now feel like I could hold solid conversations about the Titanic, cultural premonitions, and the lives

of Chekhov and Tolstoy. Trust me, that short list doesn't even come close to summarizing the breadth of ideas Thomas has researched and snuck in for your pleasure. Subjects that I didn't care for or assumed I knew enough about, like tarot cards and OCD, were interesting and compelling when woven into the story as they were.

I found that when I tried to pick at faults in this novel, they justified themselves within the logic of the story, either by being representative of the story-less nature of real life or a clever bit of structural metaphor. For example, I was a little bothered by how nearly all of Meg's friends end up knowing each other independently from her, but this web of people (and more importantly the stories they tell) build around Meg to comprise the final section.

Basically, what I have described here is a sometimes-poetic encyclopedia. But that's just what surprised and interested me about this book I guess. On top of this there is a good story and it is plenty compelling. Scarlett Thomas is a damn fine writer; you should read this book or one of her others that's earned a place in the bestseller lists.

– *Liam Dakin* 

Editor 2012 (Publications Manager)

Leading a team of paid and volunteer staff, the Editor will be responsible for the effective operation of OUSA's student magazine, Critic, as well as other annual publications including the Handbook Diary, Compass Magazine, Flattering Magazine, the Orientation Magazine and the Wallplanner.

Applicants should have skills in budgeting, liaison, effective management, editing, and writing for a student/youth market. Knowledge of Microsoft Word and Indesign, and an interest in local, national and international affairs is essential. Applications should include a writing portfolio, C.V. and cover letter.

The position is full-time and commences Jan 2012, although commencement date is negotiable.

Submit applications by 4pm Friday 26th August 2011.

Post: Critic, PO Box 1436, Dunedin • Email: critic@critic.co.nz • In Person: Critic Office, Level 1, OUSA Building, 640 Cumberland Street, Dunedin. Job descriptions are available from the Critic office at 640 Cumberland Street, by emailing critic@critic.co.nz, or by phoning 03 479 5335.

Green Lantern: Rise of the Manhunters



Platforms: PS3, Xbox 360

Thank goodness Hal Jordan's ring is "the most powerful weapon in the universe". If it were, say, the mere "best piece of murder-jewelry in the Virgo supercluster" then *Rise of the Manhunters* would be a bad game. Thankfully, the game's ever increasing variety of different tools, from large claw-hammers to a jet plane to a gatling gun, just about manages to hold the blandness of every other facet of the game at bay.

It's clearly a plain *God of War*-style action title, wallpapered over with a lot of green energy-suits and giant lumps of quartz. Hyper-engineered space robots ascend effortlessly to meet you. And the handiest solution to their presence seems to be to toss them off the cliff they just flew up. Take that, advanced space-robots who are really, really good at flying!

The game is fairly ugly too. The enemies look okay, but teen heart-throb Ryan Reynolds looks like Ken from *Toy Story 3* and

the environments are too often grey - or tan - stone platforms studded with whatever detritus sounded vaguely sensible. It's this utter lack of variety in any of the game's discrete arenas that is its biggest problem. Compare the game to *God of War II*, which is known for its ludicrously dense procession of epic set-pieces, and it's clear how in 2011 *Rise of the Manhunters* simply isn't good enough.

That said, the combat is impressively solid. Enough unique weapons turn up to saturate all four face buttons more than twice over (triggers allow for eight assigned at once). This almost brute-force combat design lets the game break even. Using the floating throwable mines, then the circular saw thing, then the giant flailing spike ball or whatever else, makes the combat really flexible. Put a podcast on, ignore all context, and blast your way through legions of robots whose back story I don't care about.



Dungeons of Dredmor



Platforms: PC, OSX

"Congratulations! You have died." What a positive spin *Dungeons of Dredmor* places on every conceivable game consequence. It's never "game over" in Gaslamp Games' dungeon crawler; every hero who is mauled to death by bats, or dissolves their own gastrointestinal tract by drinking an unidentified potion, represents a learning experience. Pick up the pieces, it says. Start again with a new hero and sharpen your decisions so you can do just a little bit better in our dynamically generated labyrinth.

Dungeons of Dredmor gifts the player an incredibly complex box of tricks. The sheer number of skills is overwhelming at first (there are at least half a dozen different kinds of tools for crafting and alchemy), but that's the whole point. Enjoyment comes from developing a strategy that must be quite unique to oneself. Start out with a conventional brutish fighter, and then maybe branch out a little with a touch of burglary. Or some psionics. Make

the tough decision between magic and Viking wizardry. These aren't passive numerical bonuses either; each skill point does something concrete and visible, so a fighter with extremely basic burglary skills could be noticeably different from a pure swordsman.

These RPG mechanics mix well with the game's stylish quirkiness and would have made for something special on their own. What makes *Dungeons of Dredmor* truly great is the way it handles consequence. You are encouraged to play "permadeath" which quashes reloading. If your character dies, he is totally, properly dead forever and there's no hope of his spontaneous resurrection a few moments earlier behind the stone doors. This creates an incredible sense of tension, this wonderful feeling whenever you have to weigh the likelihood of surviving any given situation. Do you really want to pull that lever? Really?



ART
DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY
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NOLLYWOOD

They say Nigeria's Nollywood is the world's third largest film industry. Photographer Pieter Hugo asked a team of actors and assistants to recreate Nollywood myths and symbols as if they were on movie sets. These images recreate the characters that typify Nollywood, including mummies, satanic demons, and zombies. Pieter Hugo: Nollywood. An Institute of Modern Art Touring exhibition

IMA
Institute of
Modern Art

THE GRADUATE EXHIBITION

Oliver van der Lugt, Claire Mahoney & Tom Garden

Blue Oyster Art Project Space



Traversing the alleyway entrance to the Blue Oyster art project space, one encounters the work of three very different artists. The thread binding the show together is each artist's use of space. The exhibition features the work of three fresh graduates from the Dunedin art school; Tom Garden (*Critic's* resident illustrator), Claire Mahoney and Oliver van der Lugt. The show was curated by Emily Palmer, who is a recent graduate from the Art History department at Otago.

The first work is Oliver van der Lugt's *Shade (after A.F.)*, which is easily the most challenging piece in the show. Lugt's multisensory site-specific work plays upon the industrial dungeon-like appearance of the Blue Oyster. The room has been subtly manipulated to great effect. *Shade (after A.F.)* consists of an automatic air freshener dispersing the familiar sickly smell of vanilla, its packaging and an additional florescent

light. The movement-activated air freshener unsettles and disturbs one's sense of smell. The use of a florescent light creates a sense of order similar to what one experiences in a supermarket as one is guided down a sparse aisle of domestic 'fragrances'.

Claire Mahoney's *Indoor Outdoor Flow* examines and subverts different modes of display, such as a museum's curatorial hand, the domestic and the commercial. One is forced to examine each work, as Mahoney has both obstructed the viewer's path and placed the work out of the viewer's peripheral vision, meaning one must walk around it to investigate it. The space features two cascading cellophanes looming above and encasing the other works. I wanted to walk through the cellophane but it was not designed for interaction. Almost reminiscent of an old weighing scale, Mahoney's makeshift scale is composed of a clothing rack holding a delicate piece of glass. The glass dangles by the thread of a fishing wire, with a framed image in the centre and two pieces of unfired clay in between. It is displayed in a manner similar to that of both a domestic and commercial environment. *Indoor Outdoor Flow* also features a collage mounted upon the wall, like a museum.

Tom Garden's *i-Mod* explores how humans are manipulated by technology. The eye is hypnotised by the use of bold colour, which accentuates the figures in each of his carefully crafted digital illustrations. *i-Mod* consists of three digital illustrations placed side by side in the lower gallery. The figures in each are faceless, with contorted technological body parts merging through each figure's neck. One appears to be in agony, another as if it were attempting to move like a human and another as though it was a zombie. This final figure expresses Garden's exploration of the technologically manipulated society that we live in. The arguably sexless figures demonstrate Garden's ability to capture autonomy through the heavily detailed choice of colour and line and dynamic positioning of each figure. As though in a science fiction film, Garden presents images which serve as a reminder about the way technology is rapidly advancing and changing how society functions.

This exhibition runs until the August 20.





UNIVERSITY of OTAGO
BLUES & GOLDS
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in association with
 OTAGO UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

NOMINATIONS NOW OPEN

FOR BLUES SPORTING AWARDS AND GOLDS CULTURAL AWARDS

Email cdo@ousa.org.nz for nomination forms
 Submit to OUSA Clubs and Socs Centre by 5th August



The New Zealand International Film Festival kicks off this Thursday and runs until the August 21. *Critic's* film editor Sarah Baillie gives a run down of our top ten picks for the festival. Make sure to head along, it only comes once a year!

1. PROJECT NIM

Perhaps it's just because I love chimpanzees/cute animals, but this documentary looks amazing. In order to study the communication capabilities of primates, Nim the chimp was breast fed and raised by a human family like a normal child. This film follows his fascinating story.

2. 13 ASSASSINS

When I asked my friend why she was so excited about Takashi Miike's latest offering, I got the response: "because it's a Samurai film!" 'Nuff said.

3. MISS REPRESENTATION

The most common media criticism of Helen Clark was that she had terrible teeth. When the media are derogatory about the most powerful women in the country, what does this say about their ability to take any woman seriously? What can we do to change this? This inspiring documentary explores these issues, interviewing many influential women, including Condoleezza Rice. Girl power!

4. LOVE STORY

Auckland film maker Florian Habicht's quirky

love letter to New York City; the place and the people.

5. NORWEGIAN WOOD

Based on the powerful novel by Haruki Murakami, the film adaptation looks to be absolutely picturesque. Set in Japan in the Sixties, *Norwegian Wood* is a beautiful tale of love and loss.

6. MELANCHOLIA

A planet named Melancholia is on a collision course with Earth, spelling the end of the world, on the same day as Justine's (Kirsten Dunst) wedding. Apocalypse film + Kirsten Dunst + beautiful cinematography. What can go wrong, really?

7. TREE OF LIFE

Unless you have been living under a rock, you will probably know that everybody has been going nuts about this film. Winner of the *Palme D'Or* at Cannes this year, Terence Malick's *Tree of Life*, the opening film of the festival is a must-see.

8. SUBMARINE

A cute British coming-of-age comedy drama featuring two slightly strange but loveable

teenage characters. From what I can see, it kind of looks like a bit of a mix between *Skins* and a Wes Anderson film.

9. TERRI

I watched the trailer for this film and fell in love with it instantly. Terri is a lonely fat kid who gets bullied and gets in trouble for wearing his pyjamas to school. When the principal of his school (John. C. Reilly) decides to take him under his wing, the two form a unexpected friendship.

10. MEDIANERAS

This film is so great! A twist on the romantic comedy genre, this Argentinian film is clever, witty, funny and lots of other positive adjectives. See last week's *Critic* for a preview.

Want to win a double pass to the film festival movie of your choice? Just name the Norwegian sex comedy featured in this year's programme. Send your answer to critic@critic.co.nz

Review **Art** Editor Hana Aoake

A GALLERY 393 PRINCES STREET

Glory Days: Dyana Gray

BLUE OYSTER GALLERY 24B MORAY PLACE

The graduate exhibition: Oliver van de Lugt, Claire Mahoney & Tom Garden

BRETT MCDOWELL GALLERY 5 DOWLING STREET

Remix: Tony de Lautour

DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY OCTAGON

Seat assignment: Nina Katchadourian, *Fractus*: Jeena Shin, *Radiant Matter Part II*: Dane Mitchell, *Nollywood*: Pieter Hugo, *Spirit of Ewe*: Sarah Lucas

GLUE GALLERY 26 STAFFORD STREET

The wreath series: Anet Neutze

HOCKEN GALLERY CNR ANZAC AVE & PARRY STREET

Zero to Infinity: Ralph Hotere

MILFORD GALLERY 18 DOWLING STREET

Parallel

MODAKS GEORGE STREET

Photographs from India: Aysha Jaleel, *Crochet*: Crafty Minx

MONUMENTAL 7 ANZAC AVE

Paintings, Drawings, Animations: Ross Gray

RICE AND BEANS 127 STUART STREET

Oliver van der Lugt

SCHOOL OF ART GALLERY RIEGO STREET

Painted by a number: Second year painting students

TEMPLE GALLERY MORAY PLACE

Tikkun Olam

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Cars 2

Director: John Lasseter

I entered Rialto, wanting to see the familiar characters of *Cars* back in the American west for a wee trip of nostalgia. But the trailer for *Cars 2* had scared me. After all, how many times have blockbusters turned out to be far better than expected, then failed in their sequels? *Cars 2* was surely doomed for the same fate.

Or not. It turns out that once again Pixar has produced a film that really does fit snugly in the 'for all ages' category. Starting in Radiator Springs, all your favorite animated automobiles embark on a world racing tour to Japan, Monaco, and London. Combining a pretty obvious (yet somehow always enjoyable) secret-agent plot, with a healthy dose of the 'now kids, always treat your friends nicely' lesson, this was a nice film for reawakening the plot-fascinated child in you and not having to think for once.

There was also a large amount of animated foreign scenery, which somehow always looks better than real-life footage of the same cities. The markets of Paris were that much more enticing when the tourists and gypsies were replaced by Mater (the protagonist), fascinated by huge markets selling miscellaneous car parts. Then in the other cities, there were cars wearing everything from Japanese Kimonos to English Beefeater hats.

Of course, the film included every cliché that child-friendly films seem to, but you're expecting that anyway, so to randomly quote John Cleese – "that don't come into it!" It was also quite contemporary, with one of the central foci being a raging debate about alternative fuel. Plus Michael Caine has a totally sweet secret agent voice. Having said all this, the film has been under fire from most critics. I disagree with them overall, apart from the fact that there's potentially way too much of the hillbilly Mater, who never shuts up yet also never has a memorable line.

I would have liked to have seen more of the hippy wagon too. He was sweet.

– Zane Pocock     

Film Society Preview

When: Wednesday August 3 at 7:30 p.m.

Where: Red Lecture Theatre, on Great King Street, across the road from the Emergency entrance to the Hospital

Cost: Casual admission will be possible in exchange for a small donation.



African Cats

Directors: Keith Scholey and Alastair Fothergill

Disney Nature's *African Cats* is outstanding; think David Attenborough combined with *The Lion King*. The exquisite naturalness of the African savannah and its exotic inhabitants render digital animation and manipulative cinematography superfluous. The feline stars, Mara the lion cub and Seta the mother cheetah, lead the audience through the pride lands as they respectively learn and teach the skills required to survive in their volatile habitat.

African Cats portrays approximately a year in the life of two families of cats. Mara is the daughter of Leila, the lead lioness in the River Pride of lions, a tight-knit family unit lorded over by Fang. Seta is a solitary cheetah who gives up her individual lifestyle to raise her five cubs and teach them how survive and fend for themselves. Through these two central and occasionally intertwining story lines, the multitude of animals that call the African plains home are introduced, not as individuals but as members of a society, a community not as unlike our own as people might think.

The brilliance of the story line is a result of its realism. Nature is beautiful but harsh and *African Cats* encapsulates both of these elements. It breaks each of these elements down, moving from the big picture of the land itself and the ecosystem in its entirety to the movement of the water in the river or the ripples of the muscles in a prowling cheetah's back.

Through the narration, provided by Samuel L. Jackson, a simple directive story line is given to the film. Instead of simply observing the animals, we follow them on the continuous adventure that is their existence. The narration provides continuity and connection, making the documentary accessible and exciting for anyone of any age. It is as if the animals are talking to you themselves, a lick becomes a statement of affection and a paw to the face a bit of harmless teenage banter.

African Cats not only entertains but educates, using nothing else but the elegant simplicity of the world we too often take for granted.

– Maddie Wright     

The Woman With The Five Elephants

Eighty-five-year-old Svetlana Geier is perhaps the greatest translator of Russian literature into German. This erudite documentary about her passion for literature gracefully unfolds to encompass a great sweep of history. The "five elephants" refer to her valedictory project, a 20-year effort to retranslate Dostoyevsky's five major novels, a feat which she completed in 2007.



Copacabana

Director: Marc Fitoussi

Copacabana is a French comedy about Babou (Isabelle Huppert), a mother who is faced with a relationship break up between her and her daughter, Esmeralda (Lolita Chammah). Esmeralda is very unlike the free spirited gypsy of Victor Hugo's novel. She is embarrassed by Babou to the point that she refuses to invite her to her wedding. Babou cannot conform to the ideal of the conservative, obedient mother that her daughter craves. She is wild and beautiful, has wispy red hair and elaborate blue and green eye makeup. She is an older woman who long ago became trapped in a love affair with bohemian adventures and charming rebellion.

In Babou's attempt to impress her daughter and be invited to her wedding, she finds a job selling time-share apartments in Belgium. This job is contrary to Babou's way of life, but she remains determined to prove herself. After borrowing her reluctant friend's car, she arrives at a huge building of empty apartments in a fairly deserted Belgian seaside town. She is shown to one of the rooms in the almost finished apartment building in which she will both be living and working. The ocean mist that sits over this Belgian town acts as walls within which she paces, waiting for change. However, it seems Babou can attract adventure even in such a desolate place and what's more, she finds herself good at her work as a sales-person.

The film does not dwell on hopelessness but rather places the excellent Huppert in a white washed room to let her touch everything around her with colour. *Copacabana* is about the relationship between a mother and daughter but it also is about those people who are loving and lovable but start itching if they find themselves settling down. This is presented through well-framed shots and an often lovely and sometimes lonesome mise-en-scène.

The script may lack in perfectly executed wit and humorous cynicism but the film remains charming. *Copacabana* is one of the after-dinner mints that you sometimes find on the pillow in a hotel; a simple gesture which is both easily consumed and sweet.

— Loulou Callister-Baker 🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬



Mrs Carey's Concert

Directors: Bob Connelly and Sophie Raymond

Mrs Carey's Concert is one of those quintessential performing-arts films in which, through the power of music/dance/theatre/etc., a bad boy/girl finds out what makes him/her special and rises to the occasion and it's all, like, awesome and uplifting and stuff. Except this movie is actually a documentary, which means 1) there are kids dancing in the street and 2) there's more actual talent.

The film follows Mrs Carey, the Director of Music at Methodist Ladies' College, as she, her fellow music teachers, and their students work towards their biennial concert at the Sydney Opera House. Although the film spends some time with Iris (a stropky young thing who clearly doesn't give a fuck about classical music and doesn't see the point in being forced to participate in the concert), the film focuses mostly on Emily, an immensely talented violinist and shrinking violet, reluctant to both lead and open up emotionally.

It turns out Emily has had some tragedy in her life, and although this tragedy is a major reason for Emily's emotional reticence, the directors (to their credit) refrain from turning that part of Emily's story into some weepy melodrama. In fact, the direction is generally understated, preferring to take a fly-on-the-wall approach. This means the directors capture some pretty classic moments, like the weary look between Emily, Mrs Carey's new protégé, and Duretta, Mrs Carey's old protégé, as Mrs Carey blithely talks about her plans for the next Opera House concert. Both girls had to be pushed into performing solos for that concert, and Emily in particular has to be forced into taking even small steps forward in her musical development. The pressure is obvious, and sometimes obviously resented. But maybe the ends justify the means; Emily's final performance is emotionally unrestrained and, well, uplifting. All this, without the directors having to hit us over the head with the message that perhaps music really does have the power to transform.

In the end, the directors deliver a satisfying film that largely skirts movie clichés and showcases some rather amazing young musicians. It won't set your world alight, but it'd be a nice movie to see with your mum, and the final concert is pretty awesome. Even stropky Iris claps and grins at the end.

— Feby Idrus 🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬

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Plenty'o'Polenta



"I'm making polenta."

"Placenta? What the FUCK man, I'm not eating an abortion!"

The sweet response of my ultimate food critics; my flatmates. In fact, polenta has nothing to do with human reproduction. It is cornmeal, and it is epic in its golden deliciousness. You can get cornmeal from supermarkets very cheaply and chuck it in things instead of flour or pasta. It's (obviously) gluten free, so you little glutards can go rejoice and eat again. Bless your tiny stomachs.

Last week my friend told me she was reading *To Kill A Mockingbird*, and that she was 6/7 of the way through and nothing had happened. "Mmmmm yeah. Harper Lee. Babe. Black people. Corn bread. I should make motherfucking CORN BREAD!"

And so I did. It was a marginal failure; I "adapted" (did not follow) a recipe I "found online" (made up) and the result was a beautifully golden but dry-ish sort of cake thing, with bits of capsicum and salami I discovered in the back of the fridge and decided to put in for funniness. Not my proudest housewife moment.

But, as a true scarfie (and nutritionist), I knew that there was an answer. After a snuffle around my cupboards (potatoes, canned things) and the recycling bin (half a bottle of Jacob's Creek from before the holidays) I invented this amazing and ridiculously simple recipe. Warming, tasty, fricken' magically epic, I dub it:

Polenta and borlotti bean deep dish with red wine sauce.

2 potatoes
2 kumara
2 cups polenta (cornmeal)
2 onions (diced)
Garlic (I use fresh cos I'm a snob. Use the jar stuff if you want, just never, ever tell me about it)
2 cans tomatoes
2 cans beans (I used borlotti, but kidney or pinto would be just fine)
1/2 bottle red wine
Beef stock cube (or a teaspoon of Vegemite dissolved in a smidge of water if you want to go totes vego)
Cheese
Ground coriander
Green herbs in a packet
Pepper
Salt (be wise; use iodised)

There's three bits - the beans, the sauce, and the polenta - but they are all very simple and can be done simultaneously. All up, including washing dishes, this took me a little under an hour of kitchen time.

The Beans:

In a little frying pan, put one diced onion and sauté it (fry on low heat) until it's transparent. Add some garlic, a shake of ground coriander, a heap of pepper, and the beef stock cube/Vegemite and cook for a minute or so. Drain the beans and add them. Stir lots. When the beans are soft, turn off the heat.

The sauce:

Add the other onion to a bigger pan and let it cook til transparent. Add a bit of garlic, the canned tomatoes, salt, pepper, green herbs, and a shake of wine. Turn this bad boy right up and let it bubble away, adding the rest of the wine a splash at a time, for about half an hour.

The Polenta:

Cube your potatoes and kumara and boil until soft. Cook your polenta by using a 1:3 ratio of polenta and liquid, which can be either stock or milk. You can either just boil it all up like rice or mix in a mixing bowl, pour it into a tray and bake for 25 minutes. Drain and mash potatoes and kumara and stir in the cooked polenta. Season.

All together:

Spread polenta mix in the bottom of a deep tray (I used a massive lasagne dish). Spread the bean mixture over the top and then pour over the sauce. Cover in cheese. Bake at about 150C until cheese is starting to brown deliciously (about 20 mins). Eat.

I served this with steamed veges and white sauce on the side, 'cos it's winter. You could go one better and make a wee salad. Or just eat it. Serves 6 rather hungry students.

— Ruby the nutritionist



Nicola

Studying: Education and Visual Arts.
Jacket: Witchery. **Hat:** ASOS. **Satchel:** Opshop.
Jeans: Lippy



Michael

Studying: Law. **Shoes:** Street Legal. **Coat:** Hallensteins. **T Shirt:** Shore Brand from Hamner Springs. **Jeans:** Jay Jays

Border Illustration by Loulou Callister-Baker



Bukowski

The room is on fire,
Bottles crowd the floor.
Poems torn out of the book,
Poems worshipped the night before.

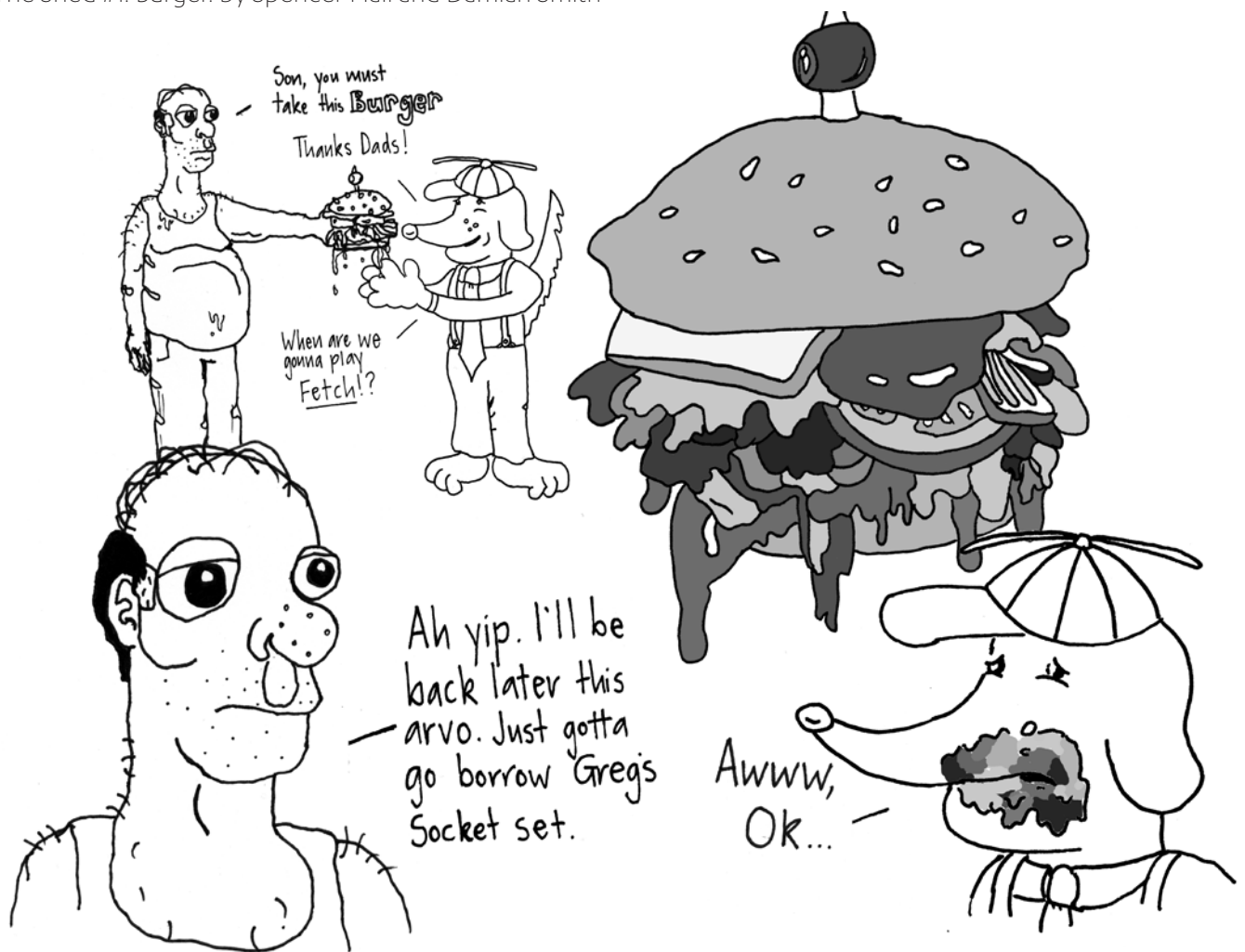
Out of wine,
If only the women
Went down as easy.

Tim A. Rou

POETRY

We want your drunk rants, emo angsts, stylised haikus and boisterous ballads for our all new poetry section.
Want your poems published in our hallowed pages? Send 'em in to poetry@critic.co.nz.

The Shed #1: Burger. by Spencer Hall and Damian Smith



Penis Envy By Regan McManus



Good Bitch #1



A comic courtesy of George Shaw, who last week wrote a comic complaining that the comics in Critic "suck dick", thank you George for your more constructive contribution this week (I prefer last week's one though) -SH

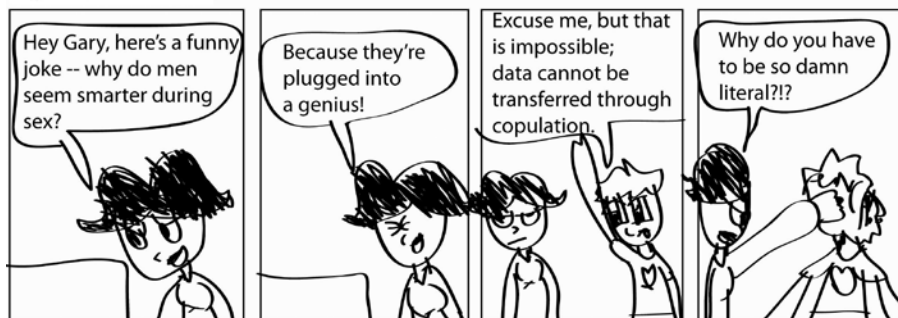
Correction: In last week's issue Critic neglected to name the artist behind the 'toe' comic. The comic was drawn by Veronica Brett. Thanks Veronica!

Gary by Cody Knox

Science Magazines



Funny Joke



Pirate Comic by Mike Dillon (Competition Winner)



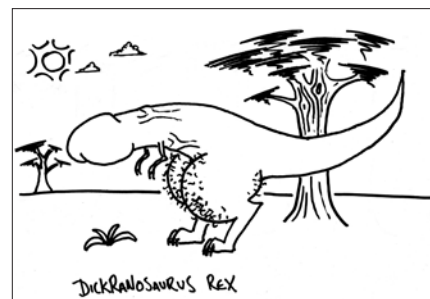
Kia ora koutou

So how about that snow last week huh! Hope you all weren't too cold and for all those North Island Maori, don't worry - they weren't much better off than we were.

Despite the snow, Te Roopu Maori still had an action packed week. We hosted a number of Māori Student Association executive members from around the country on the weekend, discussed issues surrounding Māori tertiary students and shared ideas about how we can best provide for our Māori students on our respective campuses. Really appreciated the ideas that the other roopu had to offer, and a huge shout out to Jacqui Poutu for all your mahi to make the hui happen and highly informative. I will give you a more indepth run down of things discussed next week.

And because we at Te Roopz we don't do things by halves, we also had one of our biggest events on the weekend; Te Hokai, our ball. The ball was an amazing night, we had a great mixture of Maori and non-Maori students attend and a great night was had by all. One international student who attended, Debbie Hopkins, said "the TRM ball was lush ay, I had a proper good time!" A HUGE thanks must go out to the Te Rito kaiwhakahaere team, Lisa, Wiri and Keistin, as well as the other members on the ball committee for making the night such a huge success. A big 'chur' to Merchants of Flow for making the trip

Penis Envy by Regan McManus



Competition

Sandy lay next to Janette. I moved from Janette to Sandy, about five times. each of their _____ my _____ filled with their different, musky flavours. After I couldn't _____ any more, I pushed Sandy onto _____ I put my hands on her _____ and spread her _____ I took one look at her winking _____ and knew that I just had to do _____ was so tight as I pressed my engorged _____ into _____ thought I would _____ then and there. As I started thrusting in _____ hot _____, it felt like all the skin on my _____ was being ripped apart, but with time it became easier to push _____ into _____ Sandy squealed her enthusiasm for my _____ attentions and pushed _____ onto my _____ with relish.

For your chance to get on this page and win a zine, fill in this porno mag letter creatively, cut it out and put it (with your name and contact details) in one of the "Dunedin Comic Collective" boxes at either *Critic*, Radio One, Tootone Records or the University Bookshop



TE ROOPU MĀORI

down from Otautahi; you guys were Mean Maori Mean!

Also remember that we have a Comedy Stage Hypnosis show with a special performance by Te Kahui Toroa THIS FRIDAY at Teachers' College Auditorium, \$10 for students, \$12 for public, first showcase 5.30-7.15pm, second showcase 7.45-9.30pm. Please come along and support the whanau wanting to head up to Tamaki-maukau-rau for Te Huinga Tauira in mid-semester break. Tickets are available at Te Roopu Maori offices, or from kapa haka members. If you have any queries regarding tickets or the show themselves, feel free to contact us via email teroopu.maori@otago.ac.nz.

Hope to see you all this Friday evening down at TCol for the hypnotist, it's going to be crack up as!

Nga mihi whanau



PRESIDENTIAL COMMENT

When I heard the critic would be 'the sex issue' I just lost my shit. Being the president of OUSA, sex has never been an 'issue' so this is rrrrrright up my alley. It was a big day when Jan Edgar (bless her soul) gave me the birds and the bees talk. This was topped at the Fiordland College prom when I found myself knee deep in some premium Manapouri 'Magic' for the first time! You little ripper!

Unless you have been locked in your little scarfie room playing Call of Duty like MAD you may have noticed that it snowed... YAY! I like to think that snow is a little bit like myself. It hangs around for a bit and gets you wet, it's a whole heap of fun but the next day is a pain in the arse. But seriously I hope you're keeping warm, I can vouch for Dunedin being f*cking freezing at the moment having sat in a cage for a couple of nights.

Talking some actually relevant OUSA banter, R&V origins is coming up and it's not one to be missed! Tickets are \$45 for us scarfies so just bang it on your government tab and don't forget to toast John Key. (For those who don't get this check out the video on OUSA's facebook page of a MAD chap who visited my cage). Also, come and hangout at the octagon on the following Saturday for great music and more railing than Charlie Sheens left nostril has seen... at the Octagon Rail Jam... not drugs dork.

Luff and shit,
Logan xx

P.S. Who the fuck is Polly Withers?

OUSA Constitution

Political froth alert, if you're keen to see some changes made to the OUSA constitution (the guide to how we run the place) then shoot a submission into constitution@ouas.org.nz before August the 5th.

Budget Submissions

You've got till the 30th of August to get your ideas for the 2012 OUSA budget into us so they can be pondered. If you're down with money stuff then drop a submission into budgetsubmissions@ousa.org.nz

UNIVERSITY of OTAGO

BLUES & GOLDS AWARDS



NOMINATIONS NOW OPEN

Email cdo@ousa.org.nz for nomination forms. Submit to OUSA Clubs and Socs Centre by 5th August.

Rhythm and Vines Origins

We're stoked to be bringing you the crew from the BEST festival in New Zealand! The lads started it with a meeting at Guardies (R.I.P) which led to their first gig headlined by The Black Seeds. Now they're cranking Gizzy every New Year with bigger and better festivals, and we're amped that they're bringing it back to their roots with the best in NZ music. Come the 19th of August, Dunedin Town Hall will be roaring for Rhythm and Vines Origins, featuring The Black Seeds, P Money, I Am Giant and our very own Knives at Noon. Grab your R&V Origins tickets for \$45 from 1-night.co.nz or pop into OUSA while our limited stock lasts!



Otago University Students' Association presents

RHYTHM AND VINES ORIGINS

The Black Seeds
P-Money
I Am Giant
Knives at Noon

DUNEDIN TOWN HALL
FRIDAY 19 AUGUST 2011

Tickets available at www.1-night.co.nz

Logos: R&V, OUSA, phantom, 1-NIGHT.CO.NZ

Future DJ Competition

Wednesday 3rd August at Refuel

Come down and watch DJ hopefulls battle it out for the grand prize of \$500 cash, a gig at Refuel in October and a pair of Blackbox M14 premium noise-cancelling headphones valued at \$379!

Not just B&W BTW

For those arty or wanting to be a bit more arty, give Drawing With Colour – A Taste, a go at OUSA Clubs and Societies. It gives you the chance to chill out and learn a bit more about creating masterpieces with great colours. It starts **August 10th** and runs for two Wednesdays, register online at www.ousa.org.nz via Events and Recreation.



POST-GRAD COFFEE HOUR

EVERY WEDNESDAY, 3-4PM, GAZEBO
FREE COFFEE, TEA & BISCUITS

PORNOGRAPHY

and its users

A study into user trends and statistics of internet pornography

28,258
viewers per
SECOND

70% OF INTERNET
PORN
TRAFFIC
occurs between
THE HOURS OF
9 am & **5 pm**



70%
PERCENT
of
MEN
between the age of 18 and 34
visit a pornographic website
in a typical month.

~ 9 out of 10 ~
CHILDREN
between the age of
EIGHT & SIXTEEN
have viewed
INTERNET
PORNOGRAPHY.

35 to 49
year olds
are the largest
consumers of
INTERNET PORNOGRAPHY

Daily pornographic
EMAILS
total about

2.5
BILLION

8% of
total
EMAILS

Of those
who view
porn...

28%
ARE
FEMALE

72%
are
MALE



20% of men
and 13%
of women
admit
viewing
porn
at work.