

CRITIC

TE AROHI

A photograph of a young man with curly hair and a beard, smiling, lying on a brown leather couch. He is wearing dark-colored briefs and has his feet propped up towards the camera. He is holding a magazine or book in his hands. The background is a warm, indoor setting.

The Sex Issue

Issue 04 2018



Kia ora koutou

I hope you've had a lovely first couple of weeks of semester and that you've settled into your classes well! I'm the Welfare Officer for OUSA and I know a lot of you aren't aware of what the different roles in OUSA do, so let me tell you about mine!

Each role on the OUSA Executive has two primary functions: they act as a general Executive Officer, and they oversee a specific portfolio.

My portfolio is Welfare. It's my job to oversee or take part in anything on campus that tries to make student lives easier. For example: I attend committees like the Healthy University Advisory Group, I chair the Welfare Committee, I oversee the Thursdays in Black campaign, and I work very closely with OUSA Student Support.

As a general Executive officer, my duties include representing students on other University boards and committees (like the Sciences Divisional Board), helping out at O-Week, engaging with students, and helping other Exec Officers with their campaigns.

Now that you've got to know a little bit about what my role is, I'll tell you all about what I've been up to in the next column. In the meantime, keep an eye out each Thursday for a Thursdays in Black Campaign, and check the weekly Exec Round-up to hear about what we're up to!

That's it from me! Stay safe and keep well xx

Abi

Abigail Clark
Welfare Officer
welfare@ousa.org.nz



* Photo courtesy of Gravity Events



WHAT'S HOT AT OUSA

POSTED OUR PARTY ON FACEBOOK TO
MAKE SURE
AT LEAST A FEW PEOPLE CAME
AND WE WANTED TO SEE ALL THE STUFF AND A WHOLE LOT OF
UNWANTED GUESTS
MOST TURNED UP TRASHED. TURNED OUT WHEN
YOU HAVE A
PARTY AND FILLER WITH A WHOLE LOT OF TRASHED
THROWING BOTTLES
AT PASSING CARS AND PLAYING AGAINST FULL BARS
YOU GET TO WORRYING
ABOUT CONSEQUENCES AND YOU CAN'T RELAX AND HAVE A
GOOD ONE

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Ed Sheeran

We've teamed up with Festival Touring who are bringing Ed Sheeran to Dunedin, to offer standing student tickets from \$69.00 plus free using the code 'OUSAT' With local legends Snots opening, this is going to be epic!

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MISS BLANKS
WEDNESDAY 11TH APRIL 7-10PM
In the St. Club PRESENT

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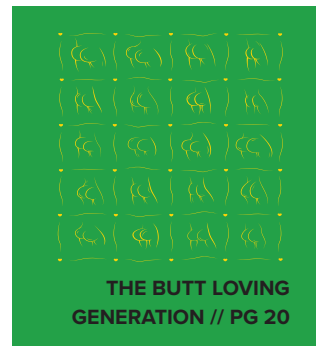
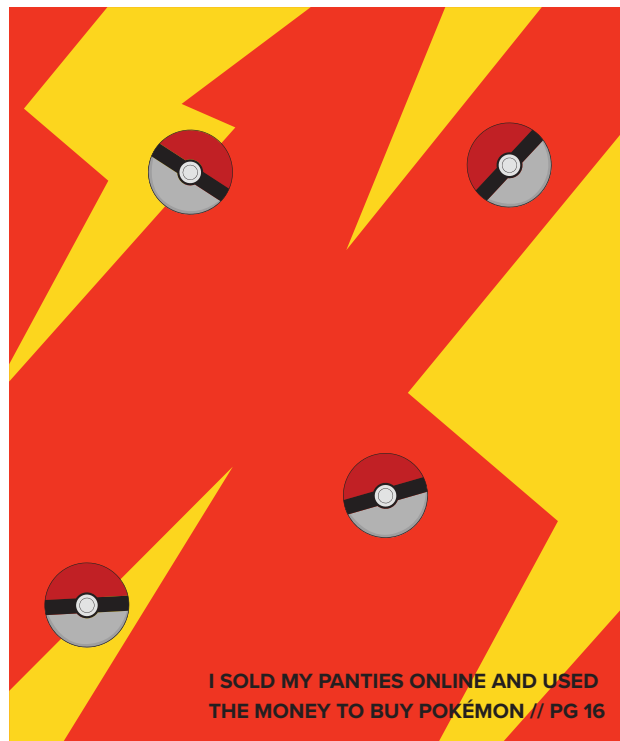


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Letters to the editor

Don't make me stand up to eat a pie!

Kia ora

I want to know why the University has removed the somewhat concealed row of seats in the Link. You know the ones behind where you change your course, kinda near the PASS room.

This was where me, and might I add MANY others would shamefully eat 'scarfie pies' outside of the judgmental gaze of the greater student body.

I discovered this last week when I purchased my first pie for the academic year and discovered these seats have been removed!!!

I had to consume my pie and pepsi in the open range that is the Link blue seats, where I was witnessed by no less than two friends, a former flat mate AND my supervisor.

Please can the university let me eat their discounted pies out of view?

I LOVE THE LIBRARY

Hi Critic,

In light of the recent influx of classes on How To Library Cause Man This Update Is Confusing for 300 level papers, my friend created a helpful graphic (during the class) to inform others unfortunate enough to not be enlightened during compulsory class sessions. I hope you and your staff find it helpful.

Law Camp not OK

Hi Critic,

In response to your article, the pressure at law camp was a lot stronger than just "peer pressure". I watched so many people say no to alcohol and be pressured for ages to say yes. The boy in my team who stripped for Miss Natural Justice and the girl in my team who jelly wrestled both said no a lot of

times before finally giving in. My team leader even told us she was supposed to make us do things.

Just because some people did not feel pressured does not make the amount of pressure okay. Just because law camp is optional does not mean people automatically consent to everything at law camp. Pretending the amount of pressure was less than it was does not make the issue go away. Consent is important and we need to take it seriously.

Regards,

Anonymous (because I don't want SOULS to hunt me down)

BUZZBUZZBUZZ

Dear Critic,

We would like to thank Erin and Jessica for bringing attention to the cinematic masterpiece of The Bee Movie. More people need to be aware of the depth and gravity of Barry Bee Benson's life struggles. This article also aided in our justification of getting matching bee tattoos to symbolise our love for Barry. It was a single line in your article but it was by far the pièce de résistance of this issue of the Critic.

Buzzbuzzbuzz,

The Hive

The Uni Made Us Print a Correction

In last week's Critic it was stated that the penalty for students who assist others in academic misconduct will now be community service or a fine. This is incorrect. While the University has added these penalties as possible outcomes in certain circumstances, permanent or temporary exclusion from the University remains a very real possibility for students who deliberately attempt to assist other students in cheating.

Letter to Editor.

I wonder how many Otago University freshers are aware of the university motto and its meaning?

It's Sapere Aude - Dare to be Wise, written by Horace, the Roman lyric poet.

I recall that when Dr Frederick George Soper, the university's vice-chancellor from 1953 to 1963, welcomed freshers, he referred to the motto. He pointed out that Horace went on to write: Incipere, which means begin!

Wise words.

Clarke Isaacs, Sunshine, Dunedin.



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Why Cricket Is a Better Metaphor for Sex Than Baseball

I recently found myself in a heated debate over the exact definition of the term “third base”. We all know first base is kissing and second base is feeling a boob, but then where does it go from there? Is third base oral, or is it hand-on-genital contact? If hand-on-breast comes under second base, surely the equivalent hand-on-dick should be too (that’s called *Noscitur a sociis* for all you LAWS101 kids). But can boob-touching and fingering really both be second base?

The whole metaphor is fucking stupid, not just because it makes no sense, but because it puts the entire focus of sex in a context of achievement – gaining another base, with the ultimate goal of scoring by getting to home plate, getting another point you can take home and notch up on the board. It makes sex an individual sport, with no focus on your partner’s enjoyment or even consent. It’s treating your sexual partner as the other team, rather than what they are – your partner. If that’s the way you’re going about sex, not only are you a dickhead, but you’re gonna be having bad sex.

Cricket is a much better metaphor for sex than baseball.

Cricket is a game of partnerships. Batsmen/Batswomen/Batsfolk need to share the workload, rotate the strike, and play to each other’s strengths and weaknesses. A classic example was Blackcaps openers Brendon McCullum and Martin Guptill; Guppy needed a bit of time to shake the nerves and get comfortable before he started smashing sixes. BMac wasn’t as good of a batsman overall, but he was able to smash it round the park right from the get go, and that took the pressure to score runs off Guppy, and gave him time to get warmed up. I guess that’s an analogy for foreplay?

Batsfolk need to understand their partner, the field of play, and communicate with each other to maximise their own performance. Any individual performance is entirely contingent on having a partner that gets you. When Brendon McCullum became the first kiwi to ever score 300 runs in one innings, he didn’t do it alone. He batted for a marathon

774 minutes (according to a Speight’s bottle cap I found), and that was only possible because of the support of BJ Watling and Jimmy Neesham at the other end, each batting consistently for hours.



If your team is nine wickets down and your partner is agonisingly close to their century (read: orgasm), but you get out, the innings is over and there’s nothing they can do about it. It’s called “leaving them stranded” and it’s not cool.

It’s not just about getting started either, good batsfolk know the importance of constant consent. When running between the wickets they both need to know what’s going on or one of them is going to get run out. If you want to try get a run you need to wait for them to reply “yes” – because unless you’re both capable and comfortable with it, one of you is going to be too slow and get run out. In the same way, just because your sexual partner is up for one thing doesn’t mean they’re down for anything – consent, consent, consent.

A great innings is built by two batsfolk helping each other get warmed up and off the mark, by rotating the strike so both of them get a chance to shine, by letting each other know what’s working and what isn’t. It’s not about one of them scoring points off the other, it’s about the two of them working together to create something amazing.

Issue 4, 2018

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Crackdown on Alcohol at Physio and Med Flat Crawls

“What’s the fucking point now?” - Everyone

By Esme Hall

The Physiotherapy and Medical Students’ Associations can no longer provide alcohol at their Flat Crawl events in accordance with stringent new University policy.

In the past student-organised Flat Crawls have provided alcohol, but this year Students Associations had to ask attendees to bring their own.

According to one attendant of the Physio Flat Crawl on March 9th, instead of a keg, Physio students brought either wine or scrumpy that was then mixed together in large buckets. The price of the Med Flat Crawl on March 16th dropped from \$20 to \$7 as alcohol was no longer provided.

Proctor Dave Scott said that events that sell alcohol or supply alcohol as part of the event need a Special Liquor Licence that costs \$60 and can be applied for through the Dunedin City Council. The application takes 20 working days.

According to a second-year Physio student, the PSA were surprised about the liquor licence requirement as it has not been enforced by the University in the past.

A member of the PSA Executive confirmed they had to take extra precautions and safety measures with the event, but needed permission from a staff member before they could give further comment. Critic reached out to the OUMSA Executive but they were unwilling to comment.

A third-year Medical student Critic talked to suspected that the tightening of alcohol rules at Flat Crawls coincided with the drunken behaviour at Otago and Auckland Law Camps coming under national media scrutiny.

However, Associate Dean Undergraduate Studies at the School of Physiotherapy Dr Gisela Sole said that tighter safety measures have been in place since 2017. The PSA “has had to prepare extensive Risk Assessment and Management (RAM) forms to the School’s Health & Safety Committee prior to social events that included alcohol”. Further, as of 2018 the Proctor’s and Vice Chancellor’s offices have required “all students of the University to prepare a detailed event registration.”

A spokeswoman for the University also denied that Law Camp led to the lack of kegs for Health Professional students. She said the rules around alcohol for the Med and Physio crawls pre-date the media stories on the law camps.

“In fact, a special licence was required when this past law camp, now cancelled, was being organised,” Dr Sole said, “current media coverage of social events, camps and alcohol” simply highlights “the importance of sensible planning.”

Proctor Dave Scott said that the events “needed to comply with the Sale and Supply of Alcohol Act 2012” otherwise there was

a risk “organisers could be prosecuted for an offence.” “I have been ensuring event planners are aware of their obligations and requirements. I do not make the laws, I am merely trying to prevent students from being prosecuted.”

Two third-year medical students told Critic that students usually brought their own alcohol to flat crawls anyway. They were “pretty sure they hadn’t had anything from the keg in 2017 as it went so fast.”



Student Area Terrorised by Violent, Knife-Wielding Children

Vice-Chancellor: Fuck Off Schoolies

Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne has slammed the numbers of high school kids attending student parties in North Dunedin, arguing that they cause much of the disorder in the student area.

"We have a couple of unwanted visitors at parties, particularly on Castle Street and Hyde Street that are tending to sully a bit of the fun," she said.

Speaking to Critic, Castle and Hyde residents confirmed Harlene's statement. "I can't remember a weekend where they haven't come in a big group and preyed on a single person," said one student. "They don't live here and they have zero respect for our property and constantly knock over bins and smash glass. Police and Campus Watch are no help whatsoever."

The residents also emphasise how violent some of them are. "The little cunts try to start shit with every man and their dog. They tried my flatmate around, so I steamed on over and laid a haymaker on the prick, then all his boys clocked me on the ground and kicked the shit out of me."

"They bring weapons to use when asked to leave a property and they vandalise our property every weekend without failure," said another resident. "Many of us [students] have had knives pulled on us."

All of the residents we talked to reiterated that the people coming in to the area are violent. "I've had multiple high schoolers threaten to drop me after telling them to leave my property due to them smashing glass around it and causing fights," said one resident.

"They all hang round in groups to have a mental advantage over us [students], who often walk alone or in pairs, but sack their nuts when they're by themselves. They are confrontational and start fights for no reason because they think they are 'hard.'"

The residents also claim that the bottles thrown at an ambulance during Flo-Week were also the work of a high school student who had crashed the event.

The Vice-Chancellor said that the University is "working very carefully with the local principals to spread the word that it's best

By Charlie O'Mannin & Joel MacManus

if the university students have North Dunedin and that high school kids will have their opportunity to come down here and be part of the fun, but they need to wait until they are at University."

"We want to make it clear that this is not a place for high school students. This is a problem that is not of our students' making," she said with obvious relief.

Some residents told us that they have started asking for ID at the door of student parties.



Police Called Over “Out Of Control” UBar Lines

Critic would like to reiterate that UBar is a weird name

By Charlie O'Mannin

Lines to get into UBar (formerly Re:Fuel) have continued this year to be really fucking long. The line for the Halftime Oranges show on the 8th of March proved to be particularly bad. The line broke out of control with reports of people at the front being crushed and unable to breathe. “Honestly, you would have thought Justin Bieber was inside, judging by people’s desperation to get in,” one student who was there told Critic.

The police were called by multiple people about the overcrowding. One student told us that police dealt with the situation “terribly,” trying “to manage the line but basically just shouted at people to move back which didn’t work because everyone at the back moved back slightly but no one at the front moved back”.

Another attendant said the line was “the worst,” they had to wait for “hours” and the

line was “super aggressive”. Another student said that she had to take a girl home who was “crying from being so squished”.

The university told us that “The U-Bar [sic, UBar has no hyphen] is increasing in popularity and is now trailing [sic] a number of new crowd management measures to help manage queuing issues. It would appear that there was an issue last Thursday night with the queue getting access to the venue when the doors opened. However, through cooperation between U-Bar [sic] staff and Campus Watch, this was resolved. While the new barrier system has helped improved [sic] the access situation, it still needs fine tuning, which might include more staff at the door, or opening a bit earlier to stop the initial crowd surge to get in when the doors open.”

Critic would in no way like to insinuate that UBar’s popularity is due to it being

one of the only student venues after the university systematically shut down all the student bars of old and turned them into study centres, instead we’d like to place the credit squarely with UBar’s genius attempt at ripping off Uber’s brand.



Some Law Professors Teach You How To Talk to The Police

Yelling ‘Fuck The Pigs’ and running apparently not a great idea

OUSA's "UNI 101 2018 Guide to Student Life" advice [put together by Critic] on how to talk to the police includes the following:

“Be honest. You’ve been stopped for a reason so lying to the cops won’t do you any favours. Fess up and apologise.”

Not lying to the police is good advice. But, we have some doubts about “you’ve been stopped for a reason,” and “fess up and apologise” as general advice. Admittedly, we’re legal academics rather than practising lawyers, but we’ve talked to some real defence lawyers to confirm that our concerns aren’t just academic.

“You’ve been stopped for a reason” – well, of course that’s true, but just because someone has been stopped by the police doesn’t mean that person has actually done anything wrong. Answering police questions might convince them that you haven’t done anything wrong – but it might not, and might make it easier for them to build a case against you (even if you haven’t actually done anything illegal). Many people go through life

only ever having friendly interactions with the police, even when they have done something wrong, but that’s not the case for everyone.

“Fess up and apologise” – as we’ve just said, not everyone who has been stopped by the police has done anything that they should be fessing up and apologising for. Even when someone feels they have done something wrong, fessing up and apologising is not necessarily the best thing to do, especially if things are going to get more serious legally. Fessing up and apologising might mean you just get off with a warning, for example in the case of a breach of the liquor ban. But a student is not always going to be a good judge of how much trouble they might be in, even when it comes to things that might seem minor, like weed (what if it turns out that the police think you are dealing?) or having gotten into a scuffle (what if it turns out that you’ve seriously injured someone?).

So what do we think OUSA should be advising students regarding talking to the

police? Some defence lawyers will tell you to never say anything you don’t have to until you have had a chance to talk to a lawyer. We’d advise students something more like this:

If the police want to talk to you, don’t talk shit and don’t act shitty. You’re quite entitled to assert your legal rights (if you know them), but always do so calmly and politely. Getting into an argument probably won’t help you. You should know that it is generally up to you whether you provide the police with any information, and that you can talk to a lawyer before saying anything if you are suspected of committing a crime. If you do talk to the police, don’t lie. If you have done something minor and you just fess up and apologise, the consequences might be relatively minor – but they might not be, so think very carefully about anything that you do. If you’re a law student, bear in mind that the police probably know more about the law than you do.

By Colin Gavaghan and Simon Connell,
Faculty of Law, University of Otago



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Opinion: Why the fuck weren't students consulted about sweeping changes to the Humanities Division?

- Who will love the poor old Burns building now?

By Sinead Gill

The Pro Vice Chancellor, Professor Tony Ballantyne, has proposed a restructuring of the humanities division. This restructure would result in building shuffles (word on the street is that the Richardson Building is being considered), and the downsizing of humanities from 16 units to 7.

These units consist of the existing Faculty of Law, College of Education and Te Tumu: School of Māori, Pacific and Indigenous Studies, and the brand new School of Social Sciences (a mash-up of eight departments/programmes), School of Arts (a mash-up of nine departments/programmes), then (weirdly) the School of Geography, and finally the School of Performing Arts. Being such a significant change to the division, of course this proposal was then appropriately communicated and discussed with the thousands of students it would affect...

Jk lol. I would love to meet a student not on the OUSA executive that knew about any of these proposed changes over a week ago. So if it's not a secret, why weren't students being told about this? Why weren't they included in the conversation?

When asked about the accessibility of the proposal, Professor Ballantyne said that copies of it were sent to all professional and academic staff in the humanities division in February, as well as "relevant" members of the OUSA executive. Whoever these relevant OUSA exec members were (presumably our current education and campaigns officers), they clearly didn't see the need to communicate it with the rest of the student body.

But maybe this is nothing to actually panic about. According to our OUSA Post-Grad Rep, Kirio Birks, it's not something "students necessarily need to weigh in on". He "trusts the university on this one," so why shouldn't we?

Because this isn't a matter of trust. Anyone who reads the proposal and doesn't see how students will be affected is kidding themselves. Not just because the lines for the lifts in the Richardson Building will be literal hell, but because of the potential loss of distinctiveness between programmes, the potential for postgraduates to lose their spaces and facilities in the name of cost-effectiveness, and the fact that the proposal

prides itself on being in line with the "core values promoted by the [Student Services Review]" that axed so many of our support staff. Yikes. This restructure would be a huge financial decision that at the very least, as the people who fund most of the damn thing, it would be nice to have had an adequate heads up.

This whole institution is built on, for, and by students. We need to be a part of the conversation. Right now, the proposal is being portrayed as nothing more than a cheeky room change. But what comes next? When exactly is student input actually considered valuable? Or considered at all?

I'm not saying that any and all changes to humanities are inherently negative. Ballantyne is right, making better use of the space available is a good idea. But there are questions that need to be asked. From the potential disruption to staff and students to whether all these cost-saving measures will be reflected in our course fees?

Our input is valuable. Remember to talk to us next time. We are sick of being kept in the dark.

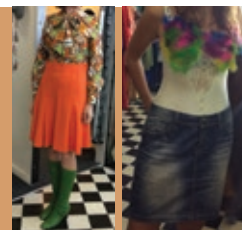


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Hare Krishna \$3 Lunch Pumping as Always

The Hare Krishnas are still totally a cult

By Esme Hall

Queues for the Hare Krishna \$3 Lunch have been snaking out the door of OUSA Clubs and Societies Centre every lunchtime since the start of semester.

Jane Ma runs the vegan lunch, singing and calling people “sweetheart”. Monday is pasta, Tuesday is veggies and rice, Wednesday is soup and fresh bread and Thursday is lentils, veggies and rice.

When I talked to Jane the Tuesday meal was down to just rice as it had been so busy. Jane was pairing rice with pakoras, samosas, and broccoli for the stragglers who turned up at 2 pm.

Jane said \$3 Lunch is more popular than last year, it’s “gone crazy”. They’re currently feeding around 300 people in two hours. “It gets more popular every year. Everybody loves it so they tell their friends. You see someone come in alone one day, the next day they come back with three more people.”

OUSA Recreation Officer Michaela Hayes resisted my suggestion that \$3 lunch would one day become too big for the Clubs and Societies Centre. Despite the long lines at

the moment, “there’re natural peaks and dips throughout the year”.

Jane started \$3 lunch in 1997. “I came here to retire, maybe to teach vegetarian cooking.” Someone pipes up, “retire? That’s a joke”.

“I love it,” she says. “It’s full on. I thought I would be living on the bank of the Ganges by now.” But “I get a lot of joy out of feeding people and developing relationships. Over the years you become friends with people.” She gets to “be there for people and let them know there’s someone who really cares in every aspect of their lives”. It’s about “genuine connection. I’m certainly not here for the money. My motivation was to show a better way”.

According to Jane, people keep coming back because they “appreciate it as much as we love doing it. There’s a lot of love here. It’s not just about serving food; we’re serving love. I want to show people we care and create a special space where people can feel loved by a mum”.

“The food is blessed,” she goes on to say. “Everyone who eats it passes their exams

– that’s what I pray for during exam time, and so far I haven’t had anyone come and tell me otherwise.”

A student I interrupted eating some broccoli earlier that lunchtime told me he keeps coming back “because Jane’s beautiful smile makes my day”.

However, not everyone is so positive about the lunch. “They [the Hare Krishnas] attempt to mould people in the image of their own warped ideology through forceful advice and meals high in carbohydrates,” said Edan O’Hanrahanrahan, a student who stopped going to the lunch halfway through last year after Jane told him he wasn’t smiling enough.

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LECTURER TELLS IT PERSON TO GET FUCKED

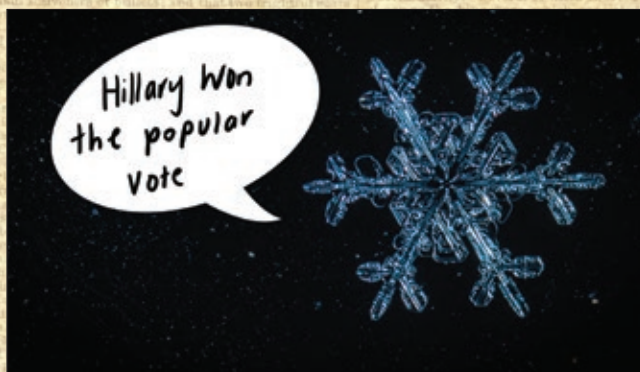
He's had it. After ten years of computers, OHPs and sound systems not working in lectures, a brave lecturer has finally told a patronising member of the IT support staff to get fucked. Students in the first year class couldn't believe what they had just witnessed, but the lecturer now feels so relieved that he took one for the team and told the IT staff where to stick it. "That'll teach them to walk in my lecture theatre and scoff when I tell them the computer won't turn on," the lecturer told the Critical Tribune.



PAIR USES EACH OTHER'S FULL FIRST NAMES TO KINK THINGS UP DURING SEX

In a shocking new report, a white heterosexual couple have spiced up their missionary sex by using each other's full first names. "Hello Patricia," said Harry in his best relief teacher voice, "would you like me to put my penis inside your naughty vagina?" "Oh, yes, Harold," she groaned, putting Harry in mind of a sexy version of his grandmother.

Later the same night, sources told the Tribune that the pair attempted to use medically correct terminology in a last ditch to actually be aroused in each other's presence. "Fondle my mammary glands, Harold!"



LIBERAL SNOWFLAKES OFFENDED BY "MOCK OTHER PEOPLE'S DEAD RELATIVES" THEMED PARTY

Stuff commenters and Hyde St bros were furious this week after a bunch of pansy snowflakes got offended about a party where people were encouraged to dress up as the brutally murdered relatives of other people.

"It's just a joke bro," said one of the organizers. "Yeah, we're causing people to relive the trauma of their loved ones graphically bleeding to death, but it's not serious. People shouldn't be so sensitive."



"IT'S MOTHER'S MILK, MATE," SAYS IDIOT DRINKING SOMETHING AWFUL

Local moron Kane Wilson reckons he actually likes After Shock, despite it being a terrible, awful drink that no one should ever drink. In fact, he is so stupid that he actually brought a whole fucking bottle of it to Shazza's 21st on Saturday without any mixers. "Nah mate, it's fucking good, mother's milk bro, mother's milk," he repeatedly said to anyone who questioned his choice of drink. According to reports, no one gave a shit, and continued to drink their own drinks that actually tasted good.

Teams I Hate And Why You Should Hate Them Too

Photo by Ash Carter (160611-D-SK520-785.jpg) [Public domain or Public domain], via Wikimedia Commons

The Golden State Warriors

Fuck Draymond Green

This could very easily be an article in itself. The man sits on stage alongside the likes of Steve Smith, Quade Cooper, Bernard Tomic and Justin Gatlin for the most hateable person in sports, and he probably takes out the prize.

Affectionate Warriors 'fans' (est. 2015) will amicably refer to Draymond as a player with 'hustle'. This 'hustle' involves kicking players like our beloved Steven Adams in the nuts, talking copious amounts of shit about the greatest player in the world, LeBron James, that he couldn't possibly back up, and flexing on his opponents when he finishes the easiest of layups.

The fuckwit clearly has a chip on his shoulder the size of his donkey mouth after sliding to mid-second round in the 2012 NBA Draft (35th pick, for the record), and he makes sure everyone and everything knows it, from Adams' and LeBron's crown jewels to the referees. Best example of karma I've possibly ever seen was Game 4 of the 2016 Finals, where he accumulated enough technical fouls to miss Game 5. If there was anyone to blame for the Warriors collapsing in the finals and missing out on history, it was Green. The Cavaliers were dead in the water after Game 4 and LeBron seemed to have given up on the prospect of beating the Warriors, but Green gave 'The King' and the Cavs new life in the series.

Bandwagon Fans

You get this in every sport, clearly, but the Warriors fans have got to be the worst of all. Four years ago the Warriors were a genuinely terrible team, nowhere near the playoffs and nowhere near being relevant in the slightest.

But don't let their fans know that. Seriously, they won't know. In their minds, the Warriors were formed as early as 2014 and took over from the Charlotte Hornets; players such as Jason Richardson and Baron Davis are unheard of.

Conveniently, the rise of the California-based Warriors coincided with the fall of the Los Angeles Lakers. You do the math. Just as with Liverpool fans, please don't waste your time trying to discuss basketball with Golden State fans.

Kevin Durant

In the summer of 2016, Kevin Durant made one of the weakest decisions in basketball history. No hyperbole. Last season, the Warriors went 73-9 in the regular season, breaking Jordan's Bulls' record of 72-10. Before choking and relinquishing a 3-1 lead in the Finals, the Warriors were on track to win back-to-back titles. KD really promoted the weak "if you can't beat them, join them" mentality here.

Moreover, Durant's Oklahoma City Thunder were 3-1 up against Golden State in the Western Conference Finals before he went cold and lost his team the series. They were that close to beating the Warriors and facing up against LeBron and the Cavs in the Finals.

Truth be told, I don't blame him one bit for leaving OKC to play on a different team with better ball movement, but not the Warriors fam. Now, when I watch them destroy teams by 40 points and showboat on the sidelines, I have to watch one of my, previously, favourite basketball players join them. Now when I watch Klay Thompson drop 60 freaking points in 29 minutes, or Steph Curry

routinely draining 30-foot three pointers, I have to watch KD cheering them on.

Style of Play

If you aren't a Warriors fan (good decision) then watching them play is fucking shit. Most of their offence comes from one of the two 'Splash Brothers' posting up from 40 feet and draining three-pointer after three-pointer.

I hate to sound like a hard-nosed, old time basketball purist, but you have to wonder if the Warriors are damaging the future of basketball. Now, as a result of Curry being one of the league's more popular superstars, young kids want to play and score just like Steph. Shooting 30-foot three-pointers is certainly more exciting than learning how to post up and properly defend. The NBA is without a doubt becoming a shooters league, but let's hope that post up play doesn't become entirely obsolete.

Team Culture

The Warriors start celebrating shots before they even go in. Coach Steve Kerr complains about officiating in wins AND losses. Their bench is the most obnoxious bench in the league. Warriors owner, Joe Lacob, did an interview with the New York Times and said that the Warriors are "light-years ahead of the rest of the league". I understand that you just won your first NBA championship in 45 years, and you are on pace to break the regular season wins record, but saying you are "light-years" ahead of the rest of the NBA is as arrogant as it gets. Look, don't get me wrong. The Warriors are clearly a great team, and their recent record speaks for itself, but there's still oh so much to hate about them.

Popular Boiz.

A comprehensive list of popular boiz currently residing in Dunedin.

Mark - The dude with the dreamy eyes who sits across from you in biochem. You no longer need to ask his name, it's Mark. We suspect Mark is into sports, probably rugby or something manly. Mark loves havin a laf and Malby Reds.

Hugh - Loves long boards on the beach and watching bread rise. He surfs, he flirts, he doesn't wear shirts. He also thinks Family Guy is the epitome of humour and he insists you watch it together. He turns to look at you to see if you're laughing at his favourite jokes. You are not. Those abs tho.

Sam - Wears glasses but he's still cool and he takes them off when he kisses you.



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ODT Watch

By Charlie O'Mannin

To start this week we jump right into the high-octane world of the ODT's opinion section.

WE can take other people's T-shirt messages too seriously, but we can also take them not seriously enough.

Riveting, absolutely riveting.

Next, I imagine the ODT gazing out of a window running aesthetically with rain while Bic Runga plays in the background, pondering the muses of the mist, those countless creatives just beyond the horizon

Unknown artists find balance in their lives

The ODT takes another hit from the bong and goes out to fire-spin on Union Lawn

We're pretty sure the ODT was let loose with the dictionary; we have trouble explaining this one any other way

All in the family: a saddle for a kidney

Next, a ghostly tale of haunting from that region of macabre terror, Central Otago

Farmer plagued by rabbits in life and even in grave

And finally, the ODT's root vegetables are locking themselves in their room, wearing baggy pants and listening to 'the hip hop'.

Specialist advice on problem swede

The Post-Malone-Fact World

Fiction is stranger than Post Malone

Post Malone translates in Latin as “after-dinner mints”

Post Malone is named after Posts Malone, a fencing company in Malone, Florida

A “Malone” is a male lone

Post Malone and Childish Gambino are actually Siamese twins

Post Malone is the only person to ever be 77 and 15 at the same time

Post Malone rhymes with Home Alone, which is a movie Post Malone also starred in as a young boy

Post Malone’s actual name is Most Palone

Hip Hop is actually an acronym. It stands for “Hi, I’m Post Malone. Heard of Post Malone?”

Post Malone ended racism when he became the first ever white rapper

Post Malone has never in fact posted anything, let alone a malone

Post Malone’s song “I Fall Apart” is actually a bold statement about the Greek economy, not about jenga at all

Post Malone was left to die as a baby and was raised by a pack of cigarettes

Post Malone’s younger brother is called Pre Malone

Post Malone’s first number one hit was as a background singer in Crazy Frog’s “Axel F”

Facts & Figures

Truth is stranger than fiction

John Lennon and George Harrison once got a bus across Liverpool to visit a man who could teach them the chord B7.

In the late Middle Ages, books were so valuable that libraries would chain them to the bookcase. This was widely practiced until the 18th century.

Ladybird sex sessions can last for up to 9 hours.

The first woman to cycle round the world learnt to ride a bike the day before she set off.

37% of Brits believe their jobs are meaningless and do not contribute to the world.

The national anthem of Ukraine is called “Ukraine Is Not Dead Yet”.

British soldiers in World War 2 had a ration of three sheets of toilet paper a day. American soldiers were allowed 22.5 sheets a day.

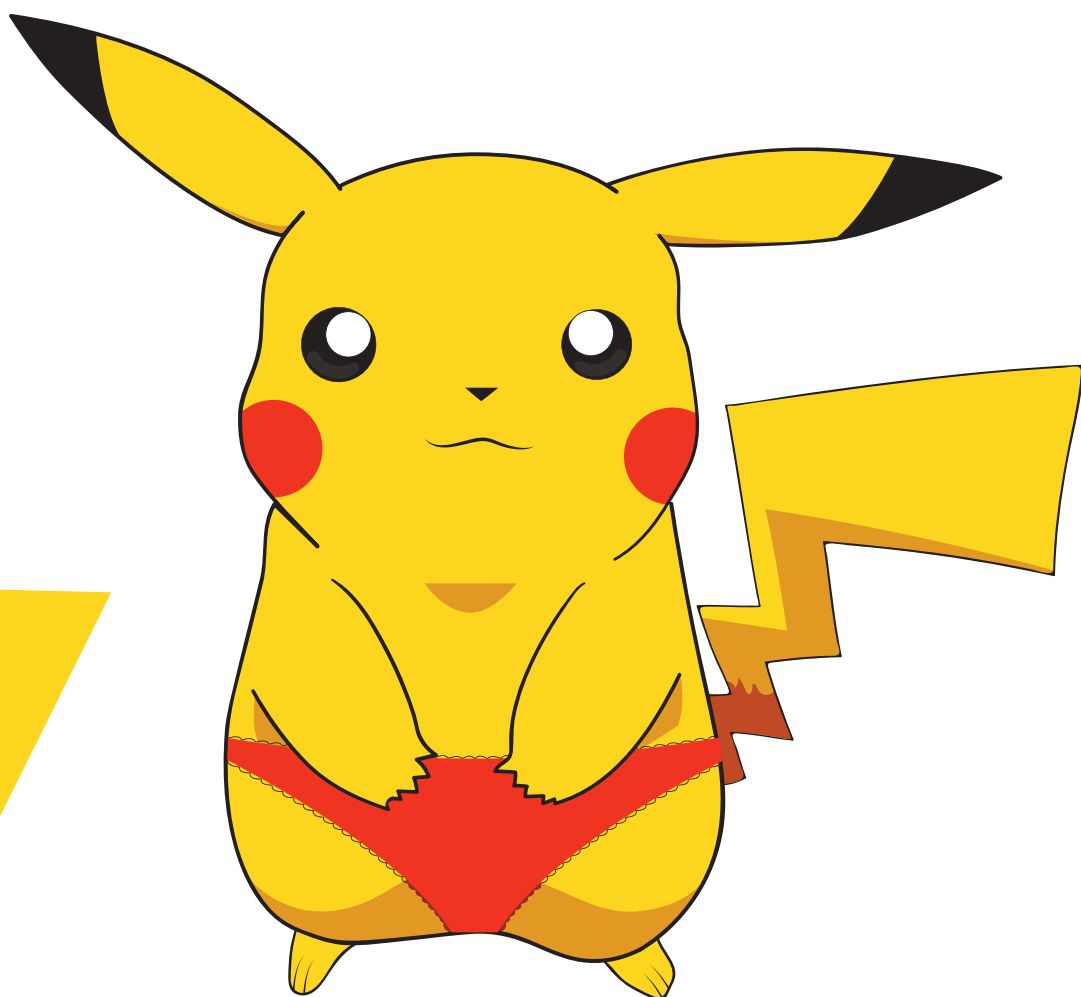
Hitler’s nephew, William Hitler, served in the US Navy during World War 2.

Sweden has a ski-through McDonald’s.

A bee’s sting is a modified form of the ovipositor, the organ used for laying eggs; this is why only female bees can sting.



I Sold My
Underwear
Online and
Used the Money
to Buy Pokémon



Matilda* is your typical Instagram art hoe. Never seen without her kanken, her embroidered dungarees and Vincent van Gogh socks, we've all seen variations of her around campus. But behind the lens of her yellow Polaroid camera lies a more twisted version of reality. Matilda sold her used underwear on Craigslist for money, "until I got enough to buy the new Pokémon game". Critic delves into this phenomenon to explore the hidden world of underwear kinks, and how you too can shamelessly exploit men for money.

Female underwear is more than just underwear. Similar to Speight's, the American Dream, and your Tinder hookup being down for anal, it represents a kind of ageless ideal that will forever illuminate humanity's longing for greatness. Female underwear is about the first date decision of which overpriced Victoria's Secret shit you'll wear; always a malnourished, Oliver Twist version of what you thought you knew as underwear, begging for more material to cover your sweet cheeks. Thongs that ride up your ass more than Harlene Hayne. It's about the granny underwear you wear to hide the muffin top you grew while living off two-minute noodles and Billy Mavs. We all can fondly smile about our black period panties, the holes in the elastic, the white discharge stains you got after the convocation ceremony with Jacinda Arden.

But how much does underwear cost? You can get a pair from Kmart for only \$3 – the kind that sweetly smells of child labour with the stitching that only small, nimble fingers can sew. The next question to ask is, how much does used underwear cost? Think of a new car. The second you buy it and drive it off the lot it depreciates in value by around 11%, which is a pretty fucking big amount; all because your sweaty ass dared to sink into the pristine Italian leather seats. But if your sweaty ass touches the fabric of some Hello Kitty cotton briefs, get prepared for that sweet price increase. There's no economic logic behind it; no one should want your gross day-old underwear. But they do,

because humanity is full of beautiful little surprises like that. One might liken the vagina to the legendary King Midas: everything it touches turns to gold.

But where would one go to sell and buy used underwear? The street is out of the question – imagine running into your Aunt Mildred as you procure a stall at the Farmers Market (underwear juices are organic, right?) You'd be caught, quite literally, with your pants down. Thank fuck for the internet. More specifically, thank fuck for Craigslist, the quirky younger brother website for those of us too lazy to figure out how to use the dark web. For those unfamiliar with Craigslist, think of an unsanitary mix of TradeMe and Tinder and you've hit the bullseye. With graphics birthed from the gore of early 2000s chat room minimalism, Craigslist Dunedin is an unsettling place to say the least. Ever wondered what happened to those creeps you would talk to on Omegle with your friends at sleepovers? Look no further.

Matilda started selling underwear when she was 17 years old, having got the idea from Reddit. Posing as a group of girls (consisting of a 16 year old, a 17 year old and an 18 year old) Matilda undertook the challenge of navigating the murky waters of the internet. She guided us through the steps of selling used underwear – the dos and the don'ts of the panty trade.

First things first, you need to tailor your posts. This is a time to whip out those old NCEA creative writing skills. Remember to use keywords such as "moist," "juicy" and "wet," maybe even chuck in a cheeky emoji or two. "I used a lot of cute Japanese emoticons to give a very innocent, kawaii vibe," Matilda says. She would attach pictures of her wearing the underwear – but not of her face for obvious privacy reasons. If you're anything like most girls and fucking hate your body because of the media, feel free to jump around this step by using God's gift to mankind: cat-fishing. Just don't be obvious about it and use the first image result that comes up when you google "hot girl".

"I made
a nice
concoction
of PVA
glue and
the liquid
from tuna
cans, which
gave it a
nice look
and smell"

Having got “dozens and dozens of messages” the next stage is to pick your targets. This means filtering out the guys who solely want to fuck you or probably kill you. The aim is to find a nice, normal underwear sniffer – is that too much to ask? Matilda recounts some of the men she talked to: “there were lots of scary men who wanted to meet up, and luckily I was like ‘that’s a bad idea, I’m not doing that.’ I got some weird requests. One was from a man who asked me to do a pussy pop – where he gets a lollipop, puts it inside my vagina, takes it out and eats it – which I didn’t do, because I’m not a huge fan of yeast infections. I had some men who would ask for more money if I shat in the underwear, or if I were on my period, which again I declined, but it was tempting.” Trust your gut and use your instincts. Don’t worry, you’re not going to die alone – you’ll find your perfect panty buyer, I promise.

Once you’ve cut down your selection to a lucky few, you need to prepare your unmentionables. You’ll want underwear which is cheap – thank fuck for Kmart – but still a bit lacy, a bit fun. Pro tip: be sure to cut the labels off to make it look more expensive. The longer you wear the underwear, the sweeter that stench will be. Plus, it’ll save you from having to do laundry (just think of the flatties and the power bill). Matilda found that “wearing underwear wasn’t entirely effective. So, I thought I’d spice things up a bit, and I made a nice concoction of PVA glue and the liquid from tuna cans, which gave it a nice look and smell. I’d just smear it on – really slap it on there – and you’re ready to go.” Arts and crafts has never been more fun.

So, you’ve got the goods, now you need to arrange how you’re going to deliver the packages. Matilda opted to support the struggling NZ Post, but also recalled an experience meeting a customer in person: “some of them wanted to meet up in real life which I wasn’t keen for. I only met up with one in real life because they gave me \$200, but I did it in a mall. God, he

even looked like your classic paedophile, with the little seedy moustache, the weird toothy smile and those glasses – you know the kind I’m talking about. He gave me extra money to wear my school uniform.” A \$200 encounter aside, Matilda found she sold most of her underwear for roughly \$70 apiece. That’s pretty top-notch considering the production costs total less than \$10. “I would use an envelope to ship it to all the different people, which apparently you’re not meant to do. But I’d draw some cute love hearts on it, maybe put some stickers, really make it an authentic experience.”

Overall, selling your used underwear on Craigslist is a pretty decent way to make money and have some decent yarns for your future grandchildren. You may have to wade through a sea of unsolicited dick pics and dirty talk, but hey, isn’t that what being a woman is all about? At the end of the day, you’re walking home with some juicy tax-free dollars for your efforts. Matilda also hoped that her story can “inspire girls out there to exploit men. That’s actually the thing, I’m not just an innocent schoolgirl; I’m actually exploiting the patriarchy. I’m getting these creepy old men and I’m scamming them”.

All in all, Matilda has no regrets about her schoolgirl experiences: “I’d definitely consider doing it again, but I wouldn’t necessarily recommend for other people to do it, especially for younger girls. The whole experience was funny but also weird, so weird. But I wanted my Pokémon game, and I had enough to get The Legend of Zelda: Majora’s Mask afterwards too! I really loved playing it, I have a level 100 shiny Altaria [she insisted that we print that]. And one of my customers told me he had the best wank of his life to my tuna-glue. So everyone’s a winner.”

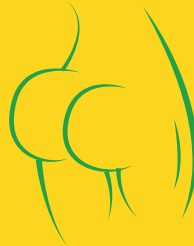
*Names have been changed to protect identity

By Caroline Moratti



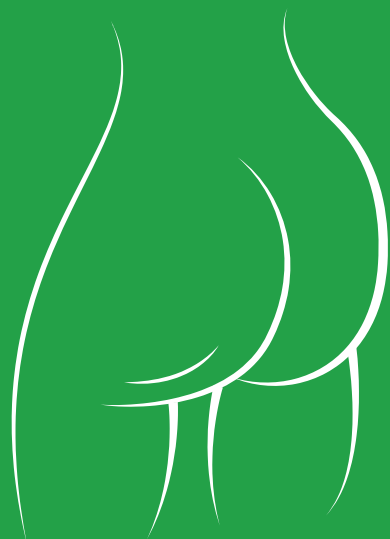


The Butt Loving Generation





Brazilian butt lifts increased by 53% in 2013, and women are flooding to the gym to squat their life away



Asses are trending. Belfies are flooding Instagram. Songs like “Anaconda” and “Wiggle” became viral sensations. Brazilian butt lifts increased by 53% in 2013, and women are flooding to the gym to squat their life away. Previously, asking “does this dress make my butt look big?” required a reassuring “no,” but now we hope for a positive “fuck yea, you look thicc”.

According to Pornhub search traffic statistics, young people like butts way more than their parents. Viewers between 18 and 24 were 20% less likely to search for breast-related content than those aged 55-64. It’s 2018 grandpa, we eatin’ ass now.

Partial thanks go to celebrities like Jennifer Lopez, Kim Kardashian and Nicki Minaj. They flaunt their apple bottoms constantly through social media and honestly, who could blame them? The more they flaunted their rumps, the more attention they got, until . . . BOOM! An ass-obsessed generation ensued.

We are in the midst of a sexual revolution. Open anal discussion a decade ago would have seriously raised eyebrows, but now we are eating assholes and raving about it. Guys have also come a long way in embracing their buttocks – it’s now completely acceptable to get it in the ass if you’re a guy.

Anal sex is no longer thought of as exclusively for gay men or Christians wanting to keep their ‘purity’.

Butt reverence is also having a positive effect on standards of beauty. Not long ago, European features were deemed the most “beautiful” – pale skin, petite, narrow figures and straight hair. Now it’s all about big butts, hourglass figures, big lips and brows, aspects typically found in non-European women.

Many women are no longer starving themselves to look like a Victoria’s Secret model, but are instead loading up on the protein to look like a Kardashian. The great thing about asses is that you can build one if you work hard – unlike boobs, where you either have them or



According Pornhub search traffic statistics, young people like butts way more than their parents



you don't. But this ass obsession can also leave women feeling more insecure. Once we just had to worry about being skinny and having big boobs. Now we have to have perky boobs, a big ass and a tiny waist? Pretty tough.

So what actually makes butts so attractive to men? Biologically, women with big hips and a fat ass were seen as more fertile and healthy at a time when 50% of women died during childbirth. Possibly they like it because it's uncharted territory – sex in its raw form. Also, anal can't result in pregnancy, so anal sex is purely for pleasure. For others, it's a bit of a novelty bucket list thing.

However, butt love isn't all bubbly and fun, as it can still create some pretty shitty standards, so to speak. One of these is called the “human/toy complex,” where some men see women as either humans, or as sexual objects. Big butts are the latest “toy” and men want to have a play. Even if you have a pretty normal ass, some guys just seem obsessed with smacking it, and that can be pretty fucking disrespectful.

And while anal is becoming more normalized, it's still not for everyone. Many women just don't want to. It can be painful, and needs to be done properly by someone you trust.

So, What's Anal Sex Really Like?

Anal sex is like wine: some people love it and some don't. I fucking love wine but I hate anal (I tried it once, it hurt and felt like I was shitting myself). I decided to hit up a few people for their thoughts on the matter.

Kim:

I enjoy it because butt holes are a different kind of feeling. I know it sounds fucked up. Anal sex is a lot more intense than vaginal sex and I was curious. Plus, I kinda liked it. This one time I messed with this guy who was really into Star Wars and he convinced me to stick a toy light saber up my butt. It was a kink thing and he was really into it!

One morning after unprotected anal sex I woke up and [shit] was through my pajama pants and the sheets. I am still horrified. However, I've always enjoyed it. It's the whole pain/pleasure element that's good about it. When it's done properly it's so much better than ordinary sex. The butt hole is the magnifying glass of the body. Anything you put in there feels three times bigger than it is. But, make sure you're extremely prepared and use a whole bottle of lube.

Michelle:

It was so bad. I hated it. We warmed up a lot but when he put it in I actually felt like I was being ripped apart. Even though he was pretty gentle, it was still horrible. Every time he thrust in it was painful and every time he thrust out I felt like I was pooing. I could tell he was loving it so I tried to go on, [but] I only lasted about two minutes and then I told him to stop. The worst part though was when he pulled out. There was a little bit of poo on the tip of his dick and I was so disgusted and embarrassed. He was really cool with it though because he had done anal a lot before. He made me feel a lot better about the situation but I still never wanted to do anal again. We ended up breaking up in the long run. He was really into butt stuff and I wasn't at all. He wanted me to eat his ass and was constantly trying to put fingers in my butt and sex just became a bit of a battle. He was an ok guy but in the bedroom we just weren't on the same page. Plus, he was a raging homophobe and said gay sex was disgusting which I thought was a bit hypocritical considering he was constantly begging me to put my dildo up his ass.

Sam:

I guess the appeal was a mix. On the one hand, it seemed like it'd be cool to try. Why not, seems hot, it's something my partner and I can do to each other, which is cool. On the other, I went to a



“The butt hole is the magnifying glass of the body. Anything you put in there feels three times bigger than it is”

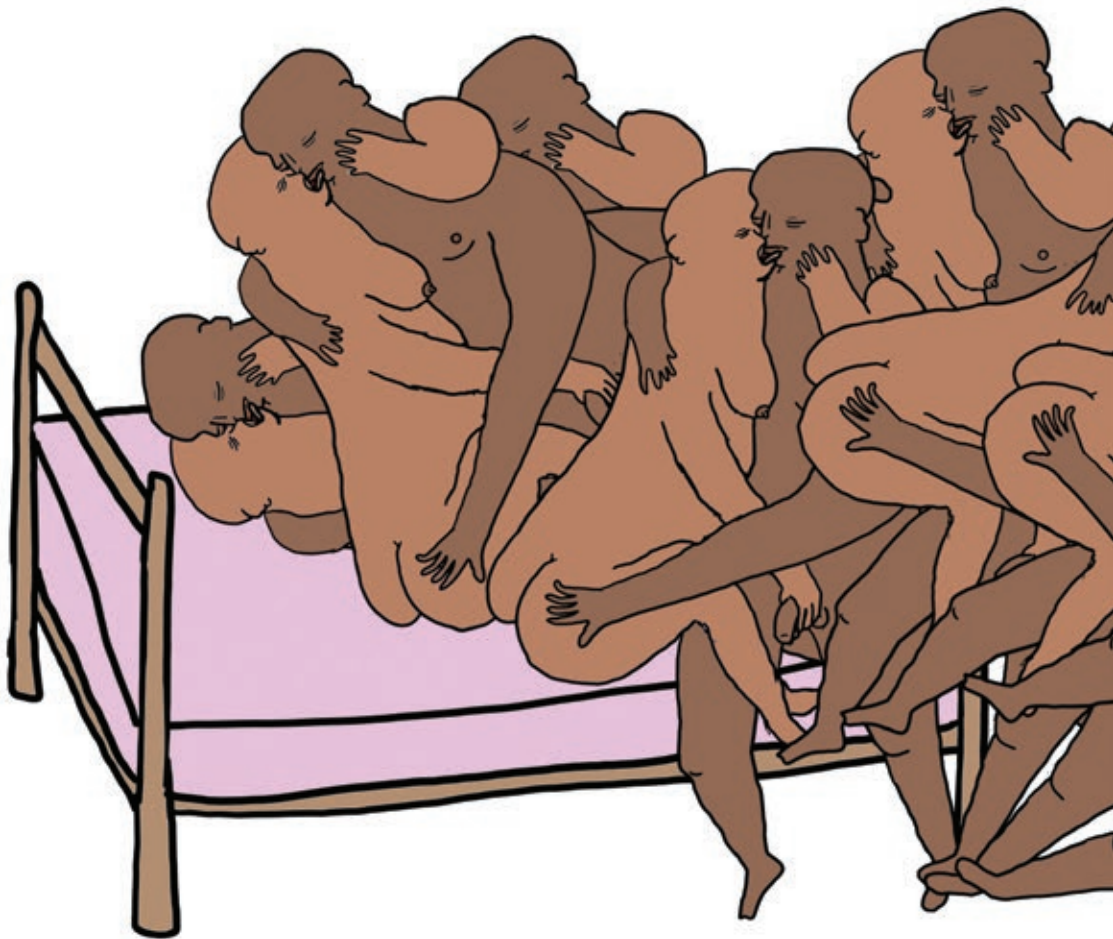


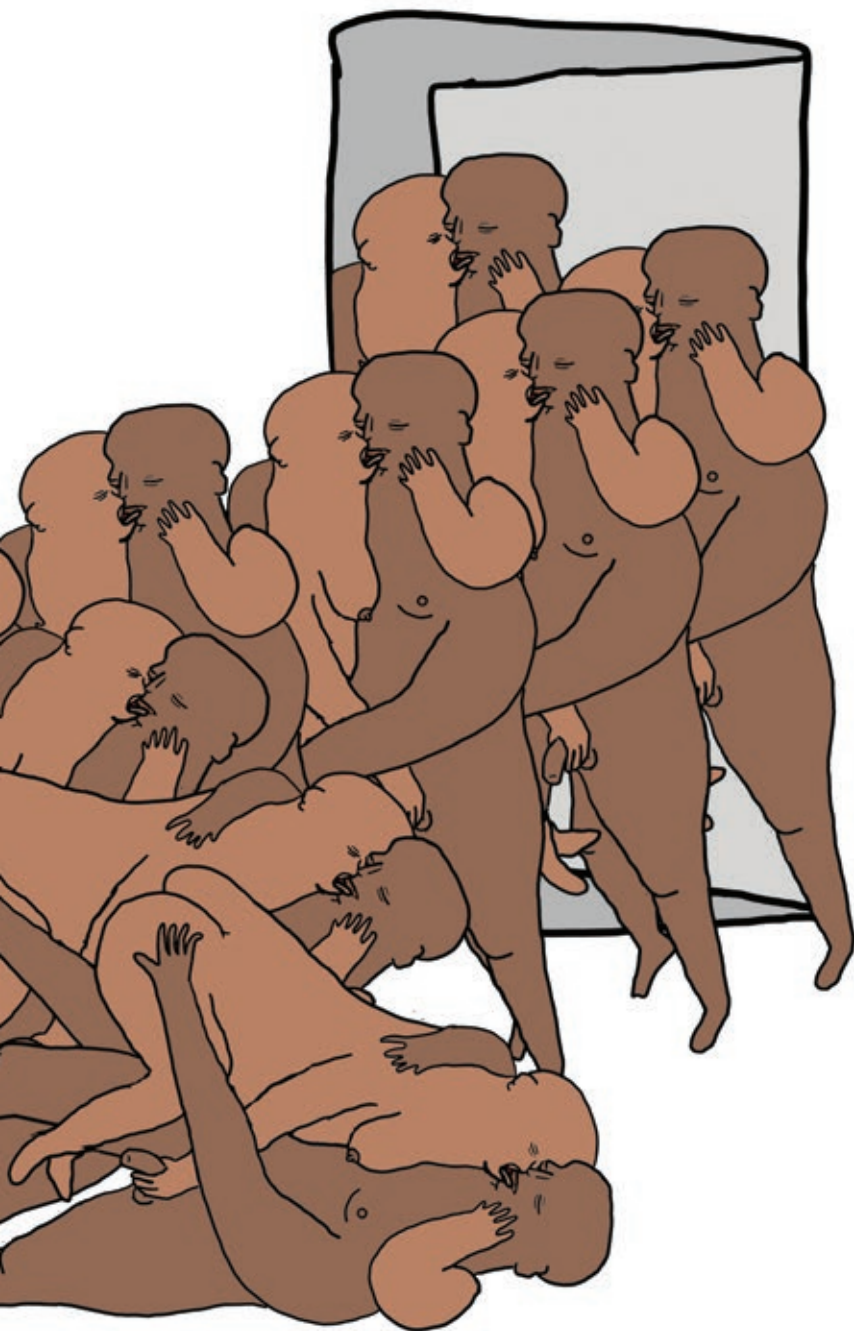
the fuck out of gays, so there was like a taboo/subversive edge to it. I once ate someone's ass in a public pool, fingered someone else's in a cemetery. I probably have way too many public anal stories tbh. It's a regular part of my sex life, from both sides. Straight up it just feels good – anal is a healthy addition [to sex] as far as I'm concerned. Lots of lube, obviously. Try in the shower or bath first if you're nervous, as long as you're a generally hygienic person there isn't too much to worry about anyway. And be slow, relaxed, start small! Get a butt plug, starter ones are pretty cheap and if you're cash strapped there's an NGO Sexy Liberation that'll ship you a couple starter ones (along other basic sex toys) super cheap. Oh, and to lads who would never let anyone near their [own] ass but expect anal from their partners – get the fuck over yourself and let your girlfriend put something in you! Don't give what you can't take.

Chris:

It was my girlfriend's idea actually. There's definitely an appeal because it's a taboo, and I found it pretty hot that my partner would trust me enough to do it. I was really paranoid about hurting her the first time, so I worked up to it for ages with my fingers, and used like half a bottle of lube – I was so slippery that I couldn't even hold the bottle! To be honest, it wasn't for me. We tried it a couple more times to be sure, but in the end I felt like she was mostly doing it for me, and I thought that vag sex just felt better – and required a lot less prep. But while we decided full-on anal sex wasn't for us, we did discover the wonders of a finger up the butt along the way. My advice is work your way up to it – don't go straight for the dick! Put something smaller in there first. It can hurt both parties involved if you dive in unprepared. And of course don't pressure anyone or feel pressured to do anything you don't want to do.

Whether you're gay, straight or in between, everyone can appreciate a nice round bum. The butt trend is a sexual revolution because regardless of what you do in the bedroom, people are more open about anal sex. Taboos are lifting, people are embracing different body types and finally our behinds are getting the attention they deserve. We are a butt-loving, anal-fucking, ass-eating generation and it's fucking great.





CRITIC

TE AROHI

Artwork by Saskia Rushton-Green

SEXY STITCH-UPS

Students Reveal their most embarrassing sex stories

COURTNEY

"So I had been talking to this guy on Tinder for months and we finally met up. We hung out and I couldn't decide if I liked the text version or the live version better, so we met up a few more times. Cue the awkward 'I'm very sober, I haven't had sex for a long time and can't remember if I'm doing this right' sex scene. We move on, talk it out, get past it and start 'seeing' each other on a more regular basis. Now things are starting to get more comfortable between us (but we have probably only spent a few weeks together at this point). So one day I thought "hey let's try something new," and ask him to hit me. He's all good, gets into it, so I push further. "Do it harder". Still fine, maybe a little more careful but I could see that he was enjoying the

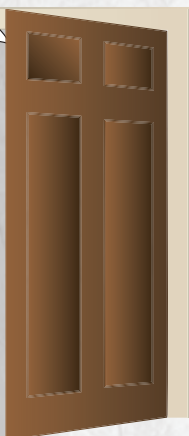
twist. Then I ask him to say that he hates me. He slows down looking slightly concerned. I tell him, "it's ok, it isn't real – it's just role playing". I try to get him to say it, but he keeps saying "no . . . I can't . . . no". His sentences keep breaking and then he eventually says it, but with about as much enthusiasm as someone reciting their times tables. Then he gets all awkward and mutters, "but I can't say that I hate you, because I . . . I love you". And that, my friends, is how the guy I had been seeing for just a few weeks declared his love for me. How romantic, I can't wait to tell the grandkids."

"DO IT HARDER!"

"It's okay it
isn't real"

"but I can't....
I ♥ you"

"isn't it supposed to be
the guy on top?"



FI

"When I was in high school I had a boyfriend who would come round a lot. My parents were generally okay with the 'knock before you enter' thing, but sometimes they seemed to go through periods when they were getting a bit slack. Anyway, you probably know where I'm going with this. One day my dad forgot to knock and walked in. He quickly said "oops!" then ran out and slammed the door – only to reopen it a few seconds later and yell through the crack, "isn't it supposed to be the guy on top?"

SARAH

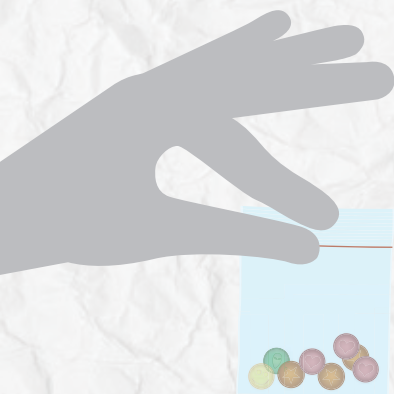
"I took a gap year, and among my travels I stopped over to visit my friend in Korea – and we went a little crazy on the partying. One night I went home with one of her friends who was extremely drunk, to the point where he just fell asleep by the time we got back to the apartment. A few hours later he was back 'in the mood'. It started off not great and only got worse. He couldn't keep it up, the condom kept coming off and I was very quickly becoming far too sober for any of that nonsense. Then the bastard decided to take the condom off without telling me.

Which is just not okay. To top it off, when I tell him that he either has to put on a new one or that it's the end, this guy whispers in my ear (now you have to imagine a very drunk person, with broken English and a seductive tone), "you need to find a new condom so we can have sexy fun time". Nope – that was the end for me. Not enough drinks in the world could fix that one."

"you need to find a new condom so we can have sexy fun time."



Daaaaam!



LUCY

"Picture a fresher in a striped crop top (that's me), drunkenly catching the eye of a tall, dark, and alright-looking guy over a few street-party stragglers. He comes up, throws me some shit chat about how I'm really pulling off the look. I can practically smell his fresher kink. Perfect. We stumble into his flat. He starts to immediately undress me, letting out a soft "damn". He says it again a few times as we get into it, until it changes: "damn... Daniel". He says it again, in time with us

fucking. He points to a pair of sneakers on the floor: "back at it again with the white vans!" He starts giggling uncontrollably and repeats it a few more times, getting more into it and into me. I jump off him; he asks if I want some of his MDMA in between more "damn, Daniels". I refuse, leave, and spend the whole next day researching whether you can ingest drugs through cum."

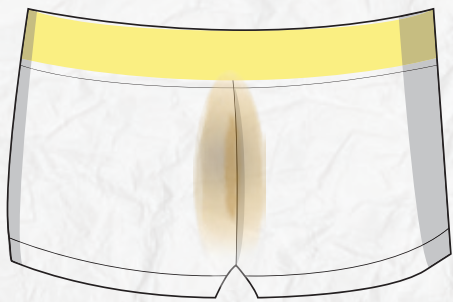
BEN

"I lost my V-plates over the summer, and while nothing too funny happened then, I got a message the other day with the classic "we need to have a chat". Turns out she had gonorrhea when we hooked up, so I fucking hightailed my arse down to Student Health to get a check-up, but because we used protection I was in the clear. I was shitting myself over it, not a pleasant aftermath of finally losing my Vs. I would definitely advocate safe sex!"



LUKE

"I was on a family trip with my girlfriend, and we snuck up to the hills for a bit of wild rumpity bumpity, when all of a sudden my girl loses interest; turns out there's a massive skiddy in my underwear! I've never had that before!"



MICHAELA

"I was visiting family in Sydney and on a night out I went home with a guy who was quite well-to-do. We got to his place, which was a stunning apartment in the city, he clearly had a lot of money and taste. We're getting it on in the lounge when he goes to the bedroom and comes back with a bag of cocaine. Never one to be rude, I politely (eagerly) join him in railing lines, and we resume making out. After a while he disappears off to the bedroom again, this time for much longer. He finally returns dressed in a latex suit, carrying a latex hood (think a full head Catwoman

mask without the ears). Almost apologetically, he asks me to put it on. He's a nice guy, I'm kind of kinky and I'm enjoying the drugs, so I happily comply. After a bunch of latexy sex and a bunch more cocaine, I try to remove the mask – but can't, because I'm all sweaty under there. He tries to help me take it off, but to no avail. In the end, I have to jump into a cold shower wearing the damn thing in order to cool down enough to get it off! Still worth it."

NICK

"When a friend was staying with me in third year just up Queen St, there was this flat party a few houses down. I took this bird back to our place and we were in the bedroom and I was quite drunk, and I thought that my friend who was staying with me had some lube with his stuff – except, unbeknownst to me in the dark, it was actually that mint green shower gel. And I put it on,

and we started going and then I asked her, "do you feel that burning?" (she did). So we had to jump in the shower straight away. And now my mate religiously tags me every year in one of those green shower gel posts."



JOSH

"A mate of mine's flat used to do this competition. It's a bad thing to do, but they'd say "how much for the girl?" and the worse the girl looked, the more points they'd get. It was a Thursday night and there was this really dusty setup that came up, and my mate said to his flatmate, "if you dust this girl, I'll give you 150 points". So he dusts this girl, and wins the week hands down. And there were good prizes to be won, like no cleaning the flat or cooking for a week, that kind of thing.

But the kicker is that he's with that girl now –because he knocked her up that night and they have a kid together. And she was the dustiest setup that they'd ever come across."

150
Points

Mark from Twizel

MARK

"I'm from Twizel and I went to Mt Cook once. There was a girl there who just knew me as "Mark from Twizel" and one thing lead to another. We were getting it on, fucking away, and she was real into it and kept sighing, "ohhh Mark from Twizel! Mark from Twizel!" and it was fucking weird, but I just kept going because sex is sex, amiright?"

HUGH

"When I was 15 getting with my first boyfriend (young and naïve), I was giving him a hand job and he told me to make him cum on his chest. I held his peen a bit too high and it went straight into his eye!"

POLLY

"It was just before my 21st birthday, and out of the blue I got a Facebook message from Matt, my high school crush. I hadn't heard from him in years, but we soon reconnected.

Over the next two weeks we became really close again. Slowly the topics became more sexual. I lied and said that I had been in a previous relationship, where I'd lost my virginity. The truth was I was just as innocent as in high school. It became very clear that we wanted to have sex with each other; he even planned a special dinner for my birthday.

About three weeks before my birthday, I went on Tinder. I was determined to lose my virginity before Matt arrived, and try to gain some 'skills'. I slept with a random. It wasn't great. The worse part was somehow losing the condom halfway through. I was furious! I thought he had taken it off. So I kicked him out. The next day I got the ECP and eventually forgot about it.

Three weeks later on my birthday, Matt arrived. All my flatmates were aware of the situation. They agreed to postpone my birthday celebration and promised not to be in the flat that evening. On the date at La Porchetta, everything was going magically.

Matt briefly mentioned how he was meeting with my brother, Tom, the next day. I already knew this because Tom was going to stay on my couch. I'd told Tom where the spare key was, as I would be working when he arrived.

Eventually we went back to my flat and Matt and I started making out. I took him to my bedroom and we undressed each other. We were completely naked and he started going down on me. I heard the front door open, and just assumed one of my flatmates had forgotten something. Matt started poking me. But he stopped and gave me a strange look. I asked "is everything ok?" and he responded "are you on your period?" "No?" I said, and he pulled a strange piece of plastic out of my vagina – the condom I'd lost three weeks ago. Just then, Tom opened my bedroom door; he paused for a moment in shock and slammed the door. He had arrived a day early."



THAT ONE TIME I REALISED IT WASN'T JUST A BAD SEX EXPERIENCE, IT WAS ASSAULT

CONTENT WARNING:
SEXUAL ASSAULT, COERCION

Not long ago I was sitting down with a friend talking about exes and past flings, which led to sharing sex stories.

“Okay,” I asked, “what was the worst sex you’ve had?” He told me about the time he was losing his virginity and the girl’s ex-boyfriend walked in on them mid-act.

“Your turn, what was your worst?” he asked. I thought about it for a moment. It felt like there were many, but I couldn’t recall the worst straight away. “Um, well just the typical three-pump-and-done, “oh you didn’t cum?” kind of sex,” I said. “Had that once or twice, a partner who doesn’t really care whether they satisfied you or not.” All of a sudden the memory I had felt was right there but eluding me earlier rushed to the forefront of my mind.

“Wait no, I’ve got my worst one,” I said, and proceeded to tell the story.

I was asleep in bed and this guy came into my room and woke me up. We’d had a ‘thing’ a little while ago, and he was friends with some of my friends. We’d had really bad sex once before and then our ‘thing’ fizzled out. I hadn’t spoken to him in a few months. It was 3 am and he was drunk. He told me (yes – told, not asked) that he was sleeping in my bed tonight because he couldn’t be bothered walking back to his flat. He climbed into my bed and lay there. We ended up having sex and halfway through while he was INSIDE ME he started musing aloud, saying things like “I am getting older you know, I should probably start thinking about settling down, having some kids. Maybe I should settle down with you, bet you’d be a good mum”.

This dude, who I had been on one date with, was telling me mid-sex that I should have his kids. But here’s the thing. That is not really the story of what happened that night. In the interest of keeping our conversation funny and light-hearted, I’d left out the parts that had made me feel a bit icky, the parts that didn’t quite sit right with me.

Here is the full, unedited version of what happened that night. It is far less funny. Lying in my bed with this guy next to me, I tried to get to sleep. He seemed to have other plans, despite insisting earlier that he wasn't here for sex, just to cuddle. He started kissing and touching me. I rolled over and tried to ignore it, making jokes that he was breaking his promises to let me sleep. He ignored those comments. He shuffled down the bed under the sheets and started giving me oral sex. I hadn't asked for it. After a bit he stopped and said, "are you even all good with me doing this?"

The truth is, I wasn't. I didn't want him in my bed, I'd told him I didn't want to have sex and only wanted to sleep, but he had ignored that. He had already started giving me oral without asking permission, seemingly not giving a shit whether I wanted it or not. He took it upon himself to assume that if he pleased me I would be okay with it. Now, I can hear the trolls already: "yeah, but you didn't stop him because you obviously wanted it"; "yeah, but then you said yes, so he didn't do anything wrong". And that's true, I did say yes. When he eventually asked me if I was okay with him doing these things to me, I said "yes, it is fine". We went on to have the awkward 'having-kids-talk' sex I mentioned earlier. I had always believed I had never been raped

"I'D LEFT OUT THE PARTS THAT HAD MADE ME FEEL A BIT ICKY"

or assaulted. I have always given my consent to have sex or engage in sexual activities, therefore I haven't been harmed, I have just had some bad experiences, right? So why do I look back on some memories and feel violated, and regretful that I didn't stand up for myself more?

I related to stories from the #metoo movement and the comments from so many others who said that they were worn down, were afraid of saying no because of their upbringing, and felt obliged to let sex happen either because of uneven power dynamics, or because the situation was so bizarre they didn't know how else to respond. Those icky feelings I had about the situation, feelings I continue to have today when I look back at that encounter, were feelings of violation, of humiliation, of my power being taken away from me.

"WHAT WE ARE RARELY
TAUGHT IS THAT CONSENT
ISN'T JUST THE ABSENCE
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PRESSURE OR COERCION
OF ANY KIND"

We are raised with this idea that rape and assault is what happens when you are kicking and screaming “no,” and someone pins you down and has at you anyway. What we are rarely taught is that consent isn’t just the absence of a no. Consent should be freely and enthusiastically given, without pressure or coercion of any kind, and both parties must be in a state where they are capable of consenting. Consent cannot be given if you are unconscious, if you are blackout drunk, if you are asleep, if you feel threatened or intimidated, and it sure as shit should never be assumed by either party. Just because someone seems to be getting pleasure or enjoyment out of an act, does not mean that you had the right to perform that act in the first place, if you did not ask. Having had consensual sex in the past does not mean you are entitled or obliged to have sex again. And finally, giving consent to one act, i.e. saying yes to touching or oral, does not grant consent to more graduated activities

I said yes, but I didn’t want to. I said yes, not because I freely and enthusiastically wanted to have sex, but because I was tired, worn down, and felt as though I didn’t have a choice either way. I think back to his mouth on me, and to that night, and I cringe, I squirm, I feel nauseated at the whole experience. That is not consensual sex. And it sure as hell is not just an embarrassing sex story.



Aquarius:
Jan 20 – Feb 18

Recommended Sex Position: The dick owner is on the bottom of the bed, and the vagina owner on the top, at like a 45 degree angle, and they have their legs up “propping,” so they’re the one who determines the thrust, then the dick owner joins in, apparently dick owners will come pretty fast



Pisces:
Feb 19 – Mar 20

On Friday your red and purple chakras will align, and you'll be salmon-ing in and out of the sheets like a vibrator with a new battery! **Recommended Sex Position:** Soaking (google it)



Aries:
Mar 21 – Apr 19

This week is a week of recovery for broken bones, hearts and egos. You are also gonna cook a mean lasagne on Sunday night, be sure not to burn your roux. **RSP – The Sixty Niner**



Taurus:
Apr 20 – May 20

It's time to get back on the horse Taurus (not literally, perverts). **RSP:** Orbiting Cow Girl – do cow girl and then slowly start shuffling, in a circle, once you build up momentum bring your limbs in, and just spin



Gemini:
May 21 – Jun 20

Look for the moon on Tuesday night, it'll get you zinging for Wednesday when you'll google some new sex positions but be really disappointed at how heteronormative Google is. **RSP:** The Randy Raft



Cancer:
Jun 21 – July 22

You've become rather money-oriented of late, which has done wonders for your pocket, but been a devil for your face. **RSP:** Enthusiastic Missionary.



Leo:
July 23 – Aug 22

This week is gonna try and sidetrack you from your goals. Remember you're the king of the jungle, all you need is a little something to get you on your way. **RSP:** Chardonnay.



Virgo:
Aug 23 – Sept 22

Your Sex Horoscope is heavily determined by the evening rainfall this week. Enough rain to get you to that someone special's bed and keep you there: (RSP) golden showers all around.



Libra:
Sept 23 – Oct 22

You're a soft, supportive friend. There when everyone needs you. Going places no one else will go. It's a tough life, but this week, with the absence of a full moon, things should be easier. **RSP:** Regular, for a light flow.



Scorpio:
Oct 23 – Nov 21

Love is not your forte. That's ok, ruining other people's love is. Just this once, instead of jumping on your BFF's ex, asap, try having a conversation with the bloke first. **RSP:** The French Press – slowly going in four to five times for maximum flavour.



Sagittarius:
Nov 22 – Dec 21

You are going to have soft to medium sex this week. You are also going to need to buy new shoes due to a totally unrelated incident. **RSP –** Some half-hearted sideways missionary.



Capricorn:
Dec 22 – Jan 19

Whatever signs you think the universe is giving you to get with your lecturer/professor, don't. **RSP:** Tantric Tête-à-Tête.

SUDOKU

Easy

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Medium

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5								

Hard

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FILBERT COMICS

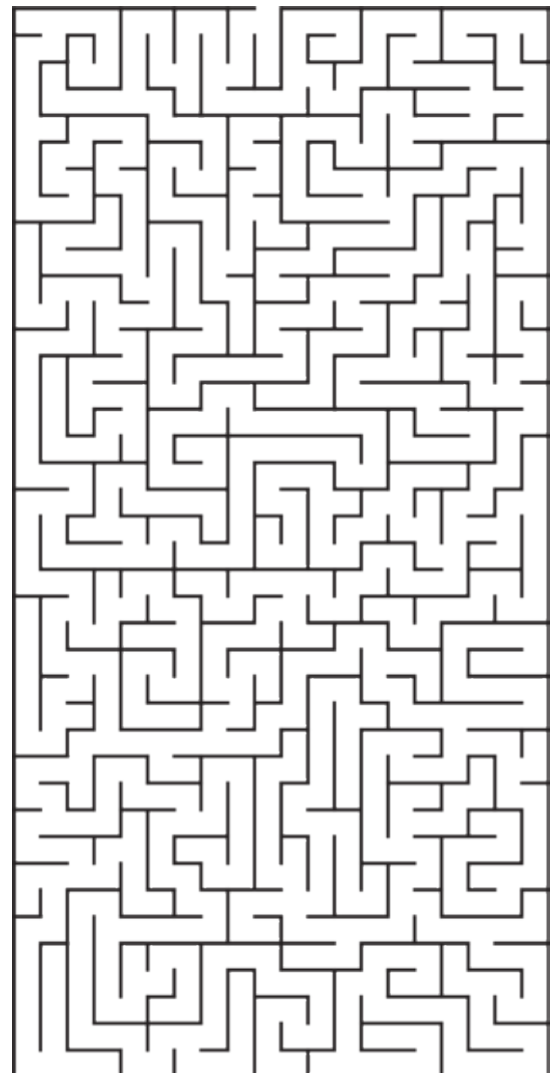


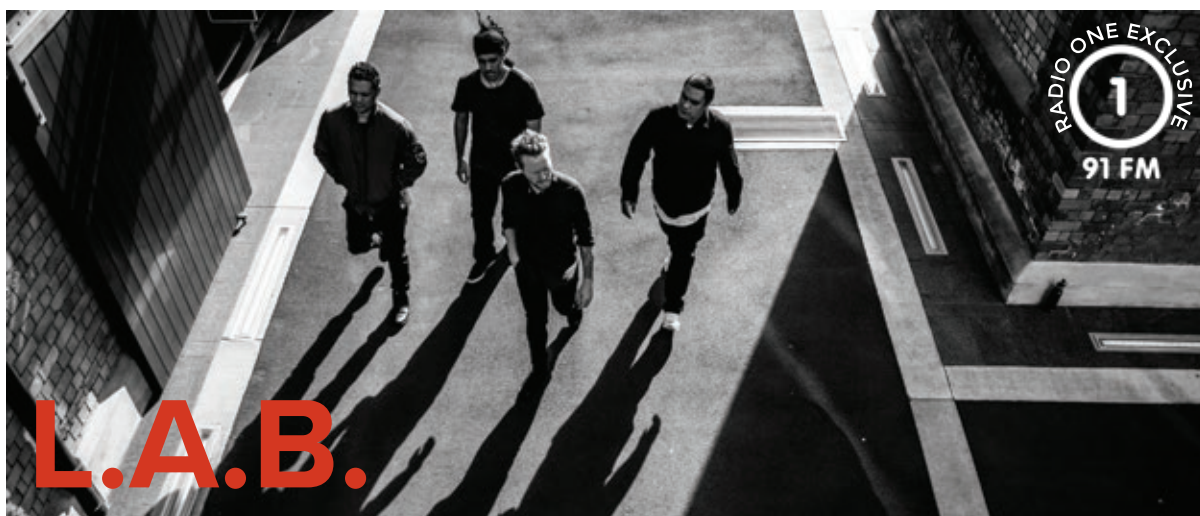
By: L. A. Bonté



For more comics visit FilbertCartoons.com

THE MAZE





– THE NEW KINGS OF KIWI REGGAE

Interview by Jamie Green
Words by Joel MacManus

L.A.B. is a supergroup with about as much pedigree as it's possible to have in the New Zealand music scene. Combining the legendary Kora brothers Brad (drums) and Stu (guitar, keyboard), with Ara Adams-Tamatea of Katchafire on bass, and young talent Joel Shadbolt on lead vocals and guitar, they've been tearing up the live music scene up and down the country, and just released their self-titled debut album in December.

Although he admits being in the industry for so long meant he had made connections that allowed them to “cut a few corners,” Brad Kora says the album release was still “a really surreal moment.”

Having “pretty much” left Kora (Brad returned to drum for a couple of shows this summer), the guys have been able to dedicate themselves full-time to L.A.B. and make music which they describe as “the same [but] somewhat different at the same time.”

In making the new album, Brad said he was “kinda wanting to take the music back to the old school a little more and wanting to keep the instruments as raw as possible. We’ve got all kinds of different styles, be it R&B, blues, reggae and soul. All four members had to be happy with each song and sound. It just kinda worked out. It could have been one of those things that was just total crap or it could be awesome, you know?”

They recorded at Wellington’s Surgery Studio with “Maestro” Dr Lee Prebble.

“The thing about Prebble is he likes to have that real vintage, in the moment kind of sound, and we knew he could deliver. He knew exactly what we wanted.”

Being predominantly a live band, spending so long in a studio was something Brad admits he was worried about. “You can get great studio artists and put them on stage and they’re a vegetable, or you can get great live acts and put them in a studio and the dynamics aren’t there.”

At the end of the day, the power of L.A.B. comes from their authenticity. “With this band, there’s no real act in our characters as people, and hopefully that’s what comes across in our music, just that this is what you get. The guys are pretty straight up, they were just like, “man, this is what we’re in to. If you like it, jump on the boat with us and come for a swim, you know?”

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Gordon Walters *Painting No.1 1965* (detail). PVA on hardboard.
Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tamaki. Courtesy of the Gordon Walters Estate ▶

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POLE DANCING: LIKE DANCING, BUT ON A POLE

By Joel MacManus

"You guys are sissies. I guess that's why guys don't give birth." Valerie from "Pole With Val" pole dancing studio has no pity for our complaints of skin burn. "Sometimes it burns, but that's life."

Val is a postgraduate student who has been training in pole dancing and pole fitness for the last eight years before launching her own studio this year.

She teaches both basic pole dancing and Cardio Pole, a fitness class with pole-assisted workouts.

We went along to try out a class with Val and while it certainly didn't feel sexy, swinging around on a pole is incredibly fun.

"You feel really out of place at the start," she told us "you don't know what you're doing and it feels weird."

The trick is locking your arms and shoving your hips out in front of you as if you're just at the end of a thrust. It keeps your weight forward so your momentum drives you around the pole, not crashing you into the side of it. Once I figured that out I stopped smashing the side of my body into the pole and started actually swinging, which was cool.

We went through the basic moves – the sticky-out legs one, the kneeling thrusty one, the pretending you're sitting down one (OK, I forgot most of the names).

According to Val, "girls take longer to get it sometimes because they don't have as much upper body strength as guys, but there's not been a single person who's too weak to pole, and nobody has been too overweight to pole".

Once we started to pick it up a bit more (Val said I was "a natural" #humblebrag) she even suggested that we try two people spinning on the same pole, but then changed her mind because "you might smash into each other". Perhaps we weren't as good as we thought.

For Val, Pole is a sport and a hobby, but she still feels the stigma of pole dancing being the realm of strip clubs. "The moment you start the class, you know it's not going to be a sexual experience, but getting here is the hard part. It doesn't help that it's right next to the brothel and right under Stilettos."

"It's surprising, I think if people have come even once, they lose all the stigma." In fact, Val even hosts a regular "Mum and Kids" class; if that's not escaping the stigma I don't know what is.

Having pole danced for an hour, I can't say it felt erotic at all. It was half like playing around on some children's playground equipment, and half just genuinely exhausting workout.

Student prices at Pole with Val start at \$5 for an open class.

Library Lust

An Erotic Fantasy of Passion and ENGL121

I could feel his eyes on me. Glancing over, again and again, thinking that I wouldn't notice. Or, thinking that I would.

"Look, neither of us are getting any study done if you keep staring at me like that."

He huffed, and lay his head down on the table, staring up at me. His eyes were clouded with exhaustion, but mischievous.

"I can feel the stress coming off you in waves. You need to let off some steam."

"Uh, no shit, but the library isn't the most relaxing space."

He leaned back in his chair, and furtively looked around. He looked back at me and said lowly, "remember when we talked about our fantasies?"

My eyes widened, and I understood exactly what he meant. He motioned down under the desk with his head, and I slowly nodded. I turned my head and tried to act as nonchalant as I could, which is difficult when there is suddenly a head between your thighs.

I mean, yeah, everyone talks about having secret sex in the library, but I didn't think anyone actually did it. Thank fuck I wore a skirt, I thought, as his hands trailed

feather-light patterns inside my thighs, shaking ever so slightly. I didn't expect this exhibitionist side to him, but then again, I was surprised at my own eagerness. Warm fingers tugged at my underwear and I tried to shift my hips as subtly as I could. I heard – no, felt – him chuckle, his breath a quick puff on my already sensitive clit. I let him gently push my thighs wider apart, inviting him in further. Usually, I was the one to take charge, but he knew I loved this gentle, commanding side of his, giving me what I wanted, but at his own pace. His painstakingly slow, but tantalising pace.

"You know, if you want direction, apparently you're supposed to trace the alphabet when you do this. That's kind of studying. Language, I guess," I teased.

"Haha, fuck off."

"Isn't that what you're supposed to be doing to me?"

His tongue answered my question, lightly swirling my clit, that tight bundle of nerves already betraying my response. I bit my lip, containing a moan. That excitement, tinged with the nervousness of being in public, seemed to be exactly my aphrodisiac. I gripped my pen tightly, hoping to fuck that no one walked past. Or maybe I hoped someone would?

TOP 10 TINDER TIPS

By 'The Girl With The Diamond Tattoo'

As a certified Tinder veteran, you better believe I have some stories. What's better than some unwarranted advice? Take it from me, because I certainly wish someone had given me this list when I was a Tinder novice. Follow these tried and tested tips and soon you may hit the jackpot and get lucky in love. Or, like me, you will be left dusty on the shelf in a vicious cycle of right swipes and unmatcheds. May the odds be ever in your favour, my protégés.

1

Don't let them tattoo you. It's a hard no from me. Unless you want to be left with a shitty stick n' poke that will forever be mentioned in every never have I ever game for the next four years of your university career.

2

If they are a med/law/dent student, run. Otherwise, every waking moment will be spend trying to justify your BA to them in vain, while they talk about job prospects and money and shit you can only dream of.

3

Don't match with someone on your course. You'll inevitably see them in lectures/the library/the supermarket/ waiting for the toilet and want to swiftly gouge your eyes out and grow your virginity back. Or you'll end up sitting next to them in class and think about that embarrassing pickup lines you sent while drunk. Not worth it.

4

Don't rematch. It's tempting, but for the love of god move on. It's awkward for all involved, and you'll either have to pretend you don't know each other or have to give a painful explanation about survival of the fittest.

5

Don't match a fresher. Unless you are a fresher. It will result in giving course advice to a fresh faced 18 year old like the old age pensioner you really are. Fucking them won't make you younger, so stop trying to drink from their fountain of youth in an attempt to relive the glory days.

6

Put an animal on your profile. As long as it's not a dead pig. If you have a dog it is scientifically proven that you are 176% more bangable. Just don't let the dog swallow the condom when it gets thrown on the floor. Watching a dog shit out a condom is not a pretty sight.

7

If someone messages you "hey" and nothing else, unmatched them. Conversely, if YOU message someone "hey", you need to take a long, hard look in the mirror. Then question what the fuck happened for you to a) end up this way and b) inflict it on to unsuspecting tinder folks.

8

Don't have pictures of the insanely hot. That includes your siblings/mates/exes/random strangers (the list goes on). People will either be intimidated or think you're fucking them. Or both.

9

Have a funny bio, let that stellar personality shine through. But if it says 'here for a good time, not a long time' then you need to get a grip. Its tinder, that's kind of the point.

10

Most importantly, don't be a dick. Oh, and stay safe.

There ya have it folks, all of my wisdom now belongs to you. At least now when you drop out you can say you aced one thing at uni. Mum, I hope you are proud

WOMEN YOU SHOULD KNOW.

Sor Juana Ines de la Cruz.

So a few months ago my flatmate started watching this mini-series on Netflix called "Juana Inés," about a badass babe from San Miguel Nepantla, New Spain, with a serious flair for poetry and a habit for calling misogynistic men OUT.

Imagine my glee when I turned to Google and found out this gritty character was a real person. YESSSSSSSSSS.

Juana Inés de la Cruz went through the wars to come out with dozens of writings/books/poetry touching upon love, justice and feminism.

BASICALLY, HERE'S WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW:

She used to hide in the Hacienda chapel to read her grandfather's books even though it was forbidden for girls.

By five she could do accounts.

By 13 she taught Latin to young children.

At 12 she went to Mexico City to be a lady in waiting at the colonial viceroy's court.

Here she schooled everyone who challenged her intelligence, including a big ol' gang of men (theologians, jurists, philosophers, and poets) who wished to question her on the spot.

Of course, she whipped them all.

She eventually became a nun so she could study.

Despite criticism of her writings, she continued to be AWESOME until her death.

Her poetry in general is hot stuff. Get this woman on your reading list and no doubt she'll immediately be on your list of role models.

"You batter her resistance down
and then, all righteousness, proclaim
that feminine frivolity,
not your persistence, is to blame."



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Lesbian? Gay?
Hetroflexible?
Dunno?**

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ARCADE THEATRE HITS ALL THE RIGHT BUTTONS

By Kate Skinner

Arcade Theatre, a new theatre company focused on student and youth productions, is already striking a chord in the Dunedin theatre scene.

Artistic Director Alex Wilson, who is completing his Masters in political theatre (yes, that's a real thing), said, "We want to enable these artists to stay in Dunedin after their studies and allow the city to benefit from the hotbed of talent. That comes through the Department of Music, Theatre and the Performing Arts".

Arcade Theatre is the second successful company from Wilson, who also founded Counterpoint Productions in 2012, as an undergrad theatre student. Counterpoint had a successful record of plays, and racked up a total of 13 award nominations in the Dunedin Theatre Awards over four years.

Arcade Theatre's four-show 2018 season began with Jo Randerson's "FOLD," which was met with critical acclaim from the Otago Daily Times, Theatre Review, and Critic.

Mixing nauseating unease with unexpected bursts of satirical humour, "FOLD" is a dark kiwi comedy, perfect for fans of Netflix's *Black Mirror*. With a content warning, it's definitely not for the faint-hearted, addressing themes

such as sexual assault, violence, abandonment, disability and mental health issues.

Directed by Alex Wilson, "FOLD" introduces the audience to five acquaintances who love nothing more than exchanging random presents, talking about nothing in particular and listening to elevator music. All topics meet the same fate; a gut-wrenchingly long pause, broken with hysterical laughter and inappropriate jokes.

The actors work seamlessly together. Their impeccably synchronized reactions really enhance the robotic effect of the characters.

Conversational topics range from rape – "Oh it doesn't exist it, if you don't let it" – to a luxurious holiday tainted by "unhygienic starving Africans".

Their privilege and pretension continued to haunt my thoughts: "surely people that heartless don't actually exist . . . Oh shit, maybe I am that person".

But for all theatre, sociology and philosophy students, "FOLD" has more than enough material to ace your upcoming essays. Even the skin crawling set includes static television screens and dirty white furniture.

Alex says his aim is to "push the boat out a little further in terms of the type of theatre we want to produce. We want the focus to not just be on producing work that involves and relates to people our age, but also to focus on providing a theatrical experience".

Up next for Arcade Theatre include performances of "The First Time" by Courtney Rose Brown, an award-winning new drama that examines the highs and lows of women coming of age in New Zealand, and "The Lieutenant of Inishmore" by Martin McDonagh, an acerbic Irish comedy sure to send you reaching for your hip flask.

Finally, Abby Howells' "Attila the Hun" will be presented as part of Arts Festival Dunedin 2018. This fast-paced comedy is set in a late night burger restaurant operated by a hapless crew of wastrels, including one who believes he is the legendary warrior, Attila the Hun.

Arcade Theatre is on the look out for actors, designers, technicians and producers. Open auditions will be held on the 7th of April, to register your interest email hello@arcadetheatre.co

Mr Sandler, Bring Me a Dream



A weekly review of every single bloody Adam

Sandler film: **Happy Gilmore**

We are literally only four weeks into this column and I must admit, I'm starting to feel defeated. I genuinely do not understand him. Half of me believes that he is the greatest mastermind of all time, producing the same slightly altered content to rake in the money, and the other half believes that he genuinely thinks his films are hilarious, and that he's struck a goldmine of film. The thought of him in a bathtub full of cash planning his next feature film (which I believe will be an autobiographical film shot in the style of *The Nutty Professor*, in which he will play every single character) has been keeping me awake at night. Maybe I started off too strong with his films; maybe I need to draw myself back to classic Sandman.

I feel like a fake Sandler fan when I admit that I've never watched *Happy Gilmore* – one of his most famous works of art, one that has blessed generations. The film revolves around a hockey-loving dude named Happy, who is not any good at hockey apart from his amazing swing (and we ain't talking about *Savage* here). Happy finds out that his family home is getting repossessed and needs money fast, which he gains through golf tournaments. The film then follows his career, rivalries, love life, eventual selling out and so much more. It will make you laugh, it will make you cry, it will make you question everything in life.

From an outsider's perspective, I think what I love about this film is how genuinely Sandler is it. It's probably the purest form of Sandler comedy. We have a young, fresh-faced

By Henessey Griffiths

Sandman who just wants to have a laugh and make stupid jokes and goof around a lot. The whole humour behind the film is remedial and childlike, but so whimsical that you can't help but laugh. Like most Sandler films, there are points at which you think "is this really necessary? Does this enhance the plot in some way?" but it doesn't even matter. What matters is that we see Sandler happy (haha get it?). He seems like he's genuinely into the film and the idea behind it, and doesn't look as tired and worn out as he does in some of his other films.

I feel like you almost can't judge the film for the film itself, but rather the overall experience. Even if the plot line is a bit shit, the film brings so much nostalgia and joy to those watching. It was produced in the golden era of Sandler films when we still actually wanted to see him on our screens. All he wanted was to make audiences laugh with a bit of fart-humour and some minor misogyny. *Happy Gilmore* will always remain timeless, serving as the quintessential "I hate Adam Sandler but like that one film he does with the golf" film. This film made me feel happy, imagining the joy that he would've had coming up with the basic script and just getting to freestyle his way through life. Maybe there is hope for Adam Sandler after all. However, I'm still going to form a Kickstarter so I can punch Adam Sandler in the face.

P.S. In case you were wondering – you can Netflix and Chill to an Adam Sandler film. It's just weird hearing "tap, tap, tap it in" while in the middle of making out x

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Booze Review



Haägen

We're doing Haägen because a bunch of tradies are following our reviews and rip into us for being yuppie wankers whenever we talk shit about one of their favourites. This one's for you, fuckers.

Haägen is apparently German for "we fucked up". It's a big, fat phony because it's brewed in East Tamaki despite the umlaut over the second "a" and the fucking German flag and cross right on the label (seriously – isn't that false advertising or something?).

To be honest, I'm kind of glad Haägen turned out not to be German. They've done some bad things over there, but this would be without question their worst. Haägen is a straight up war crime.

On the nose you pick up a skunk of smoke and burnt plastic. The initial drops on the tongue are heavy on corn flakes, dust, mouldy bread, honey and plastic. In the words of ratebeer. com it "leaves one of the worst aftertastes that I have ever encountered - it is like licking a honey-coated ashtray. This beer is awful. Too many flaws to list. This is one of the worst beers I have ever had. Ever."

I mean, sure. Dollars per standard, it's pretty good. It's a staple beer at any outlet, but it's also worse than literally every other staple beer. If you rock up to the party with a box of Haägen, people will do a scene by scene remake of "The Great Escape". The people that make this shit also do Ranfurly Draught,

By Swilliam Shakesbeer

so that says a lot about their brewing ability. Fuck, Flames are cheaper AND are a percentage higher.

Actually, you know what. Fuck it. Everyone just drink Flames until next week.

Tasting Notes: That time your dad gave you a beer before you liked beer + that time your dad made you smoke a whole ciggy to turn you off them.

Pairs well with: Generally being a fucking moron with no sense of taste, smell, or self-worth.





Dr Nick

The love hormone?

By Dr Nick

Oxytocin is a hormone produced by the posterior lobe of the pituitary gland; a hormone-producing gland that is located at the base of the brain. In recent years it has been referred to as the “love” hormone, the “cuddle” hormone, and just about everything else positive under the sun.

But is this reputation warranted? Probably not.

For a start, the process that oxytocin is most involved in is childbirth; something that, as a man in my mid 20s, I am fucking terrified of. In this process, oxytocin is involved in a positive feedback cycle, where stretching of the birth canal stimulates the release of oxytocin. This stimulates more contraction of the uterus, pushing a fetus closer towards the outside world, stretching the birth canal more, which releases more oxytocin, and so on. This process leads to the delivery of one milk-sucking parasite, one exhausted woman, a bed often full of faeces and strange fluids, and (wait for it) vaginal tears.

Oxytocin redeems itself a little in its role in breastfeeding. In this process the stimulation of the nipple by a newborn stimulates the release of breast milk from the breast. It is known that breast feeding can help encourage bonding between mother and ex-fetus, though it would be simplistic to attribute this all to oxytocin.

Oxytocin is also associated with other social behaviours. Levels of oxytocin are generally found to be higher post-orgasm, and after socialising with friends. However, in studies involving animals, oxytocin levels were raised when animals were separated from their partners, which confuses the picture somewhat.

This is all to say that oxytocin is probably involved in love, romance, and other positive emotions. But to call it the love hormone is simply naïve. More likely, it is one piece of the puzzle of love, but by no means the end of the puzzle.



Food Review

Cadbury Crème Egg

By Cameron De Leijer

Many believe that the art of painting hard boiled eggs in spring time was a pagan ritual that represented new life, fertility and rebirth. Many others believe that Christians stole the ritual, rebranded it and related it to the resurrection of Christ. Others suspect, thanks to da Vinci's painting, that Saint Peter was actually a rabbit, and that The Hare Club for Men has been painting eggs to keep this secret for millennia, hence eggs at Easter. Whatever the truth is we are left with two great outcomes, hot cross buns and chocolate Easter eggs.

It only takes one look down the supermarket aisle around the start of March to have any chocolate lover screaming with the delight that usually accompanies orgasm. It's the equivalent of checking your balance at the pub and realising that Studylink has paid you early due to a public holiday.

The first chocolate Easter egg was introduced in England in 1873 by JS Fry and Son, with over 80 million being sold each year. It was difficult to choose just one to review but I finally settled on the Cadbury creme egg.

This creme egg was made right here in Dunedin up until 2009. Then production moved to some shithole called Austria, wait no, Australia, and the size decreased by 1g. More changes were in store for our once perfect little egg: the filling changed from a nice, runny lube-like texture, to an almost solid hunk of Vaseline. The 'shell' of the egg is made up of milk chocolate, yet can come in many varieties. In Canada, a caramilk creme egg was once sold, as well as a white chocolate version being sold in the UK. We were never treated with such glory in New Zealand, because God hates us.

Taste Rating: 6.9/10 (not as good as the old creme egg)

Pairs well with: Diabetes, waking up extremely excited as a kid, tooth decay, Speight's ('cause I mean, what doesn't?)



Dunedin Flat Names Project

Sarah Gallagher | CC BY NC | Dunedin Flat Names Project | www.dunedinflatnames.co.nz

Signs of Sex

By Sarah Gallagher

There is a prevalent sexual theme running through the history of Dunedin's named flats, though on analysis it is a minority. No doubt the thematic vein of possibilities has not been thoroughly mined.

The sexual references in flat names tend broadly to people's bits, things related to those bits, doing things with those bits with other people's bits, and pronouncing the flat as a venue where one could expect this kind of desirous activity to take place. But listen up, one must never assume, "no means no, a kiss is not a contract," and neither is a sign over your door (e.g. The Slut Box, Hoe-tel, The Brothel, Route 69, The Palace of Phallus).

Sometimes there's a bit of clever innuendo, double entendre or rhythmic rhyming in sex-related flat names, like The Cock and Swallow or Frottage Cottage, but more often than not, it's really quite obvious what the name implies. One clear intersection with some names is references to alcohol, such as with Libidoes Bar and Grill, or Dicken's Cider House. In other cases it's also the materials used to create the sign that add to the story – bed heads are good for this and have been used in a few flats like Bedrock and The Changing Rooms.

On occasion names have caused offence to members of the campus community and the public – the Cuntry Club and Bird Watchers come to mind. Scott Eady arrived in Dunedin in 2002 to take up the Frances Hodgkins Fellowship that year, and on his way into town, he was greeted by a host of ripe signs hanging out on student flats. First horrified, then deeply amused, these names became the muse for his Fellowship. Eady's work, exhibited under the title "Signs," deliberately highlighted the more attention grabbing flat names that were around North Dunedin at the time. To further highlight, and in some cases, illuminate, their fairly blatant sexual messages and notions of masculinity, he rebuilt the homemade signs on a grand scale, using commercial materials and sometimes neon, to draw attention to the name and what it implied.

One of his most impressive interpretations was that of "The Greasy Beaver Lodge," a huge illuminated sign in a steel frame accompanied by a larger polyester resin beaver. The sculptural work is part of the Hocken Collections and, in 2016, was part of the exhibition "Undreamed of 50 years of the Frances Hodgkins Fellowship". The Greasy Beaver Lodge will live on in the record of New Zealand's art history, one of the many named flats in Dunedin that inspired the artist's Fellowship. In April 2016 the name reappeared after a more than 10 year hiatus – check it out on the corner of Dundas and Great King Streets.



Auntie Kell and Mumma Zo

The definitive guide to talking about the sex that you or other people are having

By Zoe Taptiklis-Haymes and Kelly Davenport

Here's the thing with sex – like most things you will do in your life, it's going to be good, it's going to be bad, and it will often seem like a good idea when you're drunk. But, just like getting sex advice from your well-meaning father, you don't need to always take it that seriously.

Of course, we encourage and endorse any beliefs (religious or not) that you have around the reasons for having sex – unless of course it promotes non-consensual sex. Because as we all know, non-consensual sex is both illegal and not cool.

While talking about sex, we like to bring up what is maybe the 11th or 9th commandment – do unto others as thy would do unto thyself. If you're planning to ask for oral, offer to reciprocate first.

When talking about the sex that you and other people are having, it is important to maintain privacy. Remember privacy is a shared responsibility. For example, if someone hacked my phone, they would be invading both my privacy, but also the privacy of all those who message me. Same goes with contraception – be responsible for yourself, and never assume your Sekthual Partner is prepared. Assumptions make an ass out of you and me. And it may seem like a distant possibility, but both parties can/ should eventually reach orgasm. If you're struggling on sharing these responsibilities, Sleeping With Other People provides an insightful and educational tutorial on orgasms, with a BONUS feature-length film.

Another important thing to note when advising on how to talk about sex is: knowing what the bits are called. Vagina is pronounced Va GY Nah. Penis is pronounced PEEE NISS. Boobs are pronounced BOOBS. Clitoris is pronounced CLE TAURUS. Nah, we're just twisting your nipple. Nipples are a delightful erogenous zone to start talking about because most people have at least two nipples, and it's only fair to start on an even playing field.

While advising on sex, remember that just because you offer up nuggets of pleasurable truth, it doesn't mean your advice has to be taken.

We advise you to advise to begin on a bed, appreciate the moment, and most of all smile! (smiling does two things a) make your partner fall in love with you, b) lets your partner know you're having a good time).

Aroha nui,

Your Aunties here at Scarfie_Fitspo



Two Tails of Love



The hopeful lovers on the Critic Blind Date are provided with a meal and a bar tab, thanks to the Dog With Two Tails. If you're looking for love and want to give the Blind Date a go, email critic@critic.co.nz

Nakia

I've heard some tragic stories about these blind dates, but what's the worst thing that could happen, right? After months of good old peer pressure from the girls, I thought I'd spice up my life and finally gave in.

I made quite the entrance when my friend dropped me off outside the octagon, blasting "Pony" on the highest volume imaginable. Having done a few shots just before, I really didn't need that extra attention. It was so embarrassing, but I still love her 'cause it was a good laugh.

I walk in and see him in the corner. There he was, with his jet black hair and a gaze that could undress a girl. I realised that the Bacardi was hitting me very hard by that point, but once we got talking, everything rolled smoothly. The night is a slight blur in general, but it turned out that he studies law and plays rugby. As we sipped our glasses of wine, a sensual saxophone solo came on. He went on to show off a saucy tattoo he got done this summer. Kinky.

I bit my lip at the thought of how this night was going to end. I was almost persuaded that fuckboys are worth a one-night stand. The sexual tension was rising as the place got darker and warmer. He caught my gaze a few times and I gave in to the flirting.

Two juicy absinthe drinks later, we decided to head out towards the octagon. Nearly making it past the corner, he suddenly pulled me closer and gave me a sensual grin. Drawing us to the luring shadows of the street we started making out, forgetting about everything. Then I gave him my number and we grabbed a taxi.

Law boys don't disappoint after all.

T'Challa

It was just after 5 when I'd ticked off the academic admin and commenced the build-up for the night. I popped down to the ethanol outlet and grabbed me a six-pack of V-Bangers. Whether an absolute minger, or a tidy wee snack – I was going to need every standard out of the 1.4s. I slammed them back, chundered, and topped it all off with a glass of whisky. The boat was well and truly pushed out.

7:20 came too soon and I was relatively fucked up. It was at this stage I wondered – what if she's just had a couple of casual wines with the girls, taken the edge off a bit, and then here's me coming in super hot with a full head of steam?

I arrived 15 minutes late feeling like I hadn't exactly got off to a flyer. Surprisingly, my date hadn't arrived and so I thought I'd make the first dent in the tab. Just as I'd sat back down a tall lass with an exceptional rig walked in. She ordered a drink, approached the table, and we were away. Although we had fuck all in common – she studied rocks, loved painting, and was Polish – the conversation seemed to be rolling fine.

As we were getting progressively more and more munted we were told to order meals. Mine would've been great if it weren't for my date thinking it would be crackup to tip a fuckton of chilli oil onto my fish. As someone with the spice tolerance of a small child, and the ability to crack a sweat in sub-arctic temperatures, it's fair to say I was stitched the fuck up.

To wrap up the tab we thought it would be a great idea to get absinthe shots to fuel us for the octy. A natural consequence of such consumption was things started to get a bit frisky. We'd barely walked 50 meters when the sexual tension was lifted and we shared a steamy groping sesh in plain view of everyone walking down Princes St.

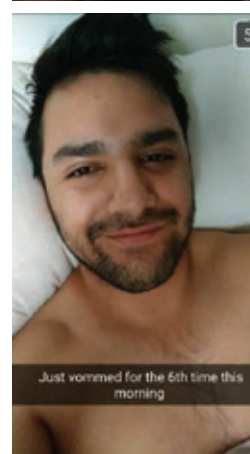
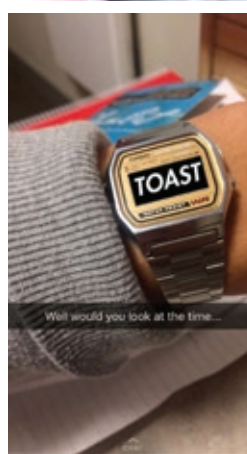
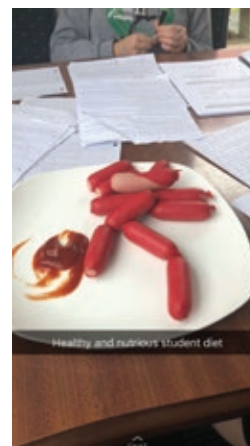
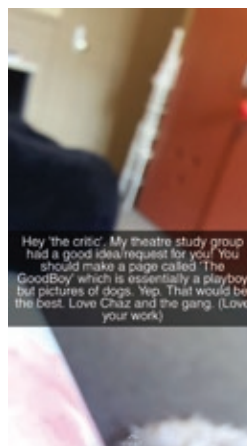
Despite connections being made we both decided to call it a day, exchange numbers, and potentially revisit down the line. As the cab pulled over and my date hopped out I thought it would be appropriate to end the night with a cheeky sesh against the cab. I had to give her something to write about.

Thanks to Critic and Dog With Two Tails for an eventful night!

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