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# Critic

Issue 16 | July 22, 2013 | [critic.co.nz](http://critic.co.nz)





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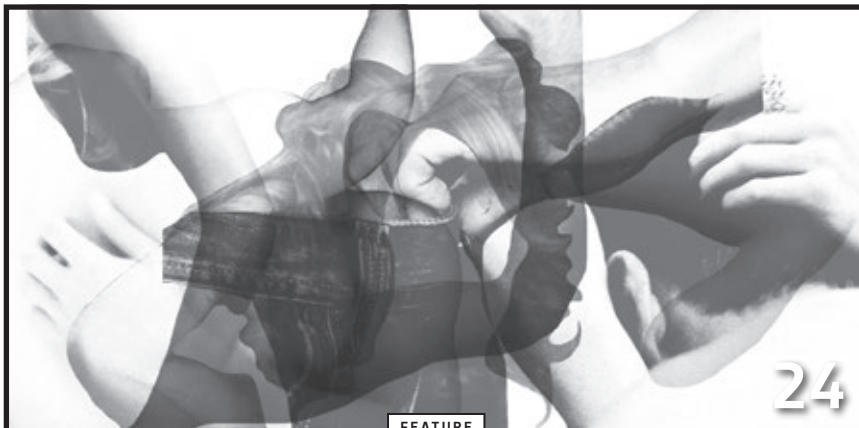
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FEATURE

## 24 | The Cosmo Cock-Tales

Bombarded with messages from "sexperts" about their inadequate sexual expressions, Josie Adams and Tristan Fernando gave in to Cosmopolitan magazine's tips for spicing up their sex life. Armed with questionable advice, the two Cosmonauts embarked on a weekend of terrifying sexcapades. Here, in gratuitous detail, they describe the ensuing misadventures and explain the unlikely benefits of terrible advice.



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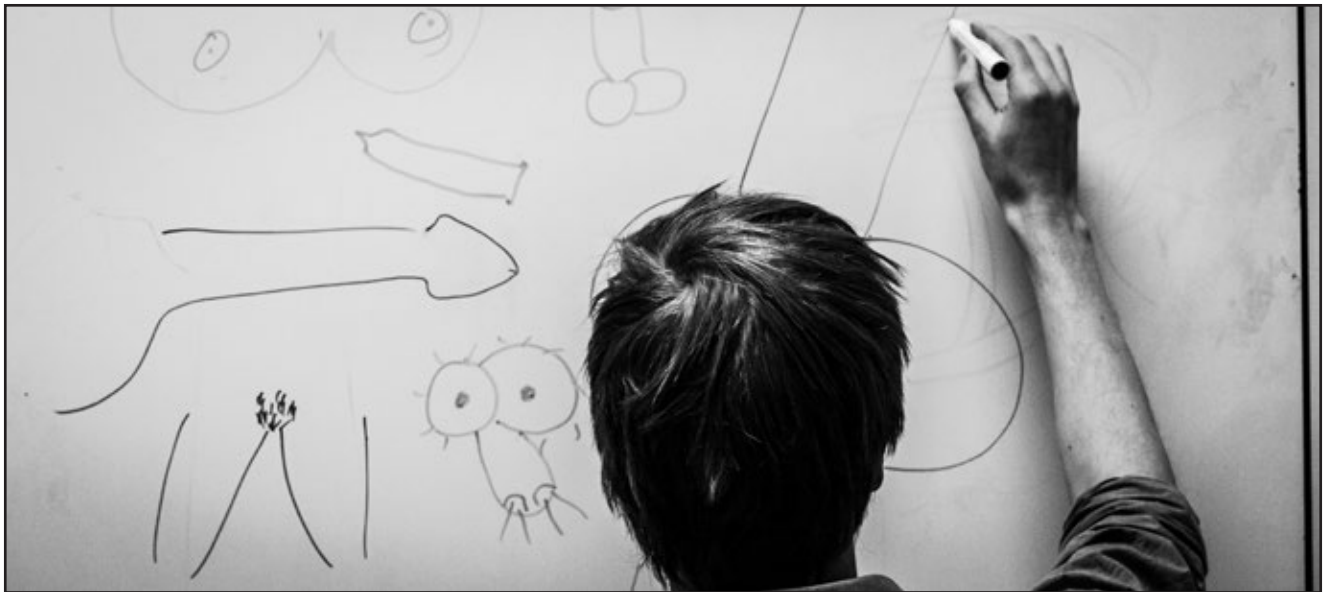
## NEWS

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**R**ELIGION IN GENERAL, AND CATHOLICISM IN particular, has rarely had anything useful to say on the subject of vaginas. Now, I'm no expert on the topic. For the most part, I know what to do with one (heyyy), but I'd still classify myself more as an "amateur enthusiast" than as a full-blown pro. But new lows are reached whenever a (male, ageing) Catholic puts in his two cents' worth on the subject.

There has been little equivalent compunction as far as penises go. Although Eve was "tempted" by the "evil snake," by and large Catholics love cock. Admittedly this is a largely unspoken (though often consummated) love; but if you're at all skeptical, just observe the shape of the Pope's hat. Vaginas, meanwhile, represent a mysterious pink void of terror. Taming these unholy canyons of sin requires only the most Catholic of means: switching off the lights, laying down rigid and arbitrary rules, and trying not to think too hard about it.

It's doubtful that there was ever a context in which these attitudes deserved to inform medical advice, or indeed any mainstream discourse on sex. Vaginas are great, and should be celebrated accordingly; and it's alarming when this kind of backwardness rears its head in 21st-century New Zealand.

Two recent events have made me question just how far we still have to go. The first, which you may have heard about, was a Blenheim doctor's refusal to prescribe the birth control pill to a young woman. "I don't want to interfere with the process of producing life," Dr. Joseph Lee told

the *Herald on Sunday*. Lee, a Catholic (duh), also refuses to prescribe condoms, considers that a woman has only done her "reproductive duty" after squeezing out four little shamelings, and (seemingly apropos of nothing) reflected that teen pregnancy was far preferable to same-sex marriage – as though, upon turning 20 with no reproductive success, a person is liable to start batting for the other team.

Instead of prescribing the pill and allowing his patient to make her own vaginal decisions, Lee lectured her on the "importance of life" and recommended the rhythm method. The rhythm method (which, as a method of contraception, presumably qualifies as "interfering with the process of producing life") involves having sex only at certain times of the month. Even if executed perfectly, it has a success rate of around 91 per cent, compared with 98 per cent for condoms and 99.8 per cent for the pill.

While it's obviously concerning that a New Zealand doctor thinks it's okay to use his position of power to push his beliefs onto potentially vulnerable patients, the swift denunciation that followed in the media was heartening. More concerning to me was another recent event, which you will not have heard about.

This week, our technology editor Raquel writes about "HappyPlayTime," an app that teaches female masturbation technique (page 44). As Raquel points out, the app has several flaws, including an infantilising design aesthetic and a downright creepy mascot. Even so, when we put together the technology page this week, we

were surprised to find that the app had been blocked by the University servers as pornography, having been flagged by the Uni's web filter FortiGuard.

HappyPlayTime, whatever its faults, is not pornography. It's an instructive (albeit vaguely unsettling and aggressively pink) app designed to promote sex positivity among young women. *Critic* contacted the University to question its decision to block the site, and the University agreed that the app was not pornography. However, it was still "other adult materials," and would remain blocked.

This is bullshit for a variety of reasons. Firstly, the app doesn't even fall within the definition of "other adult materials" the Uni provided, since the definition excludes sex education (which HappyPlayTime certainly is) except where the sex education is designed to arouse (and only the most deranged pervert would find HappyPlayTime's weird vagina-baby mascot a turn-on). Secondly, it's questionable whether the material was even "adult," aimed as it was toward younger women; and (thirdly) it's totally misguided to use such a broad definition of "adult" to censor material at, of all places, a university. Are university students not yet "adult" enough to be introduced to masturbation? Are you freaking kidding me?

I expected this shit from small-town Catholic doctors, not from a place of learning. Masturbate, everybody: dare to wank.

– SAM MCCHESEY



University Book Shop

## LETTER OF THE WEEK

The letter of the week wins a \$25 book voucher from the University Book Shop.

### Muddled #420

Dear Sir,

I was shocked to read that the Burns building will be demolished and a shiny new humanities facility built in its place. A department's lodgings should reflect the quality of the programme it delivers. If Burns must be knocked down for safety reasons, it should be replaced by a tent and, if necessary, a shoebox in the middle of t' road to house Gender Studies.

Cheers,

A concerned scientist.

### We based an entire column on your failings. Good luck <3

Dear Critic

We would have made this letter longer, but with the student media awards coming up, we thought it best to keep our award-winning material to ourselves.

<3 Salient

### Contemporary Ecological Change

To the Editor:

The Academy is in crisis. While MOOCs themselves might not represent the endgame that new digital forms of learning ultimately will represent, Harlene Hayne's response to them strikes me as inappropriate calm and cool. The fact of the matter is that lower cost (and, yes, lower 'experience') learning models are popping up everywhere as a result of the changing media ecology of the contemporary world. If a student has the ability to pay \$150.00 to some smart entrepreneur to certify that her/his learning in an online module is equivalent to a University taught one, why on earth would they bother paying \$750.00? It's just like Jetstar -- you still get to the destination, but at a fraction of the cost.

Unless we have a large-scale conversation about drawing boundaries around the environments (ie systems of Education) into which new media insinuate themselves, bricks and mortar Universities are doomed. In the US, Harvard is already afraid of external 'learning certification' offered by the University of Phoenix. Harvard afraid of a for profit upstart with a dubious academic reputation? You bet!

The alarm is sounded. Will we answer its call?

David Paterno

PhD Student

Media, Film and Communication Studies

### Mean Green Bean Seen Fleem

Dear Critic

you should be more critical of yourselves you criticizing cunts.

Critically your

The commentator connoisseur

P.S ya dart skills are up to fuck all

### Anal Chick Facts

Dear Critic,

Did you realise birds have no anal sphincter? I was sitting in a chair minding my own business and I nearly got decimated by the end result of a bird's digestive system. On a relevant note, did you know women have anal sphincters? Calling women chicks is therefore factually incorrect.

xx

### Hippie Highs vs. Hipster Hempsters

Dear Critic,

You know what really grinds my gears? (sorry Peter Griffin) The 420 thing. Specifically, the people that partake in this seemingly daily activity on campus. They all, without fail, piss me off. Yet while writing this I am unable to decide which I despise more, the unwashed masses of bare-foot, hackysack flipping 420 groupies or the horribly self-involved/obsessed black rim glasses wearing hipster 420'ers.

You all suck.

I am dangerously at risk of sounding like a right wing national voter here but seriously, get a fucking job. Earn some money. Get better pants that dont restrict blood flow to your feet. Stop fighting "the man" with some bullshit pathetic ritual and hoola-hooping your last vestige of dignity into the damp union lawn. For fucks

sake, you all look like twats out there in the drizzle on a cold Dunedin Thursday juggling each others nuts \*(sorry ladies) until you feel that you have upheld your right to freedom of expression enough for one day. Jesus, run for president of the student body, talk to your local MP, or just actually produce something meaningful with your day rather than sucking further resources from my bank account/soul and claiming you are 'making a difference' - what? through drug induced apathy? Sure, nice work team, have a big green leaf as a reward.

Yours sincerely,

The Blue Stallion.

### Overconcerned concernment

Dear Critic,

I am deeply concerned about many issues. I am so concerned that I do not know where to start. Please don't ask me to write in a letter because everything is wrong.

Concerned

### The World vs. Marx

Dear Critic,

I wish to respond to misconceptions held by Carbon Marx about the nature of Generation Zero. Carbon Marx describes Generation Zero as a cult-like group unable to deal with the reality of capitalism in relation to Climate Change which promotes euphoric dancing to get around that uncomfortable fact.

Far from being like a cult Generation Zero is most comparable in appearance to a transparent Christian Youth Group like Student Life. Gen Z is filled with bubbly enthusiasm and heavy laden sexual frustration at Climate Change which is released in enormously satisfying group meetings open to all but generally kept discreet as tradition. There is nothing cult like about it and Carbon Marx needs to get his facts right.

Lets keep environmentalism sexy,  
Aphrodite

### Muddled

Dear Critic,

I am very concerned about the amount of mud underneath the grass on Union Lawn. I slipped over on it the other day and muddled my jeans. Why can't 420 smoke mud as well as grass?

KB

## Fresh imitation

Hi there,

I was recently deemed the "obvious fresher" in the re o week article, kind of annoyed that you guys perceived me as being tormented and unimpressed. I had the best time ever and it wasn't only me who was cold. You guys have singled me out to be the weak one in the group. By saying i was subjected to makes it sound like i was forced. I choose to and so did everyone else, no one made us take part and it was a good laugh, not totally "humiliting". Looking forward yo your reply.

Thanks,

T. Boock

Hi Ms Boock,

It is regrettable that I used the description of an "obvious fresher" in the piece. But as a first year, studying and living with other first years, I could easily recognize that the girl I witnessed was of the fresher ilk, and stand by this observation. I believe that you have mistakenly recognized the singled out girl as yourself. The girl in question was solitary and sometime after the main promotion, whereas you have described yourself taking part in the ceremony with other victims of perceived fun. I welcome the real person in question to submit a letter, but perhaps they aren't as attention seeking and deluded as you are.

Thomas Raethel

## Half your age plus seven applies.

I take you as someone who has seen a lot and as such have some questions to ask. This week I am focussing on my curiosity of first years. What is the guide to getting with first years? I mean do I just get my bump'n'grind on at boogie and take them back to mine, or is it more "bro" to wake up in a hall the morning after?

Also on the first year buzz, how old is too old to be getting my creep on? Does the half your age plus 7 rule apply, I feel there needs to be a university specific rule?

Thank you for your post-grad wisdom

From

DD-guy

**CORRECTIONS** – Last week's review of Kanye West's album Yeezus was written by Bella King. Our Technical Editor was fined \$500 and was not allowed to pass go.

## The World vs. Marx pt. II

Dear Carbon Marx

Dance to stop global warming? Anyone with a really scientific view of anything (or who had read my column) would know that it's climate change that's the problem.... Or, as you so kindly pointed out, the parasitic bourgeoisie. Maybe we should all be communist like China, they don't have any problems with carbon emissions! Oh, wait.

Of course, you may be going for the 'let everyone starve' model of communism, aka cold war Russia. In which case the drastic depopulation of the world would actually make a pretty big dent in our emissions and climate change might be halted for a while! Totally worth it!

Or, you know, we could vote for a decent carbon tax, incentivising businesses to be greener. That's capitalism, bitches!

Love,

Elsie Jacobson

Ps. Please stop confusing political science with actual science. Having it in the name doesn't make it true; just as the Peacock Mantis Shrimp is neither a peacock, nor a mantis, nor a shrimp. Although it is (in contrast to political science) more awesome than all three.

### LETTERS POLICY

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



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**KEEP AN EYE ON THE CRITIC FACEBOOK PAGE ON MONDAY MORNING FOR DRAW DETAILS**

**JULY 25TH - 10 BAR - TICKETS FROM COSMIC**

# NOTICES

## Stolen Saxophone

Dear Reader,

On Sunday the 14th of July somebody stole a saxophone from my car. It is a unique and dearly beloved instrument. If you can provide me with the information that directly leads to its recovery \$500 is yours. No questions will be asked except for how I can get it back. It is a Selmer Super Action 80 Alto in a Selmer flight case (this is a case that is sort of shaped a bit like a saxophone and not just a box shape). My cell number is 0210398387.

## Funding for Student Performances

Funding of up to \$1500 per project is available to help University students and staff fund public performances (e.g. comedy, dance, theatre, film, music) that wouldn't happen without this support.

Closing date for applications to the Division of Humanities Performing Arts Fund: 20 August 2013

For more info go to:

[www.otago.ac.nz/humanities/perfartsfund](http://www.otago.ac.nz/humanities/perfartsfund) or email: [jane.gregory@otago.ac.nz](mailto:jane.gregory@otago.ac.nz)

## SciCo Ball

Are you an aspiring Humphrey Bogart or Gene Tierney? Love vintage cars, dark suits and femmes fatales? Tickets for SciCo's 2013 Science Ball are now on sale at OUSA, and this year the theme is film noir.

The ball will take place on 3 August, and tickets are \$50. See you there!

# Hernandez Considering Council Bid

## "Current DCC Makes Me Sick"

BY SAM MCCHESENEY AND JACK MONTGOMERIE

**O**USA PRESIDENT FRANCISCO HERNANDEZ has dropped several strong hints that he is lining up a run for the Dunedin City Council (DCC) in November's local body elections, although nothing has been confirmed.

The *Otago Daily Times* reported last Tuesday that others had asked Hernandez to consider running. Speaking to *Critic*, Hernandez confirmed that he had been approached to run, but would not reveal who had approached him. He is also understood to be interested in running for president of NZUSA.

At an OUSA Executive meeting on Tuesday evening, Hernandez declared that he would play no further strategic role in OUSA's upcoming campaign to register students for the local body elections. Although he did not confirm his candidacy, he claimed that the speculation had given rise to a "potential conflict of interest." Should Hernandez ultimately decide to run, he will have indirectly benefitted from the OUSA campaign given that students would likely form the bulk

of his voter base.

Hernandez refused to confirm or deny any prospective bid, telling *Critic*, "I'm not ruling it out, but I'm not ruling it in. I'm not even ruling it. My focus right now is on the students." However, he believes the DCC could benefit from his presence.

"I could use my skills as a University Councillor, and as a three-term Executive member," Hernandez said. "What the DCC needs is someone who can make not that many resources go a long way, and I think I'd be able to do that."

He also claimed that the DCC could use more student voices. "That's one of the key things. I mean, the city is about 20 per cent [students], but there are no Councillors who are currently students."

Hernandez also confirmed rumours that he has been taking part in paid Zentech drug trials. As Hernandez earns a presidential salary of \$30,000 and is known to be highly frugal, one reason for his earning extra money on the side could

be to compile a campaign kitty that is free of any OUSA funds.

He would not be drawn on whether this was the case, telling *Critic* that "the reason I'm doing the Zentech trials is that I believe in the cause of advancing science." However, he also dismissed any suggestion that he would be participating in the trials pro bono.

Hernandez believes that he has achieved all he can in his current role, and is keen for a new challenge. "At the end of the day, it's about making a difference. Realistically, I've made all the difference I can make in OUSA student politics ... I think when you're a student politician, you come to the end of your shelf life after about three years."

Radio One breakfast host Aaron Hawkins and Students for Environmental Action co-president Letisha Nicholas have already declared their candidacies for the mayoralty and central ward respectively.



# Otago Teaching Is Shit, Says Otago Teacher

BY JACK MONTGOMERIE AND ZANE POCOCK

**A**SSOCIATE PROFESSOR GORDON SANDERSON, recent recipient of the Prime Minister's \$30,000 Supreme Tertiary Teaching Excellence Award, has slammed the University of Otago's approach to teaching. After accepting the award, the Dunedin School of Medicine Ophthalmology professor told lecturers who want to advance their careers not to waste their time teaching.

"The University is not very enthusiastic about teaching," Sanderson said. "They are much more interested in research and they reward their staff for good research. That to me is wrong, but that's the current environment."

The *Otago Daily Times* also reported last week that a few months prior to Sanderson receiving an internal Otago teaching award, given to only three lecturers by Vice-Chancellor Professor Harlene Hayne, he had been sent a letter from her informing him that he was not to receive a standard biennial pay rise. "I am going to frame [the letters] side by side," he told the reporter.

Moreover, he believed that "the quality of teaching is suffering" as a result of the Performance Based Research Funding (PBRF) model, which favours research over lecturing.

The PBRF scheme rewards tertiary institutes on the basis of research, replacing the previous EFTS (equivalent full-time student or "bums on seats") funding scheme. 60 per cent of the fund is based on the quality of research, 25 per cent

**"The University is not very enthusiastic about teaching. They are much more interested in research and they reward their staff for good research."**

**\$30,000**

Prime Minister's Supreme Tertiary Teaching Excellence Award

**\$55 million**

PBRF funding allocated to the University of Otago in 2013

**\$215 million**

Student Achievement Component funding allocated to the University of Otago in 2013

on the completion of degrees, and 15 per cent on the external research income of any single tertiary institute.

The lecturers' union has backed Sanderson's comments. Associate Professor Brent Lovelock, a Tourism lecturer and co-president of the Tertiary Education Union's Otago branch, said that the Union has "observed a reduction in non-research staff in some departments in order to appoint

more research-active staff. This national refocus on PBRF has led to many excellent teachers being lost.

"We believe that lecturers who challenge their students, or those who teach harder compulsory papers, or those who are adopting innovative ways of teaching, must also be recognised and rewarded through a fair system."

OUSA President Francisco Hernandez told *Critic* that the balance between teaching and research needed to be restored. Hernandez believes that "the TEC [Tertiary Education Commission], which is controlled by the Government, has skewed the funding towards research."

However, not all University staff are toeing the union line. Associate Professor Michael Winikoff of the Information Sciences department told *Critic* that "Gordon's advice is not good advice. The promotion policy is very clear that none of teaching, research or service are more important." He said the *Otago Daily Times*' reportage of Sanderson's statements "sparked a considerable amount of discussion on an email list" and that "many academics disagreed with the claim that teaching was undervalued at Otago."

Tertiary Education Minister Steven Joyce also denied that government funding privileged research activities. In a written statement, he told *Critic* that "more than 80 per cent of total funding is allocated to teaching and learning. In 2013, the University of Otago was allocated \$55 million PBRF funding, and \$215 million SAC [Student Achievement Component] funding."

The University of Otago has refused to comment on the controversy.

**"Hernandez believes that 'the TEC [Tertiary Education Commission], which is controlled by the Government, has skewed the funding towards research.'"**

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## Return of the MOTHRA - Run For Your Lives

BY BELLA MACDONALD

**O**USA EDUCATION OFFICER JORDAN TAYLOR is making a bid for the return of the MOTHRA Student Film Making Awards run by OUSA. The event, which was named after C-grade Japanese film *MOTHRA*, was last held in 2011.

Taylor claimed that the event, which had been running for over 20 years, was cancelled due to OUSA time limitations. However, a source previously involved in the competition believed that a diminishing number of original entries, along with the time and money required for organising and formatting the videos, ultimately outweighed the benefits of the event.

Time constraints mean the event is unlikely to occur this year. Taylor mentioned that the rules and regulations of the event would be investigated, allowing for winning entries to participate in further competitions with the support of OUSA, such as the UniTec competition.

However, Taylor hopes to have everything in place for the MOTHRAS' resurrection early in 2014. He believed the event could "reach out to students who may not do other things and also to the wider Dunedin community."

Previous entrant, volunteer and prize-winner Alasdair Johnston said that it would be "cool to see it return if it could," and that at least one previous winner had gone on to a successful career in the filmmaking industry.

One hiccup that the MOTHRAS could encounter is the popularity and size of other national film competitions that students may prioritise. In particular, the 48HOURS film competition is a major threat. Many previous MOTHRA entries were made specifically for the 48HOURS competition but were then entered in the MOTHRAS, reducing the number of original entries. The prize pool for these national competitions is also much larger and more worthwhile for potential

filmmakers, with overall winners receiving over \$25,000 cash along with various contracts.

However, the winners of the Dunedin section of the 48HOURS competition believed they would have also entered the MOTHRAS had it been running this year. "We definitely would have entered MOTHRAS," Sam Reynolds, producer of winning film *We Run the Night*, told *Critic*. "It was a good competition that promoted filmmaking in the Uni, and considering how much money movies are bringing to New Zealand, it's something that should be encouraged."

"OUSA needs to encourage these sort of extra curricular competitions so that people get out and do things outside of their degrees," Reynolds added.

Once the planning has been completed, the future of the event will be in the hands of the OUSA Executive.

## Ong Nearly Wronged in Long Con

BY CLAUDIA HERRON

**D**UNEDIN TENANTS AND LANDLORDS ARE BEING warned about scams targeting the rental market after a University of Otago student almost fell victim to scammers while looking to let her room for the remainder of the year.

Having finished her studies, University of Otago student Jasmine Ong advertised her vacant room on four different websites. The response was rapid, with one individual expressing interest and saying that her father would get in contact regarding payment details as she herself was overseas.

The "father" then contacted Ong by email and asked requested she set up an electronic transfer

account so that he could transfer two months' rent. Subsequently, the "father" emailed and asked for \$800 to be transferred so that his daughter could buy a plane ticket, with the money to be refunded when the rent was paid.

The *Otago Daily Times* reported that Ong received an official-looking email saying that the money had been transferred, and immediately saw that the email address was fake. "Being of the Internet generation I Googled the father's name and the email address and searched Facebook for his daughter but found nothing," Ong explained.

Ong urges people to "keep their eyes wide open

and brains ticking" when it comes to the rental market. "Being \$800 out of pocket is not great."

*Critic* spoke with Jake Wright of Edinburgh Realty, who remarked that rental scams are not "overly apparent" in Dunedin. However, following the *ODT* coverage of Ong's scam, Wright was contacted by a private landlord who had experienced a similar situation, despite the fact that his property had been advertised solely on the University Accommodation site. While Wright maintained that these scams are uncommon, he remarked that Edinburgh Realty "try and ensure" all their financial transactions take place through the company to avoid such problems.

# University Panders to Dumb US Rating System

BY JOSIE COCHRANE

**T**HE UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO WILL SOON BE including a Grade Point Average (GPA) on all students' academic transcripts.

Professor Vernon Squire, Deputy Vice-Chancellor, said "presenting the GPA increases the portability of the academic transcript." This will make it easier for Otago students to show off their transcripts overseas. "If you ever want to go to the US, [the GPA] is essential," Squire said.

In planning the new system, "the major issue was how to calculate the GPA. We chose a nine-point scale because the scholarship system in New Zealand uses nine and other New Zealand universities use nine." Students' average academic performance will be rated using the letter grades achieved, with C- counting as 1.0 and A+ counting as a 9.0. The basic formal calculation is taken by averaging the rating of

all undergraduate papers regardless of the year in which the papers were taken.

Papers and theses which use "pass" or "completed" grades in place of a letter grade will not be included in the GPA calculation. This includes papers completed on exchange.

Squire emphasised that different departments may also use different calculation methods. For instance, in determining postgraduate entrance "the Honours year may account for a higher value than prior papers." Postgraduate medical school entrance also uses a different method of calculation.

Percentage grades will still be included, Squire said, as "GPA is based on a very quick assessment. It is still important to see specific paper grades."

Problems with the GPA system occur "if you want to differentiate two very high-performing students. This is where showing the percentage average is still important." For instance, a student who earns a percentage grade of 98 and a student who earns a 90 will both get the same rating under the GPA system, while a student who earns an 89 will get a lower rating. It may also be important to still do well in specific papers for different courses because "universities may see some papers as more valuable than others."

The GPA grade will appear on transcripts "pretty soon." Discussions about including the GPA on transcripts came during talks on the upgrade to the new Student Management System, due to go live in April 2014. The system will give students the ability to see their GPA online, as well as other course management capabilities.

## VSM: A New, Stronger OUSA

OPINION BY GUY MCCALLUM

**C**RITIC EDITOR SAM MCCHESNEY REFRESHES some fond memories of mine in his editorial of 15 July. It was about that old political hatchet of yesteryear: Voluntary Student Membership. His "where are they now" analysis of students' associations since VSM reminds me that a lot was left unsaid, or at least unheard, by its supporters.

For instance, VSM supporters (most of them) believed that students' associations served a public good. Former ACT MP Heather Roy couldn't say it enough, usually with an amused grin as she debated either NZUSA's David Do or OUSA's Logan Edgar. But VSM supporters couldn't shake the branding, given them by opponents, that they were destroying student institutions.

As a libertarian, I find value in social organisations such as students' associations. It just so

happens that most Otago students find value in OUSA too (regardless of partisanship). Neither VSM supporters nor opponents wanted to tear these organisations down.

So what was all the fuss about? The problem was a compulsory membership structure that allowed all sorts of stupid and arrogant things to happen. The use of association funds to donate to political parties and to support contentious causes with a minimum of support, for instance. Additionally, the tone of student politics had become severely brutalised, discouraging participation.

The situation became so bad, pre-VSM, that voter turnouts for OUSA elections were at one per cent or lower. The reason was no mystery; elected members would do whatever they wanted because their members (and their annual fees) were stuck with them. Furthermore, it was

evident to many that OUSA had turned into a nursery for wannabe politicians, or just a good CV-filler. Long gone was the OUSA of student advocacy and support it was intended to be.

Now that VSM has made popular support necessary for OUSA's survival, post-VSM candidates reach out to more than just the likely voters. And the incumbent President is more concerned about how the organisation he runs is perceived. Their manifestos and actions show a keen return to OUSA's core purposes: student advocacy, issue awareness and student community.

Problems new and old, such as an impending long-term Service Level Agreement, will take time to iron out. In the long-run though, OUSA will be seen to have made an adjustment (albeit a noisy one) for what is a core principle of human rights: freedom of association.



## 1000 Hammered Dolls

BY JESS COLE

**WHAT HAD THE POTENTIAL TO PROVIDE RELIEF** for anyone traumatised by Chucky or any of its incarnations, Tuesday's headlines promised:

1000 dolls going under the hammer today

Unfortunately, one of the biggest news stories of the week instead covered a doll auction accompanied by one of its creepiest images to date.



The ODT apparently approaches its subjects with a level of seriousness inspired by our nation's esteemed leader.

Key jokes about Dotcom but keeps royal baby present under wraps

Thank God for priorities. Speaking of which, while the Dunedin police "had some concerns" about a carload of guns being stolen, they were busy upgrading security after

Man threatens to let sheep loose

Not to worry, the ODT was ready to crack a smile with this unintentionally hilarious headline.

Farmers optimistic

Ha ha, good one, guys. And Gore's a happenin' place to live.



## Illuminate Pain Party

BY JAMIE BREEN

**5,000 PEOPLE ATTENDED THE ILLUMINATE PAINT** Party at Forsyth Barr Stadium on Wednesday night of Re O-Week. A combination of alcohol, drugs and large numbers of excited partygoers caused several injuries.

Nobody was arrested at the party, but the injuries that occurred required medical attention and kept staff on their toes. Those with the worst injuries were taken to hospital and dealt with by the emergency department staff, while the OUSA "Are You OK?" team and St John's were on site to tend to more minor injuries.

Witnesses who spoke to *Critic* claim to have seen a male split open his forehead while tripping on acid, sporting a large flap of skin that would move when he did. As he was removed from the event, the man was observed complaining that he wanted to continue partying.

Other injuries included a broken leg and a broken nose, and a number of partygoers experienced allergic reactions to the UV paint thrown at them.

One witness told *Critic* about a friend who had

broken his tibia without realising, and another who had chipped her tooth. "The injuries were inevitable. A concrete floor covered in thick paint made the ground slippery. The whole night I was slipping over ... only to be pulled back up again by a friend.

The worst injuries occurred in the large moshpit near the front of the stadium. "People were being pushed out, falling onto others," one partygoer told *Critic*. "At one point I was on the ground, arm outstretched at an awkward angle while someone else leaned on it. I was lucky not to break my arm."

OUSA Events staff told *Critic* that they plan on "looking into the possibility of moving the event to a warmer time of year in the future, and also looking into adding sand on the concrete to reduce the slip factor."

Although "lots of people were getting injured and falling over," witnesses praised the efforts of St John's and the "Are You OK?" team. "Even at capacity they were doing their best to make sure every injury was attended to," one said.



Dotcom tells Critic what he thinks of the GCSB spy domes

## Political Cocks in Democratic Balls-Up

BY MICHAELA CORLET

**T**HE GOVERNMENT IS CURRENTLY TRYING TO pass the Government Communications Security Bureau (GCSB) and Related Legislation Amendment Bill under urgency. The Bill will allow the GCSB to spy on New Zealanders for other governments or private groups.

In 2011-12 the GCSB carried out surveillance on Kim Dotcom, a New Zealand resident, at the request of the American government, surveillance that was subsequently found to be illegal. The Bill would change the GCSB's role and make surveillance like that carried out on Dotcom legal. The SIS and the New Zealand Police can already spy on New Zealand citizens and residents, but the GCSB – as an agency responsible for foreign intelligence – cannot.

The GCSB Bill passed its first reading under urgency in May. Submissions are now being heard before the second reading, but under a decreased time frame. This decreased time frame led to notable groups like the Human Rights Commission (HRC) missing the deadline.

The HRC called for an independent inquiry into the Bill. Prime Minister John Key subsequently threatened their government funding. The New Zealand Law Society has publically slammed the Bill, noting its inconsistencies with the New Zealand Bill of Rights, which states that New Zealanders have the right to be free from unreasonable search. The Privacy Commission has also called for further investigation before the Bill goes ahead, but acknowledges that the law

needs to be updated as technology advances.

The urgency placed on the Bill changes the processes through which it must pass to become law. Usually there is a longer period of time for the public to make submissions, and these submissions are posted online once the Select Committee has discussed them. The submissions for the GCSB Bill have not yet been made public and it is not known when this will occur.

The Facebook group "Stop the GCSB Bill" has been created by Christchurch postgraduate student Matthew Weaver and is being used to coordinate protests about the Bill nationwide. A protest against the Bill will be held in Dunedin's Octagon at 2:00pm on Saturday 27 July.

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# Dunedin Becoming Auckland

BY CLAUDIA HERRON

**S**TUDENTS' STANDARD OF LIVING APPEARS TO be on the rise with students now looking for better rental properties.

The New Zealand Residential Rental Review (NZRRR) 2013 shows that in the 12 months leading up to May this year rent prices have decreased in several Dunedin areas, depending on the number of bedrooms available.

However, according to Jake Wright of Edinburgh Realty, a number of students are looking for better rentals and are no longer happy living in cold and draughty flats. "[Students] want places that are nice and warm and probably a bit more like the family homes they have come from in the past," Wright told *Critic*.

When asked if this demand for increased quality would encourage landlords to better maintain their properties, Wright remarked that government schemes designed to improve access to

insulation and heating have "certainly helped" increase the quality and warmth of flats. "A lot of owners are starting to get rid of older properties that are [not] ... up to scratch and they're building new ones that are of a [much] higher standard."

**"A lot of owners are starting to get rid of older properties that are [not] ... up to scratch and they're building new ones that are of a [much] higher standard."**

Despite this trend, iconic precincts such as Castle Street now see flats fetch weekly rent upwards of \$140-\$150 per room.

In terms of value for money, Wright said that

for \$150 a week a tenant should probably be getting a "purpose-built property" that includes additional features such as dishwashers, flat screen TVs, Internet and Wheelie Bin services.

*Critic* also spoke with Paul Reuben of Student Accommodation Ltd who recognised an array of "substandard" flats, commonly those with an established culture. "People will pay absolutely top dollar for a piece of wood with a name on it, irrespective ... of the quality inside."

International students have had a significant impact on the rental market as they "expect something a wee bit more modern," and have prompted an increase in studio rooms and newer properties. According to Reuben, a drop in university enrolments has also put pressure on run-down properties, but landlords appear to be getting the message: many are paying to improve heating and insulation in their currently vacant flats in order to avoid a similar lack of interest next year.

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- ✓ Not taken any drugs of abuse

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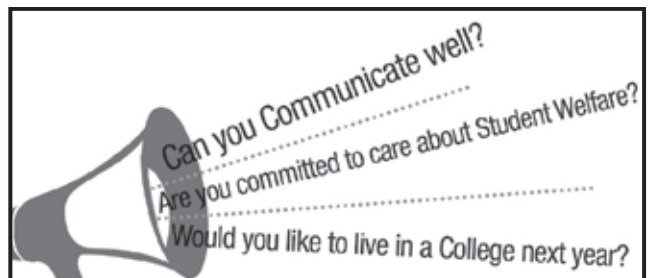
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Mark Parker Seminar Room, University College

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Email [bob.cochrane@otago.ac.nz](mailto:bob.cochrane@otago.ac.nz)

**Closing date for applications**  
Friday 2nd August 2013

# Wakachangi Beer Launch

BY THOMAS RAETHEL



**C**OMEDIAN LEIGH HART VISITED LEITH STREET Liquorland on 13 July to promote his new beer's launch in Dunedin. Wakachangi Lager is to be primarily marketed toward New Zealand students. Hart told *Critic* that he considers the lager to be an alternative to brands like Speight's. He admitted that the process of creating and marketing a new beer was a "steep learning curve," only fully envisioning the beer "a couple of weeks ago."

"I'd been talking about it with my mates for a while, then we realised that Re O-Week was the last chance we had to roll it out to students properly before O-Week next year," added Hart. Hart and his crew of promoters had previously visited Hamilton and Christchurch to launch the beer. "We sold out in 18 minutes in Hamilton." In keeping with Otago students' reputation as lovers of beer, three times the quantity of lager was needed at Leith Street Liquorland than the two other locations. The beer took only half an hour to sell out.

Wakachangi Lager's online advertising campaign, distributed via the Moon TV YouTube channel, has already garnered a cult following among students. One of the advertisements has had over 10,000 views in the eight days since it was uploaded.

Hart believes the quirky humour utilised in the videos, as well as the bottle's distinctive label, have widespread appeal, adding that "humour is non-geographic in New Zealand." He deliberately chose to produce a "middle of the road" beer, noting that many of the new beers on the market are craft beers. "Beers like Tuatara are often a bit hoppy, and cost about 30 dollars for a 12 pack" – a price not suited to students. Hart said that the recipe they chose was the last one they tried, and is specially designed for the student palette.

While Wakachangi's range is currently limited to 2L bottles, Hart intends to roll out more conventional glass stubbie bottles in the near future. Wakachangi's 2L bottles of lager cost \$12.90, and contain 7.9 standard drinks.

## These Assholes Always Get Away ... But Only For So Long

OPINION BY JACOBIN

**A**S I WRITE THIS COLUMN IT IS BASTILLE DAY in France. Bastille Day is a celebration for anyone proud of the French Republic and what it stands for; or, more accurately, what the French Republic stands on, namely the dead bodies of kings and tyrants. After deliberative options had been exhausted, the common people stormed the Bastille Fortress to free political prisoners in an act of divine violence that marked the beginning of the new Republic.

In contrast, as I write this column, a large number of people in the United States are celebrating the death of a young, unarmed black teenager named Trayvon Martin. They are hailing his killer as a vigilante hero who "stood his ground" with a God-given right to carry a firearm. A man named George Zimmerman caught a whiff of

suspicion about the young, black Trayvon, who was wearing a hoodie and was armed with a packet of Skittles and a bottle of iced tea, and started to follow him aggressively despite being told by emergency services he should stay in his car. Exactly what happened after this is uncertain enough that it can be debated endlessly: I begrudgingly admit there is enough doubt to justify a "not guilty" verdict for murder.

However, we know that Trayvon felt threatened by Zimmerman (who was, after all, following him) and the two engaged in fisticuffs. Zimmerman responded by pulling out a pistol and shooting Trayvon in the heart. Zimmerman will not be punished criminally in any way for this, and should much less be celebrated. It is a manifest injustice.

Zimmerman said "these assholes always get away" to the police dispatcher right before he got out of his car in order to follow Trayvon, and subsequently kill him. Zimmerman was right, but not in the way that he meant. Do not be so vain as to think this injustice is limited to America – in Auckland in 2008, Bruce Emery stabbed and killed a 15-year-old Maori child named Pihema Cameron because he was frustrated that Pihema was tagging a fence. Bruce Emery served less than a year in prison for this, and the head of the Sensible Sentencing Trust, Garth McVicar, said Bruce Emery was "a different kind of offender" who should not have gone to prison at all.

These assholes will always get away under our justice system – unless they fear the next Bastille Day, which you should be celebrating.

# The 2012 Audit: How OUSA Spent Your Money

BY ZANE POCOCK

**A**N AUDIT OF OUSA'S SERVICE LEVEL Agreement (SLA) budgeted spending in 2012 was tabled at last Tuesday's Executive meeting. The SLA is the mechanism by which the University of Otago funds OUSA.

The audit, carried out by nominated accountants PricewaterhouseCoopers (PWC), shows that OUSA had a net deferred spend of \$535,215 in 2012. This means that the amount of money OUSA received from the University last year was significantly higher than what was actually spent. However, this will be offset over the next two years.

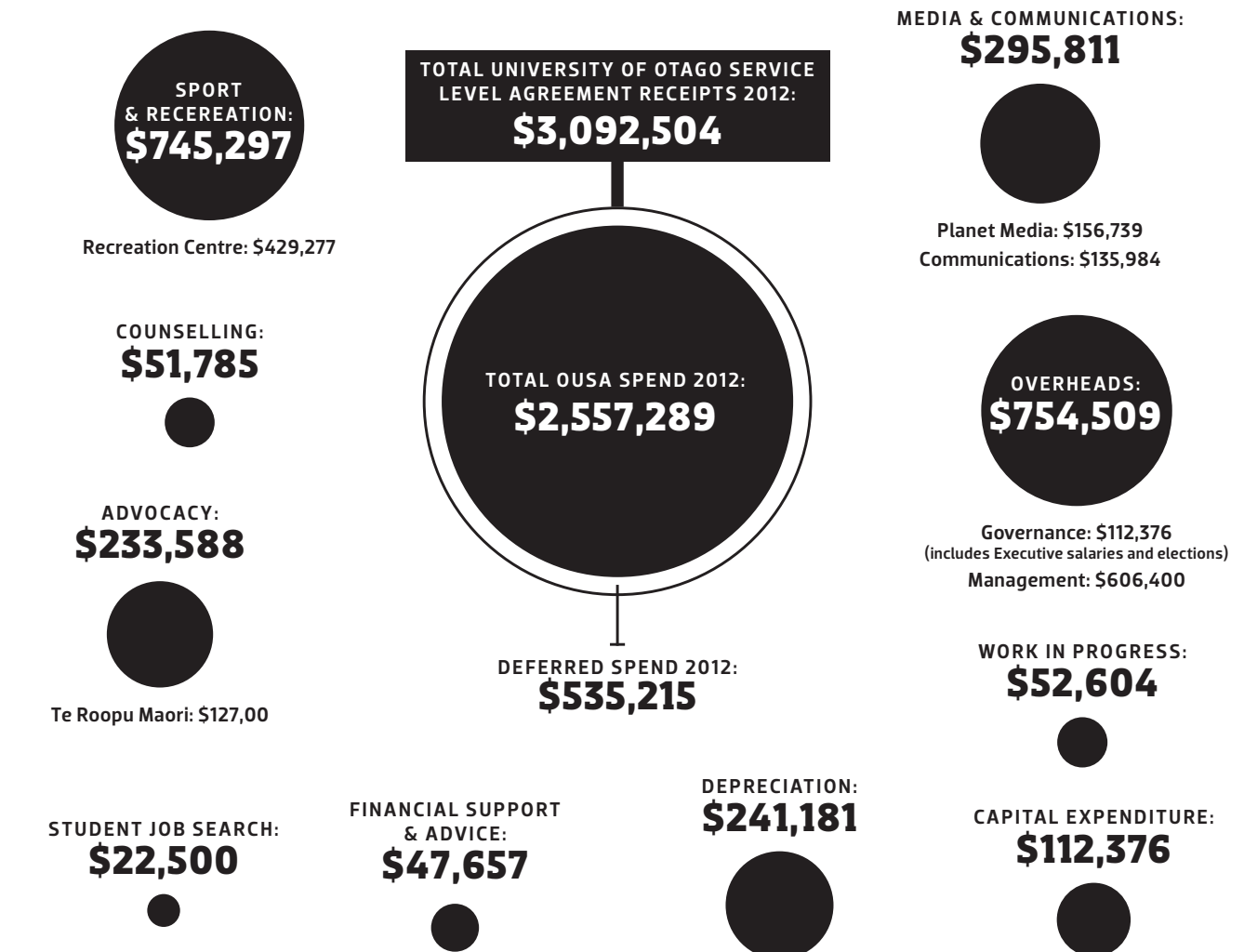
The deferred spend is primarily due to delays to renovations of OUSA's Recreation Centre and the main OUSA office complex. When such works are planned, OUSA typically asks several building companies to bid for the project. This was not feasible in 2012, after increased market demand from the Christchurch rebuild had raised builders' prices. As a result, OUSA delayed certain parts of the renovations until 2013.

OUSA President Francisco Hernandez told *Critic* that "the voluntary status of the audit demonstrates the importance of openness and

accountability in my and OUSA's agenda. No other students' association in the country does this.

"We are very happy with the results of the audit overall, but it is frustrating that Christchurch took out builder competition with the larger fees it was attracting. I would have liked to cut a ribbon, but at the end of the day it wasn't possible."

A longer version of this article, as well as the full breakdown of the PWC audit, is available at [critic.co.nz/pwcaudit](http://critic.co.nz/pwcaudit).

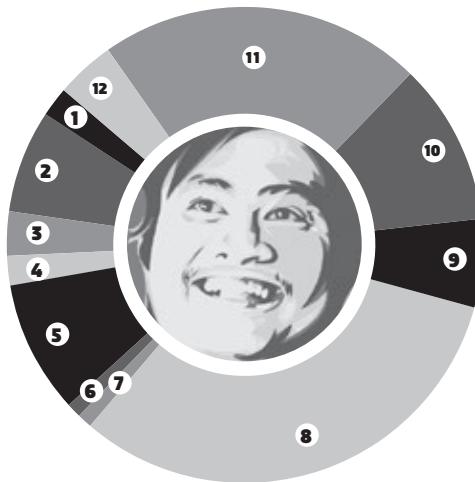




# A Sneak Peek at OUSA's 2014 Budget

BY SAM MCCHESENEY

**T**HE DETAILS OF OUSA'S SERVICE LEVEL Agreement (SLA) negotiations with the University have been leaked to Critic. The following is a breakdown of how OUSA intends to spend your money in 2014.



**1 \$13,760 on a corrugated iron shed for the NORML protestors.** This will protect regular (i.e. non-NORML) students from the mild irritant of looking at NORML, while also sheltering the protestors from inclement weather and allowing them to hotbox.

**2 \$63,400 payment to the city of Oxford.** Critic understands that this payment is to convince Oxford to amend the entry for "craft" in their next dictionary – specifically, to change its meaning when used as a prefix to the word "beer."

**3 \$15,000 on a national "E-Sports" tournament.** "It's such a good idea," Fran enthused. "It's just like real sports, but without the physical exertion, which is by far the worst part." Fran seemed a bit out of breath, passing this off as the result of his having "clubbed [Recreation Officer] Blake over the head with a spade and buried him so that he couldn't be here to vote against it."

**4 \$12,430 for a catapult on the OUSA balcony.** It is believed that this will be safer than the current fire escape, which has claimed at least three lives in the last week.

**5 \$85,000 to commission Six60 to write the official OUSA anthem.** The anthem will be sung at the beginning of every Executive meeting, and a Maori version will be performed for international guests. When quizzed about the fee, an OUSA spokesperson shrugged and said "I guess that's what Six60 costs these days. They told me they're pretty big now."

**6 \$6,385 on a deluxe life-sized doll for Fran.** This item was passed quickly and without discussion. "We don't want to know," snapped Finance Officer Lucy Gaudin. "So just spend whatever you want."

**7 \$786 on a soundproof box for postgraduate students to whinge into.** Postgrad Officer Keir Russell believes it would be more beneficial if postgrad students would simply scream into an empty black void than try and contact him. "Look, I'm tired of all these emails," he explained. "What do you expect me to do, bitch-slap Steven Joyce until he brings back postgrad allowances? I mean, yes, I would totally do that. But without the allowance I can't afford an airfare up to Wellington, so it's not going to happen. So yell into the box instead."

**8 \$306,000 on a deposit for a world-class yachting centre and 80-foot yacht.** This project, which will cost OUSA tens of millions of dollars over the next decade, appeared in the budget after a number of Yachting Club members mysteriously turned up at the Executive meeting and started voting. OUSA is happy to oblige, however, as they believe this will provide some sort of future economic benefit. "Build it and they will come," Fran explained. Who "they" are is still somewhat uncertain, but OUSA hopes that the new yachting centre will someday host large events like the America's Cup.

**9 \$56,700 to convert the emergency phones around campus into one-stop emergency centres.** These emergency centres will contain all your 3am emergency necessities, including buckets, condoms and fire extinguishers.

**10 \$100,000 to double the Executive's pay.** In a break with tradition, it is believed that this increase will come into effect before the end of the current Executive's term.

**11 \$33,200 for a Radio One ice cream van.** This van will allow Radio One to raise awareness of its brand throughout the city, and also sell ice cream.

**12 \$213,500 on making Hyde Street eight per cent longer.** President Fran believes this will make the annual Hyde Street keg party "eight per cent safer," as there will be "more room" for the revellers. "Or," he said, "we could fit eight per cent more people on the street, which would make the party eight per cent better."

# BEST OF THE WEB

[critic.co.nz/memesci](http://critic.co.nz/memesci)

The new science of memes.

[critic.co.nz/impjourney](http://critic.co.nz/impjourney)

"I truly believe there's one thing everyone has inside them that they can do better than anybody else. Some people can swim, others are good at singing, others are track stars," Isaacs says. "I thumb wrestle. That's my thing."

[critic.co.nz/coffeewhat](http://critic.co.nz/coffeewhat)

What's actually inside your cup of coffee?

[critic.co.nz/hotdoginno](http://critic.co.nz/hotdoginno)

The Atlantic's "Year in Hot Dog Innovation."

[darthvalley.com](http://darthvalley.com)

The Darth Valley Challenge involves a man dressed up as Darth Vader running a mile in record-breaking temperatures through Death Valley. His support driver this year was dressed up as Chewbacca. Nice touch, wrong team.

[ivyconnect.com](http://ivyconnect.com)

IvyConnect is an elite social network, aiming to create a "dynamic private members community across 50 global cities, with 10,000 hand-selected members in each location."

[critic.co.nz/mysterytoothpaste](http://critic.co.nz/mysterytoothpaste)

The Mystery of the Missing Hotel Toothpaste.

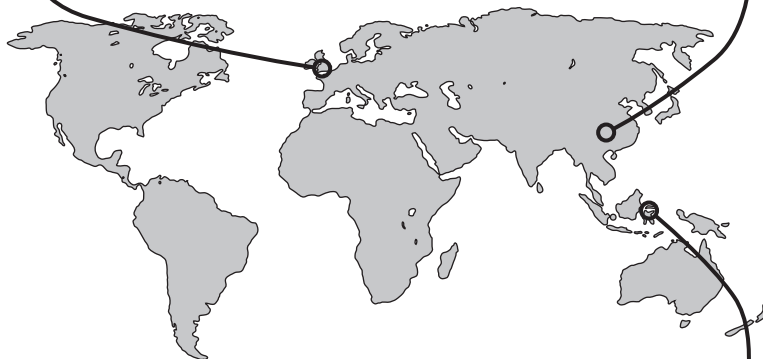
# NEWS IN BRIEFS

ZANE POCOCK | SAM CLARK

## WORLD WATCH

**WILTSHIRE, ENGLAND** | A train spotter was involved in a "freak steam train accident" when a piece of flying coal broke his leg last week.

**CHINA** | The Chinese Government recently passed a law entitled "Protection of the Rights and Interests of Elderly People" that forces adult children to visit their elderly parents.



**SULAWESI ISLAND, INDONESIA** | Rusly Habibie, the governor of Gorontalo Province, has banned female secretaries as he believes they were responsible for a series of extramarital affairs among his staff.



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THE MORE THINGS CHANGE

22-28 July

BY JESSICA BROMELL

**T**HIS WEEK, NUMBERS ABOUND AND humanity attempts to advance – to varying degrees of success.

**July 22, 1587:** The second group of English settlers arrived at Roanoke Colony in the US in an attempt to establish a permanent settlement, and this was pretty much the last anyone in England ever heard of them. The first colonists had hitched a ride back to England because they'd run out of supplies, but the second group went one better. The Governor went home to get more support for the colony, and arrived back three years later to find that everyone had completely disappeared. The only sign of them was a word carved into a tree, indicating that they may have relocated to a nearby island, but to this day no one is sure why Roanoke ended up like Dunedin in summer.

**July 23, 1829:** William Austin Burt patented the typographer, an early version of the typewriter. Apparently its speed of operation was no faster than handwriting. Probably due to this incredible inefficiency, it kicked off an era of better machines that eventually led to printing on an industrial scale (unfortunately for those who had jobs operating the old machines). Typewriting devices are generally indispensable these days, but should still be used sensibly: I was once in a lecture with a health sci who'd brought a typewriter along because

they couldn't afford a laptop and were somehow incapable of writing by hand, and I can still hear that horrible dinging noise resounding through the St Dave theatre. Technology, eh.

**July 24, 1851:** Up until this day, Great Britain was enforcing a window tax, which is actually exactly what it sounds like. There was no income tax at the time because it was too controversial, so people were taxed according to the number of windows in their house. The argument was that wealthier people would have bigger houses and as such more windows; you had to pay if your house had more than ten, and the maximum charge was eight shillings (about NZ \$85 today) if you had more than twenty. This tax is the reason why a lot of houses in Britain have bricked-up windows – clearly, people will go to considerable effort to avoid taxes no matter how far back in history you go.

**July 22, 1983:** Vostok Station in Antarctica recorded the lowest ever natural temperature on Earth: -89.2 degrees Celsius. The station is a nice little place if you never want to be warm again – the highest temperature it has recorded is -12.2°C. For comparison, the lowest temperature recorded in Dunedin since 1991 is -8.8°C. It's positively tropical up here.

# FACTS & FIGURES



Contrary to popular belief, chewing gum does not take seven years to digest. Although the gum base can't be broken down like any other foodstuff, it does exit the body system soon after ingestion. (Unless you swallow fuckloads, which has caused interesting surgery in the past ...)

Breast-feeding increases a child's chance of upward social mobility (ladder climbing) by

24%



On a gram-per-gram basis, the coffee beans found in civet shit are worth roughly twice as much as silver.

43 million

people are living as refugees around the world

Approximately 80 per cent of people experience phantom phone vibrations in their pockets.



In some American cities police officers were required to wear cameras in order to document their interactions with the public. In these areas, public complaints against officers dropped by 88%.





# Sniffles and Sex: The Dark Truth about Student Wellbeing

BY BAZ MACDONALD

**I**N MY TIME AT UNIVERSITY I HAVE had an unfortunate number of conversations in which a fellow student has described their common cold as bronchitis, or has lamented over a patch of eczema while wondering which fatal illness it may be symptomatic of. Sure, these examples are a tad hyperbolic, but the fact remains that university students – and freshers in particular – are portrayed as fairly alarmist when it comes to their health and wellbeing. In a way, it's understandable that many come off as hyperchondriacs; for a significant proportion of freshers, uni marks their first time living away from their homes and caregivers.

Now I don't want to make freshers look like babies here, so instead, let's look at this from a scientific perspective. Living at home allows you to pass the responsibility for your health and safety off to your (hopefully) concerned parents. At university, however, without a parent looking after you, your wellbeing is suddenly your sole responsibility. It stands to reason that – the continuation of your own life being biologically imperative – one should thus take potential

signs of sickness seriously (and actual illness even more so). Hypochondria, therefore, would appear to be an effective biological reaction to the transition from home to the independence of university.

I never begrudged freshers their hypochondria, because frankly I thought it was good sense. And oh what fun I thought it would be to follow up

**“Students ... aren't generally hypochondriacs; if anything, they generally leave it as long as possible before seeking help, in the interests of saving money.”**

cases of student hypochondria for Critic. I was sure that I was going to encounter nothing but hilarious anecdotes of students showing up at Student Health with the sniffles and declaring their impending doom; of halls full to the brim with freshers nursing mild hangovers and insisting they had alcohol poisoning. What I found instead, however, was the dark truth of student health and lifestyle.

\*\*\*

In my quest to uncover the hilarious hijinks of student hypochondria I got in touch with local doctor Salil Elias. Dr Elias worked at Student Health for four years, wears a diamond stud earring, listens to heavy metal and is a highly-ranked competitive Call of Duty player (pretty badass, right?). It wasn't long into our conversation that I began to realise what a fallacy this portrayal of “students as hypochondriacs” is. When asked whether, in his experience, students often demonstrate hyperchondriac tendencies, Dr Elias told me that “I don't believe [many] of them [do]: some are ... used to being in the care of their parents, and an ailment far from home can be a scary thing. But a minority of them are hypochondriacs.”

“It turns out that hypochondria is so common in medical students that it has actually been nicknamed “Medical Student’s Disease.” The disease causes such individuals to perceive themselves – and those around them – as suffering the symptoms of illnesses they are studying.”

This surprised me. I mean, if anyone would be able to testify that students were big old whingers it would be this man, and yet he was adamant that hypochondriacs were a small minority of the student population. So if students aren't hypochondriacs, do they act differently from others when it comes to their health? According to Dr Elias, students do deal with their health differently to other groups, primarily "because there is often an attitude of wait and see, rather than seek help early. This can be influenced by financial and social issues." The real problem, in his eyes, is less that students are overactive about their health but rather that they are not active enough.

I wondered if Dr Elias' insights regarding financial and social issues is indeed the reason students avoid trips to the doctors. Curious, I asked a local pharmacist whether students often tried to circumvent the doctors with over-the-counter drugs. The pharmacist, however, supported Dr Elias's observation. Students, he believed, aren't generally hypochondriacs; if anything, they generally leave it as long as possible before seeking help, in the interests of saving money.

Dr Elias did tell me that there is one group in which hypochondriacs are not the minority: medical students. "Medical and other health science students overthink ailments, and when you add a touch of medical knowledge without clinical experience, it makes for a worrisome patient." It turns out that hypochondria is so common in medical students that it has

actually been nicknamed "Medical Student's Disease." The disease causes such individuals to perceive themselves – and those around them – as suffering the symptoms of illnesses they are studying.

Aside from medical students, however, it seems that students generally aren't actually that keen to be cured at all. Rather, most are inclined to try and weather their illness instead. You don't have to have a medical degree to know that this sort of thinking is dangerous, especially in the densely populated living situations in which students are often found – such as Residential Colleges.

I spoke to an RA at one of Otago's many colleges about how the students – and the college itself – deals with illness. She explained to me the measures put into place to try and quell illness: "students are notified when illnesses are spreading about the hall or other halls" (one notable example being the notice passed around when Scabies was going around feral Aquinas), and "flu vaccines [are] administered on site for students."

However, it seems that despite the colleges' best efforts, students themselves are the problem far more often than a bacteria or virus. Dr Elias regaled me with the tale of a mass outbreak of conjunctivitis within a college; the infection spread like wildfire due to students "touching their infected eyes, and [then] elevator buttons and hand rails."

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This disregard for wellbeing would be less problematic if students lived in sterile bubbles, but we don't. In fact, we students live in, and often subject ourselves to, some of the most unhealthy lifestyles imaginable. Dr Elias points out that "there are a wide variety of elements that act in concert and contribute to the poor mental and physical health of students, [including] poor nutrition, close-quarters living, nicotine/ alcohol/ illicit substance use and sexual promiscuity." Adding to this daunting list are the terrible housing situations many Dunedin students endure and the fact that we live in one of the coldest cities in the country.

Although we are all sick of the Scarfie lifestyle being summarily persecuted, it does seem that many of the problems students face are related to alcohol, drugs and our all-round rock 'n' roll lifestyle. Every medical professional I spoke to cited financial issues as a reason students avoid the doctor, and yet the pharmacist informed me that some of the most common items she sells over the counter to students are hangover preventatives. On top of this already-expensive medication, you then also have the cost of alcohol. All up, one night out probably costs a student more than visiting (heavily-subsidised) Student Health two or even three times.

“Every medical professional I spoke to cited financial issues as a reason students avoid the doctor, and yet **the pharmacist informed me that some of the most common items she sells over the counter to students are hangover preventatives.**”

We have to ask ourselves: what are the likely consequences of students harbouring such attitudes towards health? The stresses of study (and/or near-constant partying), terrible diets (and even worse living conditions) and the near-pathological refusal to seek treatment for early-stage illnesses combine to make sickness not only prevalent, but powerful. A stressed, tired and poorly-fed body is going to be hit far harder by illness than its healthy counterpart.

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More importantly, all of these factors have created a dangerous culture for our generation; a culture that doesn't see the devastating effects that illness can have in the long run. The dismal state of students' sexual health is a prime example. Student Health deals with this issue head-on due to the prominence of sexual health-related problems in New Zealand, and, as Dr Elias explains, because the University brings together young people from "various parts of the country and overseas, with various cultural and social restrictions lifted," creating a recipe for the perfect sexual health storm.

Last semester, you may have received an email or letter informing you that you had been chosen to participate in the Tertiary Student Health project – a survey created by members of the University's Department of Preventive and Social Medicine. A sample of students was randomly chosen to participate in the survey, which asked a series of questions regarding aspects of student lifestyle and culture. The survey placed great emphasis not only on alcohol consumption and sexual history, but on how these two things affected each other. Interestingly, the survey has been performed several times in Dunedin in an attempt to gauge the state of various problems (such as sexual health) and find ways to improve them. Though the results of this year's survey have not yet been published, past surveys give us a reasonable indication of the problems we face.

An article titled "Sexual health, risks, and experiences of New Zealand university students: findings from a national cross-sectional study" was published last year in the *New Zealand Medical Journal* by many of the same people involved with the Tertiary Student Health project. The conclusions reached were troubling: "multiple sexual partnerships were common. Condom use was uncommon and inversely associated with [the] number of recent sexual partners. One in 20 students had or contributed to at least one unintentional pregnancy."

Overall, the authors warned that "the prevalence of risky sexual behaviours in this population raises concern about the number of students at risk of sexually transmitted infections."

Even more troubling is that fact that "previous research comparing the characteristics of those who do and do not respond in the Tertiary Student Health surveys demonstrates that those who do not respond are more likely to be hazardous drinkers," meaning that "it is likely that to an extent we have underestimated hazardous drinking and other risk behaviours."

The findings of this article could well be the direct result of the nonchalant culture surrounding student health. The kinds of attitudes Dr Elias described (like "wait and see") do not support the expectation that people who engage in promiscuous sex also have regular STI checks.

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**"This "wait and see" approach is bad enough when applied to the common cold, but the thought of applying it to your sexual health and the health of your sexual partners is outright criminal. Literally: there have been many convictions related to the sexual irresponsibility of HIV patients, including several in New Zealand."**

This "wait and see" approach is bad enough when applied to the common cold, but the thought of applying it to your sexual health and the health of your sexual partners is outright criminal. Literally: there have been many convictions related to the sexual irresponsibility of HIV patients, including several in New Zealand. Despite the moral reprehensibility of being nonchalant with your sexual health, it is thought that the prevalence of STIs among the University population could be substantial given that the majority of students (69 per cent) have had sex, at least 20 per cent of those have had three or more sexual partners in the last year, and only 54 per cent used a condom the last time they had sex.

All of these factors indicate that students think they are invincible. With 20,000 young people, in their physical prime, living and partying in close proximity, it is easy to understand how this could become a popular belief. The avoidance of medical care demonstrates that students think of sickness as only a temporary inconvenience.

We cannot allow ourselves to think this way, particularly in regard to our sexual health. Many STIs are permanent, as are another potential consequence of sex: children. The sexual health article mentioned earlier indicated that the termination rate among Otago University students was nearly 74 per cent.

I started my research on this article thinking that I was going to hear nothing but cute stories of first years treating a cough like cancer. Instead, I was confronted with the grim reality that is the current state of student health and wellbeing. We have cultivated a culture in which illness prevails because we live terribly unhealthy lifestyles and try and ignore the results. Worst of all, we have let this "wait and see" philosophy affect our sexual health. This is a philosophy that needs to be changed. A dose of hypochondria might be just what the student population needs.



# THE COSMO COCK-TALES

BY JOSIE ADAMS AND TRISTAN FERNANDO

**B**ombarded with messages from "sexperts" about their inadequate sexual expressions, Josie Adams and Tristan Fernando gave in to *Cosmopolitan* magazine's tips for spicing up their sex life. Armed with questionable advice, the two Cosmonauts embarked on a weekend of terrifying sexcapades. Here, in gratuitous detail, they describe the ensuing misadventures and explain the unlikely benefits of terrible advice.

**JOSIE:** It all began with the stinging cry my flatmate hurled at me one bleak afternoon. "VANILLA QUEEN," he screeched, aggressively knocking my sorbet off the bench. I stared at the mess, pink and frozen like my vagina. I knew what "vanilla" meant: it meant I was the worst part of Neapolitan ice cream and, as I discovered when I began to dry my tears on a nearby issue of *Cosmopolitan*, it meant I was unexciting at sex. The garish newsprint glued to my wet eyelids told me I was uninspired, bad at sex and at life. This was terrible news.

"Is our sex more like a warm summer afternoon, or Space Mountain?" I sobbed over the phone to my boyfriend, "and have we ever had sex outside of a bed?" We hadn't, although we'd apparently once done it with the blankets off. We immediately resolved to treat *Cosmo* like the sexual Bible it was, and set about enacting what would become the most uncomfortable bangathon I'd ever had.

**TRISTAN:** *Cosmo* is more stacked with sex than its readership is filled with hormones and optimistic delusion. Teens like nothing more

than to pretend they're adults, so *Cosmo's* editors indulge them with stats about uni students and living with your boyfriend – but their ads give the game away by marketing anti-acne cream and what to do for your school ball. The readers know nothing about sex and the editors keep it this way by cutting anything that looks remotely recycled (read: "sensible").

Of course, *Cosmo* writers see themselves as real journalists, so they pass over the sex for interviews with Gaga about which ice cream cones to use as a bra. The sex writing goes to



the interns, inept or intoxicated. This leaves the reader with a column of inane dribble edited down to just the phlegm. But I digress: we're talking about my girlfriend and the things she made me do to her.

**JOSIE:** A good place to start was foreplay. Dry humping and spanking were the tips on hand, so we put them to work. It started out nicely, but about three minutes in the damp patch from my southern dungeon had become an unsexy, jelly-like deposit. Impatient, we moved on. A tentative hand reached around to the back of my damp underwear and brought itself shakily into contact with my arse. He was hesitant, aware that if I were a child, this would be a crime. I assured him that had I actually been underage, he'd be in jail for a totally different kind of abuse. I thought he might start crying, but with each spank he grew more confident.

"Does this feel weird?" He had paused the spank attack to check on its progress. Yes, it felt weird. He then moved into a squeezing motion, which was actually kind of hot. Then, in the spirit of journalistic exploration, I got the tittyspank – a move he later revealed was gleaned from a porn he once saw, but only because he "thought it was *Pirates of the Caribbean*." I sat in a stunned, sudden vacuum of arousal as he batted my breasts like a cat with tassels. Hanging over him, subject to gravity's cruel effects, they swung to and fro like fat-filled punching bags. This was the moment my breasts lost their sex appeal forever.

"Can we stop?" He agreed readily. His hands seemed to spasm with the dark memories of what they'd done, and he rolled his face into the pillow. I thought the muffled noises were giggling, but the damp spots I found later suggested tears.

**TRISTAN:** It's not okay to masturbate in your girlfriend's bed – try to include your girlfriend in activities you enjoy. Why couldn't Cosmo say this instead of "leave midway during sex," which, instead of "driving me wild" as Cosmo said it would, left me considering routes that would allow me to maintain an erection without glazing the sheets in semen.

Cosmo had convinced her that absence makes the dick grow longer, and I wish that had been the case. Instead, her adorably conscientious absence had led to me shivering in bed, as flaccid as a fish. I love my girlfriend very much, so I didn't want to explain that she'd successfully swapped vanilla not for spice but for compost. I could hear her walking back, either giggling or gurgling, and realised I'd have to muster an erection.

She stood over me with hot and cold glasses of water, making sexy eyes, while my penis shrunk back into my body as if it had had enough of this life and was reverting to its pre-pubescent form. "I hope those are for me," I lied as she kissed my neck. My attempts to seem enthused were unsuccessful so I attempted some dirty talk. Unfortunately, the only sexy thing Cosmo had told me to say was "rub my clit" and, as I didn't have a clit, the plan failed. I anticipated the screams of "what the fuck" and "am I not sexy?" but instead the only thing coming out of her mouth was the shaft of my cock.

I wasn't quite sure what was happening at this point. I was expecting her to be crying, because her lustful lips wrapping around my wrinkled willy were the perfect analogy for the one-sided endeavour this had become, but instead all I felt was a burning sensation in my loins. This wasn't the blood flowing to my penis and rejuvenating our relationship, but rather the near-boiling water rushing around my dick.

She seemed to hear my startled scream and stop, just to skull the second glass of cold water and restart. I was sure the sobering climate attack on my penis would have been a good reason to stop, but instead she seemed to think I was totally into it. I would soon learn that "soft cocking"

“OF COURSE, COSMO WRITERS SEE THEMSELVES AS REAL JOURNALISTS, SO THEY PASS OVER THE SEX FOR INTERVIEWS WITH GAGA ABOUT WHICH ICE CREAM CONES TO USE AS A BRA. THE SEX WRITING GOES TO THE INTERNS, INEPT OR INTOXICATED.”

was another Cosmo tip to make blowjobs more comfortable for the female involved.

**JOSIE:** People have no idea how small a butthole is. I learned this the hard way. Arse-spanking hadn't worked for me, but groping was a bit better. Perhaps, my boyfriend reasoned, groping it with his penis and from the inside would be ideal. As I was in the middle of discovering my inner deviant, I couldn't knock it before trying it, so knock-knock at my back door he went.

Despite MacGyvering some canola oil lube and my best attempts to "just relax" (pro tip from Cosmo there), we were only half a centimeter in before there were tears, and I don't mean crying. He immediately withdrew, and from behind I heard him gasp, "oh my God. It's ripped."

I threw him my phone, hoping to see a picture of the damage so I could write it up accurately. Unfortunately, he opened Snapchat. I'd like to apologise to the four friends who received a glimpse of my torn arsehole last month.

We couldn't give up on such a potential goldmine of literary inspiration as anal; we're committed/stupid journalists. "Easing into it" on a friend's recommendation, Tristan slid a solitary, lubed, and condomed finger into my rear during our usual foreplay. "Is this okay?" He waited for an affirmative before moving the finger. It didn't feel entirely okay, actually, but I figured I might get used to it. It wasn't long before I realised that it would never be okay, ever. He pulled out.

I could feel my naked buttohole open to the air, tightened as though it, too, were holding in a scream. Despite the condom, I could hear him weakly whispering something about "never being clean again" before bursting into a stream of Hail Marys.

**TRISTAN:** No matter what Cosmo says, don't buy a cockring. Cockrings are power bracelets for your penis that make them vibrate and supposedly block cumming. Bionic boners seem cool and futuristic, making the wearer a sex cyborg or bonk-bot, so we named it Steve Austin after *The Six Million Dollar Man*. It was a fitting name because just as the 70s wasn't ready for a cybernetic crime fighter, I wasn't ready to become an aphrodisiac android. There was no doubt that she was enjoying the cockring and even started jokingly screaming "Steve." This isn't my name.

I was less taken by the new technology, and felt more akin to a Russian peasant who'd realised a tractor had taken his job. I'm jealous of a cockring. Josie was clearly not moaning because of my penis but rather because of the silicon rumble pack attacking her clit.

I decided to say "fuck you" to the cockring and came so hard that it burst through the anti-cumming barricade and ended the sex.

However, instead of Steve leaving the bedroom and my life, she politely asked me if I could "just hang out there for a bit" while she finished getting off from the vibrations. Sensing my anxiety, she assured me that I wasn't redundant and that the cockring was nothing without me, contradicting the shop assistant who "always used it to masturbate." Sometimes in relationships you have to make sacrifices, so I bit my lip and persevered with a perfect view of her face and my nemesis pleasuring her. The machines had won.

**JOSIE:** I was still yearning to unleash the latent sexual kinkmeister I was sure lay inside me, so he suggested that we follow the example of those who've died of deviancy: trying erotic asphyxiation. In researching this, I found out about Sada Abe, who infamously killed her lover with sexy suffocation. I, too, wanted the power to bring death by snu-snu. We waited until we were really getting into the groove of things before I put my hands around his neck. His moans of pleasure quickly became "urghs," and he managed to gurgle out a "stop." In the interests of fairness, he then started to throttle me.

I think my loins were enjoying themselves, but to be honest, I was distracted by the rattling of my own non-breaths, which sounded loud due to the fact that I had ceased being able to hear any background noise. Next, edges of my vision got a tad blurry. It wasn't erotic, and

when I asked Tristan if he'd felt any effects on his boner level, he simply said "I couldn't tell, I was busy being suffocated." On a side note, we can both see ghosts now.

"I want you inside me," I exhaled into his ear, locking eyes with my lover, as per the magazine's instructions. "Try some dirty talk," Cosmo had said. "Tell him what you want!" He returned my sexy gaze, and brushed his lips past my hair: "I am inside you?" He sounded confused rather than turned on, which couldn't be right. I didn't understand; we mustn't have had the correct level of eye contact. I widened my eyes and tried not to blink.

**"MY ATTEMPTS TO SEEM ENTHUSED WERE UNSUCCESSFUL SO I ATTEMPTED SOME DIRTY TALK. UNFORTUNATELY, THE ONLY SEXY THING COSMO HAD TOLD ME TO SAY WAS 'RUB MY CLIT' AND, AS I DIDN'T HAVE A CLIT, THE PLAN FAILED."**

Now that we were confirmed mid-coitus, I could use the power of words to "heighten his climactic potential." "Harder," I moaned, "deeper." I had now used all the phrases I knew from porn, so I repeated them in what I hoped was a sexy voice. "Deeper!" "IT WON'T GO ANY DEEPER, I'M WEARING A COCK RING." Oh. Seeing my sadness, he kindly appealed to the other writer inside me, suggesting that I try describing our earlier spa sex, "in the form of an erotic novelette."

"It was a cold evening," I began, using my best Marilyn Monroe voice. "It was a cold evening, but the spa was thirty-eight degrees. That's two degrees hotter than the human body, but still not as hot as the Adonis with whom I was entwined. His kisses burned my skin with heat and chlorine, and when he entered me his strong hips lifted me right out of the whirling water so that I could slide on without getting spa chemicals inside me, which would have been unhygienic ..."

"Unnngh!" Was my word-smithing having its desired effect? No, that had been the groan of a man wrestling a sex toy off his rapidly-diminishing semi. I pouted in sexy apology: "I'm sorry, Mr Presideeeent ..." A muffled "please stop" from somewhere further down the bed cut me off.

**TRISTAN:** We'd used up all the suggestions that seemed vaguely pleasurable and were now being recommended likely causes of eye infections: Cosmo wanted me to come on Josie's face. Facials are somewhat impractical; was I supposed to be having regular sex and then, mid-orgasm, squat over her

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face so the beads of semen would hit their target? Or do I jack off in front of her face with her missing out on the fun?

We ended up going for the latter, because several attempts at the first showed that I had worse targeting than Skywalker's X-Wing. As it turns out, though, there is no better contraception than your girlfriend's attempts to arouse you without touching your penis and with impatient requests for an update on how long until blast off, so I let my mind wander to pottery.

Peruvians love pottery, especially when it looks like sexy ceramics or clay coitus. Their pounding pottery dates back two thousand years, meaning oral sex, anal and anything else we've written about so far isn't a symbol of our

post-porn corruption but rather a hint that our grandparents would read the preceding paragraphs with a familiar smile.

Oddly, none of the ceramic cunnilingus I've seen involved coming on each other's faces; in fact, coming on someone only reached porno's eye in the 70s to show orgasms (it's rather hard to show somebody coming inside another without an unsexy and illegal cross section). Obviously wanking on someone's face doesn't compete with sex, but there must be some benefit for Cosmo to recommend it. It's a common belief that facials are to make you feel important and powerful by degrading your partner; but if people saw spunk as a weapon of shame, wouldn't the girls be crying when they get their facials, instead of moaning with delight? In fact, the whole point behind directors choosing to show facials was to show the orgasm and receiver enjoying sex in the same shot.

As I reached climax I had a new theory about what the appeal was. Instead of being demeaning it seems like people enjoy facials for the same reason they like their partner swallowing or letting them come inside them; it's nice. Someone spitting out your semen or making you come on the sheets is like saying your sexual climax is gross and uncomfortable, that your orgasm revolts them. Facials seem to be the complete opposite of spitting. It's like your partner loved the sex so much that they want it to be on their face. I began to run this past Josie as I "blew up the Death Star," but all that came out was "OH GOD, OH GOD, I'm so sorry, I'll find some eyewash. Let's never do this again."

**JOSIE:** Perusing *Cosmo*, Cleo and their like, we found out that all the time I'd spent bonking Tristan, despite his continued sex appeal, had rid my parts of the anticipatory wetness they'd once spurted gleefully. "It can take up to fifteen minutes to produce lubrication," said *Cosmo*. Tristan, who was increasingly becoming a sexual genius, suggested slowing down both foreplay and sex. Ok, I thought, increase the length of time I have to pretend leg cramp groans are orgasmic ululations. I was wrong; it was amazing.

After a slow, sweet morning make-out, he rolled on top and we positioned ourselves for ye olde missionary. It was the first time we hadn't had to use a couple of fingers to stab my Skene's gland into wet action since round one: dry humping.

**"AS IT TURNS OUT, THERE IS NO BETTER CONTRACEPTION THAN YOUR GIRLFRIEND'S ATTEMPTS TO AROUSE YOU WITHOUT TOUCHING YOUR PENIS AND WITH IMPATIENT REQUESTS FOR AN UPDATE ON HOW LONG UNTIL BLAST OFF."**

**"MOVING ONTO POSITION NUMBER TWO, THE SNEAKY SPOON, WE SPENT THE NEXT TWENTY MINUTES HOLDING HANDS AND SHIT. IS THIS WHAT 'MAKING LOVE' IS?"**

Moving onto position number two, the Sneaky Spoon, we spent the next twenty minutes holding hands and shit. Is this what "making love" is?

I'm glad to announce that we reached a more than satisfactory finish. If my vagina hadn't been irritated from the five million times it'd been penetrated over the weekend, it would have been a perfect moment. I nuzzled his face, which was dreamy with post-coital happiness, and realised the benefit of *Cosmo's* sex tips.

**TRISTAN:** Porn has hugely warped everyone's view of what sex should be, and *Cosmo* suggests even more bizarre practices. These tips are ridiculous and certainly aren't a guide to better sex, but they do present an opportunity to say

"Jesus Christ, stop," and explain why. We were forced to explain what we really wanted and in doing so realised it ourselves. During our vanilla sex days, Josie could have asked how me how I wanted it and I wouldn't have known. By doing a sharkfull of weird shit we gained a wealth of vocabulary and experience; *Cosmo* might not know what good sex is, but now we do.

**JOSIE:** It was the end of our weekend, and he lovingly gripped my labia majora with a comfortable familiarity, stretching them out to either side and smiling down at his artful vulva manipulation. "You look like you have a demon vageen," he gushed, "love you, babe." Aw, I love you, too. God, what's happened to me?

# FROM BANTER TO INTIMIDATION: DRAWING THE LINE

BY CLARE CURRAN

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**HEN I WAS YOUNGER AND** walking home from work one night I was attacked. It was a classic "man leaps out from behind a bush and confronts woman, then grabs her, his intentions clear" situation.

New Zealand has the highest rate of rape and domestic violence in the OECD. Often these assaults are by someone the victim knows, and may even be their partner. A 2011 UN Women's Report showed that between 2000 and 2010, 30 per cent of women experienced physical violence and 14 per cent experienced sexual violence at the hands of an intimate partner. Nobody deserves to be raped. Nobody deserves to be abused. Everyone has the right to say no.

One in three girls (and one in six boys) will have experienced some form of sexual abuse by the age of 18. I was 23 when I was assaulted. I was lucky and managed to fight off the offender. I was so angry that I started to chase after him as he ran off, then realised how foolish that was and ran to the police station instead where the adrenaline rush turned to fear and shock. This incident affected me for years afterwards. It affected my confidence, and for years I was afraid to walk the streets alone at night.

I want to use my experiences to empower people to speak out if they are abused. I say "people" because it is not only women who are affected by this. Men are too. It is important that we as society make it acceptable to talk about abuse, and make sure victims know that it is okay to speak out against perpetrators.

This is something we should be very worried about. Physical and sexual abuse by intimate partners is generally about power and control. It is often about men having a very negative view of women. There is no doubt that stress and alcohol also play a role.

I have heard stories from students who have described their experiences on Saturday nights walking home alone. Many were forced into

**"I was 23 when I was assaulted. I was lucky and managed to fight off the offender. I was so angry that I started to chase after him as he ran off, then realised how foolish that was and ran to the police station instead where the adrenaline rush turned to fear and shock."**

binge drinking, putting them into dangerous situations. Not only can binge drinking lead to health problems, but blacking out and "coming" can result in both men and women being put in situations where they might be too drunk to consent to intercourse.

Last year I was approached by a student who told me she was walking home with friends one night after an event when they were approached by men and abused verbally with sexualised comments. She said that earlier that evening these men had gone as far as say "she would definitely be raped" if she went to town, referring to her attire. I understand that a young woman in her first year at university has a much higher

chance of being sexually attacked or unreasonably pressured.

How have we got to this place? And what can we do about this? What drives these attitudes and what impact is it having on young women?

The Slutwalk Movement has begun a trend to change the way rape and its victims are portrayed by society. The Movement was started

in the US in 2011 after a police officer publicly stated to a group of young women that "women should avoid dressing like sluts in order not to be victimised." I participated in the Dunedin Slutwalk in 2011 and told my story. Though I'm no longer a young woman of 23 I remember how it felt.

There's nothing wrong with teasing and a bit of light-hearted banter between the sexes. But there are lines drawn when the banter becomes intimidation, threats or worse. Where are our young men learning these behaviours? What on

earth makes them think they will form meaningful long-term relationships with women and become good parental role models if they spend their university years treating women as sport? Organisations like Rape Crisis and your own Student Health have concerns about how binge drinking can intensify aggressive behaviours that lead to sexual pressure and even assaults.

Is there a strong voice on campus sticking up for women's right to be treated with respect? Is there a safe place for women to ask for help or support? I know OUSA cares about these issues. They are your representative voice. Give them a strong mandate to provide that support.

# Monna Larry?

The vexed question of intersex & identity

BY SAM O'SULLIVAN

My burgeoning interest in the nature of gender identity began in Patong – a detestable tourist haven in Phuket, Thailand. In the company of good friends and the comfort of a pleasant alcoholic haze I decided to see what Patong nightlife had to offer.

It wasn't long until we stumbled into a brightly-lit alleyway packed with a multitude of bars and exotic dancers. Having heard numerous stories from travellers about their "close calls" with ladyboys, or kothoey, we began to guess at the gender of individual dancers. Our guessing was cut short by a Thai girl working at the bar, who informed us that she was the only female in the vicinity. My mind began to race as I assured myself of my heterosexuality while simultaneously feeling aroused by the plethora of attractive "men" surrounding me. I hastily exited the alley and opted for a walk on the beach to clear my head.

It was on the sand that I had an insight – constructing dichotomous categories for gender, such as feminine versus masculine, results in an inadequate representation of reality. Perhaps a more valid way to view gender is to place everyone on a spectrum with the extremes of these categories on either end. If for one see many feminine characteristics in myself – perhaps I am an oddity, but I think it's more likely that I am simply honest in my own introspections.

Earlier this year I become friends with a feminist who, through a series of arguments, has helped me become more aware of the gender inequalities entrenched in society. However, we continue to disagree on the relative importance of genetic and environmental differences between the sexes, which brings me to the somewhat taboo topic of this article: intersex, more generally known as hermaphroditism. Intersex individuals who are born in Western countries soon find themselves in a society in which they do not fit in. Largely due to this fact, they commonly experience an array of psychosocial difficulties.

The term hermaphrodite, recently replaced by intersex in medical professions, describes a person who does not fit into the biological categories of male or female. True hermaphroditism, an individual born with both ovarian and testicular tissue, is very rare. More common is pseudo-hermaphroditism, in which a person is born with either ovarian or testicular tissue, and with some of the opposite sexual anatomy that nonetheless has no reproductive function. It is thought to be the result of hormones caused by atypical sex chromosomes. In some cases, external sex organs appear as an ambiguous combination of a penis and a vagina, while in other cases the sex organ appears normal but is inconsistent with the gonadal tissue (ovary or testes). These cases can go undetected until adulthood – but they're very rare, so don't freak out!

More commonly, intersex is discovered by medical professionals during a child's birth or early years. The child's parents are then confronted with several options, although they are restricted somewhat by the child's specific genital configuration. As an individual with your own beliefs, you might feel a strong inclination to endorse a particular option, but pause for a moment and consider the parents' subjective viewpoints – none of these choices are easy to make.

During the 1950-1980s medical professionals generally recommended two options, based on evidence from case studies at the time. Either the child kept their externally indicated gender, or they received reassignment surgery and hormonal treatment. Socialising the child (i.e., supporting the development of femininity or masculinity) consistently with the chosen sex was considered crucial for the "success" of both options. Reassignment surgery was preferred if it meant the person might be able to have children.

An advantage of both these options is avoiding ambiguity for parents, who otherwise report experiencing feelings such as shame and disappointment. Although this might sound selfish, it is important to consider the emotional state of parents as it impacts upon their upbringing of the child. However, these options have also resulted in physical and psychosocial health problems such as fertility impairment, decreased sexual response, feelings of betrayal and gender identity problems.

“Intersex individuals who are born in Western countries soon find themselves in a society in which they do not fit in. Largely due to this fact, they commonly experience an array of psychosocial difficulties.”

John Money and his colleagues were largely responsible for the theory and evidence behind these options. Money was born in New Zealand and was briefly a junior member of the Psychology department at the University of Otago. He then became a professor of pediatrics and medical psychology at Johns Hopkins University in the United States, where he conducted this research. He believed gender identity was learned during childhood and had no innate basis. Money thought that raising an intersex child unambiguously as a member of an assigned sex would be more crucial for the development of the child's gender identity than his or her chromosomal sex. His only caveat was that gender assignment had to be established before 18–34 months of age, as children begin to identify with their gender during this period.

Three decades later, Money's views on gender identity were placed in the spotlight with the publication of a case history of his famous “success story” – known in the literature as the John/Joan case. This was written by sexologist Milton Diamond and was supported by David Reimer, who revealed that he was John/Joan. Reimer's penis was accidentally destroyed during an unconventional method of circumcision when he was seven to eight months old. He was assigned the female gender, receiving hormonal treatment and a surgically constructed vagina, and was socialised as a female, an identity he later rejected. Reimer recalled unpleasant childhood therapy sessions, and implied that Money had ignored or concealed evidence that his reassignment was failing. Reimer committed suicide in 2004 at the age of 38.

These developments destroyed Money's reputation, and he initially responded by arguing that Reimer's claims were influenced by an “antifeminist movement” that believed “masculinity and femininity are built into the genes.” Intersex activists criticised Money, pointing out that his actions led to the unjustified surgical reassignment of thousands of infants. These events were said to have affected Money deeply, and his views shifted

accordingly. Personally I think he was genuinely trying to help people, and lost sight of this intention in an attempt to defend his views. Perhaps Reimer's parents had ambiguously socialised him to his assigned gender, likely without realising; or maybe Reimer's gender identity issues did not relate to his innate biology. Perhaps one should first read his biography, which I have not.

Shortly after my experience in Patong, I asked a Thai taxi driver why there are so many ladyboys in Thailand and his reply struck a chord – “aw something about freedom.” This flexibility in gender identify is not a freedom that we truly have in New Zealand.

What scares me most about all of this is that Money is still cited by some medical professionals, and his research still informs the advice provided to parents of intersex children. So I guess you're wondering what alternative options are available to parents. Another suggestion is for parents to raise their child consistently with their external gender (but to allow free choice in terms of games, toys, friendships and future aspirations) and, in adolescence, to allow them to decide whether or not to reassign their gender. This option arose from Diamond's research with his colleague, Keith Sigmundson, and seems the safest of the available alternatives. Emphasis is put on educating the child and his or her family. This option also allows the intersex individual to trial decisions before making any adjustments, and in most cases there is no increased risk of needing operations later in life.

Finally, another option is to raise a child as an intersex individual and allow them to choose whether to identify as male, female or continue as intersex. In Thailand this option appears to be available, and many Thais perceive ladyboys as a third gender or something similar. Shortly after my experience in Patong, I asked a Thai taxi driver why there are so many ladyboys in Thailand and his reply struck a chord – “aw something about freedom.” This flexibility in gender identify is not a freedom that we truly have in New Zealand. Because of the social status quo, the option to raise a child as intersex could result in a number of difficulties, from something as mundane as deciding which toilet to use, to experiencing bullying and general stigma throughout one's life. Diamond found during the course of his studies that a period of uncertainty as to gender assignment was traumatic for the child and family, and remained a constant source of concern.

I am in no way an expert on intersex, which is a complex topic, but researching this phenomenon has helped me develop some of my thoughts on gender identity. If I have overlooked your point of view, particularly if you were born intersex, express it to the *Critic* editor as he absolutely loves listening to lengthy feedback, and he will pass on a summarised version to me. I believe future generations will look back on present society's view on gender with the same confusion with which much of our generation looks back on racism or homophobia.



**C**RITIC'S INFAMOUS BLIND DATE COLUMN BRINGS YOU WEEKLY SHUTDOWNS, HILARIOUSLY mismatched pairs, and the occasional hookup. Each week, we lure two singletons to Angus Restaurant / Moon Bar and ply them with alcohol and food (in that order), then wait for their reports to arrive in our inbox. If this sounds like you, email [news@critic.co.nz](mailto:news@critic.co.nz) or FB message us. But be warned – if you dine on the free food and dash without sending us a writeup, a Critic writer will write one under your name. And that won't end well for you.

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## Flo

**T**O BE HONEST, I WASN'T EXPECTING MUCH FROM THE NIGHT. THE LIKELIHOOD of a decent guy signing up for the blind date was small. So my flatmates and I spent the trip making plans for how to get me out of there in case I ended up with a boring guy in it for the free meal, or some creep just out for a root. I reached the restaurant and entered alone, confident in the knowledge that my back-up team was following me in five minutes. However, when I was introduced to my date, all my plans went out the door. He was, to put it bluntly, hot.

I was now wishing I had filled the tank with a bit of booze, although it was probably a good thing that I didn't because it was my time of the month and alcohol could have fuelled a messy situation. After some conversation it became apparent that he was more than just a pretty face. He was good at keeping the conversation flowing, and listened politely to my boring monologues. I found out he was part-Irish, and despite the lack of accent I enjoyed listening to what he had to say.

I was concentrating so hard on not making a dick of myself that I forgot about my flatmates. They had figured out the situation, but instead of bugging off and leaving us to it, they decided to get seats at the table next to us and began eavesdropping. Of course, I was so absorbed in my date that I didn't even realise they were there until they were leaving.

We ate our meal and continued chatting each other up. I was starting to internally curse my lack of alcohol and Mother Nature for inconveniencing me this evening. We stayed in the restaurant talking for a long time, delaying having to step out into the cold. Eventually the staff started sweeping up and we decided to brave the cold. Because it wouldn't be politically correct for me to go home with him I led him on a long walk. Poor guy must have been freezing without a coat. I was sad that I couldn't warm him up. After a quick exchange of numbers we parted ways. Thanks *Critic* for hooking me up with a quality guy.

## Ryder

**I**SAT WAITING IN THE RESTAURANT, CRADLING MY RASPBERRY COKE AS I AWAITED the arrival of my mystery date. I couldn't tell if it was anxiety or excitement that had raised my heart rate, or just the utter disbelief that a person with such low self-esteem would ever do something like this. I began sweating uncontrollably, wishing that I had taken the easy option of 30 Panadol instead – this would at least have given me a valid excuse for a no-show. But the Panadol by my bed were not going to make my personal defects and wildly untamed insecurities go away, and neither would the nightly doses of Ben and Jerry's Half-Baked combined with *Bridget Jones' Diary*. Maybe this was to be a turning point in my life. Maybe this would give me the confidence to succeed.

As she walked through the door, my eyes were immediately drawn to the jumper. The fluffy red jumper. This led to a whole night of thinking of different ways to slingshot her into elaborate pig-filled structures, with the fantasy almost coming true at the swings we visited after dinner. These thoughts detracted my attention from the thrilling conversation about her pet rat Adolf, a subject that would lead to a more painful death than my initial escape route. My order of steak and chicken breast caused a minor altercation due to her being a vegetarian and strongly disagreeing with killing animals for food. I replied that her choice of degree (Japanese combined with Food Science) would only lead to the creation of new varieties of sushi and eel soups.

From what had been interesting and stimulating conversation stemmed a new tête-à-tête about my hobby of collecting banana stickers and the time I mistook my cousin's miscarriage as weight loss – great icebreakers if you're ever in need.

She was a fine young female with a pretty face, and my nightly rub-in-the-tub will be dedicated to the thought of her and her Pokémon fetish. Cheers to *Critic* and Angus for the thought-provoking night.





## Among the Machines

**T**HE USE OF TECHNOLOGY HAS BECOME A NATURAL part of our lives. However, the idea of technology manipulating nature itself and becoming a controlling, dominating force tends to sit a little uncomfortably. Among the Machines is one of the Dunedin Public Art Gallery's (DPAG) major exhibitions for 2013 and directly confronts this interrelationship between technology and nature – something that we have inevitably been affected by.

The concept behind *Among the Machines* rests on the themes developed in Samuel Butler's *Erewhon*, a classic dystopian novel in which, much to the concern of the human race, machines control evolution. This novel is intended to act as a "catalyst"; artists involved in the exhibition are encouraged to consider the relationship between machines and natural phenomena.

The responses of the 13 New Zealand and Australian artists are diverse, ranging from a scan of the inside of a human skull to the creation of a utopian city on Mars. Either an artist's subject matter presents a fusion of nature and technology or the medium itself reflects the idea – you often end up in a room staring at a screen. However, the exhibition does successfully generate different experiences within each darkened space.

Some of the works did not seem to fit within the theme as well as others. For example, as beautiful as Fiona Pardington's works are, her photographs in *Erewhon: Left for Dead in the Field of Dreams* failed to establish a sense of technological infiltration as successfully as Ronnie Van Hout's.

In contrast, the art that seemed to truly embody the theme were Hayden Fowler's videos and the collaborative works by Hannah and Aaron Beehre, although they took the concept of a relationship between technological forces and nature in very different directions.

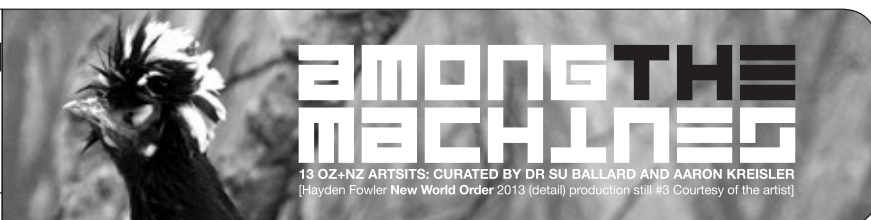
Aptly chosen as the advertising work for the exhibition, Fowler's *New World Order* manages to manipulate the voices of chickens in a poignant yet entertaining way. Shots of a cold, harsh grey forest slide in and out of the frame, sometimes including images of a unique looking chicken perched on a branch. The piercing mechanical throbbing that meets you when the bird starts to "speak" is startling – painfully loud yet also enthralling. It is in being such an unnatural experience that it becomes so entirely engrossing.

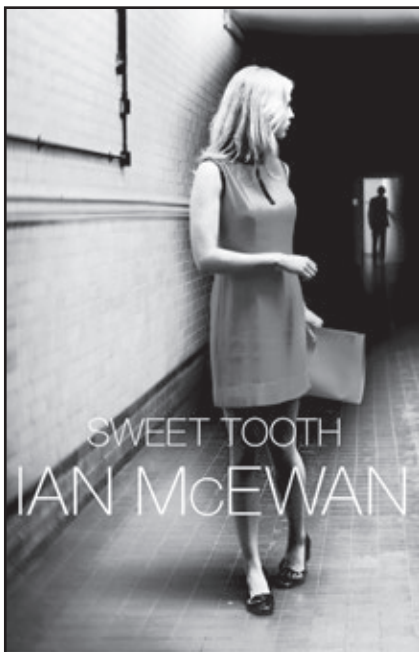
Hannah and Aaron Beehre's works were clever (although admittedly I tend to think this about

most successful interactive art). Using small glowing orbs that react to the viewer's movements in real time, he or she becomes part of the art itself. Without the audience, the artwork wouldn't reach its fulfilment.

However, the Beehre's *Toward Mt Terror* represented the downfall of this exhibition in general. There was no indication that the glass doors barring us from what seemed like the obvious entry into the room were in fact an intentional part of the work. As art's general mantra is "no touching," a similar problem was encountered with Douglas Bagnall's *Cloud Shape Classifier* – it didn't occur to most people that the black buttons next to the screens of clouds were intended to be pushed. More guidance was definitely necessary.

To enjoy this exhibition you need to dedicate a significant chunk of your time. Spanning almost the entire upper floor of the DPAG, the 24 works selected require you to travel through many different spaces and subject yourself to many different concepts. However, the DPAG does consistently impress me with its obvious desire to push art in an innovative direction. Running until 3 November, there is no excuse for missing out on this experience.





# Sweet Tooth

by Ian McEwan

**"A man has sex with a mannequin that he ends up 'murdering'; an emotionally unstable woman with a 'monstrous clitoris' traps her married lover; a man's sex drive is reawakened when he discovers his wife is a criminal; and a horny ape haunts a woman as she struggles to write a second novel."**

**T**HIS IS THE SEX ISSUE, SO I DECIDED TO WRITE about a sexy spy book. It is 1972. Serena Frome is the beautiful daughter of an Anglican bishop, groomed by her much older lover to join the British Secret Services in the patriarchal ranks of MIS.

Serena is considered something of a freak of nature – a girl who happens to have a talent for mathematics. Her dissatisfied housewife mother declares it her "duty as a woman" to study math at university, so Serena ignores her passion for books to become a reluctant mathematician. She is passed from the hands of one influential lover to another, eventually landing herself a job at MIS thanks to her much older, married ex-boyfriend. The secret services see Serena as attractive bait to lure men into their control. By trying to make everyone around her happy, Serena ends up being patronised by a pack of men in a job she finds intellectually boring and morally uncomfortable. Just a few months into her employment, she is given secret mission under the code name "Sweet

Tooth," during which she falls hopelessly in love with the man to whom she is being paid to lie.

The man, a writer called Tom Haley, writes short stories about sex and death. Serena is intimidated by his strange sex scenes. A man has sex with a mannequin that he ends up "murdering"; an emotionally unstable woman with a "monstrous clitoris" traps her married lover; a man's sex drive is reawakened when he discovers his wife is a criminal; and a horny ape haunts a woman as she struggles to write a second novel. Serena's own sex life is varied but realistically difficult: she has a gay boyfriend with an awkwardly pointed pubic bone (requiring them to place a folded towel between them when making love), and later there is an old, adulterous professor with unfamiliar wrinkles and strange folds of skin; an embarrassing, silent undressing; and some very obvious public sex.

This book is more about writing, reading, love and lying than it is about spies. I found the love

stories far more interesting than the politics and bureaucracy, much of which I skimmed over. I guess it has to be there to make the book plausible. There are some amazing true spy stories (look up Operation Mincemeat) and a couple of cool math problems. Aside from the drama, some of the most moving scenes are the those portraying Serena's loneliness in her freezing Camden bedsit as she washes her hair in the sink and irons her clothes in preparation for another day of condescension from a pack of bigoted old men.

Sweet Tooth is one of those books that you can't say too much about without giving away the plot and its twists. I can say that I haven't enjoyed a book so much in ages. This book was so good that during the last twenty pages I kept getting up and doing other things, just to delay the excitement and sadness of getting to the end.

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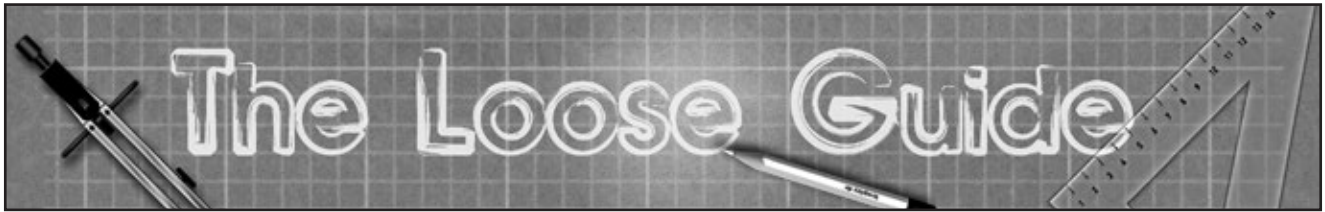
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# How to Continue With Your Life After Snow/Ice

BY CAMPBELL ECKLEIN

**T**HE RECENT SNOWFALLS AND GENERALLY ICY weather conditions in our humble burgh have shed light on the gripping reality that Dunedinites aren't prepared to deal with anything more serious than sleet. Situated at a latitude of almost 46° south, Dunedin somehow still manages to act surprised when snow falls at sea level and roads get icy. Besides pointing out that even a metre of snow (devastating as it may be) should never call for an entire city to grind to a halt, I'd also like to provide some insightful tips on how to keep living your life during inclement weather.

In most countries around the world, snowfall does not prevent people from getting out of bed and going to work or school. The key to this is having a way to get from A to B. If you should venture out, you might come across other commuters who also need to be places. Be patient

with one another. If you are driving, drive defensively and don't be afraid to be the asshole that drives way below the speed limit. At least you'll be the live, uninjured asshole.

For some people, the best option is to walk to your destination. Wear sturdy, waterproof shoes with traction on the soles and try to keep your hands free in case you should slip and fall. Your laptop will probably not cushion the blow effectively. Pulling some thick socks over your shoes will help ease slippage on icy pavements, although it will make you look like a certified idiot. Do it anyway. If all else fails, there are big, brave buses that keep running long after lesser vehicles wimp out – sometimes they even carry passengers.

Dressing warmly is not (as some of you may think) a sign of weakness – rather, it signifies a

healthy respect for the power of nature. These days, they make articles of clothing for every conceivable body part (including nipple-warmers). Surely you can rustle up a coat, hat, scarf and gloves. Consider these the bare essentials of your winter wardrobe and embellish as desired. Can't bring yourself to layer up? That bottle of vodka you were going to buy anyway will warm you from the inside out. Go for it – you have my permission.

Providing that all this is too tough, you can always stay home with movies and hot cocoa. Forecasts can usually predict a large storm accurate to within a couple of days, so stock up on essential supplies like toilet paper and noodles ahead of time and then settle in to wait.

Oh, and lastly – just suck it up. You don't know the meaning of real snow.



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## Misery Ink death#2



TRISTAN KEILLOR | COMICS EDITOR | [COMICS@CRITIC.CO.NZ](mailto:COMICS@CRITIC.CO.NZ)

# LET'S GET PHYSICAL

## The Best

### Massive Attack – Mezzanine

Ignore the album cover. When it comes to "soundtracking" coitus, Massive Attack's third album *Mezzanine* is the undisputed champion. Regardless of where you are, what state you're

in, who you're with and in what position, the album's brooding textures and breathless vocals will make it spiritual experience. Totes essential.

**Foziest track: "Mezzanine"**

### Lovage – Music To Make Love To Your Old Lady By

*Lovage's Music To Make Love To Your Old Lady By* was a one-off collaboration between Dan the Automator, Kid Koala, Mike Patton and Jennifer Charles. Although riddled with goofy interludes, the album's smooth beats and sultry vocal

interplay between Patton and Charles are sure to bring a sense of class to even the most unsanitary of sexual circumstances.

**Foziest track: "Pit Stop (Take Me Home)"**

### Nine Inch Nails – The Downward Spiral

This one's for those of you who like it a little kinkier. Though you've surely heard overtly sexual single "Closer," Nine Inch Nails' second album is 65 minutes of dark, aggressive industrial, full

of unhinged eroticisms spoken through gritted teeth. The musical equivalent of BDSM.

**Foziest track: "Closer" (duh)**

### My Bloody Valentine – Loveless

This one might cause a few raised eyebrows. *Loveless* is the definitive shoegaze album – a genre built on angelic vocals and walls of fuzzy, distorted guitar. Though at a glance this seems like a record more fit for *Critic's* Albums To Get Nauseatingly Stoned To list (to be featured in a

future issue), *Loveless* is startlingly good at setting a sensual mood. Maybe chuck it on, make out for a bit, see how its druggy guitars and dreamlike melodies are treating you. You may be pleasantly surprised.

**Foziest track: "Loomer"**

### Daft Punk – Homework

The legendary French house duo's first album is their sexiest work by a country mile. From the silky smooth "Revolution 909" to the thumping bass of "Da Funk" and "Around The World," to the euphoric climax (pun very much intended) of "Alive," this album is sex in the form of

fat-bottomed dance music. The abrasive likes of "Rollin' & Scratchin'" and "Rock 'n' Roll" may kill the mood for some, but if you're anything like me they'll have quite the opposite effect.

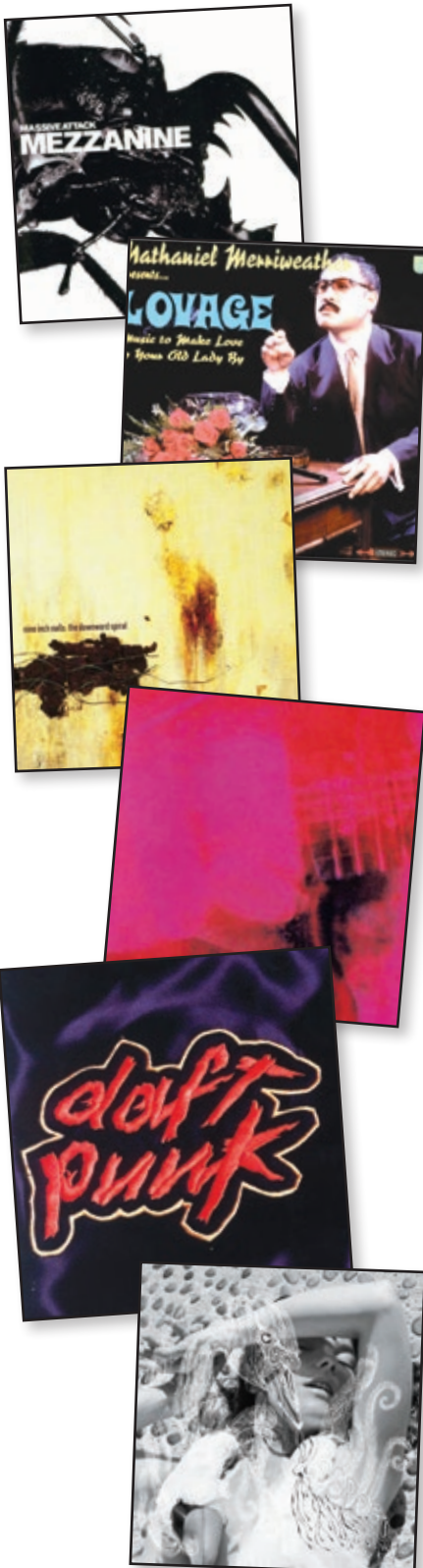
**Foziest track: "Da Funk"**

### Björk – Vespertine

That crazy Icelandic lady with the swan dress? The very same. Though sexual overtones were nothing new to her music, it was on Björk's fifth album that she really pushed sex to the fore lyrically. *Vespertine* has a delicate, coo-coo-like sound perfect for that more gentle

and affectionate kind of lovemaking. Earlier tracks like "Human Behaviour" may show a feistier Björk, but it's on this album you'll find her crafting a far more sensual atmosphere with little more than her whispers.

**Foziest track: "Hidden Place"**



Coinciding with this issue's theme of sex, Critic explores the very best – and worst – albums to make love to.



## The Worst

### David Hasselhoff – *The Night Before Christmas*

Yes, David Hasselhoff made a Christmas album. Ye gods. Nothing in the history of recorded music will snuff out your arousal faster than The Hoff's psychotically ill-conceived renditions of your favourite Christmas carols. This shit isn't just bad; it's Satanic. Don't be surprised if his

sanity-consuming version of "Jingle Bells" comes on shuffle when you're getting with a guy or girl and they promptly vacate your house, never to return your calls again. Even "Hooked on a Feeling" is preferable to this.

**Worst offender: "Felis Navidad"**

### Metallica and Lou Reed – *Lulu*

This album caused a sea of Metallica fans to make threats against Lou Reed's life. I don't particularly blame them; this 87-minute monstrosity of Reed mumbling faux poetry (is fauxetry a word?) over Metallica's most bone-headed riffs this side of St. Anger really, really shouldn't exist. Nor should you at any point

consider putting it on your copulation playlist. Lars Ulrich's semi-conscious drumming and James Hetfield repeatedly proclaiming "I AM THE TABLE!" will likely result in all parties drying and softening up within a matter of seconds. Tears may follow.

**Worst offender: "The View"**

### Miles Davis – *Bitches Brew*

Where do I even start? I actually fucking love this record. But when it comes to getting intimate, the last thing I'll want to chuck on in the background is an avant-garde jazz double album ... call me old-fashioned. You're welcome to try

and bang along to its freewheeling drums and squeals of saxophone, but don't expect to sustain any sort of rhythm (or erection).

**Worst offender: "Bitches Brew"**

### Spotify Ads – Spotify Ltd.

*THOUGH THIS DOESN'T EXACTLY QUALIFY AS AN ALBUM, WE FEEL IT DESERVES A MENTION. AS I'M SURE MANY OF YOU HAVE DISCOVERED, NOTHING SHATTERS A CAREFULLY-CONSTRUCTED AIR OF INTIMACY FASTER THAN A SONG ON SPOTIFY FADING INTO THAT GRATING AUSSIE GIRL'S OFFERS OF A PREMIUM MEMBERSHIP. IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW GREAT A VIBE YOU HAD*

*GOING, OR HOW CLOSE YOU WERE TO FINISHING - SHE WILL KILL IT DEAD. TO HELP ILLUSTRATE JUST HOW IRRITATING THESE ADS ARE, WE WROTE THIS PARAGRAPH IN A REALLY OBNOXIOUS FONT AND SHOVED IT BETWEEN TWO OTHERS IN AN ATTEMPT TO COMPLETELY MASSACRE ANY SENSE OF FLOW.*

**Worst offender: All of them**

### Dave Dobbyn – *Loyal*

Whether you consider Dave Dobbyn's *Loyal* the highpoint or lowpoint of New Zealand pop music, this album was not intended to accompany intercourse. If the man's curly ginger mullet and penchant for knitted jumpers were not already a large enough turn-off, try listening to the music

itself. Those tuneless guitars. That yodelling, hair-whitening fucking voice. If your memory needs a jog, just call Studylink's 0800 number and hold for a moment. Just make sure you aren't having sex at the time.

**Worst offender: "Loyal"**

## RADIO ONE 91FM EVENT GUIDE

### WEDNESDAY 24TH JULY

**ReFuel** | Deux Enfants, Bad Blocks, Yvnalesca. Free entry from 9pm.

### THURSDAY 25TH JULY

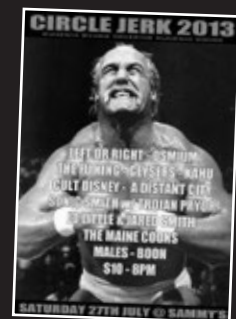
**10 Bar** | Truth. Tickets from Cosmic Dunedin and [cosmicticketing.co.nz](http://cosmicticketing.co.nz)

### FRIDAY 26TH JULY

**Oamaru Opera House** | Greg Arizona Funk. A dynamic evening of swing, rock, funk, African, & Latin music. Multiple drummers, dancers, & an 8-piece big band. Special guest is African Dance & Drum sensation Ra McRostie. Tickets \$19.99 from [TicketDirect.co.nz](http://TicketDirect.co.nz). Profits to Youthtown.

### SATURDAY 27TH JULY

**Sammy's Dunedin** | Dunedin Circle Jerk. Dunedin bands covering Dunedin songs. Featuring Left Or Right, Osmium, Cult Disney, Males, Geysers, Kahu, The Fu King, SoNic Smith w./ Trojan Pryor, A Distant City, The Maine Coons, Jo Little & Jared Smith, Boon, and Fat Children. \$10 from 8pm.



**ReFuel** | The Prophet Hens Video Release Party. The Prophet Hens play a special show to release their new video for 'Pretty' with support from GAG and The Tarseals. 9pm doors.

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## The Walking Dead: 400 Days

8.5/10

Developed and published by Telltale Games  
PC, Mac, IOS, PS3, 360 (PSVITA August 2013)

**T**ELLTALE GAMES ANNOUNCED EARLIER THIS year that season two of *The Walking Dead* was indeed in development – an announcement that surprised very few considering the runaway success of the first season of this flawless point-and-click adventure based on Robert Kirkman's comic universe. Fans of the first game (myself included) have been frothing at the bit to get our hands on more of Telltale Games' emotionally chilling adaptation, and though we still have to wait for season two, Telltale Games has thrown us a bone in the form of a final episode in season one: "400 Days."

This episode, though technically part of season one, is not related to the story of season one at all. Rather, we were told that the episode was made to bridge the gap between the two seasons. This could mean one of two things: either the episode is just fun and interesting content to get us excited for season two, or the game was constructed to act as a prologue to this second season. Either way, I am just happy to have more content.

"400 Days" implements a fresh storytelling device in the form of a message board beside a gas station. The message board holds photos

of the five playable characters in this episode. By choosing one of these photos you get to play through the story of when, and how, that character came into contact with the gas station. This makes the game play much like Tarantino's *Pulp Fiction* – there is a common thread running through all of the stories, but they all stand mostly separate from each other.

While the narrative runs like *Pulp Fiction*, I found that the thematic content was more akin to the short stories of Stephen King in that they used the short and snappy format of the stories as a platform to introduce many different ideas, situations and emotions. Though the structure gave Telltale the opportunity to implement these elements, unfortunately this was often to the detriment of the most powerful element of the rest of season one: relationships. Each story only lasts roughly 20 minutes, which is simply not long enough to both create a meaningful relationship and also tell a story. As such, key relationships are often forced to little effect or omitted completely.

The stories themselves vary greatly in character, situation and action. Telltale Games struck a chord with the emotional resonance of their

last game, but many people complained that the game lacked variety and intensity when it came to its action. At many points in this game it felt like Telltale were using this extra episode as an opportunity to try out new techniques with all aspects of their game – especially the action. Each episode had a different mechanic. Some of these worked (such as trying to make decisions to effectively flank an unseen assailant) while others did not (such as trying to sneak through a corn field while being chased by pursuers with torches). It wasn't the situation that was lacking, however; it was just that the mechanics used to communicate these situations weren't as well thought through or didn't work as well as the mechanics used in the rest of season one.

It was fantastic to get more *Walking Dead* from Telltale Games, and it has definitely gotten me amped for season two. I just hope that Telltale implements some of the new techniques used in "400 Days" while essentially retaining what made season one so great to begin with: the depth of relationships.





## Ballin'

BY DR. NICK

**A**CCORDING TO ALANIS MORISSETTE, IRONY is like rain on your wedding day. In that sense, cancer is quite ironic: it is an unfortunate thing to happen, but completely unrelated to the literary technique that highlights the incongruity of the assumed nature and the underlying reality of things. What is ironic, however, is the way we Scarfies treat checking our balls and our boobs.

As always, looking for high grade Otago-specific evidence in this column would be like looking for a knife in a spoon shop. Instead, I'm gonna assume that you're between 20 and 24, aren't too dissimilar to the people in my "focus group" (read: friends at morning tea) and didn't recently lose your genitals in a Castle St flat initiation (although it'd serve you right for flat hunting in July).

From a young age, girls check their boobs for lumps because we all know that breast cancer is bad (and because boobs are awesome). Guys, on the other hand, aren't targeted by ads in which carefully selected ethnic men sit around the table loudly joking about their balls. In my group, no guy had seriously felt their balls for lumps, preferring to rigourously examine the shaft above it.

Now, for young girls there's not a huge reason to panic – around 80 per cent of breast cancer occurs in people over 50 years old. When it comes to young guys, however, the ball's in cancer's court. Nut cancer is largely a young man's disease; the overwhelming majority occurs under the age of 40. To throw some numbers in the mix: for every million guys between 20 and 24 years old, about 80 will get testicular cancer. For every million girls between 20 and 24, only 10 will get breast cancer.

Sure, I guess the absolute difference in numbers isn't staggeringly different, but the difference in the number of people who check for lumps is. So guys – next time you jump out of the shower have a feel of your balls. If you get sidetracked and make a mess, you can always jump back in.



## Bonking Behaviour

BY BRYONY LEEKE

**T**HIS WEEK, WE'RE BRINGING OUR SCIENTIFIC slant to the evolution of human sexual behaviours. It's obvious that some of our sexual behaviours are different to those seen in most animals, so how did this come about?

Does size actually matter? Humans certainly sport larger penises relative to body size than other primates. Research published in the appropriately-titled journal PNAS (*Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*) suggests that humans may have evolved longer penises thanks to female mating choices. Scientists from the University of Ottawa used images of male silhouettes to assess women's preferences regarding the male physique – one of the results was an apparent preference for longer penises.

The authors suggest that early females may have selected mates based on this trait – perhaps because it increased sexual pleasure. Others suggest that male-male competition was the cause: a longer penis may have endowed the male with the ability to deposit sperm nearer the cervix, increasing his chance of reproductive success. The arrowhead shape of the penis has also been implicated in this competition: the shape may have evolved as a sperm-scoop, removing the sperm of any previous males in favour of the extant ejaculate.

Another change has occurred in the human penis since the split from our monkey cousins – the loss of penile spines. Chimpanzees have small horny humps on their penises, which decrease the time needed for copulation. In promiscuous species like chimps, faster is better in the race to impregnate females. It is thought that the loss of penis spines has led to humans having sex for much longer periods, in turn increasing the chance of pair bonding (and subsequent co-effort to raise children) occurring between the partners.

Longer love-making isn't the only human sexual practice to evolve as a pair-bonding mechanism. Ever wondered why the missionary position is so common? It is thought that this face-to-face approach, combined with lengthy

spells of copulation, increases the pair bonding response associated with sex.

Orgasm, too, seems to encourage us to form a connection with our sex partners. Oxytocin, a hormone with roles in social behaviour, birth and maternal bonding, is also released into the human brain following orgasm. The release of this hormone into the brain during sex is necessary for proper monogamous bonding in other animals, like the prairie vole. However, its function is yet to be conclusively proven in humans.

And what about kissing? When did we start to associate rubbing our mouths together, exchanging saliva and potentially a bit of dinner, with sexytime? If you think too hard about it, the idea of kissing can start to seem quite gross. Surely we risk passing germs this way, and it's not essential for sex, so why do we do it?

When we come into face-to-face contact, we are actually smelling each other to see if our genes are too similar. Sounds crazy, but it's true! There are certain genes, collectively termed the Major Histocompatibility Complex (MHC), which are really important for the immune system's ability to fight different infections. It's been shown that men whose MHC genes are very similar to those of a woman smell less attractive to her, while men whose MHC genes are different smell much more attractive.

The evolutionary reasoning for these sexy smells says that offspring born to parents who possess similar MHC genes will have less variation in their immune genes, which will make them more vulnerable to illness. However, babies whose parents have very different MHC genes will have more immune system variation, and will therefore be better at withstanding infection. So when you find someone's smell super sexy, what you are actually saying is "mmmm, what healthy babies I could make with that delicious hunk."

Next time you engage in a spot o' the old mate-choice yourself (perhaps on the Monkey Bar D-floor), bear in mind these sexy lessons from Science, Bitches!



## Whip It

**N**OW THAT I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION, DEVIANTS, listen up:

If Barry White's voice could be distilled into dessert form, it would look, and taste, like this. This sumptuous chocolate mousse takes a mere twenty minutes to prepare, pleases the palette in ways you never knew existed, and allows you to liven up your date night without the expense (and obviousness) of sucking back a few oysters as you recline on a satin chaise lounge.

You can thank me later.

### Method:

1. Measure out 100 grams of the chocolate, break into small pieces and set aside.
2. Place some cold water and a few blocks of ice in a large bowl and place a medium sized bowl inside it (keep the inside of this bowl dry – you will put your mixture in here to cool later).
3. In a small saucepan, heat half of the cream until it begins to boil and then turn off the heat.
4. Add the broken chocolate and stir until all of the chocolate has melted and the mixture is smooth.
5. Pour this mixture into the bowl surrounded by the iced water and add the rest of the cream and the liqueur or syrup.
6. Use an electric hand held mixer to whisk the chocolate mixture until peaks begin to form (you can do it manually – it just takes a little longer.) Remove the bowl from the iced water and set aside.

### Ingredients:

- > 250g block of dark chocolate (works best if you can find some with around 70 per cent cocoa solids – I used Whittaker's Dark Ghana)
- > 300mL cream
- > 50g caster sugar
- > 2 free range egg whites (shopping ethically is hot)
- > 2 tbsp flavoured syrup or liqueur (optional) – e.g. Baileys (for the high rollers), Canterbury Cream (for the rest of us)

7. Now whisk the egg whites until peaks begin to form. Add the caster sugar a tablespoon at a time and continue to whisk into a soft meringue.
8. Fold the meringue mixture into the chocolate and then spoon into serving dishes (wine glasses are a nice touch). Leave these to set in the fridge.
9. If you want to go a little extra fancy, put some tin foil on a tray and then melt some of your remaining chocolate in the microwave or in a bowl set in some hot water. Add a tiny drop of cooking oil to make it slightly runnier and pour into a piping bag (a zip-lock works just as well). Cut a tiny snip off the end and use to pipe decorations onto your tray.
10. Once the mousse has set, decorate with your piped chocolate, grated chocolate, and some sliced almonds for added texture (or "sixture" even – apparently the zinc content in almonds enhances the libido. Rawr ...).
11. Get freaky (stay classy). Enjoy!



## Strictly Coffee HQ

BY M & G

**L**OCATED ACROSS THE ROAD FROM BRUNCH 'N' Lunch on Frederick Street, this roastery headquarters should be the first port of call for those keen for a takeaway coffee around the Grange/ Leith/ Frederick Streets area. Behind the mysterious exterior lies a cosy café and store filled with coffee paraphernalia.

This particular Strictly Coffee location focuses on roasting their beans and distributing them across Dunedin to the various cafes and bars that use their distinctive bean. M is a huge fan of the Strictly Coffee beans because of their mellow flavour – a perfect way to ease into a hectic day.

Strictly Coffee HQ have a few high-standing tables and stools on which to perch while you wait for your brew or have a brief coffee date – it's almost as they make the café area a little bit uncomfortable so that nobody stays there for the long haul. The baristas here are super friendly (M and G feel that one barista in particular bears a striking resemblance to fierce Game of Thrones warrior and leader of the Dothraki, Khal Drogo). The baristas are definitely good sorts – they always provide good chat and, if you need to order a second coffee for a friend on your way out as G once did for M, Drogo will let you skip the line.

Strictly Coffee HQ is ideal for those studying at Central who want to stretch their legs a wee bit and actually enjoy a decent coffee. With a name like "Strictly Coffee" you wouldn't think they'd dare sell slices and Florentines, but they do and they ain't half bad. The close proximity to Brunch 'N' Lunch makes it the prime spot to grab a pie and coffee on your way to a compulsory morning lab after a boozy Thursday night.

M and G definitely feel like it is more of a takeaway coffee joint, but if you do want to sit in there you can flip through some ancient Home and Garden magazines or people-watch from the undercover side of the large tinted windows.

4/5





## Taieri Gorge Railway

BY PHOEBE HARROP

**T**RAINS ARE AWESOME. THIS MIGHT EXPLAIN why so many people have weird obsessions with them. Irvine Welsh was one; he wrote a whole collection of short stories in heavy-going Glaswegian prose and called it *Trainspotting* (not actually sure why, as unless "heroin addict" is a weirdly-unrelated term for a railfan, the book has little to do with trains).

The train-obsessed are called by any number of other colourful titles: bashers (those who embark on day trips or entire holidays with the aim of spotting this or other locomotive machine), line bashers (those who attempt to experience as much of a railway line as possible, by riding it all day long), complete riders (who spend months or years trying to cover a region or country's entire rail network), and of course train photographers (who could do with a more exciting moniker), who, seeking a clean shot of their shiny subjects that is free of pesky hangers-on, are reportedly often annoyed by members of the aforementioned groups. And then there are the strange people who build miniature railways in their garages, annoying their wives and creeping out their children.

For the blessedly un-obsessed, there is still no denying that there is something intrinsically more romantic about travelling by train than by car or bus. Unfortunately though, few New

Zealanders – and precisely no Dunedinites – have the opportunity of commuting to work or school by train. Unlike in Europe, the USA or Japan, where high-speed trains zip around giant metropolis and dusty French ville alike, or sneak around under bustling cities, New Zealand has few passenger trains. All that is left are some ugly remnants of the Government's doomed KiwiRail investment, a few rickety commuter trains in Auckland, and a few gems of pleasure riding including Otago's own Taieri Gorge train.

Departing daily from the picturesque Dunedin Railway Station, the Taieri Gorge Train is not only a locomotive, but a time-travelling device. Step inside and you will be transported far from 2013, whisked away from the ugly industrialism of South Dunedin to the brush-cloaked hills and dubiously-brown waters of the Taieri Gorge, and onwards to the calmer, enduring pastures of sunny Central Otago. The train only travels 77km in around two hours, passing through ten exciting tunnels, and yet civilization feels much further away by the time the train comes to rest at Pukerangi. This wee station (if you can call it that) is literally in the middle of nowhere. (The train sometimes goes as far as Middlemarch – only slightly less in the middle of nowhere – and can serve as a scenic beginning or end to the Otago Rail Trail). The trains operated on the

railway are quite the historic relics themselves, with some rather splendid wooden carriages and leather seats reminding passengers of New Zealand's now passé railway heyday.

At \$87 for a return journey to Pukerangi (\$99 for Middlemarch, but there's more to see and do there), the railway is perhaps most likely to be the leisure activity of choice of bashers, trainspotters, complete riders and railfans. But if you happen to harbour a secret childhood obsession with Thomas the Tank Engine, want to see some splendid Central Otago landscape that is inaccessible by car, or pretend you are en route to Hogwarts, the Taieri Gorge Railway is a lovely day out. Enjoy.

**Get there:** on foot. The train departs from the Otago Railway Station at the bottom of Stuart Street.

**Do:** venture outside at full speed and stand, I'm-flying-Jack-I'm-flying style, between two carriages.

**Don't:** drop your valuable electronics off the side while doing so.

**Eat:** you'd be wise to bring along your own snacks, but the lovely tea ladies in the dining carriage will sort you out with a cuppa.

# Despicable Me 2

4/5

Directors: Pierre Coffin & Chris Renaud

REVIEWED BY AJ ANDERSON

**H**EADING OFF TO SEE *DESPIicable ME 2* I WAS filled with high hopes of fake Russian accents, adorable one-liners and, of course, the dam cutest minions you've ever seen. Within the first couple of minutes I already knew that I was not going to be disappointed.

The movie takes off right where the original ended. Gru (Steve Carell), after turning over a new leaf and saving the world, is now assimilating himself into a suburban lifestyle of jam concocting and children minding. His life, however, gets turned upside-down when he is hired by the AVL (Anti-Villain League) and charged, along with young and plucky agent Lucy (Kristen Wiig), with saving the world once more. What follows is an adventure that is sure to keep a smile plastered on your face for the entire duration of the film.



The producers obviously understood what the audience loved about the first movie, as the sequel has minions galore. Again, the minions sing, fight, cry and laugh their way into our hearts with their innocent speech and endearing voices. Combined with Agnes' ability to make you "awww" with everything she says, the characters are certainly winners. Plot-wise, the story had something for everyone – be it romance, espionage or adventure – which definitely makes the movie a crowd-pleaser.

Admittedly though, I did inwardly groan at the

"evil" serum that turned rabbits into angrier, fluffier, and more purple versions of themselves. It seemed a bit too *The Curse of the Were-Rabbit* for me. Yet the "sinister" plan redeemed itself in the end, and even became a little frightening (for the young 'uns, of course).

While the ending was predictable, it is a kids' movie after all, and I take my hat off to any children's film that can get me so emotionally invested that I get a little teary. I will wait in eager anticipation for the next instalment.

# The Look of Love

3/5

Directed by Michael Winterbottom

REVIEWED BY BAZ MACDONALD

**T**HIS BIOPIC, DIRECTED BY MICHAEL Winterbottom and starring English comedian Steve Coogan, tells the true story of real estate mogul and smut peddler Paul Raymond. Though Paul Raymond is not well known to our generation, he was once known as the "King of Soho" due to the large number of properties he owned in London, and there was even a period during the 90s when he was the richest man in Britain.

*The Look of Love* seeks to tell Raymond's life story, from the opening of his first strip club in the 1950s through to his rise as the publisher of popular porn magazine *Men Only*. The story itself is incredibly interesting; its portrayal of the development of cultural tastes through the second half of the twentieth century – especially with

regard to sex – is particularly notable. Raymond lived a life of excess, and his journey through the vices that plague the rich makes for your classic "rise and fall" tale.

Coogan does an excellent job as Raymond, playing on his strengths as a wry English comedian while also coping surprisingly well with the many moments of pathos. The other stand out talent of the film is Imogen Poots in her role as Raymond's daughter Debbie.

There are moments where this film stylistically hits the sweet spot. However, it changes cinematic styles every five minutes, and therefore such moments are unfortunately few and far between. The start of the film does a particularly good job portraying the splendour and spectacle of 1950s burlesque, where Raymond got his start. Though the true story dictated the use of drugs, it was a shame to see the script and directing slip into the many clichés associated with substance abuse in films.

Overall, *The Look of Love* tells a fascinating true story that has a lot to say about the cultural evolution of the past 50 years. There are moments



where all the elements of the film combine to make something very special, but you'll have to sit through a lot of middle-of-the-road content to get to them. Oh, and by the way ... there is an exceptional number of titties in this movie.



# The Lone Ranger

3.5/5

Directed by Gore Verbinski

REVIEWED BY BASTI MENKES

**DIRECTOR GORE VERBINSKI REALLY RUBS FILM** critics up the wrong way. This is likely due to the tendency his films have to be loud, densely-plotted and half an hour too long. His latest, a big-budget adaption of *The Lone*

*Ranger*, is no exception. Like most of Verbinski's films (such as the *Pirates* sequels), it hasn't garnered many positive reviews. But what did I think of *The Lone Ranger*? A hell of a lot of fun.

The film is set in nineteenth-century Texas – the time of outlaws, brothels and railways. Armie Hammer plays John Reid, a scrupulous lawyer, and Johnny Depp is charismatic as ever as Tonto, his Comanche sidekick. Not long into the film John Reid is killed by Butch Cavendish, a ruthless and occasionally cannibalistic outlaw. Reid then returns from the dead as *The Lone Ranger*, a masked hero who cannot be killed in battle. He

joins forces with the hilarious Tonto, who has his own score to settle with Cavendish, and the duo set out to hunt down the outlaw together.

Though far from perfect, I thought this movie was a blast. What I liked most about it is, incidentally, what many critics are calling its largest flaw: *The Lone Ranger's* appeal changes from scene to scene. One moment it's a bombastic action flick, then a side-splitting buddy comedy, then a solemn meditation on the racial tensions of the time. Though many reviews have condemned the film as "tonally inconsistent," "bipolar" and even "schizophrenic," I personally saw this diversity in charm as a positive. I'd understand the criticisms if these different flavours clashed at all, but on *The Lone Ranger's* own idiosyncratic terms, I feel they hang together just fine.

Uniting all of the wisecracks and explosions are some truly stunning visuals (both organic and computer-generated), as well as some pretty compelling storytelling. Will you enjoy this film as much I did? I need only mention the varying reception this film has received – everything from zero to five star reviews – to reveal there is no guarantee. But I'd give it a shot.



# Shortbus (2006)

Directed by John Cameron Mitchell

CLASSIC FILM BY ROSIE HOWELLS

**S**HORTBUS IS THE HOLY GRAIL OF SEX CULT films. It makes *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* look like *My Little Pony: The Movie* (this actually happened – Danny Devito voice acted for it). The plot follows love therapist Sofia on her quest for sexual discovery, her blossoming friendship with gay couple Jamie and Jamie, and troubled dominatrix Severin. For many, however, it is not the promise of Sofia's emotional and spiritual journey that compels them to sheepishly hire the DVD from their local Civic

Video, but the film's unsimulated sex scenes. Unsimulated, as in, REAL.

If this is the only reason you're watching you will not be disappointed – within the first 20 seconds you get your first full frontal nudity, and two minutes later raging piano sex (on pianos, not with pianos). However, here's the twist: it is totally unerotic. Director John Cameron Mitchell set out to "remove the cloud of arousal to reveal emotions and ideas that may have been obscured by it."

The plain and sometimes "icky" nature of the sex scenes did not, however, stop the film being labelled as pornography. Many critics questioned whether Mitchell needed to be so explicit if all he wanted to do was explore character psychology. Mitchell's retort: "why not be allowed to use

every paint in the paintbox?"

And use every paint he did. This bad boy has every kind of coitus you can think of: in a group, doing yoga, singing the American national anthem, eating chips, etc. Puncturing these eye-opening sequences are lovely moments of character interaction – if you took out these moments and edited them together you would have a touching 15-minute film about love and vulnerability.

I wanted to see more of these scenes, and more of Justin Vivian Bond, the transgender performer who plays himself as the mistress of the sex club *Shortbus* (named after the small buses that carry the "challenged" children). If you're just looking for a film with interesting actors and raw humanity, you could find one with less flesh.



## Mundane, Fleeting, Fun

**O**CCASIONALLY, I HAVE REASON TO SUSPECT that at the grand age of 22 I might already be "over the hill." This realisation came several weeks ago when I found myself asking, irritably, "what is this Snapchat thing and should

I be on it?" I had heard that teenagers were using it to sext each other. As it happens, they are. But the PG-rated version is fun too – turns out it's entertainingly novel to snap a quick "slice of life" and send it in a self-destructing message.

### What is this Snapchat thing?

Snapchat is an app that allows you to send self-destructing pictures or videos to friends. Snap a picture, doodle on top of it MS Paint-style, then send it to your friends. They can view it until their time runs out and the picture is deleted. Seems fun, in a silly sort of way. Because humans are humans – and are endlessly fascinated by genitals – many people use Snapchat to send dick pics, cleavage shots, sexy pouty faces, and so on, to their "friends."

### Who uses it?

Teenagers. ZOMG – teenagers love Snapchat. Raging hormones; fun, newly developed body parts to photograph; silly drawings ... teenagers are all over that jazz. Other than that, there exists the usual muddle of bored people who exist all over the web: 20- and 30-somethings who Snap their craft beers and concert tickets – nothing too exciting.

In a way, it's the mundaneness of it all that makes it fun. After all, Instagram is choked with boring images, and we can't seem to get enough of it. The instant and fleeting nature of Snapchat makes it a little more exciting because the pressure is off – the picture doesn't need to be artistic, or profound. It's only going to exist for a few seconds before it's forgotten.

Aside from combing your phone's contacts, Snapchat does not include a directory or way to find people to Snapchat. To add a Snapchatter, you need their username. The Twitter hashtag #snapchatusername and the Reddit site r/Snapchat exist to help people find each other.

### Should I be on it?

That depends. Do you like:

- > Doodling, MS Paint-style?
- > Sending naughty pictures to friends?
- > Taking selfies (but too embarrassed to put them on other social media sites)?

If yes, sign up and give it a go.

Personally I'm past the stage in my life where sending tit-pics to boys is the height of my sexual "badassery." The most fun I get from Snapchat is sending #prettygirlsluglyfaces photos. Take a picture of yourself pulling the ugliest face you possibly can – the more chins the better. Send it to your friends. Wait for their horrified reaction. Rinse and repeat.

### The Analogue Hole

Since the digital age dawned, the Analogue Hole has been right there in its footsteps, undermining it. Remember sitting by the radio as a kid, ready to tape your favourite song and getting annoyed when the DJ spoke over the beginning of Outkast's Ms Jackson?

The same thing can happen with Snapchats. Nimble-fingered friends, if they're quick enough, can take a screenshot of your snap and use it as they please. If they're a little more enterprising, a quick Google search and a little tech knowledge will allow your friends to retrieve the "self-destructing" pictures.

Remember kids: for complete security, keep your naughty bits to your naughty self.

## APP OF THE WEEK



### HappyPlayTime

(In development)

[www.happyplaytime.com](http://www.happyplaytime.com)

**Y**OU KNOW THOSE VIBRATION MASTURBATION apps that are widely available in app stores? I have questions:

Why would that be a good idea? First of all, your phone is a disgusting piece of equipment. It's covered in germs and you probably use it while you're on the toilet. And secondly, the vibration your phone can muster up is pretty piss-poor when compared to a real vibrator. Good luck getting off on that. Just use your hands! There's an app for that now!

HappyPlayTime is an app in development that encourages women to masturbate. Its philosophy is that "by talking openly and lightheartedly about female masturbation, we are taking the first step to becoming truly sexually liberated." Grand.

I'm not going to argue that this is a noble cause. Female masturbation is an issue that, for many people, is surrounded by shame and repression that needs to be lifted.

I'm just not sure that HappyPlayTime's approach is the best way to go about it. The app's first "lesson" points the user toward the clitoris and suggests that they rub it in a circular motion until a pink tick appears, indicating orgasm. That's the crux of it, I suppose. I'd be interested to see what the other lessons involve.

What I do take issue with is the design. Far from sexy, mature, or arousing, the app's mascot is a dancing illustration of a vulva that looks disturbingly like a baby. This, combined with the overwhelming baby pink colour scheme, seems condescending and (worse) infantilising. Women who are trying to learn about their bodies need mature and realistic help – they don't need to be babied.

My suggestion? Scrap the design, but keep the concept. Come up with something sexier, and next time, don't make your mascot look like a baby.

NOTE: THIS WEBSITE IS BLOCKED ON THE OTAGO UNI NETWORK - CRITIC CONTACTED OTAGO UNI INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY SERVICES, WHO CONFIRMED THAT THEY WOULD NOT UNRESTRICT THE WEBSITE.



**I**N BETWEEN TOURING THE WORLD AND playing gigs with international acts like Grizzly Bear and Wavves, Ruban Nielson has returned to New Zealand to tour with Nielson's current band, Unknown Mortal Orchestra. **Loulou Callister-Baker** had a brief and appropriately abstract conversation with Nielson to work out how to float.

**You've just returned to New Zealand from a hugely successful international tour – what kinds of things run through your mind when you come back here to tour?**

It's pretty heavy actually. A lot is weighing on me when I come home. When I'm out in the world I don't really interact with anyone I've known longer than a couple of years. The subject of the Mint Chicks doesn't really come up and it's very much a new life. When I come home, there's all the weight of home – everything good and everything bad that comes with that. But I need to come home once a year or I get really sad. There's something in the attitude of Kiwis that isn't anywhere else. I miss the humour mostly I think.

**Do you have any history with Dunedin?**

Yeah – mostly through the Mint Chicks. Just playing shows at *Re:Fuel* and student radio and Flying Nun connections. Dunedin was always a favourite gig of ours. I haven't played there in ages.

## Interview: Ruban Nielson (Unknown Mortal Orchestra)

**Making music and performing it is beyond any reality the average person could comprehend. What keeps you from floating away when you're not performing?**

It's okay to float away on stage. It looks like it's part of the show. It's the floating away off stage that you have to look out for. It's a much weirder look.

**You once sang that you slept during the day to stay awake at night – is this your coping mechanism? Or is this your routine as a musician?**

It's always been the way. I used to do it as a kid. My body clock doesn't like the sun I suppose. I used to stress out about it but instead I just built my life around it. It's like floating away while you're on stage: it works in this particular context.

**Before music, you had a strong affiliation with the art world and investing time in making visual art. How do you maintain your interest in visual art? Is your psychedelic Instagram one way of this?**

The Instagram is just for when I'm bored in the van. I still design record covers and draw and paint. It's not really something I have to maintain; it's like music – I can't stop doing it.

**Does your conscious effort to follow a musical journey in *II* elevate it to what you view as a "real album"? What are you listening to right now?**

It was put together as a "real album." I knew people were going to hear it. I'm listening to Caetano Veloso.

**You have said that *Funny Friends* came from making music out of passion rather than the pressure of a dominating label – does the success of this come from creating out of enjoyment or the current popularity of distorted sound matched with falsetto vocals?**

At what point in popular music was distortion and falsetto not popular? Pretty sure that was big from the 1920s onward. That's like saying the success of the croissant comes from the current popularity of butter and flour.

**What role has ruthlessness had in your evolving success?**

Unless we're talking about ruthlessly kicking out the jams I'm not really sure how to answer that one.



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UO02924

## SELWYN COLLEGE WELFARE TEAM – 2014

Selwyn College invites applications for its restructured 2014 Welfare Team. You must have a sound academic record and great leadership and organisational skills. We are looking for:

**One Welfare Coordinator** – Support and supervise the Welfare Team and oversee College's Welfare portfolio. Package includes a fully furnished self contained flat, all meals and a monetary stipend. Ideally suit Masters or PhD student with flexible hours.

**Eight Senior Residents** – Monitor and promote the welfare needs of residents including fostering community spirit and maintaining acceptable standards of behaviour. Scholarship equates to approximately 80% of standard student fee. Ideally suited to senior students (4th, 5th and 6th year) not committed to significant absences from Dunedin during the academic terms.



An Information Evening for all intending applicants will be held in the College's Senior Common Room at 7pm on Friday, 2nd August. Please email the College Administrator (Sarah) to reserve a place ([admin.selwyn@otago.ac.nz](mailto:admin.selwyn@otago.ac.nz)) and to request an application pack.

## Recreation Courses Starting SOON!

Cooking, exercise, sport, languages, dance and everything in between. Courses start this week and very soon so make sure you're locked in and have a sweet course sorted! Head online to [ousa.org.nz/recreation/](http://ousa.org.nz/recreation/) for more info.



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GET FED FOR CHEAP!

## Flatting Survey – What's your flat like?

OUSA is looking into the conditions and general flatting situation of our students. We have a brief survey that we need your help with! Tell us about your flat, what you pay, what the landlord is like, is it damp? Just give us some quick info so we can build a greater understanding about the flat trends for our students. Help us help Dunedin and maybe even flats across New Zealand, check it out here: [surveymonkey.com/s/flatting2013](http://surveymonkey.com/s/flatting2013)

## Future DJ

Are you the illest DJ? Have you got a solid mix you've been working on and want to show it off? Check out the OUSA Future DJ comp, win some cash money and sweet goodies from Moodie Tuesday! [ousa.org.nz/events/future-dj/](http://ousa.org.nz/events/future-dj/)

## President's Column

Friends, Scarfies, Dunedinites;

I'm going to use this column to talk about housing issues in Dunedin.

One of the biggest focuses of my presidency has been getting the quality of housing in Dunedin up to a first world standard. I want to talk about the problems that students have with housing in Dunedin and what us at OUSA are doing about it. Basically there are three big issues in flatting in Dunedin: (A) Price, (B) Quality (C) Landlords, and (D) Amenities. Make sure to check our housing survey at our website at [ousa.org.nz](http://ousa.org.nz) to have your say to tell us what your issues are.

Price has to do with how expensive a flat is. A lot of students are paying way too much for flats that are way too shit. Unfortunately there are very limited mechanisms that OUSA can use to address this. We will promote flat rating systems such as the STARS scheme (see Uni accommodation website for more info) as a way to create market pressure. OUSA will also be advocating for a tertiary bus fare discount for students in order to make accommodation in other parts of Dunedin a more attractive living option and therefore increase market competition on flats close to campus.

Quality has to do with the condition of your flat. Cold, damp and mouldy – many of us are living in almost third world housing conditions. A lot of flats in Dunedin are pretty bad, and it's not just in studentville. We are working with the Dunedin City Council through the Memorandum of Understanding we have with them to put a local bill before Parliament by the end of the year which will allow our local council to set a minimum standard of housing through a Housing Warrant of Fitness. The market has failed in this instance and it's time to take action to stop private interests from imposing social costs onto everyone else.

Landlords can make or break your flatting experience. You can have the best flat in the world with the cheapest rent but if your landlord is an asshole then you're gonna have a shit time. OUSA will be directly targeting the shit landlords by having a Worst Landlord of the Year award this year, and again we will reward good landlords by having a Best Landlord of the Year as that was a popular category last year, and we love them. Keep an eye out for these in early August and make sure to get amongst.

Finally, amenities are the services that the council provides to residences. These are to do with rubbish collection, recycling and hard waste (furniture etc) collection. We have feedback from you guys that the council needs to (A) Put in a once a semester hard waste collection, (B) Lower the price of the DCC rubbish bags, and (C) Make the recycling bins bigger. We will be working with the DCC to make these changes and I'll keep you all updated.

That's it for now, but in the meantime please take the time to fill out our Flating Survey here: [surveymonkey.com/s/flatting2013](http://surveymonkey.com/s/flatting2013)

Fran

– OUSA President

# YILMAZ

## Gourmet Pizzas and Kebabs

TASTY • HEALTHY • AFFORDABLE

Dine in or Takeaway



Cranberry and Brie



Garlic Bread

**PIZZAS FROM \$12**  
**KEBABS FROM \$9.50**

### GOURMET PIZZAS

#### Chicken, Tomato Cream Cheese

Yilmaz delicious pizza sauce, Freshly sliced onion and mushroom. Fresh diced tomatoes. Chunks of marinated chicken breast. Covered with 100% New Zealand mozzarella cheese. Finished with a pleasant amount of cream cheese.

#### Brock and Blue

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

#### Blue Cheese Chicken

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

#### Chicken Apricot

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

#### Chicken Avocado

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

#### Mediterranean

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

#### Cranberry and Brie

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

#### Zucchini

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

### PIZZA MENU

All pizzas made with 100% New Zealand MOZZARELLA CHEESE

#### Happy Pizza

Supreme

Hot Chilli

Italian

Vegetarian

Satay Chicken

Chilli Chicken

Beef Pizza

Chicken Pizza

Hawaiian Pizza

Mushroom

Falafel

Just Cheese

Garlic Bread

### KEBABS

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

- Chicken Roll
- Beef Roll
- Vegetarian Falafel

### MEALS ON RICE

Served with fresh mixed salad, humus and your choice of Yilmaz sauce, on a bed of rice.

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- Beef
- Vegetarian Falafel



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