

Issue 09 | Apr 30th, 2012



THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU GET TO HELP YOURSELF.

sex without consent = sexual assault

DON'T BE THAT GUY.

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Sowing the Seeds of the Money Tree | Page 6

Critic reports on the Audacious business competition launch, drinks wasabi vodka, and takes a look at the various business incubators operating in Dunedin.

Here's One for the Boys Page 20

Joe Stockman sits the fellas down for a serious chat about rape and sexual violence.

A Failed System | Page 26

Critic investigates the ordeal victims of sexual offences currently face in the legal system, and examines the Law Commission's recently-proposed changes.

Eighteen and Pregnant Page 30

Maddy Phillips dons the persona of a knocked-up fresher to gain an insight into the experience of seeking pregnancy advice.

News 6-15 Sports 16–17 | Politics 18–19 | Features 20–33 Columns 34–39 Culture 40–47 | Letters 48–49

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OUSA PRESENTS

2012:CAPOCALYPSE

CAPPING SHOW



MAY 9-12, 14-19, 7:30pm, COLLEGE OF EDUCATION TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM OUSA MAIN OFFICE AND WWW.COSMICTICKETING.CO.NZ







T IS RAPE AWARENESS WEEK THIS WEEK. NOBODY NEEDS TO BE TOLD THAT rape and sexual violence exist, but the extent of the problem is something that far too many people are ignorant of. The statistics are so shocking they are incredibly hard to believe: One in four women will suffer some form of sexual violence in their lifetime, as will one in eight men. Most importantly, we need to dispel the myth that rape means strangers attacking women in the dark of night: The great majority of rape victims know their assailant.

If I wanted to stop people drink-driving, I probably wouldn't start by talking to the potential victims of drunk drivers and telling them about all of the terrible things that might happen to them, and how they have almost no ability to stop it. Yet for the past 30 years in rape prevention education, this is exactly what we have been doing - educating women about the threat of rape and sexual violence.

Even rape prevention educators acknowledge the futility of such an endeavour. It's not victim blaming, but it's close. We need to drastically change our approach, and place the focus on educating young men about the causes of and solutions to sexual offending. It is men that need to be aware of the harm that can be caused, and what we can do to make sure that our sexual encounters are positive for everyone involved. We need to teach ourselves about sexual ethics.

We have two articles this week that discuss issues around rape and sexual violence. Charlotte Greenfield has unsheathed her feature-writing pen to look into the proposed reforms to the prosecution of cases of rape and sexual violence in NZ; and the powers that be have let me out of featurewriting retirement to look into the failure of rape prevention over the past 30 years, and a possible way forward through the teaching of sexual ethics. We also have a lighter article (believe it or not) on abortion by the alwaysentertaining Maddy Phillips, who puts herself in the shoes of a pregnant 18-year-old and looks into her options.

If you are a rape or sexual violence survivor, then you need to know that parts of this issue discuss rape in brutal detail. I'm sure that you'll know for yourself what is okay for you to read and what isn't. We have put trigger warnings before the most graphic moments.

If after reading this issue, you want more information, or want to speak to someone, then please contact the awesome team at Rape Crisis on (03) 474 1592, or email them at rcrisis@xtra.co.nz

- IOF STOCKMAN

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BALLSY

AUDACIOUS, THE MOST WELL-KNOWN OF THE THREE business incubators, is an annual competition in which students come up with a viable business idea and submit a two-page formal plan. If the judges deem your idea worthy of progressing to round two, you get \$500. If you come up with the next big thing, you could be in line for the grand prize of up to \$25,000.

Kari Schmidt, "Head Storyteller" for Audacious and editor of the its official blog talked to Critic about the goals behind the competition: "It's about helping students to start businesses. We want to promote Dunedin as a city where people want to stay, where economic activity is happening. It's about showing students that this could be an option for them, because a lot of people feel that business is just for finance students or marketing students or economics students, but it doesn't have to be.

"With the economy being as bad as it is, with there not being as many job opportunities for students as there used to be, with degrees not meaning as much as they used to, this is another option for people that can be really special.

"It's trying to change a culture of thinking. I know that in other countries like America there's a really strong culture of students coming out and starting their own thing instead of going to work for someone else and making their way up.

"There's lots more exciting events for the rest of the semester, to help people write out their submission, to get excited about it and learn more about what the process of Audacious means. It's also a great chance to network."

Julien Van Mellaerts is one of the many success stories to come out of the competition in recent years. Runner-up in 2011, he has successfully distributed his "Namida" Wasabi Vodka to five different countries, and is set to conquer the USA later this year. Critic caught up with him for a shot of Namida, which, despite initial fears, turned out to be pretty drinkable. Van Mellaerts has two words of advice for potential Audacious competitors: "Do it." Through his involvement, he met local lawyers and accountants who helped him cut through the red tape and export his product overseas. Now he's the director of his own company and the winner of three international awards.

David Frame is a banker with ANZ, board member of the Chamber of Commerce, and a member of the Audacious judging panel. He describes the winning idea from the 2011 competition: "It was a guy who had cardboard headgear for rugby fans to wear. He would get someone to pay to put their sponsorship on it, then he would hand it out at the games. On Friday night, the rugby league test in Auckland, he gave away 10,000 of those, which were all paid for by sponsors."

Competitors who make it through to round two will appear before a "Dragon's Den" of business mentors. But you don't have to win the competition for your idea to be a winner. Frame says, "there are some pretty big success stories about people who haven't made the finals but whose businesses have done really well. For example, Pocketsmith.com [a personal finance software company based in Dunedin and Auckland]: they lost out, [but] their product is now used by countries around the world."

Jeff Scofield, the owner of "Surfin Slices" on George Street, made it to the finals before kicking off his business. "The cool thing about Audacious is just the networking, meeting other people your age. People have different struggles ... it's good to have people around you who have been in the same boat."

Scofield found the Dragon's Den process valuable: "We were thinking about going into malls, but one thing they raised to us was that if you open up in a mall, you're beholden to that mall. You can't be open til 3 in the morning if the mall's closed. It's good to have another set of eyes."

BABY BUISINESS INCUBATOR

UPSTART IS A BUSINESS INCUBATOR THAT RUNS ON A completely different model from Audacious. CEO Steve Silvey describes it as "a bit of a gym for startups – it's a much more structured process than Audacious. It tends to involve clear programs of work to get through to establish a business, so it's a different flavour. But we're all trying to achieve the same thing.

"People are starting to realise they can start their own business. It's a great alternative to working for someone else." Upstart is owned by the Dunedin City Council, the University and the Polytech, with additional funding from NZ Trade and Enterprise.

Upstart has its own share of success stories, such as Noteboat.co.nz, an online marketplace for study notes that received an Upstart grant. According to Chris Toma, the founder of Noteboat, the programme was a big part of his success. "Upstart has provided me with a personal business mentor, Rueben Skipper, who has helped me with everything from business plans to marketing strategies. Upstart has also provided seed funding for NoteBoat to take off in Otago, Auckland and Australia. The environment at Upstart is also extremely supportive and perfect for building NoteBoat into a successful student business." Interestingly Noteboat seems to have the tacit blessing of the University through its support of Upstart, in stark contrast to the University's combative rhetoric directed at rival note-sharing website Studyspace.co.nz in Critic last month. Scandal? We'll save it for another time.

The downside of Upstart is that it's a bit tougher to take advantage of their services - to be eligible, your business concept must have "market potential to achieve in excess of \$3m sales within 3-5 years of startup."

THE BREWER

THE DISTILLER IS THE FINAL PIECE IN DUNEDIN'S BUSIness incubator jigsaw. Dave Strydom, one of the Distillers head honchos explains: "Audacious, Upstart, the Distiller – we're all in the same boat, all aiming for the same goal.

"Upstart's really serious, and I don't want to say we're not serious, but most of the people in the Distiller are in full-time jobs and do their Distiller projects part time. We're all about networking, we're all about helping each other out, sharing resources, sharing skills.

"There's no scripting, there's no process. We've got a room in the Centre for Innovation on the second floor called the Distiller. But most of it happens at our Sprint meetings, where we get our largest turnouts. It's an hour-long meeting, every two weeks you basically say 'on my project I want to focus on the following and get the following achieved', and everybody knows what you're doing so they can help you out.

"We do have a little bit of a focus on people with technical skills. We have a lot of iPhone developers, a lot of web developers. [Web design company] Loop Solutions is a great success story of a company that came through the Distiller and very quickly landed on their feet.

"There are a lot of people who just walk in the room and say 'I'm not sure what I want to do, I want to learn to code, I want to be a web developer.' We find them projects to work on: paid, unpaid, or for equity.

"The Distiller is an incubator that is about community, it's all about the people. It's about making those connections, and that's where the heart of the Distiller lies."



CLAUDIA HERRON

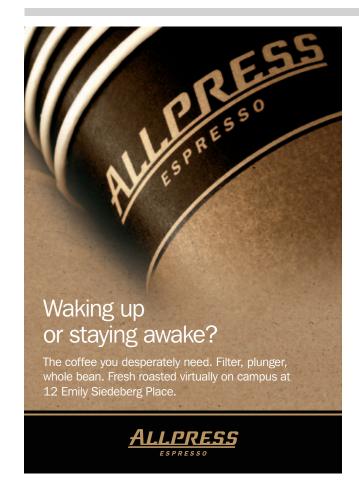
LAST WEEK'S UNIVERSITY COUNCIL ELECTION SAW LOGAN EDGAR AND JONO ROWE retain their seats. From the voter turnout of 5,296, Edgar received 1,957 votes. Rowe came a close second with 1,756 votes.

The Council's Constitution requires the two members to be current or former students of Otago, and due to the changes brought about by the VSM legislation, must they must now be directly elected by the student body, rather than appointed by OUSA.

Critic spoke with Edgar who welcomed the victory as his third big

electoral success (after being elected President of OUSA twice) and applauded the "really good competition this time around." When asked whether he was helped by campaigning closely with fellow candidate Rowe, Edgar remarked "a good magician doesn't reveal his secrets" and remained tight-lipped about the art of conquering the student population.

A break-down of the votes saw Matt Dodd as the next closest contender for a seat on the Council with 636 votes, followed by Margi Macmurdo-Reading with 361 votes, Tia Neha with 326 votes and Andrew Wicken with 251 votes.





CRACCUM TO REMAIN SHIT

Needlessly provocative headline aims to provoke feud

CHARLOTTE GREENFIELD

CRACCUM EDITOR THOMAS DYKES IS HERE TO STAY after a vote to remove from his position at the Auckland students' magazine failed on Thursday April 26.

The vote was held at an Auckland University Students' Association (AUSA) Special General Meeting (SGM) to consider a motion of no confidence against Dykes. The motion had arisen from a petition against Dykes last month by a number of AUSA members. The final result of the vote was 144–83 against the motion, with 10 abstentions.

After one hour of robust debate, voting was taken by dividing those for and against the motion

to separate sides of the AUSA Quad. "The discussion at the SGM was good, with plenty of time to hear views from all sides," said AUSA President Arena Williams.

The SGM ended on a hopeful note with a handshake between Thomas Dykes and Kirk Jacinto, one of the students behind the motion of no confidence.

Jacinto later told Critic he thought the result was "brilliant actually," and praised the amount of people who turned out and who will now hopefully contribute to Craccum.

Dykes seemed to agree, urging students at the SGM to contribute a broader range of content. Responding to the criticism levelled at the magazine that it was too political, he said, "I'm not going to write your rightwing articles for you. You write them, I'll publish them." This seemed a slightly odd thing to say given that the magazine was accused of having too much political content overall, but Critic has grown well accustomed to the series of nonsensical comments it receives from Craccum and AUSA.

Meanwhile back in Dunedin Critic has rebellious plots of its own, with plans to solve Craccum's problems once and for all by breeding with the magazine to create a super-student-publication to be named Criticum. Readers can expect Criticum to emerge, fully formed and in all her beauty in approximately nine months' time.

249 lose their place in the world

IMOGEN WHYTE

249 STUDENTS WERE SUSPENDED FROM THE UNI- versity of Otago last year for failing to pass an adquate number of papers, compared to 84 suspensions in 2010.

This increase comes as the as the University shifts its focus to producing "quality" students, Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne told the Otago Daily Times. The University would neither confirm nor deny whether all students suspended due to failing too many papers were tourism students.

To allow the suspensions, the University Council approved a revision of the Academic Progress Policy in October last year so that students must now pass half or more of the points they

are enrolled in for a calendar year. A student who fails to do so will be placed on Conditional Enrolment. Once a student gains this status, he or she may enrol for a prescribed course of study only, and papers must be chosen by the student in consultation with and approved by a designated Advisor of Studies.

Students who then pass fewer than half of the points in their prescribed course will be suspended from enrolment from the University for the following two years. After this suspension period, suspended students will be able to return to study at the University and will be regarded as Recommencing students upon registration.

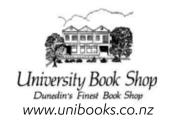
OUSA president Logan Edgar backs the tougher stance, saying it will uphold the value of degrees. Harlene Hayne agreed, saying the

change signalled a shift from past years when there was an "ever-increasing" focus on lifting student numbers.

The policy of being able to suspend students for failing to achieve certain academic benchmarks was established two years ago, despite criticism that the policy would create elitism. However, Professor Hayne has said that the new focus on quality was already "paying off" for the University with 84.4% of students passing at least two-thirds of their academic credits in their first year of study in 2011 compared with 81.6% in 2010. That 2.8% difference may represent a success to the University; however Critic would like to extend its condolences to the Tourism Department, which presumably now has 2.8% fewer students to its name.











Thousands of Invisible activists invisibly paint the night

SASHA BORISSENKO

Invisible Children's Much-Anticipated "Cover the Night" event "took place" on April 20. Despite this, the citizens of Dunedin were surprised to wake up on April 21 to find that global injustice and international human rights abuses continued around the world.

Online documentary KONY 2012 received worldwide attention last month for depicting the atrocities of Joseph Kony, the mastermind behind the Lord's Resistance Army. The documentary and Invisible Children, the charity behind it, appealed to viewers to take part in

"Cover the Night", an event in which supporters were encouraged to work for local charities before putting up campaign material later that evening.

Despite the fashionable flurry, reaching a high of two million Twitter mentions per day in early March, the associated event failed miserably worldwide. Vancouver's group numbered a mere 17 people. Meanwhile, Brisbane saw fewer than 50 attendees. Kony-related topics received 74,000 total Twitter mentions on April 20, less than half the level of buzz after the event's official release.

"Cover the Night" similarly failed in

Dunedin, despite having a total of eight Facebook groups associated with the event, one Twitter page and 3,554 pledged RSVPs. After a series of inquiries, Critic was unable to spot any posters in the Dunedin area – with the exception of a sad number on the corner of George and Hanover Streets, and its lonely friend down by the Commerce Building. Furthermore, Facebook organisers refused to comment, "like" or reply to Critic's queries about the event, proving that just because you're an internet sensation doesn't mean you'll make it on the mean, hard streets of Dunedin.

"What would you do?" no longer a hypothetical question

CLAUDIA HERRON

THE UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO HAS ANNOUNCED AN operating surplus of \$26 million last year, the highest recorded surplus since the figure peaked in 2007 at \$26.35 million.

The surplus was \$9.22 million above what was initially budgeted; however, the likelihood of maintaining future operating surpluses has been put into doubt by a number of construction projects planned by the University over the next few years, including the earthquake strengthening of campus buildings.

The \$26 million reported may be an optimistic spin on the numbers, with the adjusted surplus a significantly lower sum of \$18.144 million. Adjusted surpluses reflect the effects of unrealised gains and losses on shares held,

actuarial accruals, carry-forward changes and other significant one-off items. Critic smiled and nodded at this explanation and recommends that all readers be accompanied by a friend studying advanced finance to explain what the hell this actually means. Critic's finance advisor was away on fieldwork in Botswana and was unable to do the job.

A University Council meeting report revealed Financial Services Director Grant McKenzie viewed the University's financial position as "solid" although he did express concern that the adjusted figure was lower than in previous years.

The report also detailed that the University had concluded the year with a record \$62.98 million total cash on hand. This represented a

9.15% increase from 2010 and was a result of delayed capital expenditure projects such as transforming the now wistfully lifeless Gardies into the Marsh Study Centre.

McKenzie remarked that a substantial increase in the demand for cash would likely occur as many approved projects from the priority development plan moved from design to construction.

In order to maintain surpluses, the University looks set to face a challenge more arduous than relinquishing its obsession with destroying all things remotely scarfie. Mr McKenzie also reported that this would not be easy in an environment of "severe government fiscal constraint". Critic speculates that yearly fee rises will help to ease the University's pain.

International students aware that Dunedin is not Christchurch

GUS GAWN

THE UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO INTERNATIONAL OFFICE

has noticed a drop in international students enrolling or arriving on exchange in the past year. However speculation (mainly by the Otago Daily Times) that the drop was caused by the Christchurch earthquakes appears unfounded.

International Pro Vice-Chancellor Sarah Todd admitted that international arrivals were down around 6% this year but said, "it is difficult to quantify the exact number of students that would have otherwise enrolled at the University of Otago." She also identified other factors that may have had an impact. "The current strength of the New Zealand dollar affects the perceived affordability of NZ as a study destination.

Institutions in the USA are themselves subject to heightened budgetary constraints."

A student exchange advisor told Critic, "as far as we are aware there have been no concerns or enquiries regarding the earthquake."

When Critic asked current exchange students whether potential earthquakes had been a defining factor in their decision to study at Otago, none seemed overly concerned. Huakun Wan of Dalian, China said, "my relatives told me to be careful, but the Otago international centre reassured us that Dunedin would be fine."

The ODT speculated last week that vague international media coverage had lumped Dunedin and Christchurch together into one "island of destruction" as perceived by the international community. However, Critic's comprehensive

research suggests this is not the case. Sarah Mulcahey of Maine confirmed that "everyone from home knew Dunedin was a different place to Christchurch." Sophie Smith, from England, added "my parents thought about it for a little bit but we assumed Dunedin to be safe".

If anything, the Christchurch earthquakes caused a windfall for the Dunedin exchange program, with many students transferring from Canterbury to Otago last year. Brett Macdonald of Edmonton, Canada told Critic, "I was intending to go to Christchurch this semester but I thought Dunedin would be safer."

In conclusion there are less international students in Dunedin this year but it was probably not because of the Christchurch earthquake. Now you know.

Army Never Been to War, Are GCs nonetheless

IMOGEN WHYTE

CHRISTCHURCH'S STUDENT VOLUNTEER ARMY HAS

been awarded the 2012 Returned Services' Association Anzac of the Year Award, in recognition of its contribution to the Christchurch community following the Christchurch earthquakes. The award was presented on the eve of Anzac Day by the impressively-titled, Governor General Lieutenant General The Right Honourable Sir Jerry Mateparae GNZM QSO.

The award was established in 2010 to recognises the efforts of New Zealanders who exemplify the qualities of comradeship, compassion, courage and commitment. This year marks the first time the award has been given

to non-military personnel or to a group. "The young men and women who went out and delivered exceptional support did so in the true spirit of the original Anzacs," said Sir Mateparae.

The SVA was initiated by University of Canterbury student Sam Johnson following the 7.1 magnitude Christchurch earthquake on 4 September 2010. Sam set up the Student Volunteer Army Facebook page where students could find information on how to volunteer. In the two weeks following the earthquake the Army provided much-needed support to over 2,500 volunteers and helped clear over 65,000 tonnes of liquefaction.

Although the SVA's efforts may not have

taken place in wartime, it was acknowledged by the RSA that the Army possessed the same values and integrity displayed by Anzacs at war. Mr Johnson agreed, saying "I think it's the same mentality — 'let's just get out there and do what we can in this situation."

Speaking from Gallipoli, RSA National President Don McIver congratulated the SVA, "I wish to congratulate them all on their contribution – like those who went before them, they have made a nation proud."

Sam Johnson, Andrew Chalmers, and all ten members of the SVA committee received the award on behalf of the wider SVA, many of whom were at the presentation ceremony.





The Graduate Longitudinal Study, which produced the findings, sampled nearly 9,000 sutdents in their final year across New Zealand's eight universities between July and December 2011. It will continue to follow these graduates over the next ten years.

The Auckland University Students' Association (AUSA) has used this result to call for government recognition of student hardship. AUSA President Arena Williams encouraged student bodies around the country to "start asking questions about whether the government is fulfilling its role to ensure that everyone with the potential to succeed in tertiary education has a fair chance."

As evidence Williams cited one Auckland Uni student whose flat was so "freezing" that "after a few hours your feet and hands get numb." While this harrowing account has provoked the sympathy of some Otago students, many scarfies are thought to be confident that our northern brethren will survive the winter with at least four fingers on each hand intact. OUSA President Logan Edgar has controversially suggested that scarfies might be worse off than up north, given that the majority of Otago students "don't live with their parents and have to buy their own piss."

With the 15% figure equating to 3,000 students in "absolute hardship" at the University of Otago, Edgar acknowedged the extent of student suffering. "Yeah fuck, some cunts are doing it rough," he sadly muttered, before mumering something about traumatic flashbacks to his own "youth".

As a solution, AUSA has called for improvements to the student living allowance scheme. The maximum entitlement of \$170.80 for students under the age of 24 has been criticised for being too little to keep up with rising living costs.

AUSA has also suggested that "widespread student poverty" can be blamed for detrimental grades. When asked for comment, scarfies generally denied their academic success was being hindered by destitution. As one told Critic, "I wouldn't say that's what impedes it. After all, I study marketing. If I fail that then let's face it, no amount of dough is ever going to raise my IQ above that of a really smart carrot. I would rather have that money further on down the line, when my cirrhosis gets really bad and my parents start charging me for board."



Five fifth-years frolic for fish in filthy waters of Leith.

We like alliteration, alright?

BELLA MACDONALD

A FLAT OF RESOURCEFUL FIFTH-YEARS HAVE proven that half a decade of being a scarfie is enough to survive in the wild, after an impromptu fishing expedition put smoked salmon fillets on the students' dinner plates.

At about 10.30pm on April 17, reported sightings of salmon in the shallows of the Leith alerted the students. Arming themselves with the "most useful things they could find," including a washing basket, a mop and a cricket bat, the students proceeded to the banks of the Leith.

The students used the age-old fishing

technique of positioning a batsman upstream from a downstream washing-basket keeper. The students successfully used this method to catch three fish and then filleted them their flat's bathroom, which was left "looking like a murder scene".

The largest of the fish weighed in at 5.5 kgs, in violation of Fish and Game Regulations. A Fish and Game Otago spokesperson told Critic, "you need a licence to fly, spin or bait fish in the Water of Leith." Fishermen caught without a licence can face "substantial" fines. However, it is unclear whether "batting" is encompassed by the legislation.

VOLUNTEERS REQUIRED

We are seeking volunteers for clinical comparison studies of market brand-leading drugs alongside generic formulations of those drugs. If you fit this criteria:

- √ Male or Female, between 18-55 years
- √ Have no medical condition
- √ Non-Smoker (for at least six months)
- √ Not on medication (excluding female contraception pill)
- √ Not taken any drugs of abuse

All participants will be remunerated for their time and inconvenience

Zenith Technology on 0800 89 82 82, or trials@zenithtechnology.co.nz or visit our website at www.zenithtechnology.co.nz to register your interest

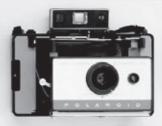
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The Critic 2012 Photography Competition

BROUGHT TO YOU BUY JONATHON'S PHOTO WAREHOUSE

RUNNER UP

\$300 VOUCHER



Entries are open now for the 2012 Critic photography competition. There is only one category - Otago - whatever Otago means to you, capture it on film (or you know, digitally), and you could be in to win ...

There is only one category - Otago. Entries close 11th of May at 4pm. All applicants must be either Otago University or Polytechnic Students. Email the JPEG of your entry to competition@critic.co.nz Winners announced 21 May in issue 12 of Critic. Other terms and conditions apply: There are heaps of them, so just come ask if you're interested, and we'll make some up on the spot.

Aleus Briefs



Quotes from Logan Edgar

AUSTRALIA | AUSTRALIAN CONSERVATIVE POLITICIAN, SPEAKER PETER SLIPPER, evidently ... err ... slipped, and groped a male subordinate staffer. Still, the Archbishop of the Anglican Church has claimed Mr Groper Slipper is a devout churchgoer who regularly attends mass, so that's all good. Perhaps our Aussie bro was taking his cues from his Indian counterparts; but unlike the Indians who are "satisfied" by just watching porn in Parliament, this guy actually tried to be in one.

MACON | DON'T BE FOOLED BY THE NAME: LULU, A 57-YEAR-OLD GRANNY FROM Macon, GA, gunned down two robbers aged in their thirties in a wild shootout which totally displayed why women should go to war alongside men. This budding Helen Mirren wannabe was waylaid right after she dropped her 15-year-old grandson at home. Her car was riddled with bullets but she miraculously survived. One of the perps is now in intensive care after being shot straight through the sternum. The other fled. Epic badassery.



LONDON | SPEAKING OF PORN, IMPASSIONED YOUNG ANIMAL RIGHTS ACTIVIST Jacqueline Traide, of London, became a human guinea pig and was abominably tortured in a public window to raise awareness about testing on animals. Onlookers and shoppers watched in disgust and horror, and, um, took photos on their phones. Which makes me wonder, in a rare moment of seriousness, about the nature of protests these days. Should there be a line drawn on this kind of public sadomasochistic behaviour in the name of progressive protests? Think about it ...

UK | In an APPARENT MISTAKE, UK FIRM LOCKSTONE LAID OFF OVER 1,300 WORKers worldwide. Within 25 minutes they had to inform what was presumably a lynch mob that it was a mistake. Given that in Europe jobs are a subject that could pretty much cause World War III, we can safely assume Skynet did this in order to bring about the annihilation of humanity.

14 Critic Issue 09

-On the situation in Syria-

"Syria? What's the situation in Syria? They're always getting up to mischief over there, aye?"

-On the trial of Anders Behring Breivik, charged with killing 69 t eenagers at a Norway summer camp-

"I'd have to have a reason to kill a man, but I'd killl him. It's got to be for the people and I'm a man of the people. Because fuck that's not a normal Saturday night for anyone."

-On the hologram of Tupac that performed at the Coachella music festival -

"Fuck, he's still in good knick, isn't he. He's been working out."

-On whether French president Nicolas Sarkozy can win the French presidential elections by appealing to the far right-

"I have actually been following that election, gentlemen. I didn't know the Frenchies had a far right."





1 | Anything that has Garlic in it.

This one's a no-brainer in theory, but difficult in practice given that garlic is the major component in most meals outside of your trusty hoard of two-minute noodles. Good luck with that.

2 | Meat.

It's true that opposites attract but if your date's a pescetarian/vegetarian/ vegan/incapable of eating anything at all, you need to consider how you would feel kissing a mouth that has just torn apart the flesh of a creature you believe has equal moral status to humankind, and you may be able to see how that mouth now has less allure. Whether your date falls in to this category or not, veal should nevertheless be avoided, at least for the first three dates.

3 | Sauces.

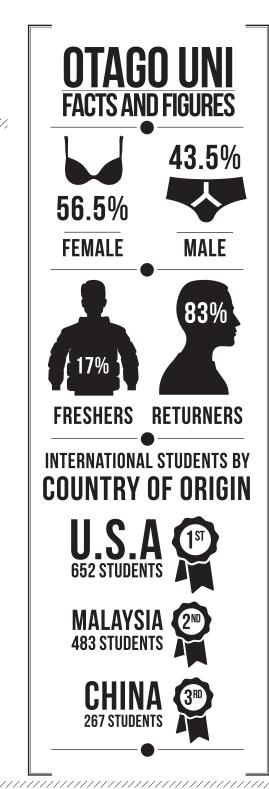
The only way sauces are is sexy is if they are being used (by you) to cover your partner's naked body. In all other date-related situations, they will be staining your virginal white top and dribbling down your freshly washed pants, which will ensure that nothing else will be that evening.

4 | Purposely ordering food to boost your libido.

If you are of the male persuasion, refrain from such foods at all costs. Watching your efforts to eat a raw oyster will only convince your date that the use of your tongue in her vagina is likely to be equally unimpressive.

5 | Nothing.

One of you mustered up the courage to ask out the other for a reason. And that reason was not passionate and spontaneous sex on a bed of rosebuds, but food godamnit! Ladies, men like a woman who eats; and men, women like men who eat like men.



Social Basketball

JOHN BURTON

THIS WEEK WE INTRODUCE A SECTION IN WHICH guest writers give you a rundown of what's happening in the social sports scene. Here's John Burton with his take on social basketball.

The Unipol Social Basketball League is a breeding ground for up-and-coming basketball players from the University and Polytech. It is a hotbed of skill, finesse and athleticism, and only the best teams can enter [actually anyone can enter]. Teams need at least two girls on the court, and to make sure they can showcase their own skills, there is strictly no blocking. One team in particular is proving its worth, The Dunedin Bobcats. This alluring outfit have shown ample athleticism, a high level of

sportsmanship and a stupendous amount of razzle, but unfortunately no dazzle.

Their coach has high hopes for his team in their inaugural season. "Yeah, the team is really starting to gel, and we have been picking up some great free agents. I expect nothing but wins from here on out." Critic asked Bobcats player and league founder Nick "Black Mamba" Walker what inspired him to start the USBL. "I just knew there was some real hidden talent out there, and this is a way for them to come out of their shell, work off the booze, and prove that they have what it takes."

Last week the Bobcats were pretty impressive. They were required to play two games, a tough schedule. The first game was against

Moe's Clams, who were wearing NBA singlets, and everyone knows that means they must be good. However, Bobcats stars Tom "Lebron" McKnight and Nick "The Col-Train" Grant were simply too effective. Between them they scored 29 of the team's 52 points and took 15 rebounds. Post-game Nick had this to say: "Yeah, nah, definitely." Their second game? Well, let's just say fatigue was a factor and leave it at that. The Bobcats have some promising players such as Peter "Whight Howard" Brownless, Jack "White-Mamba-Scalabrine" Ensor and Nick "Dirka-Dirka" Scullion.

Do you think you can beat the Dunedin Bobcats? If so sign up for the USBL at Unipol any time. If you want to earn a little cash, the USBL is always looking for refs as well. Games are 20 minutes each half, and are played on Wednesday nights at the Teachers' College Gymnasium from 6.15pm.

Women's eight take on eight other women in Windermere Never having 'done sports' before, Crific presumes that this is what rowing is.

GUS GAWN

HE OTAGO UNIVERSITY ROWING CLUB IS sending a women's eight crew to the prestigious Windermere Cup in Seattle, Washington. International crews are invited to take on the University of Washington "Huskies" crew at the regatta, which is one of the highlights of the intercollegiate rowing calendar. This year the star crew is the Argentinean national squad, though the home crew is always

tough to beat on their own water.

The event is held at Montlake Cut, which is part of the shipping canal system in central Seattle. The location lends an exciting atmosphere to the event with as many as 40,000 spectators lining the banks to cheer on their home crew. The racecourse is also treacherous; Otago coxswain Heather Scott will have to be on her game to negotiate a narrow gap that can only fit two crews at a time. Otago are borrowing a

boat though so she shouldn't be too worried.

The Otago eight will row against the Huskies as well as other universities, including power-house squad Gonzaga, in the second Division Cascade Cup event, a prestigious race in its own right. The University of Washington Rowing programme attracts the best rowers from around the world to compete on their team; they are essentially an Olympic class squad.

Otago team captain Sarah Lindley said the crew has had limited preparation. "We only started training in O-Week when the team was picked. The girls are really excited, the atmosphere will be awesome; this will definitely be the biggest crowd we have rowed in front of."

2012 has been an excellent year for the Otago University Rowing Club. Fiona Bourke has been confirmed to compete at the London Olympics and is a genuine medal hope. Fergus Fauvel has a chance to qualify in the coming weeks. OURC will have six representatives in the New Zealand Universities rowing team. To top it off, Otago took out the rowing at the Uni Games over the Easter break.

Good luck ladies, row that boat.

Love Beer Pong Bro

OR THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES (OR HOWEVER LONG it takes to read 800 words) beer pong counts as a sport. If you have a problem with this, direct emails to critic@critic.co.nz, which is thankfully not my email address.

Beer pong is a sport in which teams of two compete against each other in a test of accuracy. The aim is to throw a ping-pong ball into one of your opponents' ten, carefully-arranged cups, which forces them to consume the beverage in that cup. It's a drinking game.

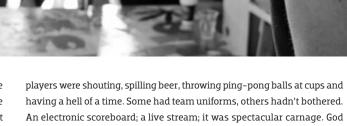
Most of you know what beer pong is and have probably either played or watched others play at some point in your drinking career. For the sake of brevity we'll cease the instructional vignette at this point and get down to the point of whatever this is.

Beer pong is said to have originated in the fraternities (just like the ones in the movies) of Ivy League school Dartmouth College sometime in the 1950s or 60s. The game was originally played using paddles but evolved to its current form as it spread around campuses in the US.

Beer Pong is undoubtedly good fun. Just the right mix of rules, required dexterity, opportunity for low grade bullying (banter), and skills that decline with intoxication. In other words, a quality drinking game. It's no coincidence that the sport has proved popular amongst the scarfie population. Beers? Good. Throwing balls? Good. Drunken competition? Goooooood.

Fun as it is, I wonder how many keen players have stopped to think about what beer pong represents. To me, beer pong highlights the declining individuality of the Otago experience. Beer pong is the drinking game representation of the importing of American college culture in lieu of something we have created ourselves. NBA singlets, keg stands, flat peaks, the abundance of incorrect handshakes, don't even get me started on those "Letterman" jackets the Uni is thinking of making. We are taking our cues from the most oafish and socially retarded group of people on the planet: The college "frat boy".

With irrational bitterness clogging up its frontal lobe, Critic went and had a look at the unofficial Dunedin Beer Pong "Championships". Let me describe the scene. The Vogel Street venue/flat is a rabbit warren. Stairs run in all directions. God knows how many stories there are. Each room is an alcove or a hideaway. Beer pong, everywhere. Ten games at once. And the stink - oh, the stink. Rumours abound that competitors played with water to stay sober until the later rounds proved unfounded. It was 3:30 in the afternoon (on a Sunday) and everyone was "buzzed". Zombie-eyed



it looked like fun. 22 teams competed for a specially engraved troph in a round-robin format followed by playoffs. The tournament is primarily a Selwynite tradition. Past winners include widely vilified ex-OUSA President and two-time champion Edwin Darlow (remember him from the Undie 500 riots?). Club members include low-grade Dunedin celebrities Logan Edgar

and Dave "3 News" Gooselink; heady stuff.

Both sexes are encouraged to participate but Critic only spotted one brave girl. Such a sausage sizzle left the door wide open for some homoerotic capers, and through that door the boys gleefully charged. Organiser and host Hugo Webb noted that eventual champions AJ and Tom are "known to [kiss, cuddle, whatever] as a distraction," adding, "girls commonly get their tits out which serves just as well." Which girls he was referring too was anyone's guess. Critic's photographer was particularly taken aback by the man-love on display. "It was weird, they seemed completely comfortable with what they were doing, like that's normal where they come from."

The "Championships" didn't get finished until well after Critic's bedtime, so here is Hugo's official tournament report. "The final table slam dunk by the victors was a great way to end the night. The double cup bounce shot was prevalent throughout, which always makes for some exciting pong. Some great rebuttals made tournaments for some, but for others the pong Gods weren't smiling. Well done to AJ and Tom who ended up champions."

RED AND STARRY EYED

ON ANZAC DAY

WHAT DO WE CELEBRATE IN ANZAC DAY?

Anzac Day is celebrated with pride every year. Like zombies, the old and young wake up before the sun has even set its alarm; we congregate around cenotaphs under artillery siege. There are the trumpets we have come to associate with war and the smell of gunfire fills the uniformed crowd like fog. If the event — our national, unifying, event — is so war-clad, how can we not say it is a celebration of war?

Red and Starry-Eyed has many issues with Anzac Day. Why do we wear a national massacre with pride? Gallipoli was a badly-planned invasion that backfired. New Zealand lost a quarter of the troops who disembarked. In total 120,000 New Zealanders fought in the "Great War", more than 10% of our population at the time — and of these around 18,052 died. It was meant to be the war that ended all wars; alas, it wasn't. This was only an excuse to get troops conscripted.

Some New Zealand streets are still lined with crosses to remember the fallen, but many don't understand that World War I was an imperial war, and far from being our nation's birthmark it showed our submission to Britain. The nation lost much more than it won. After the war we were plagued by joblessness, the Spanish flu and despair.

When Anzac Day was first celebrated, it was in memory of our great-grandfathers — we should remember them. Lest we forget many did not want to go. From 1916 there was forced conscription for Pakeha, from 1917 for Maori. This only led to more deaths, or mass imprisonment for those who refused.

Anzac Day is now a celebration of all our wars and all our fallen. We have not learnt from our mistakes; in fact we cherish our international involvement in Afghanistan for "peacekeeping", we were commanded into Iraq by the US and we have had a constant involvement in the Pacific. Lately it has only been in "reconstruction efforts", but always imposing a presence to our expense, and aiding civilian deaths.

Our involvement in World War I should not be a thing of pride. Why don't we remember the conscientious objectors? Or reflect on the overall casualty rate? Every war we fight will lead to another one, with more innocent deaths. It's time to let go of the artillery and use Anzac Day as a textbook example of why we should not fight.

-Red and Starry Eyed



When in Doubt, Slap a Tobacco Company

CALLUM FREDRIC

All hail the brave warrior Tariana Turia, leading the small but valiant army of the New Zealand Government against the numberless forces of the evil tobacco companies. While outnumbered ten-to-one in terms of resources, the Government underdogs will prevail – because they have moral righteousness on their side.

Alternatively, you could see the Government's push for plain packaging of cigarettes as the latest in a series of populist bullying tactics against everyone's favourite whipping boys — smokers and tobacco companies. Not content with the annual tradition of increasing the "sin tax" on cigarettes, as well as a law requiring gruesome photos on the front of every packet, the NZ Government now wants to ban tobacco companies from having their branding and logo on cigarette packets.

The Australian Government started down the plain packaging path in 2011, but the tobacco companies fought back, filing a multibillion dollar lawsuit for confiscation of intellectual property rights without due compensation. After all, these companies have built up a brand over the decades. Banning them from using it without

The Five Stupidest Taxes

CALLUM FREDRIC

01 | Excise Tax ("Sin Tax")

EXCISE TAX IS A TAX PUT ON ANYTHING THE GOVERNMENT OF THE DAY considers sinful. Classic examples are alcohol and tobacco. Initially, the money is spent on funding healthcare for people who overindulge in these sinful delights, but governments inevitably succumb to their own sinful temptations and raise the taxes beyond the break-even level to get more of that sweet, sweet revenue.

02 | INHERITANCE TAX

IF YOU THOUGHT GREAT UNCLE BERTIE'S DEATH WAS SAD, IMAGINE IF THE government had taken a big chunk of his assets as soon as he flatlined. Inheritance taxes encourage people to go out in a blaze of glory, spending up large on whiskey and hookers, and leaving nothing behind for their children. Because what's the point when half the money in their will would go to the government? Thankfully, unlike much of Europe, New Zealand has no inheritance tax.



compensating them for their loss is probably unconstitutional.

Australian Prime Minister Julia Gillard tried to portray her Government as David rather than Goliath: "We're not going to be intimidated by big tobacco's tactics". But there are few things more cringeworthy than a politician leading a witch-hunt against an unpopular figure. Attacking tobacco companies requires about as much bravery as ripping on Destiny Church or Justin Bieber.

Back in New Zealand, the main arguments about the proposed law have so far been about whether it would actually make a difference to smoking rates. But while there's no doubt smoking ain't good for the old lungs, this debate misses the point. One of the great things about being human is that we have choices. If people want to smoke, it's their choice. Hence why we haven't banned cigarettes altogether, even though that would presumably reduce smoking rates.

Do we really want the government launching populist crusades against everything it considers unhealthy? If so, say goodbye to alcohol, fast food and soft drinks. We've already had some crackpot call soft drink companies "drug dealers" after a woman paid the ultimate price for drinking 7.5 litres of Coke per day. The government needs to step back before we end up with plain packaging for beer. Although that would give the SoGo industry a massive boost.

03 | IMPORT TARRIFS

IMPORT TARIFFS ARE A TAX ON AN IMPORTED GOOD, DESIGNED TO RAISE the price of the imported item, thus making it less able to compete with local products that don't have to pay the tariff. This in turn protects inefficient local dinosaurs from having to adapt and compete in the 21st century. Thanks to NZ's bizarre list of tariffs, we pay 26.5% more for imported shoes, among many other products.

04 | ENVY TAX

An envy tax is a special high rate of income tax that only applies to people earning over a certain threshold. NZ had one for a while, but it was recently abolished. The Beatles wrote the song "Taxman" to protest against the 95% "supertax" on their earnings above a certain level. Envy taxes tend to drive people to flee their home country and become tax exiles, as George Harrison and Ringo Starr did in the 1970s.

05 | CHEEKY INDIRECT TAXES

YOU KNOW THE TYPE. SEMI-ESSENTIAL GOODS AND SERVICES, LIKE passports and car registration. The government has a monopoly on providing these things – you can't get them anywhere else – so they hike their prices and pocket the spare change.



ON ANZAC DAY

IT HAS BEEN CLAIMED THAT THE WORDS "LEST WE FORGET" ARE MISUSED. INSTEAD we should say "lest we remember". That's what it's about they say, the memorials and the two minutes' silence, because there is no better way of forgetting something than by commemorating it, they say. They lie.

We celebrate Anzac Day to remember the soldiers that risked their lives for this country, for its ideals and for our freedom. It is a day where all enlisted men and women are remembered and honoured for their services to and sacrifices for the country. It is important not to forget the sacrifices made, hence those words: Lest we forget.

It is the Templar's firm belief that we have something in this country to be celebrated, something to be cherished: We have democracy. It didn't come along easy and it hasn't been kept alive through spirit alone. Our fathers and grandfathers gave their lives to ensure that our lifestyles remained intact. By celebrating Anzac Day we honour their sacrifices and remember what we are lucky to have because they fought for it.

Nowadays Anzac Day has taken on greater meaning. We now acknowledge not only those who fought in the two great wars but those who serve in the armed forces this very day. In places like East Timor, Afghanistan, and Iraq our young men and women, Kiwis like you and me, are bringing the gift of democracy to the world. The Templar almost never has his icy exterior thawed, but tears form when I think of the downtrodden who are being lifted up with the help of those young Kiwis.

Anzac Day then is a time for us to come together as one nation, and acknowledge with pride the difference that New Zealand is making around the world. It is a time for us to give thanks to our servicemen and women for their work in bringing the dream of democracy to the world. When we hear that trumpet sound, and we see those poppies, we will remember them. It fosters that national pride that we so love.

The Templar encourages everyone to show their support for our armed forces. Get out there and recall those who are parted from their families so that yours can sleep safely. Remember that as you tell your child bedtime stories, somewhere out there a fellow Kiwi calls "once more into the breach dear friends, once more." And when you do, do so with pride.

—THE TORY TEMPLAR



The failure of rape prevention and the ethics of getting sexy

LADIES, YOU CAN PROBABLY SKIP READING THIS ARTICLE: IT'S ABOUT PREVENTING RAPE AND SEXUAL VIOLENCE, SO IT REALLY DOESN'T CONCERN YOU. THIS IS SOMETHING THAT THE GUYS NEED TO TALK ABOUT.

BEFORE HORDES OF ANGRY FEMINISTS KNOCK DOWN MY DOOR AND EMOLLIATE ME ON THE UNION LAWN, I

have a point here. Women are usually (with some exceptions) the victims of rape. Talking to them about preventing sexual violence smacks of victim blaming. It is also a little like talking to the victims of drunk drivers and imploring them to do something about the problem: Well-intentioned, but hardly effective. New approaches in North America and Scotland are starting to shift the focus to educating men about their role in rape prevention.

This week is Rape Awareness Week, a chance for us all to remember that the issue of rape and sexual violence has not gone away, and that a quarter of all women will experience some form of sexual violence in their lifetime. But it is also a chance for us to critically reflect on why rape is still such a massive problem in our otherwise enlightened society.

THE PAST ...

THE FIRST MAJOR CAMPAIGNS IN RAPE PREVENTION GREW OUT OF THE FEMINIST movement in the 1970s. Women were taught self-defence in the hope that they could fight off their attackers. Georgia Knowles, a community educator with Rape Crisis Dunedin, doubts how effective they were. "I'm not sure how I feel about it. In some ways it's really helpful, but in lots of ways, it reinforces ideas of rape myth, and ignores that the majority of rape is the coercive stuff that doesn't involve you fighting people off on the street."

One of the successes of the early movement was the increased acknowledgment of rape myths as just that: Myths. Knowles describes rape myths as including "if a woman's really drunk it is okay to have sex with her'; 'if women are flirtatious, or wearing a certain outfit, or acting in a certain way, then they are asking for sex'; or 'if a woman is saying no, then they THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RAPE AND sexual violence is to a large degree a difference in legal definition:

Rape is very specifically the penetration of genitalia by a penis. Sexual violence is a term used to describe sexual acts other than penetration that are performed without consent.

The use of the term "violence" does not necessarily imply physical force; rather, it is the lack of consent that makes the act violent.

This article uses rape as an ALL-ENCOMPASSING TERM FOR ANY NON-CONSENSUAL SEXUAL ACT.

actually mean yes." Sadly however, the early initiatives sometimes reinforced particular myths. For instance teaching women self-defence, and providing rape whistles, reinforced the myth that one was most at risk of being raped by a stranger while walking down a dark alleyway. The reality is that in over 85% of rape cases, the victim knew their assailant.

THE FUTURE?

DESPITE THE INCREASED AWARENESS, KNOWLES SAYS THAT OVER THE PAST 30 years, "there hasn't been any meaningful drop in rape statistics." In the face of this seeming failure, new campaigns like the "Don't Be That Guy" initiative that ran in Scottish pubs and bars target young males. Knowles says that Don't Be That Guy's message was simple: "It was saying things like 'just because she isn't saying no doesn't mean she's saying yes.' They ran that through lots of pubs, basically a whole campaign that says 'don't be that guy that rapes the drunk girl,' and from what they saw, it created a significant drop in sexual offending. Which would make sense, because a

lot of the prevention education we've done in the past, aimed at women, obviously doesn't work."

Other groups, such as White Ribbon in Canada, and Our Strength is Not For Hurting in California, are also putting the focus back on challenging men to deal with the problem themselves. Knowles says that it makes sense to frame it as a male issue. "There are lots of feminists saying, 'why are we doing work that men should be doing? Why are we doing your anti-violence work?' Because actually you need to step up and do it for yourselves." The focus of their campaigns is not only on rape prevention but also on the concept of "sexual ethics". Put another way, what does good sex look like?

"There are lots of feminists saying, 'why are we doing work that men should be doing?

Why are we doing your anti-violence work?'

Because actually you need to step up and do it for yourselves."

However there are obstacles to teaching sexual ethics to New Zealand's youth. Despite the obvious issues around providing meaningful sex education in NZ's religiously orientated schools, there are actual legal restrictions on what can be taught along side basic sex education. There is a standing mandate from the Ministry of Education that sex education must be kept distinct from anti-sexual violence education. And there is no consensus on when this type of education should begin, with some, like Dr Beres, arguing that it is part of life-long learning. "I have a four your old daughter, and it is important to me that she is comfortable with her

> body, and that she knows it," says Dr Beres. "I figure if she is confident and knows herself, and if she is given a sense of autonomy over her body, then if down the road somebody tries to do that, it will be a shock."

> So what are the ethics of sex? The following is a (by no means exhaustive) list of some of things to keep in mind when thinking about getting it on:

IT DOESN'T HAVE TO END IN SEX

It might sound stupid to say it, but sex shouldn't and doesn't need to be the end goal of any intimate interaction. The so-called "coital imperative" is the idea that an interaction has to eventually lead to sex. As Dr Beres says, "don't assume that any behaviour that is happening, especially early on, is an indica-

tion that someone wants to have sex with you. So if someone is kissing you on the dance floor, that doesn't mean that they want to have sex." Every step along the way to intercourse is pretty good in its own right, and even partners in long-term relationships can enjoy non-intercourse acts without having to eventually have sex.

TALK IT OUT

It seems that nearly every part of sex can be achieved without talking; even picking up on the dance floor can be achieved with a little grinding and eye fucking. Yet good sex definitely requires some talking. The easiest way to ensure that both partners are keen to get it on is simply to ask. However, we're pretty crap at being forthright about what we want, or don't want. It is unusual in Kiwi culture to say an outright "no". We would usually just prevaricate or provide some reason for being unwilling to say "yes". Dr Beres points to an interesting body of research which shows that women say no to sex the same way they say no to other social invitations. "So to say to women, 'when you are in a situation with a man doing something that you don't want to do, you need to assertively say no,' is asking them to completely contravene a really accepted way of refusing a social invitation. And then the flipside, to say that men aren't understanding it, is to say that men don't have the ability to read and understand a basic social cue." So talking is the easiest and safest way to make sure that you're both on the same page. But there are other indicators that can help you make sure that your partner is down to get down.

ETHICS NEVER LOOKED SO SEXY

Teaching sexual ethics is more encompassing than just the prevention of negative sexual experiences, such as rape and sexual violence; it can also help people have more positive and meaningful sex lives generally. Dr Melanie Beres, a sociology lecturer at the University of Otago, says that the teaching of sexual ethics really encompasses all issues of sexuality, beginning with who we are as sexual beings, and then what kind of relationships we want to have. "A big part of sexual ethics is care for yourself. The theory is that by reflecting on your own needs and what's going to work for you, then inherently you care for the other."

Sexual ethics also goes much further than just discussing consent, which Dr Beres believes is a poorly understood concept. "It's not something that people think about. [Rather than thinking about] 'am I consenting here, or is my partner consenting here?' they might be thinking about 'is my partner having a good time?' And they might notice that their partner isn't feeling comfortable, so maybe I should stop and check things out. But they're not thinking about consent. Talking about consent really has its limitations because of the strong legal connotation. {It} becomes about what you can get away with. So that's why there is this move towards sexual ethics. People don't really think about consent when they're engaging in sex."

"It's not something that people think about. [Rather than thinking about] 'am I consenting here, or is my partner consenting here?' they might be thinking about 'is my partner having a good time?"

WHAT DOES CONSENT LOOK LIKE?

Consent has a certain look, sound and feel, and non-consent the same. There are non-direct clues that you can use to confirm that your partner is consenting. Being responsive to what is happening, reacting positively to being touched, smiling, touching you back — all of this fairly obvious stuff can indicate that your partner is keen. And of course the reverse is also true. If you sense that your partner is not having a good time, if they are quiet and still, and not smiling, then it is definitely time to stop and check in with how they're feeling, by just simply asking.

All of that said, there is an important proviso: Sex feels good. It's supposed to. Your body enjoys it, and responds the right way, because you're fulfilling one of your most basic animal instincts: Getting

pregnant. That's why we want to have sex so much, our bodies are programmed to try and spread the seed. But just because it feels good at the time, doesn't mean that it is going to feel good afterwards.

SEX ISN'T OWED

You can never owe somebody else sex. If a girl doesn't want to have sex, she doesn't owe you a blowjob. If you paid for dinner, the movie, the taxi and the wine, you're a GC but that doesn't mean you get sex. Knowles says that many young women often feel that they owe their partner sex. "In lots of ways women are taught that their main resource is their bodies, so if someone does something for me, then what else can I do for him, other than the sexual stuff." The reality is that both partners need to want to have sex in order for it to be a positive experience.

DRINKING AND DRUGS

Obviously, it is never okay to have sex with someone who is unable to express consent before, during and immediately after the event. However, when one or both parties are intoxicated then this creates difficulties. Many

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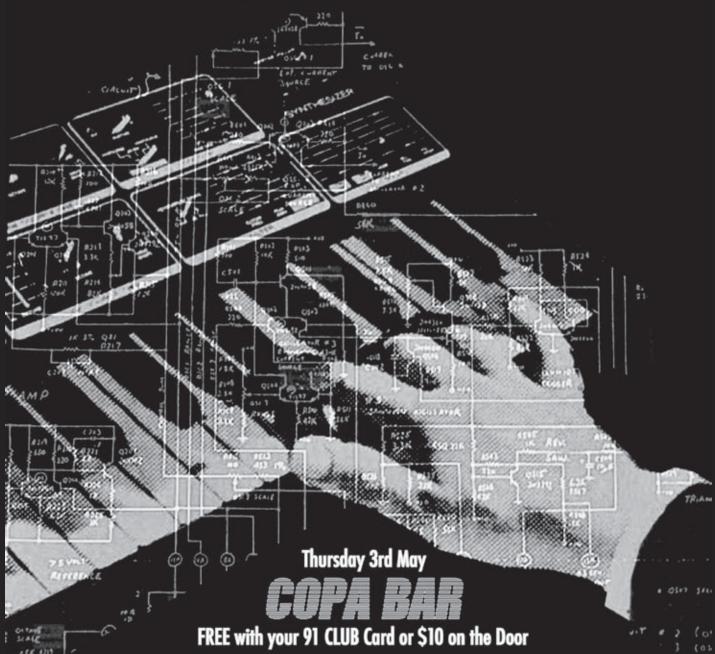
people have sex after drinking (indeed many students have never had sex without being drunk) and have not regretted it afterwards. It can be a hard line to draw, so err on the side of caution. If you think that the person is doing something that they wouldn't do if they were sober, stop. And if you are too drunk to be making smart decisions about safe sex (i.e. condoms, and always using them), then you're almost definitely too drunk to be having sex.

MORALISING OVER

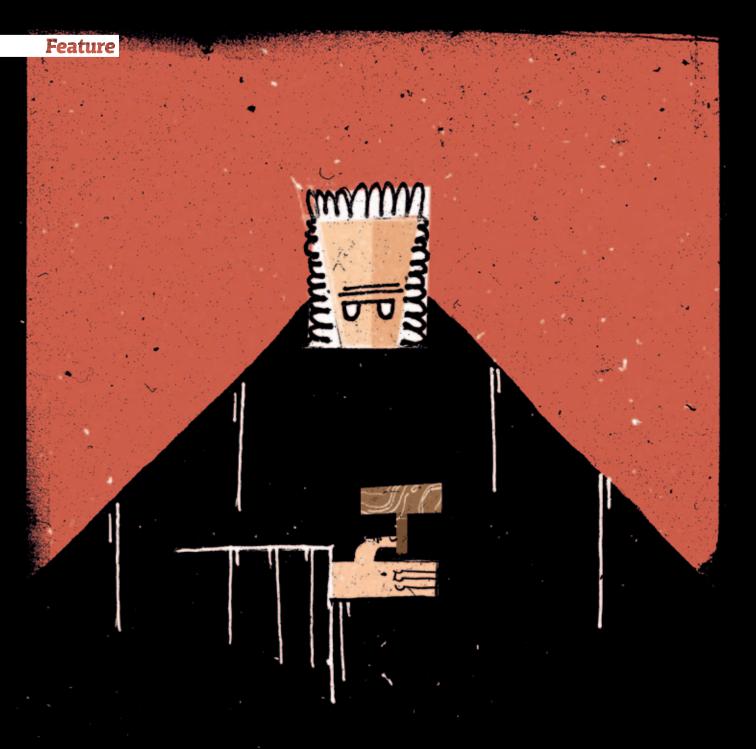
This short article will never be enough space to discuss all of the ins and outs of a topic as complicated as sex. Many of us will spend our entire lives trying to figure it out. But what we do know is that bad sex can do long-term serious damage; and that it is the personal responsibility of both men and women to ensure that those that we're trying to have a good time with, are having a good time too.

THE 91 CLUB PRESENTS

FUTURE SOUND OF DUNEDING TIMMY PINC + UTU



TUBORG



A FAILING SYSTEM

BY CHARLOTTE GREENFIELD

T'S THE LEGAL SYSTEM'S WORST-KEPT SECRET: WHEN IT comes to prosecuting rape and sexual offending, justice is eluding us. Research and statistics – a lot of them - prove this. For example, it is estimated that only 9% of sexual offences are brought to the attention of police in New Zealand. Of the sexual violations that are reported, only 13% will result in the conviction of an offender. A study by the Ministry of Women's Affairs into female complainants in rape trials suggests that giving evidence of sexual violation in court is consistently a distressing experience for the victim, with 12 of the 14 women interviewed for the study separately reporting that it seemed that she was "on trial" rather than the accused.

PUBLICLY RAPED

LEAH (NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT PRIVACY) WAS raped four years ago by the flatmate of a friend who she was staying with. Despite her initial instinct to keep quiet, rumours that the same man had raped another girl prompted her to go to the police. I asked Leah what it was like to be a complainant in a rape trial:

"It feels very public and impersonal," Leah says. "Even in a closed courtroom you stand in front of the judge, the stenographer, a reporter, the officer in charge of the case, the Crown prosecutor and his or her assistant and the defence lawyer, his plus-one, the guy who runs things to the jury – which is another twelve strangers – and two prison guards flanking the last person in the world that you want to sit in front of to recount in excruciating detail exactly what he did to you."

"'What was he doing with his fingers? What did he do when his penis was in you? How did he move it?' I don't think it is possible to express how very close to unbearable this experience is ... I have heard other victims say that the process is like being raped again, this time publicly. It took around ten minutes for a man to devastate my life as I knew it. It was two years before the court system was done with me."

Part of the reason for the length of time it took to get Leah's case through the system was that three separate trials took place, "The [first] trial ended with a hung jury. The jury barely took the minimum time to come to this verdict, and whispers later say that most people wanted to find him guilty but two jurors refused to convict."

"Trial number two is six months of emotional torment later. There are things that I'm not allowed to say, but no

limits to what the defence may suggest. By the beginning of the second day two jurors have dropped out, claiming to have some connection to the defendant. The judge rules that the trial will proceed, acknowledging the emotional strain I have been through and not wishing to put me through it again. Two days later, a guilty verdict is reached, and weeks later he is sentenced to 8 years in prison. A couple more months, and he is back on the streets, acquitted [by the Court of Appeal] due to the [missing] jurors ..."

"By trial three, it had been two years since I had been raped. I will never forget what happened, but months of counselling and therapy angled at helping me to at least occasionally think of other things made me less emotional about the event. Which is good, from a managing-to-livemy-life-again perspective. To a jury it is not the amazing achievement it is to you, [to them] it is confusing. If this really happened, why is she not crying or something? She doesn't look bothered. They don't know that this is the third trial; that a different jury has already found him guilty. That I am upset, and exhausted, I just have practice now. The whole ordeal ends with a not guilty verdict, and I cry on the shoulder of a kind police officer while my parents contend with his swarm of supporters who 'knew he was innocent all along'. Then head back to Dunedin to finish my exams."

"I have heard other victims say that the process is like being raped again, this time publicly. It took around ten minutes for a man to devastate my life as I knew it. It was two years before the court system was done with me."

For Leah, the most harrowing aspect of her experience was recounting her rape in front of the man that raped her. This was worst during cross-examination in which defence lawyers regularly use tactics beyond simply asking what did or did not happen: "No, I am not sure if he ejaculated. Apparently this is something that is obvious. I didn't know that at the time, as I had not had much sex, and only ever with condoms. I'm not sure what's going on now, is she [the defence lawyer] still calling me a slut, or is she goading me about my lack of sexual experience? I feel humiliated ... It no longer feels like she is trying to help her client, it feels like she is punishing me for making her come to work today. It is suggested that perhaps I just had a wee nightmare? ... This woman is cunning."

Georgia Knowles, national coordinator of Rape Crisis, confirmed that for many rape survivors this is the most traumatic part of the process. "Part of [cross-examination] is it feels like they've been put on trial, because they've got to defend their own actions, whereas defendants currently don't have to say anything." However, according to Knowles, there are other problems in the system, from when a woman reports a rape, through to a verdict being delivered.

"[Survivors] don't get enough information about what goes on. And because [the trial is] being taken on behalf of the Crown, not on behalf of them necessarily, they can end up feeling sort of minimised, like it's not really about them and they don't get much autonomy with their evidence, because they don't really know what's going on. Straight through from the complaint stage people are like, 'I have no idea what's going on with my case and people just don't get back to me.'"

REFORM?

THE LAW COMMISSION IS DISCUSSING WHAT CAN BE DONE TO create a more just approach for prosecuting rape and sexual violence cases in a 117-page issues paper entitled "Alternative Trial Processes". The Commission is entirely independent of the government, and its role is to explore possible law reforms, consult the public on these issues, and then make recommendations based on its research and consultation. Government can then choose whether or not to implement these by changing the law in Parliament.

The Law Commission is currently at the second of its three stages, having finished receiving public submissions on alternative trial processes on Friday April 27. These submissions were reflected in proposals in the issues paper, which put forward six extensive potential reforms of the law relating to the period before, during and after criminal trials. While in theory these changes could be made in relation to any criminal offence, the focus was on sexual offences and the special challenges they present to the legal system.

Of the many changes proposed, two have created particular controversy. The first is the proposal that juries should not be used in trials for sexual offences. Instead, a judge with two jurors would oversee the trial and deliberate on the result. These jurors would sit on a number of sexual assault cases for a fixed term and, like judges, would receive training on how to do so in advance. Furthermore, Crown and defence lawyers would have less control over how evidence is given. The judge would determine the



order in which witnesses give evidence and would be able to ask questions. Most controversially, it's proposed that the defendant would be required to give evidence first, unless the judge decided otherwise. The Law Commission argues that this does not undermine a defendants' right to silence, because they could refuse to answer any or all questions posed.

Parallel to this is the proposal to create an entirely different procedure for some rape cases, designed to address a portion of the 91% of sexual offences that usually go unreported. This would allow the victim, if the accused agreed to participate, to opt for a restorative justice process. The details of this process would vary depending on the nature of the case, but the eventual aim would be to come to a set of agreed outcomes, usually with the requirement that the accused undergo treatment or education to address their sexual offending.

This option would be most likely used for sexual offending in a family context, when victims and offenders often have an ongoing relationship after the offending. As Associate Professor Elisabeth McDonald, who co-wrote the book Real Rape: Real Justice, and collaborated on the Law Commission's research for its issues paper points out, many victims may "not want the offender to be imprisoned for a lengthy period of time, even though they would like some form of acknowledgment that the offending occurred." Knowles notes that this restorative justice system may be a better fit for many Maori (who are twice as likely to be the victim of a sexual offence). "In terms of Maori culture, it makes a lot more sense to do things in groups, that's important as a different avenue for justice for some people."

BUT IS IT JUSTICE?

SUCH PROPOSALS WOULD PRESENT A RADICAL CHANGE TO THE way criminal law functions. As with anything radical, not everyone is convinced this is a good thing. The major fear seems to lie in the ousting of the jury from rape trials, which leads in to the age-old debate on the role of juries versus judges in determining the fate of defendants. As constitutional lawyer Steven Franks reflects, the Law Commission "might be right [that juries reflect certain prejudices about rape] but your worry is that what they're really saying is 'we don't like ordinary people's attitudes to these defences and they don't apply the kind of judgment that we would like."

McDonald points out some defence lawyers may be overstating the adverse impact the proposed reforms will have on their clients. "Without pigeon-holing all defence lawyers, as there are a number who are very favourably

disposed to some of these options. Quite often any proposals for change are reacted to negatively by this group, whether they are good ideas or not. However, McDonald says, "there is no reason to keep doing the same thing just because it has been done for a long time." Certainly these reforms may seem extreme in the context of New Zealand, but many of the proposals are the norm in the Netherlands, Germany, and Denmark, hardly countries associated with the mass violation of human rights (at least not recently, anyway).

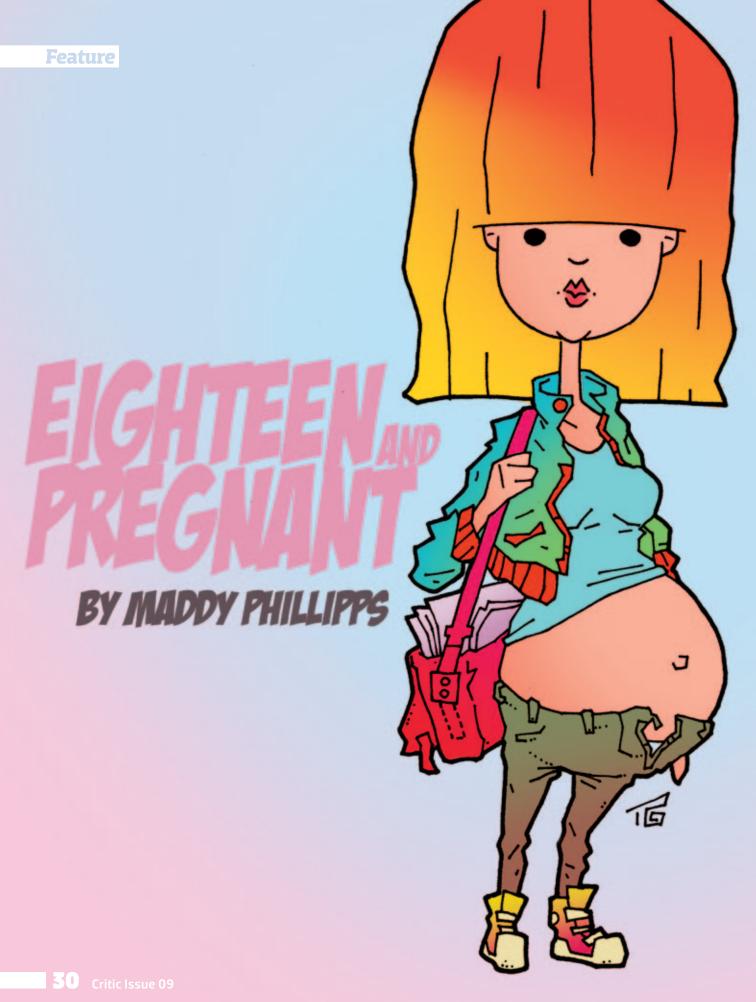
"What we want to achieve ... is acknowledging that people have suffered within a system and saying, 'that's unacceptable and we're going to do something about it which makes it better for you.' "

Knowles has other concerns about the proposals. "I think it's quite good in theory, though lots of things are good in theory and it doesn't always come through in practice ... they haven't explained yet how it's going to implemented." Training judges and jurors to put aside certain myths and misconceptions about rape, while also enabling them to objectively assess the evidence, is no easy task. According to Knowles, "what I worry about is who will provide the training and who will review the processes and figure out if they work or not."

However, Knowles does believes that the reforms hold value to survivors of rape. "What we want to achieve ... is acknowledging that people have suffered within a system and saying, 'that's unacceptable and we're going to do something about it which makes it better for you.' The value is in making that process easier for survivors, not necessarily in preventing rape or making conviction rates higher, but saying 'your experience is important and it's worth recognizing that."

ANSWER, BUT NOT THE SOLUTION

Of course the criminal system is just the ambulance at the bottom of the cliff. Without society identifying and addressing the true causes of rape, it will keep happening. Without misconceptions about rape being understood and questioned, rape victims will continue to feel stigmatised. Without prison systems geared towards rehabilitation, rapists may never have a chance to address and change their behaviour. Even so, that doesn't mean we shouldn't try to make the "criminal justice" system live up to its name, to provide justice for Leah and for others who are the victims of sexual offending. The Law Commission's issues paper is a start. Whether or not it's a good one is up for debate.

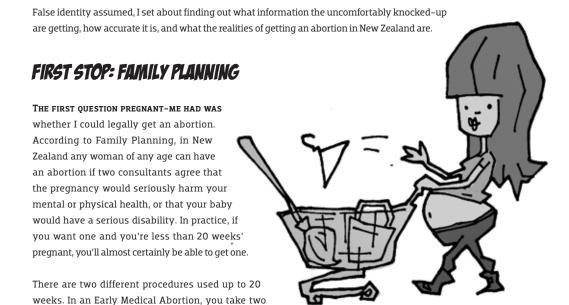


LIKE MOST OF MY FRIENDS, I'M NOT A TOTAL STRANGER TO THE PREGNANCY SCARE. THE SUDDEN REALISATION that my period is late reminds me of the sudden realisation that I might have overdone it on the stimulants. Beads of sweat form on the brow, the heart starts ricocheting around the torso like a pinball machine, the pupils dilate, and irrational paranoia plants evil thoughts in my brain that everyone around me somehow knows exactly what is clasped in my clammy palms, be it a Clearblue kit, or a couple of poorly-pressed pingers. If only the prescription for an unwanted child were as simple as rest, fluids, and benzodiazepines.

My latest terrifying episode involved trying to negotiate a pregnancy test purchased for 20 rupees from a Mumbai pharmacy while squatting in an Indian train bathroom in General Class. As I waited for a line to appear on the stick and tried to ignore the stench of piss and shit wafting up from the train tracks, I contemplated the practicalities of an abortion on the Subcontinent. The test was negative. I was so overcome with relief that I lost my balance and toppled sideways into a large puddle of stale urine.

But what if it had been positive? And what if the pregnancy scare were a result of a wasted night in the Octagon instead of dirty backpacker sex? I have always been 99.9% sure I'd get an abortion if I were unfortunate enough to end up "with child" anytime before, you know, the onset of menopause. But even to the pedophobic like myself, there's always that 0.01% of nagging doubt. And for the less child-averse (or the confirmed Belieber – Biebs is apparently an ardent pro-lifer), probably a lot more doubt than that.

So in the best traditions of student journalism, I decided to take on the persona of your average Dunedin student who has just found out she's pregnant and has to make a decision. To fully adopt the fresher feel, I put on a short floaty skirt, a slightly cropped knitted jumper, and a pair of leather ankle boots in a slightly olive-y grey. Then I created a back-story to tell everyone I talked to. I would be Lauren: First-year marketing student, ex-Dio prefect, and five weeks' pregnant to "Matt", a guy I slept with a couple of times after town, but haven't talked to for a month after I saw him pashing some slut from UniCol at Monkey.



"LAUREN'S NATIONAL-**VOTING PARENTS PROBABLY WOULDN'T BE TOO KEEN** ON FINDING OUT THAT THEIR ARANA PRINCESS HAD MANAGED TO GET HERSELF KNOCKED UP AFTER ONLY A COUPLE OF MONTHS AT OTAGO."

pills, which cause you to expel the pregnancy. The more common surgical abortion (or as I prefer, the Electrolux Method) requires local or general anaesthetic. A tube is inserted into the uterus and basically vacuums out the pregnancy. The most common side-effect is bleeding for up to three weeks afterwards. If the procedure is done under local anaesthetic, it can be a bit crampy and uncomfortable, but not painful. Pregnant-me started to feel like abortion might not be nearly so scary as that MART101 presentation I had to do on Monday.

STOP NUMBER TWO: PREGNANCY COUNSELLING SERVICES

ARMED WITH A FEW FACTS, I MOVED ON TO THE MAKING-A-DECISION STAGE, BUT

I needed to talk things over with someone first. Lauren's National-voting parents probably wouldn't be too keen on finding out that their Arana princess had managed to get herself knocked up after only a couple of months at Otago. So instead of ringing Mummy and Daddy, I Googled "pregnancy counselling", and ended up calling Pregnancy Counselling Services - a "non-profit, non-religious and non-political organisation" which provides "free counselling and other support to anyone involved in a worrying pregnancy". Pregnant-me felt that my pregnancy was definitely "worrying", especially given that it all started when Matt gave me a sip of his Vodka Red Bull on the Monkey d-floor. So I gave PCS a call.

Someone called Mary answered. She sounded half-asleep and under-caffeinated.

"Hello, this is Mary at Pregnancy Counselling Services, how can I help you?" "Um, hi. This is Madd-, um I mean Lauren. I, er, just did a pregnancy test and it seems that I'm, um, fairly pregnant."

"And how old are you?"

"Twen-, um I mean eighteen."

I told Mary my sob story, although I don't think she really appreciated the gravity of the Monkey Bar connection. She asked if I had told "Matt". I said no, and explained about the UniCol slut. She seemed unimpressed, and asked me what I wanted to do about "the situation". I wanted to yell that obviously I wasn't sure or else I wouldn't be calling, but instead said with what I hoped was an authentic crackle in my voice, "Oh God. I just - I just don't know."

Suddenly, narcoleptic Mary shook herself out of her Friday morning stupor. I swear I felt her sit up straight through the phone. She trilled, Julie Andrews-style, "Well! Have we got some options for you!" I felt like a prospective Les Mills member being accosted by a Membership Consultant.

The first option was KEEP THE BABY. The second option was ADOPT. These two options were offered in a sunshine-lollipops-and-rainbowsin-the-sky voice. The third option, which was presented in a Vincent Price morgue-voice, was have-a-termination-but-oh-God-why-would-youwant-to-do-a-thing-like-that. Mary certainly had a remarkable range.

The first option, I explained, was probably not going to happen. Shrewdly, Mary moved us on to adoption. Her sales pitch was slicker than an Ab Circle Pro infomercial. After a good ten minutes of listening to descriptions of barren families receiving the child of their dreams I meekly suggested that I was really leaning towards an abortion. She asked if I knew EXACTLY what happened during an abortion. I said, "Electrolux?" She sighed.

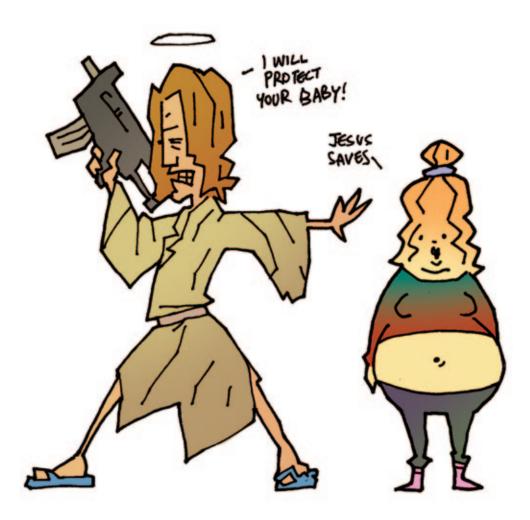
According to Mary, during a surgical abortion (the kind I would probably end up getting), the baby's body is "ripped to pieces". She warned of infection, of blood clots, of future miscarriages. I said I understood the risks, but I knew Matt-from-Monkey would want me to get an abortion. She boomed, "IT'S YOUR CHOICE!!!" in a tone that suggested that, actually, it was very much Mary's choice. I hung up in disgust.

Pregnancy Counselling Services' self-promotion is flagrantly dishonest. Non-profit? Probably, can't imagine Mary's remuneration package being too healthy. But non-religious and non-political? Oh, please. PCS is about as non-religious and non-political as Mitt Romney. Particularly repulsive was its presentation of itself as impartial and official; actually it is about as pro-life as, well, Mitt Romney. The website only offers the subtlest clues to the organisation's real agenda - and picking up on subtle clues is hardly going to be your average fresher's forté.

YOUTHLINE: THE LAST VESTIGE OF SANITY?

BY THIS POINT, PREGNANT-ME WAS BECOMING MORE AND MORE CONFUSED; I

felt like I needed counselling just to recover from my last session of "counselling" with Machiavellian Mary. A problem with information on abortion in New Zealand was becoming apparent: The government info-sheets were a bit dry and thin, but the information from the (closet) pro-lifers was shamelessly emotional. I needed some info that wasn't filtered through government political correctness or religious extremism. I called Youthline.



My Youthline counsellor was Steph, who sounded distinctly like she hailed from the depths of Caversham. Thankfully, that wasn't the only thing differentiating her from Mary. Steph was funny, friendly and totally seemed to understand how gutted Lauren was when she saw Matt hooking up with the bitch from Unicol. Actually, pregnant-me got the impression she'd probably accept Vodka Red Bulls from fellow freshers too.

Steph explained that having a baby would permanently change my life - which obviously I knew already, but was a refreshing change from the adoption-is-easier-than-Tourism attitude of Mary. She also emphasised that the procedure is free, and that most women feel relieved afterwards. Pregnant-me hung up feeling much better about everything. Even real, non-pregnant me found the chat kind of fulfilling somehow. Finally, someone understood! (Though admittedly what they understood was just a cobweb of lies and shameless cliché.)

ABORTION, FREE AND EASY

AFTER THE YOUTHLINE CALL, I ABANDONED MARKETING LAUREN. NOT ONLY HAD she exhausted her usefulness, I felt I had used the phrases "Monkey Bar" and "Red Bull Vodka" more times in a day than I would like to in a year. But the hastily-conceived character offered me a valuable insight into the process a pregnant woman girl fresher might go through.

Abortion in New Zealand is common, and not the politically charged issue it is in the USA. We are lucky that most of the information available reflects this pragmatic perspective. Unfortunately, however, there's still a thread of crazy that runs through the pregnancy counselling services available, made all the more insidious by the fact that it promotes itself as impartial.

You'd hope that most women would be able to see through the pro-life rhetoric. Then again, you'd also hope that Otago's female population would realise that a person wearing a short floaty skirt, knitted jumper and ankle boots looks not like Alexa Chung so much as a freshly-shorn ewe with cold legs, and God knows that collective moment of reckoning hasn't happened yet. Ultimately though, I found the whole experiment in method acting quite comforting. Abortion, and good advice thereon, is freely available to those who need it, which is how it should be. Especially when "those who need it" are Lauren-types who pull at the vile pit of depravity that is the Monkey Bar.

Author's note: Upon completion of this article I immediately headed to Countdown and purchased several packs of Durex Sensation condoms.

DIATRIBE

WHY DOES ANYONE CARE ABOUT THE BREAKERS?

HO IS YOUR NEW FAVOURITE BASKETBALL TEAM? It's the Breakers, isn't it? You love them. You got all excited last Tuesday night and watched the whole game. It was exciting, tense, close, and the good guys won. Now you like basketball. I am here today to tell you why you should never watch the Breakers ever again, and I mean ever. Three letters: N-B-A. Once you watch an NBA game you'll wonder what that shit at Vector Arena was. It will be like that time you lost your virginity but (s)he made you wear a condom. At the time you were like, "this is great, sex doesn't get any better than this." Then you tried it without a condom and "woah, now we're talking!" The second one is the NBA. Well done to the Breakers but let's get real New Zealand, to the rest of the world the ANBL might as well be social basketball.

When you watch an NBA game you will be instantly impressed by the athleticism of the players. If you thought Tom Abercrombie could jump, think again. Try Blake Griffin, he's a human highlight reel. When he dunks his face is above the rim. His face! The NBA understands what the fans want to see. Players performing breathtaking feats of athleticism. Their tagline isn't "where amazing happens" by accident. Basketball isn't about the score, it's about the highlight reel. Ages ago the NBA made the 3-point line way further back to discourage all those pesky white guys who just shot threes. I can watch people shoot threes at Unipol. They implemented an area under the hoop where the attacking player cannot get called for a charge, perfect for facilitating those ridiculous Blake Griffin dunks. They pretty much discarded the travelling rule, allowing the genetic freaks to get a good run-up before doing a windmill dunk with their chin above the rim. The NBA gets it. The ANBL is stuck in the past. Can you imagine a slam-dunk contest featuring ANBL players? No, me neither. I think Alex Pledger gets closer to the ground when he jumps.

As I already said, the athletes in the Australian NBL are inferior to that of the NBA, but just how inferior is astounding. Let's take a typical American import such as Breakers point guard Cedric Jackson. He played college basketball at St. Johns but had to switch colleges to get playing time. When he left college he was signed temporarily by two NBA teams, the Cavaliers and the Spurs. He then dropped steadily down through the development leagues in the US before heading to Europe to play for an Italian team. He couldn't make the grade there so ended up in Auckland where the salary cap per team is \$1 million dollars (the NBA salary cap is around \$58 million per team). Jackson dropped down four, maybe five levels of competition before ending up at the Breakers. Jackson was voted the fourth best player in the entire ANBL. One of the top five players in the ANBL isn't even good enough to play in Europe, let alone the States. Remember Kirk Penney? He was three times as good as anybody else in the ANBL last season. He's a proven scorer at international level. He trialled for NBA teams and couldn't get a contract. The ANBL might as well not exist to people not in Australia or New Zealand. It's not a high standard of basketball.

What position do the Breakers hold in the sporting landscape? If you are a basketball fan and you happen to live in Auckland I wouldn't blame you for going to watch the Breakers. It's the best basketball in the country, apart from extremely rare international games. But what if you don't live in Auckland? Did anyone watch a Breakers regular season game on TV? Wow. They. Are. Horrible. You can tell that the few spectators at the game don't care so there is no atmosphere to speak of. They are televised at 7:30pm on a Tuesday or a Wednesday so they are up against the best that prime time can throw at them. The NBA on the other hand nicely fills up that mid-afternoon timeslot which is perfect for missing lectures.

Loving the Breakers is fine. It's a fun bandwagon to jump on once a year. But please don't ever think of considering the ANBL as anything more that it really is: A basketball backwater populated only by un-athletic journeymen shooting threes and Americans who couldn't make it at home. There is real basketball out there, played by amazing athletes who are the best in the world at what they do. You just have to turn your Sky remote to channel 34. Also, any league where 36-year-old Dillon Boucher is considered a professional athlete is clearly only just above a joke.

-Gus Gawn



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

BUTTERCUP

FUCK MY LIFE. NO REALLY. I DID NOT WANT TO BE ON A BLIND DATE AT ALL. LONG story short, I got tricked into going and suitably eye-browed to stick it out. The events that followed are hard to recall ... please forgive. My date showed up late, but with wine, so all was good. He was a southern lad who had been roped in by his flatmate, not a looker, so I felt things would end rather quickly. Damn you Critic, there should be hotness screening for this shit. I'm not going to bitch out at him too much because I'm sure it will just end in tears. We had a good time. Ate some sashimi and downed a bottle of Corbans. We made pretty average conversation, you know, talked about stuff and realised we were both keen to see the basketball.

We headed to The Bog just in time to catch the last half. A few rounds of vodka doubles later and we were hitting it off a bit more. He said he wanted to hug me if NZ won the game. Please no. Don't win. But it happened and that is the most he got out of me, put it like that. For some reason we headed to The Cook and stood awkwardly there for a bit, before I decided I had to get the hell out and go home. Thankfully it was Anzac Day the next day and we had both mentioned the dawn service wake-up. We walked as far as central library before I managed to peel myself away "to go annoy my friends who were studying". Classic gag. He got my number, but I really hope he lost it somehow.

After running back to my flat in case he was following me, my night got surprisingly better. Thank you flatties for getting me outrageously wasted and even treating me to a cheeky blaze sesh. Very decent mischief to cheer me up, it was much appreciated. Maccas proved a fantastic way to see out the night, got myself a McChicken and a new man while I was waiting in line. So ideal. I must have been sleazing hard because we went straight back to his. I don't remember his name or much that happened but he was a good sort. Had a delightful hung-over snuggle etc with him in the morning. Lovely. Thanks for that buddy; you were extremely enjoyable to wake up to.

HUMPERDINCK

IT WAS A HOT AUGUST NIGHT IN APRIL AND BY THE TIME I ARRIVED I WAS PERSPIR-

ing and breathing very heavily. As I walked in she immediately caught my eye and reminded me of a tiny yet priceless jewel. I was actually a late call-up off the bench after another candidate went down with a nasty bout of cat flu, so I had to buy my own bottle of wine, going with a lovely Corbans Sav that had extremely buttery undertones.

As we sipped on the delicious lukewarm Sauvignon, fresh with nuances of apples and pears and the palate filled with a subtle lingering after taste of nachos, we enjoyed an effervescent conversation while sitting next to an elderly couple on holiday here from California. I was immediately taken by her ocean-brown eyes, they excited parts of me that I never knew existed. As the wine began to flow so did the chat, various topics were covered including whitebaiting, celebrity gossip and body art.

After a meal of raw fish from Vietnam, we headed straight to a sports bar to watch the Breakers; however I am still unsure of the result as by this time my eyes were fixated firmly on her breasts. After a firm slap in the face, we decided it was time to call it a night. I noticed she had been constantly eye-fucking the shit out of me and could tell she desperately wanted to mount me right there and then, however I just went in for the hug. We had both thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

As we parted ways I'm sure I saw a shooting star race across the sky and as she left she gently caressed my arm, which sent a shiver down my spine and every inch of my body felt like it was being bathed in a bath of champagne. I walked home and decided to have a few drinks as I contemplated what to do from here. Before I knew it I had polished off a bottle of bourbon and half a bottle of vodka and remember little from here on, only a vague recollection of falling backwards through a ranch slider.

Columns



SEX AND BODY POSITIVITY

BEFORE ANYONE ASSUMES ANYTHING. I AM A (GENDER)QUEER GUY WHO ALSO loves vaginas. I think they are amazing and powerful. After all without the gifts of generations of women none of us would be here in the first place. I really hate the rubbish that some gay bois express around women's bodies/people with vaginas. I have overheard/participated in horrific misogynistic conversations in my time. I can now clearly say that I think it is really important that as queer masculine people we step up and show that we have learned the lessons of our own struggles. The denigration of all bodies must stop. We must start by honouring the sacredness of everyone's genitalia. (And FYI when I say everyone that means trans and intersex folks too.)

Besides vaginas I love cocks and ears and fingers and arse-holes. I love that bit of your arm that is on the opposite side to your elbow. I love frenula and perieums. I love hairy bodies. I love the clothes that go on and come off bodies, the ways they are perfumed and cared for. I love sex toys and porn. I love gorgeous, generous plump bodies and currently am living with/loving a person with a hot skinny body.

I love the transformative potentials of sex when we talk about it (or have it) publicly. Not being able to talk about sex in public can contribute to people feeling that the sexy things they do alone or together are shameful, embarrassing or unnatural. It can lead to certain people being left out of wider understandings of 'being sexy' or even possessing a sexuality altogether, like young people, and older people and people who live with disabilities. Not talking about sex and sexuality can lead to people making uninformed decisions about their bodies – whether this be decisions around their sexual health and reproduction, or around the kinds of relationships they do or don't get into/out of.

What I really want to do is shout, and sing and dance and celebrate all of the different bodies in the world, and the diverse ways that these bodies come together intimately and pleasurably. I want to celebrate the bodies that reproduce, and those that don't. I want to honour the decisions of the people who have abortions, and those who don't. I want to high-five the people who decide that sex is not for them, at this time, or into the future, and those who want to have it all the time. Most of all I want to fly a plane up into the sky over Dunedin on a clear and windless day and bomb this city with 'love your body' stickers and quality lubricant.

DAME LA DI DA



SCIENCE IS AN AWESOME THING! THE WHOLE PROCESS BEGINS WITH A SIMPLE hypothesis (a prediction). Researchers will then design an experiment

to test their hypothesis, often using some extremely clever techniques and manipulations. It is in most cases a long, slow (and let's not forget, fun!) process. After some years, what the researcher really hopes for is a publication. They will write up their results into a journal format, have it reviewed by others in their field, and submit it to a bunch of publishers in hope of seeing their research in print.

Currently, there is a spark of controversy in the academic world surrounding the ethics of these publication companies. It is important we all – scientists and non-scientists alike – appreciate the issue. You see, there are two different "types" of publishing companies – "open access publishers" and "paywall publishers". Let's briefly look at two leading companies from each camp. The first, Public Library of Science (PLoS), offers all of its research for free and aims to speed up research communication. Researchers must pay a relatively high cost to have their work published in PLoS – because after all, they're a non-profit organisation. The second company, Elsevier (part of the larger Reed Elsevier group), charges money for access to their publications, but are generally considered (at least presently) to contain a higher quality of research.

Hmm okay, so Elsevier charges money for access to their journals, so what? Obviously we wouldn't want an unstable company to handle such important information, profit must be good, right? But wait a minute ... in 2010, Elsevier reported a profit of 36% on revenues of US\$3.2 billion. Hmm, that seems unreasonably high considering their profit comes off the back of others' work. How could they make so much money, you ask? It comes down to ruthless business strategy. Price hiking is one thing, but then selling these journals in more expensive journal "bundles" is ludicrous. Let's not forget a lot of the research is funded by government bodies! Although Elsevier recently withdrew its support for the Research Works Act (which would have prohibited open–access mandates), they have made it clear they will still oppose any legislation which acts to extend mandates for open–access publications.

Science should be a feed-forward, divergent process, not held in a vice-grip by a bunch of greedy businessman. Have your say at www.thecostofknowledge.com or email me for any further questions at geekology_QandA@live.com.



ODT watch headed into the Regions section this week:

Choice suggested in bus shelter design

Critic suggests beans bags, xboxs and flat screens.

Residents upset; hump to go

They really love that hump

Camera lens found

The entire Otago region definitely needed to know about that.

OAMARU: An epic 52 days pedalling a penny-farthing the length of New Zealand by Oamaru man David Wilson is being immortalised in music.

Not only is this song going to get Critic through many a late print night, we are seriously excited about the dubstep remix.



And it's good to see that ODT is keeping an eye on the power room ...?

UNCLE Howie



Dear Howie,

I've started dating this new girl, and she's pretty high class – private schools, dad owns a yacht, all that jazz. I'm a bit worried that my humble upbringing is going to be a problem for her. You're a classy cat; how can I turn on the class myself and make sure I don't loose this dame?

POOR BOY

Well done buddy! We all know how hard it can be to snag a classy girl around these parts. There's always a risk with these relationships that she's just slumming it for a while – possibly to try and piss off daddy – before she goes back to her own kind. My advice: Don't change, and don't worry about it; just take it as it comes and have some fun living the high life. Plus with that whole yacht situation you could quite possibly play "I'm on a boat" and "I just had sex" one after the other, and have it be totally true.

Howie

Dear Howie.

I really like this guy that I've snagged. He's tall, cute, pretty smart too. But the other night he came and stayed at mine after being OTP, and I'm pretty sure he wet the bed. It was cold and damp when we woke up in the morning, and I've got no idea how it could have happened otherwise. He didn't say anything in the morning, just got up and bailed. What the fuck dude?

PISSED ON

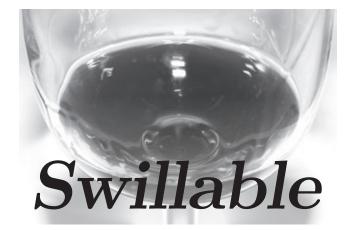
Ah, the age-old fire truck. This is in no way a new problem; young men have been pissing their pants/beds after hitting the piss for, well, forever probably. Of course, it gets slightly more annoying when there is someone else in the bed with them.

There isn't much that you can do to stop a chronic firetrucker – possibly invest in some plastic sheets, but that's hardly going to keep you dry now is it? I'd say that you just have to kick him out of bed after you're done with him after he's been on the piss. Let him go home and piss in his own bed.

H. STAPLES

If you want to ask Howie for advice, email him at critic@critic.co.nz

Columns



CINDY'S BRAZILIAN

Taste: 4/10

Standards per vessel: 1.6

Price: \$20 for 12

THIS WEEK I DECIDED TO TRY OUT THE NEW CINDY'S RTD VARIATION TO SEE WHAT they were like. The scene was a Saturday night red card with a sit-down dinner consisting of 3 courses of alcohol and a court session jammed in the middle. A Double Brown entree with a Diesel main and Cindy's for dessert. We were all pretty hammered by the time the Cindy's rolled around. I was quite keen to give them a go as the original Cindy's must have done something right when they exploded onto the market a few years ago and went on to sell in pretty massive numbers.

The original Cindy's were welcomed with excitement around the ghetto as thousands of freezing scarfies were subjected to the phrase "try this – it tastes just like Fanta!" It quickly became a regular for many on the Saturday night drinks roster.

The new green Cindy's Brazilians tasted pretty rude and had a very strong vodka aftertaste to deal with. The lime flavoring tasted like the kind that comes from Budget lime soft drink. It was a pretty sickening combination and I was pretty glad to already be pissed enough to have lost half my taste. At 8% they didn't exactly help sober me up, so that was their one redeeming feature. I've noticed the local liquorstores have been pushing these pretty hard and I wonder if it's because sales haven't met expectations.

By the time we had finished them the entire flat was way too pissed to head to town — not that it stopped us. Miraculously we were let in to Alibi and managed to stumble our way around the d-floor for a few hours. Evidently, the high sugar content of the Cindy's provided some muchneeded energy.

All in all the Cindy's are pretty much exactly what they're made out to be — a cheap, strong and sugary drink. It tastes like shit but delivers a powerful punch, great for punishment drinks. Independent liquor must be making a huge amount from Cindy's sales and it's no surprise that they decided to try some different varieties. I reckon it would look pretty crack—up in yak form as well.

-PILLBO SWAGGINS



THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

Director: Martin Scorcese

Released: 1993

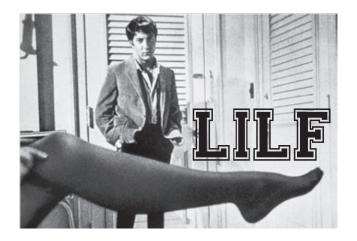
THE AGE OF INNOCENCE HIT ME LIKE NO OTHER FILM EVER HAS. MY HEART WAS racing for the majority of its 138 minutes; after it finished I paced the room trying to calm down, shaking the tingles from my fingers. It's the only film to ever make me, Mr Emotionally Straitjacketed Middle Class White Guy, cry (well, except for Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey, but I was 4 at the time). It's one of the best things I've seen in my life.

It shouldn't even exist, purely by virtue of the fact that it's a costume drama directed by Martin Scorcese. But it's possibly his most intense and brutal film — more so even than Raging Bull (the merits of which have always escaped me) or Taxi Driver. The unrelenting force of the film comes not through Scorcese's usual methods (i.e. the imminent possibility of someone getting shot in the face), but through powerful subtext and the exquisite, perfectly weighted performances from the three leads.

The Oscar-nominated art design and Oscar-winning costumes are extraordinary. Yet they also reflect the rigid social norms that imprison the main character, Newland Archer (Daniel Day-Lewis). In the world of 1870s New York, a free-thinker like the Countess Olenska (Michelle Pfeiffer) is a source of boundless fascination, and the mere removal of a glove is a highly erotic act. Perfectly mannered discourse crackles with hidden tension; nobody says what they mean, even if they appear to. Indeed, the true meaning of many conversations – particularly those between Archer and his fiancée May Welland (Winona Ryder) – only becomes apparent much later on. The possibility of love and freedom with the countess is forever dangled tantalisingly before Archer, but he never manages to grasp it.

The film is based on a 1920 book of same name. The title is, of course, intentionally ironic. Nobody in this film is innocent, least of all those who appear to be, and the film alleges that love can't conquer all, that people lack free will, and that society shuns the different. This is all reflected in the very last scene, a piece of Scorcese brilliance that wraps up the film beautifully, but crushingly.

-KATHLEEN HANNA



"What's in a name? That which we call 'Dr Jonathan Marshall' by any other name would smell as sweet." Dr Marshall's hunky, hunky man smell was as sweet as a clear day after rain.

The heat from the limelight was never so strong as it was in a Dr Marshall class. Supporting the arts had never been easier, and I found myself turning up for class religiously, just so I could sit and marvel at your ability to flawlessly deliver your material on theatre history with such intensity. The passionate tension in the room at every class was a strong as the build-up in a melodramatic period drama, and I found myself almost bursting at the seams. My bosom heaving at the very sight of you, I had to try and regulate my breathing just so that we could endure the two hour lesson.

As I tried to focus on my work, I couldn't help but imagine myself as Juliet and you as my Romeo. Some days my urges were so strong, I wanted nothing more than to strip off all my clothes and offer up an artistic interpretive dance, just for your benefit. Like star-crossed lovers, our world was the stage, and the theatre, a vessel in which our love could blossom (and all that jazz). I often daydream about what you do behind the scenes, after hours. Perhaps you put on your dancing shoes whilst wearing a pair of ballet tights where the bulge leaves little to the imagination. Perhaps you sit at home and think of me, as I often do you. My ultimate fantasy involves you taking me roughly on the Broadway stage. If this isn't possible, then I will happily settle for The Civic theatre in Auckland. Your artistic passion really gets my creativity flowing and I find myself wanting to demonstrate this in a way that would not be considered classroom-appropriate.

If you don't have any interest in my talent as a thespian, or as a woman, then simply tell me, and I will exit stage left – no questions asked. If however, you do feel that special something for me, then lead me to your dressing room where we can perform intimate costume changes and exchange romantic lines from Byron himself. Above all else, you should know that I long for nothing more than to be your leading lady. Perhaps if your wife or girlfriend does not approve, then I could just stand in as her understudy, performing when she is not available.

Dr Marshall, "Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May ... but thy eternal sex appeal shall not fade."

— THEATRICAL TEMPTRESS



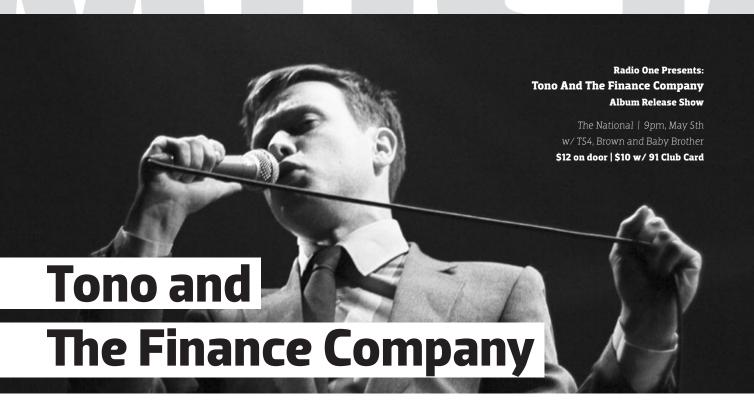
YOU DON'T HAVE TO HAVE A PARTNER IN ORDER TO GET OFF: HOURS OF PLEASURE are available at the end of your fingertips ... literally. The desperate hours spent trawling the d-floor at Metro or Monkey can all be avoided if you simply take things in hand, and claim responsibility for your own good times. But masturbating is neither simple nor easy, and it sure isn't clean. So takes Critic's How To with you to the bedroom, or the bathroom, and soon you'll find yourself, and only yourself, in seventh heaven.

STEP ONE: Prepare the area. Not on you, the area that you're in. Most people prefer privacy, but for others, the chance of being caught can be a real turn-on. Wherever you decide to be, take into account sharp corners or nearby prickly shrubs. Often in the final throws of self-passion, you can slip and fall at awkward angles, and we don't want any accidents. And of course, prepare for the clean-up in advance. There's nothing worse than ending up with a big sticky mess in your hand and nowhere to wipe it.

STEP Two: Become aroused. There are many ways to get yourself hot and heavy. Some people like to watch videos of other people having sex; others like to read poetry, or enjoy a nice cup of tea. For some, having someone stand on your genitals while they are wearing high heels is the answer. Whatever it is that gets you going.

STEP THREE: Begin to touch. Now, you have a lot of options here. You can dive right in and get finger-deep right from the start, or if you're in it for the long haul, maybe begin with some gentle nipple rubbing, or perhaps, a gentle rub behind the knee. When you are ready for the big show, you still have a couple of options. Fingers? Or something else? Fingers are usually the easy option, as long as you still have most of yours, but toys, and even fresh produce can really add that little something special. Just remember that bum holes have a habit of swallowing up anything without a solid stopper on the end.

STEP Four: Go for goal. Once you've got the rhythm going, it's really just a case of keeping your mind on your goal, and following through. Don't lose focus. If you're struggling, try some visualisation exercises. Imagine yourself getting there, and you'll soon find yourself in pleasure town.



HARACTERS CAN BE PEOPLE WHO STAND OUT FROM THE CROWD, OR symbols of writing systems. They can be found in the pages of comic books and on the screens of Cartoon Network-addicted children with absent parents and televisions for babysitters. They can also be found in almost every one of Anthonie Tonnons' songs.

Going under the musical moniker of Tono, the ex-Dunedin musician crafts songs full of lyrical tales containing people and situations that seem familiar, yet turned fantastical and captivating through the literate and witty scope of his lexicon and imagery. Whether attesting to the transformative power of the very real Marion Bates in "Marion Bates Realty", or the relationship problems of a hypothetical Susan with her shitty hypothetical boyfriend, Tono weaves a lyrical journey that's not only easy to identify with and care about, but is refreshing for a country where not forgetting our roots is apparently the most important thing we could be told all summer.

And this penchant for effective story writing isn't an accident. According to Tono, who describes himself as a "very conscious person", he usually has a plan and works hard at an idea until it is fully realised and fully acceptable to his own scrutiny. "I love hearing phrases and lines in songs that I have never heard in music before. When Julian Casablancas [of The Strokes] sang 'meet me in the bathroom/that's what she said' I was so amazed, I had never heard a statement like that in a song before. That's what I try and do with my songs". His debut album, Up Here For Dancing, is full of such statements and lines. My favourite concerns the difficulty of the removal of skinny jeans in certain romantic situations: "You have to pull at the ankles darling/it won't happen if you're in a rush", something I think many people can attest to.

Tono may be based in Auckland, but Dunedin is still definitely home for this up-and-coming artist, who recently opened for international act Beirut in Auckland and Wellington, describing it as "the place I first fell in love, where I had my first fights" and where he first started writing music. Amazingly though, his last headlining show in Dunedin was two years ago at Chicks Hotel in Port Chalmers. And while some of New Zealand's musical acts are finding it difficult for a variety of reasons to include Dunedin in their national tours, securing a Dunedin date on his album release tour, which also includes Whangnui, Wellington, Auckland and Christchurch, was very important to him. "After our last show [in Dunedin] I didn't want to have another proper gig until the live show had evolved into something I can be really proud of, and I had the ability to put on an amazing show."

This amazing show is his headlining gig at new venue The National on May 5, and features not only Tono but recent Flying Nun signees from Christchurch T54, the reuniting local favourites Brown, and a debut performance from Baby Brother, all presented by Radio One. Now shorn of guitar-playing responsibilities on the live front, Tono has taken on the mantle of sauntering and swooning front man, mic in hand and love on the lips, in a persona that has been described as "cross between Morissey and shy Jarvis Cocker meets Nick Cave", and what is assured to weave and create a magical evening for all lucky enough to experience it.

But what's next for the man who has captivated the land with his magnificent prose? As the refrain to the eponymous track on his magnificent album states over and over until the end, "America, America". With the talent he possesses, I think Tono may be able to sing his way over there and into their hearts sooner rather than later, but until then it's "Down Here For Dancing" and come May 5, dance we shall.

Homebrew's New Drop

FTER THEIR GIG WITH DAVID DALLAS AND P-MONEY AT O-WEEK, HOME BREW HAVE BEEN BUSY RECORDING AND PREPARING THEIR NEW ALBUM, HOME BREW, touted as a debut double album conceptualised by the balance of life's extremities. Released on May 4, it has two sides, one "dark" and the other "light", and is described as a record that looks back at Saturday's moment of madness through Sunday's moment of clarity. I caught up with Tom (who handles the raps) to discuss the serious moral issues that we are faced with every day.

Would you rather...

Eat a shit flavoured curry or a curry flavoured shit?

I've already thought deeply about this one, and I'm going with the curry that tastes bad, because it can't be worse than, brussels sprouts or something. And the shit is bad for you anyway.

Sell out or drive through South Auckland praising John Key?

I'd rather do the John Key thing.

Never rap again or never smoke buds again? Never smoke buds again. Easy.

Goku or Vegeta?

See, everyone's a Vegeta guy, but I'm a Goku guy. Like I love the underdog and everything, but I like how [Goku]'s a dude and everyone hates him for it and he has to keep working. I'm not hating on Vegeta though, I love Vegeta ... But he's always just trying to be like Goku and maybe he should just accept that he's Vegeta and be the best Vegeta he can be.

Who would in a fight? A hippo or a killer whale?

But what environment are we in? I think I'm going to say ... there's just a fundamental law that these two would never meet, and would never be able to fight.

Sign to a mainstream music label or have your music played on The Edge?

Uh music label. Easy. Yeah because they can't tell you what to do.

Head from a hot transvestite or a devil's threesome?

(After much discussion about the dynamics of a devil's threesome) Oh the threesome sounds way better ... you know, me and the boys, high

Your dad catches you fucking your dog or your dog catches you fucking your dad?

My dad's a very forgiving person. So my dad catching me.

Watch your parents do it 1000 times or join in once?

1000 times. They've probably done that. I can handle that.

Be the richest person on the planet or immortal?

Immortal, easy.

But then you would lose all your friends!

Yeah but then you could make some new friends. I think immortal is the better option.

A jug of cum or a shot of period blood?

The shot. Blood never killed anybody, I'm pretty sure semen probably has.



Culture

YSTERIES OF LISBON IS A LONG MOVIE – as it should be. Based on the nineteenth-century classic Portuguese novel Os Mistérios de Lisboa, this film adaptation's length enables the novel's full scope to be explored - in particular its intertwining stories, multiple locations and fabulous, romantic characters (a countess and her illegitimate son! A priest in a love triangle! A count who was once a burping murderous bandit!).

Sumptuously filmed and languorously paced, Chilean master filmmaker Raúl Ruiz fully recreates and romanticises the world of nineteenthcentury Europe. But the gorgeous costumes, period instruments, palaces and horse-drawn carriages never overwhelm the stories or the performances. Adriano Luz gives a particularly fine and understated performance as Father Dinis, and Maria João Bastos is arresting as the tortured Ángela. The consistency of these performances is all the more impressive given the length of some of the takes (one such take lasts a full seven minutes and features a good old-fashioned duel and a suicide). The gliding camera movements, classically arranged shots and brilliantly melodramatic plotlines of intrigue and tragedy all make this film a fully immersive experience.

I will say, though, that the length is both a positive and a negative. Its 4 hours and 26 minutes are split into two separate screenings, which I saw back to back. In retrospect, this wasn't a good idea - my attention wandered in the second half, especially since it's here that the storytelling becomes more diffuse. Let's face it, can your arse endure sitting for four and a half hours? If you see it, maybe go on separate days. Or, if it's no longer in theatres, get the DVD of the original six-episode miniseries version, so you can pause, stretch, and then dive back into the world of Mysteries of Lisbon.

Feby Idrus





MERICAN PIE: REUNION IS YET ANOTHER installment in this series of films, with this one being much anticipated due to most of the original cast returning in their more adult roles.

It opens with American Pie's golden couple, Jim and Michelle, who have been married for years and have a two-year-old son. Their sex life has fizzled out, an issue which becomes the underlying theme to the whole movie. Stifler has not left his adolescence behind, Oz has become a famous sportscaster and Kevin and Finch are much the same. Jim's dad provides his good old-fashioned advice as well as a lot of the film's humour, and they have not forgotten to include the token "Mrs Robinson" (a.k.a. Stifler's mum).

The film's title is a little misleading as the film is set more in the lead-up to their reunion, which only features in the last 15 minutes or so of the film. However, as far as comedy goes the film certainly delivers. The one-liners certainly live up to the movie's predecessors and there is plenty of full frontal nudity, including an explicit visual of Jason Biggs's, err, "package". The film is put together competently and leaves few plot holes. It contains elements from all three of the original films and also incorporates a lot of the old soundtrack, including New Zealand's Bic Runga.

This film caters to anyone who finds amusement in the crude, rude and just plain gross. It would be of particular interest to those in the uni-student age group who saw the original films in high school and can now relate to the age group of the characters now. All in all, a must-see!

Taryn Dryfhout

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

DEVELOPER: Snowblind Studios PLATFORMS: PC, Xbox 360, PS3

S VIDEO GAME ADAPTATIONS OF MOVIES go, Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers and Lord of Rings: The Return of the King are among the best. It may have been a while ago, but nothing beats the feeling as you watch the "perfect kills" tick over to the backdrop of Lord of the Rings's epic soundtrack. The Lord of Rings: War in the North is a spin-off that acts as a successor to such games, building on the original hack-and-slash theme by adding RPG elements such as levels and stat points, active skills and customisable gear. The game focuses on events in the north, happening alongside the quest to destroy the Ring. Tolkien buffs will recognise locations such as the Ettenmoors and Mount Gundabad and other characters from Lord of the Rings will pop up here and there to give quests or just have a yarn. However, as we will find out, strange things are afoot in the North ...



You are the unsung heroes of Middle Earth, Farin the Dwarf champion/ warrior, Eradan the Dunadaean ranger/rogue and Andriel, the Elven loremaster/mage representing the three classes available, each with its own unique set of active abilities and professions as well as a unique way of discovering "secrets". For example "secrets" manifest as giant glowing cracks in the wall for Farin, and Andriel can gather herbs to utilise in a very simplistic craft system.

Combat in War in the North is not dissimilar to The Return of the King: Quick attacks provide the highest damage per second but blocking enemies must be overpowered by strong attacks. Building up damage on enemies eventually allows for critical strikes and upon landing a strong attack, one is rewarded with high damage and/or slow motion of the orc's demise, be it beheading or the severing of limbs. Initially combat is slick and responsive; landing numerous consecutive hits result in increasingly powerful and fluid attacks. But with a limited number of active skills and no combos, combat quickly dissolves into dry and repetitive button-mashing.

The levels are suitably long and entire quest lines can take can up to two hours to complete. However, textures look flat and dull and areas that feel like they should be accessible are walled off by large, unwieldy, invisible

barriers. Tired of slaying orcs? Take your axe to the countless destructibles waiting to be culled for their plentiful bounty (Fuck yeah! Four coins). Boss fights at the end of each level are uninspired; one fight with a stone giant had me hacking endlessly at its feet, bringing its arms to the ground so that they too could be subjected to a flurry of button-mashing.

Despite its shortcomings, the merits of this game lies in the robust coop system and in the split-screen option, refreshing in an age where multiplayer is often only possible through the internet. With another human at the reins, the game ramps up the difficulty and boss fights change from dodging scripted attacks and button-mashing to careful use of potions and skills in order to survive harder-hitting mobs.

I don't know if War of the North can be called a worthy successor to the Return of the King or The Two Towers; while the changes are predictable, it took the best bits of its older brothers and expanded on them, adding RPG elements that probably did not fit on the humble PS2 DVD. Snowblind Studios have made a decent game into which many hours can still be poured. Just make sure to bring a friend.

Markus Ho

LONGEST LEGROOM LARGEST SEATS



Culture



HE THEATRE SCENE IS BACK ON AGAIN THIS week in Dunedin, bringing with it some awesome work from Read Out Loud. This series of play readings is a whole new way to experience theatre and gives some choice New Zealand work the chance to experience the spotlight, without bringing it to a full production. It gives up-and-coming playwrights a chance to hear their work and to gauge how audiences react.

The season is brought to us by Stage South, a group of theatre practitioners from all aspects of the theatre, from actors and directors to writers and designers, and led by Clare Adams. Read Out Loud hopes to promote some of the wonderful professional theatre works that go on in our fair city, and from this production, it's clear that it does this pretty darn well. After last year's successful season one of the most promising scripts, Two Fish and a Scoop, has been taken from the readings and is now being produced at

the Fortune for their next production. Just goes to show, you never know what might happen!

Read Out Loud got off to a strong start this year with a reading of "Another Stupid Wall", a play by Joey Moncarz, winner of Play Market's most recent young writers' competition. Set mostly in an Israeli bakery on the border between Palestine and Israel, this comedic piece explores the obstacles faced by the next generation as they deal with the prejudices and traditions of generations gone by.

Now of course, with only the readings and an incredibly short time to rehearse, you kind of go in thinking, "okay, so this is going to be about some award winning script, instead of watching actors with well-defined and rehearsed characters." Well I've got to say I was pleasantly surprised. Not about the script - definitely one clever piece of writing - but to go along with it they had one hell of a cast of actors. Despite

being seated the entire time, you still found yourself seeing well-built and thought-out characters on stage, a true testament to the talent of those involved. And like I said, talented actors backed up by an equally clever script. Drawing on connections between Māori-Pakeha relations in New Zealand and Palestinian-Israeli relations in the Middle East, the script manages to capture the comedy in it all and create a story about the dangers of prejudice and the nature of conflict. Good ol' morals aye.

This is definitely something worth checking out and the next installment is due on May 26 at 3pm in the Fortune Studio. Come along for some great company, a free feed (always a nice incentive) and a pretty amazing look at the professional theatre work that Dunedin and NZ has to offer.

Danny Goodwin



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Memories Of My Melancholy Whores

EMORIES OF MY MELANCHOLY WHORES IS THE STORY OF AN unnamed, lonely, 90-year-old man who decides to treat himself to "the gift of a night of wild love with an adolescent virgin." He then finds liberation in his decision not to take the drugged 14-year-old's virginity, and proceeds to fall in love with the girl by inventing a name and personality for her, and relationship between them in his mind, while continuing to hire her company while she sleeps. His previously unexceptional newspaper columns begins to gain attention when he writes about unrequited love, with female readers besotted with the image of a romantic old gentleman, unaware of the sinister nature of his love affair.

The narrator's external image of a gentlemanly bachelor who stays at home with his books and classical music hides a chauvinistic mind, in which he sees all males – including his cat – as potential threats, and all females - including his mother - as potential sex. He has no real friends, and has never slept with a woman he has not paid for. When the narrator starts to meet the girl when she is awake, he decides he prefers her sleeping. He doesn't want to know her name or see her dressed, or anything else which would make her more than a blank slate for him to create his fantasy on.

This detachment from the girl's human-ness is a disturbing insight inside the mind of a man unable to distinguish a person outside





of his own qualifications. This is particularly unnerving when observing the narrator's attitude to animals and small children: "They seem mute in their souls. I don't hate them, but I can't tolerate them because I've never learned to deal with them." So perhaps his way of learning to "deal" with an intimate relationship is to "fabricate" a person over whom he has complete control over, and can therefore "tolerate." The narrator finds the girl "less real" in the flesh than in his memory; when he finds out her birthday he is troubled that she is "real enough to have birthdays," and at one point he traces the lines on her hands while she sleeps to take to a fortune teller, so that he can "know her soul."

Illusion in love is a major theme; from the love of a prostitute, to the love letters from people reading the old man's newspaper column, and the narrator's preoccupation with his beautiful, consumptive mother who died when he was 14, about whom secrets are revealed which upset his saintly image of her. There is some twisted symmetry in his imagining the girl charging around his parents' old home helping him repair the leaky roof and cooking for him, and his gifting to the girl some of his mother's old possessions, including jewellery and clothing.

The obvious comparison to Nabokov's Lolita reveals little of protagonist Humert Humbert's self-loathing and paranoia. But, perhaps the absurdity of a 90-year-old man finding excitement in his life via a teenagerly delusion of manic, unrequited love replaces the former as an excuse for the book's deplorable content. The story is totally creepy but weirdly mesmerising, with the focus not so much on melancholy whores as on a sad old pervert. I found the relationship between the geriatric near the end of his life and the near-paralytic girl to be almost necrophilic; at one time the old man even checks her pulse to make sure she is still alive.

The plight of the girl is not an issue dealt with in the book, despite mentioning her malnourishment. There is no great revelation or moral awakening, which suits its amoral theme. It is impossible to read a book of this subject without considerable protest from your most basic morals, but both author and narrator are entirely unapologetic of this, telling the story in simple, honest prose which is neither self-deprecating nor grandiose, allowing the reader to enjoy a fascinating story without feeling that they, the author or the narrator need to justify themselves.

Lucy Hunter

Culture



this section this year is emphasize the burgeoning Dunedin arts culture, emphasis on burgeoning – not just cause I like that word (I really do, is the English major geek in me showing?) but because it's so true that there's a quietly growing arts scene here that flies slightly under the radar, usually revealing itself in a subtle but incredible way. Let's face it, Dunedin has all the artistic talent and creativity of, say, Wellington, the so-called arts capital of New Zealand, but thankfully minus the douchey indie aspect (as a Wellingtonian at heart, I feel comfortable admitting my home city's faults!).

Take the topic of my article this week – I wasn't even searching for an exhibition to write on when I stumbled across a "paint by numbers" project, courtesy of my flatmate Dave mentioning it in passing. When I inquired further,

it turned out Dave and two of his classmates were organizing the project at the Farmers Market as part of their Marketing 304 assignment, to raise awareness for the Anna and John Caselberg Charitable Trust. University students getting involved in the arts as a requirement + the promotion of a New Zealand artistic trust + Farmer's Market pie on a Saturday morning?! Clearly an unbeatable combination.

So off I went, hungover as fuck but with my trusty pie in hand, to see how the project was going along. Otago Polytech student Becky Cameron had drawn up a mural on a large canvas (kindly donated by Placemakers) which she divided into different numbered sections, with each number attached to a specific colour. The idea was that different people could paint their own numbered section and create the mural together - hence the fantastic double

meaning of "paint by numbers". The element of participation was crucial in raising awareness for the Trust, as it brought a variety of people together over a period of time to build up the painting, and the simple nature of the work (which required no more of the painter than to stay between the lines) meant that anyone could join in.

Marketing 304 student Brittany Pannett, who also organized the project, explained that the objective of the assignment was for students to work in groups to raise awareness for the Caselberg Trust. However, she emphasized that while other groups attempted to do so through raising money, her group focused more on simply getting the word out, and informing people about the Trust and its work. "Foot traffic was a really important idea to us," she says, making the Farmers market the perfect place to attract all kinds of Dunedin locals, and extend their reach beyond the typical scarfie student scene.

The aim of the Anna and John Caselberg Trust is to fulfill Anna and John's dream that their home would become a residency for artists and writers. The Caselberg House is part of a significant New Zealand arts legacy, standing right beside the cottage of writer Charles Brasch, who similarly hosted renowned artists and writers in the twentieth century, such as Janet Frame, Colin McCahon, James K Baxter and of course Anna and John themselves. The Trust today uses donations to continue managing the Caselberg House in order to host national and international artists.

When I arrived at the Market that day, the canvas was only a quarter of the way painted, but by the time I left an hour or two later, it was well on its way to being fully completed. Whenever I popped in to check, there was always a swarm of activity around the stall – kids and adults alike painting, more waiting for colours to be available, some asking the project organizers for more information. Well done 304 kids, it's an A+ in my books.





Coq au Vin

RICH, WINE-BASED SAUCE SLOWLY TENderises chicken drumsticks as it bubbles away with garlic, thyme, bacon and mushrooms. As you may deduct from the name, the dish is of French origin, translated as "rooster with wine". The name has been subject to numerous "coq" jokes in our flat, a sign of the maturity of fourth-year undergrads in this day and age. Its full-flavoured deliciousness will really warm you up on a cold night. This recipe is adapted from my dog-eared, banana-cakebatter-smeared edition of the Edmonds Cookery Book, which is many years old but much loved.

INGREDIENTS

For the main affair

25g butter

5 rashers of shoulder or middle bacon, chopped 8–12 chicken drumsticks (use two per person) 2 small brown onions, peeled and diced, or 6 shallots, peeled and quartered

8-10 button mushrooms, halved

2 cups of red wine

2 TBS tomato paste

3 cloves of garlic, peeled and crushed with the back of a knife

2-3 tsp dried thyme Cracked black pepper, to taste

For the beurre manié

25g butter 2 TBS white flour

METHOD

01 Melt the first measure of a butter in a large, deep saucepan. Add the bacon and fry for a few minutes. Remove the bacon from the pan, and set aside. Keep the butter in the pan as you add and remove ingredients as it will absorb the smoky flavours of the bacon and so forth.



02 Add the drumsticks to the pan and cook a few minutes each side to brown them. Do this in batches if you are using a larger quantity of chicken. Don't worry if some of the chicken sticks to the pan - once you add the wine it will lift off. Remove the chicken from the pan, and set aside.

03 Add the onions or shallots to the pan and cook until clear. Return the bacon and chicken to the pan. Add the mushrooms, red wine, tomato paste, garlic, thyme and pepper. Give it a gentle stir to disperse the tomato paste. Use whatever variety of wine you wish. My selection criteria is essentially: (1) Is it red? (2) Is it \$6.99 per bottle or less? If the answer is "yes" to both questions,

04 Bring to the boil, then turn down the heat so the liquid is at a gentle simmer. Cover, and cook for 45 minutes. If you are using a larger quantity of chicken, it's best to rotate them around the pan once or twice to ensure they cook through, in case the liquid doesn't quite cover them.

05 Just before the 45 minutes is up, prepare your beurre manié. Typically the flour would be kneaded into soft butter, but I find zapping the butter in the microwave until melted, then whisking the flour through works just as well. Remove the chicken from the pan, add the beurre manié to the coq au vin, stirring, while you bring it to a gentle boil. Turn the heat back down to a simmer, return the chicken to the pan and cook for a further five minutes. The purpose of the beurre manié is twofold. Firstly, it allows the sauce to thicken without causing lumps as the flour particles are bound up in the butter. Secondly, it is an excuse to add more butter to make the dish that extra bit richer. Happy days.

06 Serve as is, with toasted bread to soak up the sauce, or atop mounds of rice or mashed potato.

LETTER OF THE WEEK

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



ID EGO SUPER

Dear 'Shy Indian male'.

Firstly, I'll have you know that Willowbank now has an A rating. It would please me considerably if you were to spread the word for me. As much as I appreciate your custom, I am obliged to politely decline your request for my phone number. This is because A) I am against war, including your 'cold war' with my boss, B) I do not get paid enough to go out of my way to write my phone number down for all customers that request it and C) I have a boyfriend. Guts bro. However, I would just like to let you know that your letter has somewhat boosted my ego. This is a very rare feeling for a deepfried chicken distributor with severe hand-washing OCD, such as myself. Please feel free to make yourself known to the staff at Willowbank, because if we could actually identify you from the thousands of other Indian customers, we may in fact treat you to an extra leaf of lettuce in your fillet burger.

Good luck for your future moves on fast food workers,

'Innocent-looking' counter girl'.

NO RADIO BEAU

Dear Critic,

I tuned into Radio One one recent evening (April the 19th) to hear some slow talking muppet drawl "Its going to be a lonnnggg night" followed by someone in the background who sounded like munter from Outrageous Fortune say "SHELVE IT BRO!" and then later "Do some lines in the bathroom ehuhuhu!" before I quickly changed it to Radio Hauraki. I am aware there is a cannabis protest show on Radio One for example which is all good I guess but this sort of banter is as exciting as listening to freshers get drunk.

Talking specifically about weed though I have basically thought for a while the particularly visible marijuana advocates around are the main barrier to marijuana legalization/decriminalization. Youtube "Down in Dunsterdam" for example, in which NORML advocates advocates Dunedin as the newest 'hot destination in the world of cannabis tourism'. This is funny because the good marijuana thing they had going in Amsterdam itself has been largely ruined by nuisance causing drug tourists and the video itself is something you would expect from the Capping Show, not serious advocates. This is why we can't have nice things FFS.

Beau Murrah

MYSTERY SOLVED

Dear Chili,

The 'Highlander' formally known by some as the 'Islander' has given up his shirtless escapades as the Warrior of the South and has taken up debt collecting. So if you wish to see him again, don't pay you're bills and he will take your car/boat/other

Yours.

Superior Credit Management Ltd

WOOPS, SOZ.

Hey Critic,

I don't know which of your untalented writers was responsible for the "Five Ways to Look Like a Wanker at Parties" in Briefs this week but it was surprisingly similar to Vice magazine's "How to Look Like an Asshole at a Party" posted about a week ago. Maybe the dipshit who copied it thought people who read both magazines would have forgotten about it in that immense space of time. I mean even the archetypes were the same along with the whole 'what you think vs reality dichotomy'. The "deuce thrower" was a dead giveaway considering no one in Dunedin has ever said that EVER.

Otherwise the mag isn't too bad, keep it up and next time you plagiarise a superior publication try not to get caught out.

The Police

BUTILOOK GOOOD

To the males of dunedin,

JayJays is strictly for the filthy, pre-pubescent youths that roam George street when they're meant to be in class, gulping down energy drinks and twitching from the side-effects of the drugs they unknowingly ingested in the womb. So what makes you think it's okay to shop there?

I don't care if you've teamed them with a \$275 singlet from Slick Willys – stop.buying.and.wearing. those.hideous.skin-tight.denim.shorts that.grasp.your. schlong. in.all.the.wrong.ways. If i wanted to look at male camel toe, i would just google images that shit.

Gok Wan would spit on you all.

From traumatized.

BUSTED

Joe Stockman.

In your editorial you state you ride an "incredibly hipster fixie" however I have seen you riding around and you are riding a single speed with a free wheel. A fixie has the gear fixed to the wheel, no brakes and is much more fun to ride. If you want to have a go on mine or I can modify yours I would me most happy for you to contact me.

Yours,

A name you probably haven't heard of

DAMN HIPPIE

Dear Critic,

Since when has ANZAC day been such a big deal? Only this year have I noticed it. I know OUSA/Uni ran a service for the first time but it seems like everyone is getting in right behind it, where did that come from?

It is not a day I agree with. The real heroes of WWI and II were those that refused to fight. Most of them suffered greatly trying to survive in hiding or were mistreated by there own countries. Forget the testosterone-pumped blood thirsty little shits that hopped on a boat to pump some turks full of lead, they aren't heroes. Instead of honouring them, we need to learn from their mistakes and stop romanticising war. Because judging by the state of places in africa and asia at the moment, it appears that New Zealanders, as part of the west, are very slow learners.

Yours truly

I'm not even a liberal ffs

SO WRONG

Dear Critic.

I was having my weekly Monday morning wank through the critic when I came across the photos of the dead feet in your last issue. Thanks for saving me five minutes

Cheers,

"Deviant"

GEAR GRINDER

YOU KNOW WHAT GRINDS MY GEARS?

You know what really grinds my gears? On my bike that is........is you wee fuckers thinking that instead of putting your bottles out for recycling, or building a pyramid of bottles in your flat (I have no evidence to prove that anyone actually does this) you decide to smash them on the ground outside your grubby little flat or on your walk (or should I say stagger) into town covering the streets with glass.....WHICH MEANS us guys trying to get around on bikes, for transport or in my case get to Signal hill to ride on a beautiful sunny day, get fucked over! Either trying to avoid glass on the road and thus almost getting hit by cars or end up getting a flat tire (expensive and time wasting) SO THINK BEFORE YOU SMASH PUNKS! GRRRRRRRRRR or have the decency to at least pick up the glass outside your flat!

Signed

My Giant WILL Reign

COMICAL WIN

Dear Critic.

Your comics this year are amusing and actually worth reading. What happened? Knew you had it in you. We'll take quality over quantity any day.

Ham Lorgelly

GUS BECOMES THE HUNTED

Dear Critic,

An un-named reporter of yours (Gus fucking Gawn) enlisted my help to write a small segment for the uni games touch article for last week. I poured my heart and soul into said piece and in return he decimates the shit out of it and doesn't even give me the slightest bit of recognition, which I asked ever so politely for.

So fuck you Gus, you cunt.

From Big Dog Pup (MC)

PS if you don't print my name I will hunt you down.

MARGI IS BACK ...

Margi's weekly random round-up vaguely related to Critic: I am 100% in favour of the All Blacks hogging the facilities at Uni Pol Gym; I would finally get around to going there if they were there. Where in the Hell is the Welfare Officer's report? Even if he is away on business, the report has been "passed" (meaning it exists) so why haven't the OUSA website faeries made it public?

Speaking of "Reports" - Lame. OUSA's template (who on God's Green Earth designed these?) is wordier than the reports are - and appear to encourage more bullshittery than usual. (The ones I got around to reading, although Ryan's was good). Change it so we know what's REALLY going on if we care to ... After all, it's our raised fees that pay your honoraria and/or salaries...

LESBIANS WITH CHIPS PERHAPS?

So as usual per usual after several million drinks, I found myself extremely keen for some Velvet Burger in the early hours of Sunday morning. And as usual, I was also ready to use my 91 Club card to gain access to a free 1/2 scoop of chips. Imagine my horror when i was informed "we don't have that deal after midnight". What the fuck. Who the fuck wants Velvet Burger before midnight? The burgers are that fucking expensive they should all come with free chips anyway.

P.S Critic - put less stories on global warming (only people with dreadlocks care) and add more stories of lesbian fuck fests

Yours Sincerely

Hungry Chipp

GUS JUST KEEPS ON WINNING

Dear Joe

Please keep a better eye on the alcohol consumption of your staff at future Critic events. The result of the BYO was dis-GUS-ting.

Love.

Someone who got thrown up on. xoxo

SHIT AY

Critic

I always feel slightly bad using the disabled toilet when I need to take a poo, be it through procrastination or a genuine shite, just in case a disabled person needs to use it. With my slightly cocky 3rd year swag I walk over to the 2nd floor disabled toilet, sit down and realise next to me on the floor some kind gentleman has left me a Critic to read. I lean over to grab it and hear the dreaded click of the sensor signalling the toilet is going to flush. Then it hits me and the toilet turns into a hyper powered bidet. I sit there, arse soaked with toilet water and curse the bastard who thought it would be funny to leave it there. Cheers prick. I spent roughly 10 minutes after using toilet paper to dry myself. As I left I realised I didn't actually move the critic to save the next guy, so sorry to the chap who went in after me.

From a victim of Karma

WE'RE ALL FOR IT

Dear Critic,

I was wondering what your opinion on discrimination is, and whether you think it happens much on campus? I know it wouldn't be the easiest thing to see all the time but it does happen all around us. Most, in fact almost all of us have been discriminated before, it may not a disability or race, or religion, but I'm sure we can all relate one way or another. And to settle confusion, I'm not saying that Critic or Otago intentionally discriminates people, I was just curious of what people think.

Cheers, All-Accepting

Letters should be 200 words or less. Deadline is Thursday 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.

Notices

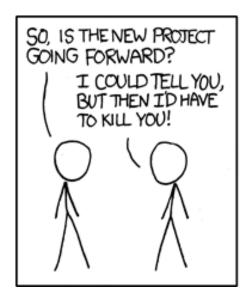
OUSA REFERENDUM

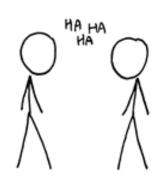
28 May - 1 June 2012

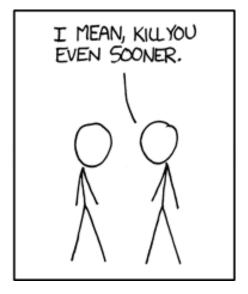
Have your say on issues that you think OUSA should have a stand on. Send your questions to csr@ousa.org.nz by 30 April 2012 at 4pm

AUDACIOUS NEXT EVENT

Getting Creative with Andrew Wallace. The Church 50 Dundas St 5.30pm. Start thinking laterally – how to start thinking outside the box.







Every day I'm chapil'n

"OUR PIECE OF PEACE"

My thoughts have been around peace this past week as we commemorate Anzac Day. In this time when we pause to remember all those who have sacrificed their lives and gone off to distant shores in the service of others, it is hard to think of a more selfless act. While war can be a tricky topic at the best of times, I think most of us agree it is important to honour those who have suffered and sacrificed in war for us.

All around our world every day, children, women, and men suffer the tragedies of war. It is a hopeless situation that feels so helpless — is there anything we can do?! But this week I find myself wondering if we can best honour those who have served and those who suffer by the way we live our daily lives. Maybe we can honour those whom have gone to war by trying to bring peace into our little part of the world.

In our generosity and magnanimity we make this world a better, more peaceful place. Maybe this is our part to play – to love and to serve those around us in our daily lives. As a student, teacher, daughter, son, father,

mother, friend, we have countless opportunities every day to bring peace to the lives of those around us. A listening ear, an encouraging word, or a gentle touch of the shoulder can mean the world to someone and turn a bad day around. We often don't realise the impact our smallest actions can have on others. You see, generosity and kindness are contagious. We can all think of examples when someone's kindness to us encouraged us to be nice to someone else in return, even when we'd rather have given them a piece of our mind! When others are kind to us, our tolerance grows. And this is a gift our world could do with more of.

In a seemingly hopeless and helpless situation there is something we can do. Small things, yes, but don't underestimate their impact. In our smallness we are great. Maybe our little acts of kindness are our opportunities to bring peace to our world. Maybe this is our piece to play in peace. Or as Mother Teresa said, "Peace begins with a smile."

AMY ARMSTRONG

Otago Chaplaincy team www.otago.ac.nz/chaplain



Avengers – Ryan Benic



The OUSA Page Everything OUSA, every Monday

2012:CAPOCALYPSE



The 118th Capping Show - Capocalypse! IT'S COMING FYACK!

2012, it marks a special time for Otago University Capping Show; another year still being the world's second longest running laugh factory full of puns, too soons and omfg they just went there! It doesn't matter your colour, your race or if there's no symmetry in your face, it'll still be offensive and still be the funniest thing you'll ever see. Trust me, random author of the OUSA Critic page, it's where YOU want to be during the Capocalypse...

From the 9th – 19th (except the 13th, it's unlucky)... Search for us on facebook Capping Show 2012: Capocalypse and join the other 600 people coming or just get your tickets from OUSA. BOOM!

Battle of the Bands

Win epic Converse kit even if you're not in a band cos there's kicks for fans! Come along and check out the future bands of Dunedin as they try to battle it out in their own indie/dub/pop/interpretive ways! Re:Fuel, every Friday from the 4th - 26th of May, Gold coin entry + free entry to win Converse gear just by being there!



Poker Tournament

Texas Hold'em guy #1 - What you holding? \$200 CASH MONEYZ bro

Texas Hold'em guy #2 - OH SNAP!

Texas Hold'em guy #1 – Nah bro, Poker. Dork.

Texas Hold'em guy #2 - Lame.



With registrations already sitting around the 50 mark we've had an amazing response to our first ever poker tournament which will take place on the 12th & 13th of May. Get in quick to OUSA Clubs and Socs to grab the last few

spaces, entries close May 1st. For more information about this and other tournaments hosted by Clubs and Socs head to snurl.com/ousatourny



FRANCISCO SAYS...

Greetings comrades,

I'm the OUSA Welfare Executive Officer Francisco Hernandez and I'm borrowing Logan's column this week to talk about three improtant things.

The first is that it's Rape Awareness Week this week. We've partnered up with Rape Crisis Dunedin to raise visibility of the issue. Keep an eye out for our posters and wear black this Thursday to mark the relaunch of the "Thursdays in Black" campaign. Our goal is to get the message out that forcing or pressuring someone to have sex against their will is never ok. Over the next few Thursdays in Black we'll be challenging the assumptions and myths on rape so also keep an eye out for that.

The second is that it's "Fairtrade Fortnight" from 5 May - 19 May. Keep an eye out for lots of cool stuff that's going to be happening around that time such as a Fair Trade fashion show which will be held 11 May at the Dunedin Public Library. Make sure also to check out Oxfam's "Coffee Break" at **oxfam.org.nz** - you can get free fair trade coffee and lots of other stuff.

Finally, I want to take the opportunity to ask you to sign up for OUSA's Welfare Committee. This will be the place and group to talk about – and do something about - things that affect the health and wellbeing of students. The Welfare Committee will be in charge of helping organize things like Thursdays in Black, Flatbook, \$3 Breakfast and \$3 Dinners (I swear its coming...) and OUSA Free Shop. If you care about your fellow students, then the Weflare Committee is the place for you. Flick me an email at welfare@ousa.org.nz and/or ring/text me at 0277339565 to find out more.

Till next time,

Francisco Hernandez

By-election for OUSA International Officer

Ever thought about joining the OUSA Executive? Nominations for International Officer will open on the 14 May so have a think about it. Job description and nomination details at ousa.org.nz.

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2011 Careers Fair

Tuesday 8 May

11:00am - 2:00pm

Venue: The Link

Information Services Building

UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO

CAREER DEVELOPMENT CENTRE

www.otago.ac.nz/careers

