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ISSUE 26

Est. 1925

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Critic

03 October, 2016

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Issue 26

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It's been real



The Kritik lyf

It's been a hell of a year here at *Critic*, with plenty of good times. Given our final issue this week, we thought we'd disclose our highlights of the year.

CERI G:

According to all known laws of aviation, there is no way a bee should be able to fly. Its wings are too small to get its fat little body off the ground. The bee, of course, flies anyway because bees don't care what humans think is impossible. Yellow, black. Yellow, black. Yellow, black. Yellow, black. Ooh, black and yellow! Let's shake it up a little.

Lucy:

Finding god whilst and thus on a trip to the states. Awakening spiritually and learning the truth of higher powers in the godly universe.

Joe:

Realising I'm definitely one hundred percent a full-blown furry and invisible perv who perves on the queen. I hate my childhood pets.

HUGH:

Getting Sk&r Boi stuck in my head every day and whistling it to the entire office.

Laura:

I thought of a room where time doesn't pass, that you go into and don't age, but since there's no time you don't know you've been in there so I think I've actually been in one. Also the time I found out that fortnight is short for fourteen nights!!!

TASH:

I am trash. I trashed the corner of the office and I call it my little trash heap.

Joel:

My personal highlight of the year was getting to interview Lee Vandervis.

Shout-Out to Aman for all his hard work, and the best pun *Critic's* seen this year (online on our Mayoral piece from Issue 25)

Later Sk&rs
-Critic Team



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Executive votes to make retrospective honoraria payments to Griffiths & Hall despite previous opposition

By Joe Higham

The final reportable OUSA Executive meeting began characteristically slowly, but became easily the most interesting meeting of the year as the largely dysfunctional group came to a head over their third quarter reports, which they present at the culmination of each quarter to determine whether honoraria payments are made to them for their work or not.

The topic has been touched on briefly throughout the year, most notably during the 21st April meeting in which the eight attending members voted 4-2 against retrospectively paying Administrative Vice President Jarred Griffiths and Finance Officer Jesse Hall for their absence from Dunedin during January this year (Griffiths and Hall abstained from voting).

With OUSA President Laura Harris being away in Beijing, China on a leadership course for three weeks this quarter, the issue was expected to be addressed. When it first arose, Jarred Griffiths wasted no time in labelling any vote to pay Harris following the aforementioned vote against Hall and himself as being "the height of hypocrisy" and something he considered to be "really offensive."

Some members visibly shook while presenting their opinions to the group, as sighs and mumbblings of "oh my god" increased in both frequency and sound level throughout the lengthy discussions, an occurrence that is symptomatic of the topic's

divisiveness and the underlying troubling morale of the wider executive body.

Welfare Officer Bryn Jenkins differentiated the two positions stating that Griffiths and Hall had not received any training in January and were rightly not paid as a result, whilst Laura Harris had been trained, had several months of experience in the job and should get paid for continuing her presidential duties while away in Beijing.

Griffiths, and others numbering more than what was seen at the 21st April meeting, criticised that conclusion, with Jesse Hall commenting on how the "executive suffered" during Harris' absence; others nodding in agreement as she scrambled to defend her increasingly isolated position.

Comments about how Griffiths had worked "at least 20 hours a week during November and December 2015" were followed by others criticising the time it has taken for the 2016 executive to determine the criteria for who gets their honoraria payments and who doesn't. On several occasions, members highlighted a worrying lack of discussion, a recurring topic for an executive plagued with problematic communication, or lack thereof.

Ultimately, a motion proposed by Griffiths, and seconded by William Guy, was voted for by all members apart from Bryn Jenkins, who wanted his name publically noted.



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Breaking-very-important-news



Congratulations on former OUSA President, Ruby Sycamore Smith and former *Critic* Editor, Zane Pocock for tying the knot recently!

On the sly, Hugh and Laura refused to comment on their nuptial plans. Hugh continued whistling Skater Boy by Avril Lavigne, including some sick drum beats



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The Press Council has part-upheld a complaint from Dunedin City Council against two Critic articles. This is a summary of the Press Council ruling. See here for the full decision www.presscouncil.org.nz

Critic's article headlined DCC accused of 'active and wilful campaign to discourage student voters' centred on negotiations between the Council and the Otago University Students' Association over the provision of a special voting booth on the campus for the upcoming local government elections.

The story, which relied heavily on unnamed sources, said the Association pulled out of the arrangement because of demands from Council officials, which included the location of the booth and the need to have it supervised. The story also said that a request for a bulk supply of enrolment forms was denied and only provided on a piecemeal basis.

The Press Council noted that Dunedin City Council representatives (specifically the Electoral Officer) should have been contacted for comment. The brief email exchange between the reporter and the Officer was not enough and Critic had an obligation to put all the relevant claims and comments, across both stories, to the Council for balance. A fair voice must be given to the opposition view.

Unnamed sources should be used only in cases where there is no alternative to telling a story that is in the public interest, the Press Council said.

Also, Critic was wrong to suggest DCC or its Electoral Officer had refused the bulk request for enrolment forms, as the provision of enrolment forms is a matter for the Registrar of Electors. The editor had agreed this was wrong, however this error was not publicly corrected.

The second Critic story Emails reveal DCC deception over 2013 voting booth decision, was based on a series of emails—sought in May 2016 under the Local Government Official Information and Meetings Act—that had been sent/received ahead of the 2013 election.

The Press Council did not agree with DCC that Critic's statement that it had 'acquired' emails suggests they were obtained via clandestine means.

With regards to the headline the Press Council noted the headline matched the story and did not effectively label the Electoral Officer a liar, as the DCC contended.

The Press Council also noted that while it was not useful for the editor to argue Critic's complete independence from the Association, when by the publication's own admission it is the 'student magazine of the Otago University Students' Association', it cannot be said that an editorial arm of a media organisation cannot operate independently of its owner.

These parts of the complaint were not upheld.

World Watch

United Kingdom

Ministers in Britain will introduce new legislation that controversially plans for the military to opt out from the European convention on human rights during future conflicts. The prime minister claimed it was needed to see off an "industry of vexatious claims" against soldiers. Human rights groups have criticised the move, saying that it is based on a false narrative of spurious lawsuits.

United States

In the wake of hundreds of drug overdoses in the US linked to the elephant tranquilizer carfentanil, experts are warning that a common overdose antidote isn't strong enough to counteract a substance that's about 100 times more potent than fentanyl, and 10,000 times more potent than morphine. First responders have been using naloxone as a life-saving measure to reverse the effect of overdoses; and although it can reverse the effects of a heroin overdose almost instantly, it is ineffective in reversing the effects of carfentanil.

Colombia

Colombian voters narrowly rejected a historic peace accord on Sunday that was supposed to end a war between the country's largest rebel group and the government that has lasted more than half a century. The peace deal with the FARC failed by about 0.5 percent, or 61,000 votes in the referendum. The result now plunges the country into uncertainty.



Copenhagen, Denmark

Police in the Danish capital have seized 75kg of marijuana from on top of the roof of the city's prestigious Opera House. Authorities have made the discovery of the stash public after seven months of investigations drew a blank, and are now treating the drugs as "lost property." The drugs were found in February by workmen who were repairing water damage, and police kept it secret in the hope that the owner might return to recover their illicit goods.

Greece

Greek police have fired teargas and pepper spray at pensioners after a group of them attempted to push over a police van near the office of the prime minister. More than one thousand people, some of them with canes, took part in the rally in Athens chanting, "shame on you, shame on you!" Greece's left wing government has imposed cuts on pensions this year as part of its bailout commitments to international lenders.



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FACTS and figures



Poland

Women across Poland went on strike as part of ongoing protests against proposed legislation that would effectively ban abortion. Current law allows terminations in cases where the mother or the fetus is at high risk, or in cases where the pregnancy is the result of rape or incest. The strike is the latest in a series of actions over the tightening of abortion laws in the Eastern European country.

Hungary

Members of the Hungarian Jewish community have voiced concern about the divisive public discourse that accompanied Hungary's referendum on the admission of refugees, with some comparing it to the hate speech directed at Jews in the 1930s. The rightwing prime minister waged the biggest advertising campaign in Hungarian history in an attempt to convince people to vote against welcoming 1,294 refugees allocated to Hungary under a European-wide responsibility sharing system.

Saudi Arabia

Drivers in Saudi Arabia could soon be facing drug tests before they are issued with a driver's license. The new test is being considered by the Department of Transport in a bid to reduce the Kingdom's traffic accident rate, which is among the worst in the world. An average of 17 people die every day on Saudi Arabian roads. People in Saudi Arabia already need to pass a drug test to obtain a work contract or a marriage certificate.

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The self-crucifixion of Colin of Howick, King of the Conservatives

Colin Craig, who formed the Conservative Party in 2011, was meant to be with us much longer. He'd declared during the 2014 election campaign that he'd one day ascend to the top level of the Beehive as a true conservative. But Craig is dead. The party he created kicked him out and no longer wants him and the nation is collectively pointing and laughing.

In 2015, TV3 report David Farrier interviewed Craig in a sauna. Days later, when Craig resigned as Conservative leader, the news media had fun linking it to the sauna spectacle. Someone, apparently Hitler, once said: "No politician should ever let himself be photographed in a bathing suit."

His own party, which never won any seats in parliament despite a campaign budget rivaling Labour's, is not the only victim he leaves behind. Last week it emerged that the Human Rights Review Tribunal ordered Craig pay his former secretary, Rachel MacGregor, \$128,780 in damages plus costs for breaching the confidentiality of a settlement which resolved issues regarding a pay dispute and a sexual harassment claim.

The look on Craig's face when reporters told him just two days before election day 2014 that MacGregor had resigned will forever be burnt into my imagination of New Zealand politics. That and of course the Good Wife-esque scene of his wife, Helen, by his side in press conferences and the infamous pamphlet moment, when Craig symbolically crawled up onto a cross to be crucified as a Roman soldier. Whaleoil blogger Cameron Slater and Judas times two, Taxpayers' Union lobbyist Jordan Williams and former Conservative Party board member John Stringer looked up, satisfied.

It was that pamphlet that would lead to Craig being found guilty by a jury last week of



defamation and ordered to pay Taxpayers' Union founder Jordan Williams \$1.27 million in damages. The trial brought to light Craig's dodgy sexual advances towards MacGregor, who worked for the party for three years. Testimony showed that the false prophet of a 'Christian movement based on family values' had sent poems and "sexts" to her, including "I slept well because I dreamed that I was on your naked legs."

Craig plans to appeal the decision and there's also two cases pending against Slater and Stringer—cases that will likely bring to light more colourful information about god knows what as various players give evidence.

Craig says he'd love to continue the fight for social conservatism in New Zealand, something that has become less important in a post-Brash National Party. Maybe Craig will morph into a Kiwi Anthony Weiner and naively return a few years from now to electoral politics, fully convinced that his sexual advances don't define him in the public's eye.

By George Elliott

*"I slept well
because I
dreamed that
I was ON YOUR
Naked legs"*

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Opinion

Is yoga a sport?

Did you just mutter the words "no of course not" internally? Hey now, let's not jump to any conclusions. I know what you're thinking; yoga is a leisure activity, it's nothing more than an excuse for Lululemon clad fitpos to get together, stretch and do breathing exercises. Point taken. Alternatively if that wasn't what you were thinking, perhaps in your mind yoga is a practice tied to spirituality, philosophy and inner peace. Either way, regardless of the camp you fall into, your mind is already made up – yoga most certainly isn't a sport. I understand why it might be hard to see past the strange postures named after animals, or the chanting of "Om". But believe me, there's more to yoga than meets your third eye, and no reason why it can't be a sport as well.

First things first, what even is a sport? The dictionary's definition of a sport is 'an activity involving physical exertion and skill in which an individual or team competes against another or others for entertainment.' Let's start with physical exertion. There's a misconception that yoga isn't physically challenging, but that's entirely dependent on the style you practice. The studio I attend here in Dunedin offers three very different classes: Yin, Flow and Bikram. Yin is the style that many people assume you're talking about if you mention yoga. It's slow-paced, meditative, and focuses on awareness and flexibility. Flow or Vinyasa yoga is a style that coordinates movement with breath, but is intense like a cardio and strength training session rolled into one. Then there's Bikram. I don't know if you've ever set foot in a Bikram yoga class, but I can tell you they aren't for the faint of heart. In the 90-minute class, 26 postures are performed including two breathing exercises (ok I'll admit there is an obvious trend with the breathing). Performing the movements requires a combination of strength, flexibility, balance, and crazy levels of endurance. Oh, and did I mention that you have to do it all in 40-degree heat?

Now that we've clarified that yoga is indeed physically challenging and requires mad skills, one criterion remains, competition. Can you compete in yoga? Hardcore yogis might tell you that competition goes against the true essence of yoga. However, not everyone shares this mentality. I don't



hear about many competitions happening here in Aotearoa but that doesn't mean they aren't all the rage elsewhere. Apparently "yoga is very competitive in New York," as my American teacher mentioned during flow today. In yoga competitions, practitioners are given a certain number of minutes to show off their best poses, much like a bodybuilding contest.

So there you have it, yoga fits all the sporting criteria. Does this mean we can look forward to its inclusion in the next Olympics? Probably not, but maybe some day. I mean is it really so different from synchronised swimming or taekwondo? Ok bad examples, but how about gymnastics? If gymnastics is a sport and an Olympic one at that, then why is the concept of yoga as one so puzzling (it's the spirituality isn't it)? On that note I would like to add that there are a number of Olympic sports, which are far less sporty than yoga. For example: shooting, dressage, archery, and golf (big call I'm sure). Yes they require a heck of a lot of skill, but physical exertion, I don't think so. It all depends on what your personal criteria for determining a sport is. Anyway that's a debate for another day.

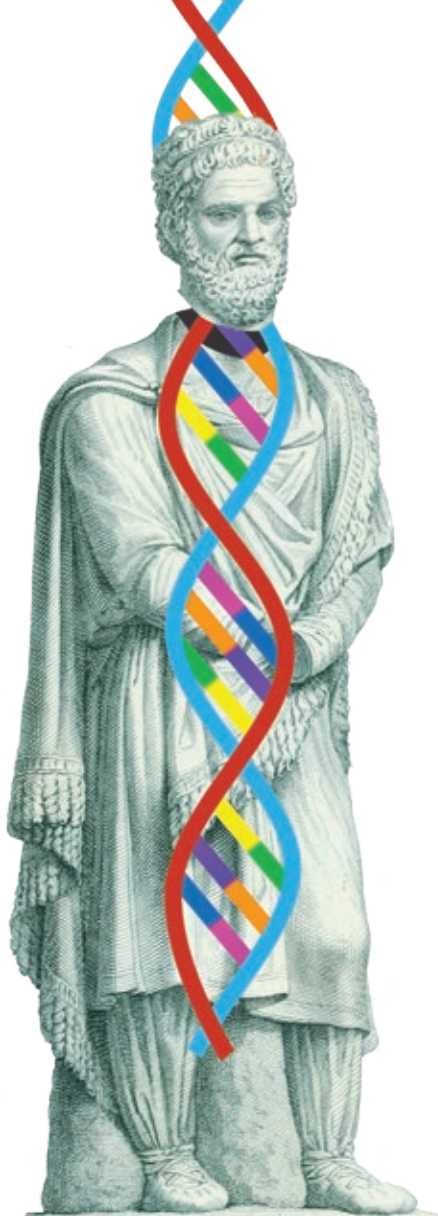
For the first time in my life I have triceps and can actually use them, thanks to yoga. There must be more to it than simply stretching and breathing. If you're still not convinced then there's really only one thing left to do, try it for yourself. Sign up for a Bikram class, I dare you. Namaste.

By Rosa Woods

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Priced To Clear: Commodifying Our Culture

The Evisceration of the Humanities Division

Joe Higham, Mikayla Cahill
& Laura Starling

Four-hundred people stood on the steps of Otago University's clock tower August 24 this year in a call to have their careers and academic integrity acknowledged and respected. The Division of Humanities, which has recently embarked upon a 'Management of Change' process, has publicly outlined that this process would result in redundancies of fifteen to twenty staff members across five departments, namely the anthropology and archaeology, English and linguistics, history, languages and cultures, and music. The announcement sent a whole host of emotions throughout much of the division, its staff, and its students. This decision would likely have occurred within any academic division in the university if it was facing the same issues. Protesters called the university to rescind its decision

to reform and leave the departments and staff feeling secure, safe, and worthwhile.

4Humanities, an organisation that works in association with the University College London (UCL), describes the humanities as "academic disciplines that seek to understand and interpret the human experience, from individuals to entire cultures, engaging in the discovery, preservation, and communication of the past and present record to enable a deeper understanding of contemporary society." Strong, stable, and fair democracies are built on and around the humanities, but these subjects are generally the first to face the brunt of cuts to university finances. The University is facing a situation seen throughout the western world's tertiary education sectors.

The humanities division at Otago University, for the last five years, have witnessed a decline in students enrolling in their courses. The numbers are not insignificant by any means, as 4.6 percent fewer enrollments (equivalent to 237 full-time students) were seen by the division in comparison to last year. There are no longer enough people choosing to study within the humanities division. However, before looking at which departments to cut in order to save the division from this continuing decline, we need to ask why it's declining.

The university, as an institution, is becoming more neoliberal in both nature and performance. Neoliberalism is a policy model that emerged out of the USA, in which services are provided to users who pay for them, with emphasis being on the entrepreneur, deregulation of the labour market, and a hands off approach to the economy in the belief that it will resolve itself. As this decision shows, the university is focused on generating profit over providing quality education.

Allocation of educational funding from central government will impact the way the university determines what divisions it wants to back and those that they do not. From a neoliberal perspective it is redundant to fund a division that has a declining role. Rosemary Overell, a branch member from the Tertiary Education Union and member of the subcommittee for the humanities campaign described the situation as:

a broader case of the neoliberalisation of the university... focused on... eking out figures and profits, treating the university like a business rather than thinking about cohering a quality education which produces critical and reflective citizens...[it is] a result of the National Government policy around education which values vocational work, STEM subjects, rather than subjects which foster people who might be critical of the neoliberal capitalist machine under which we live.

As the university amends its priorities and goals towards that of a business rather than an educational institution it seems

to be favouring the subjects that generate the most profit, the most quantifiable level of success, rather than aspiring to provide the best quality. When promoting the University of Otago the successful and competitive medical, dentistry, commerce, and science sectors, rather than the the humanities subjects that have been ranked as some of the best in the world. Archaeology, Anthropology, English Language and Literature, History, Law, Performing Arts, and Psychology were all listed in this year's top 100 ranked university subjects in the world, according to the QS World University Rankings. many other subjects from humanities fell into the top 150, and 200, yet their achievements are eclipsed by the belief that humanities graduates are less employable than graduates from STEM subjects.

Lack of inclusion and representation is destructive to the way prospective students of these subjects perceive and consider studying courses. The jobs might be declining but the lack of interest and curiosity in humanities subjects is because students are not provided with truthful and informative depictions of how fruitful and important they can be.

However, even if humanities subjects were given the spotlight like STEM subjects are, other factors also contribute to the decline in students. Many students understand that the current economy is in turmoil and want security and stability when they leave university STEM subjects like the sciences, finance, business and medicine, although highly competitive, are often very stable, and high paying career choices. They are safe options.

The humanities enable us to understand how society performs and operates. It teaches us how structures of power and discipline are constructed and upheld. It trains us to be critical, analytical, and strategic thinkers who develop complex resolutions from very little information while simultaneously encouraging the mind to think creatively and seek for a deeper understanding of the social world. The British Academy states that humanities "explore what it means to be human: the words, ideas, narratives and the art and artefacts that help us make sense of our lives and the world we live in; how we have created it, and are created by it."

People think that if you study something in the arts you are only going to be looking for a job in that particular area, and then be stuck in shit creek when you can't find one. This isn't true. Studying a degree majoring in theatre and minoring in social anthropology that does not mean you only work in those fields. Humanities teach skills that are valuable to almost all aspects of employed, post-university life: critical thinking, reading, and the skill of academic writing and reporting are transferable and sought after skills. A 2012 survey of all United States born Chief Executive Officers (652) showed that nearly 60 percent had graduated with a degree within the

many students understand that the current economy is in turmoil and want security and stability

humanities. A separate survey in 2011 showed that of the Members of Parliament in the United Kingdom, five percent degrees in vocational (STEM) subjects, 10 percent had scientific qualifications, 20 percent was unknown, and 65 percent held degrees from either social sciences, humanities, or the arts. More than two thirds of humanities graduates will enter the private sector in their search for employment.

Graduates from the humanities are often (and somewhat ironically) employed at an extremely comparable rate to the rest of their peers: the 2006 Canadian census found that 96.4 percent of graduates with degrees in Theology and Religious Studies found employment, as well as 94.6 percent of History graduates. According to CIRCA, in Canada in 2008 (the year the recession hit and cheese skyrocketed to unbelievable prices) 91 percent percent of humanities graduates found work after they graduated. Why? Because the skills and forms of communication you learned from the humanities are transferable and easily adaptable to many other areas of life. 89 percent of employers want their employees to be able to effectively communicate in both verbal and non-verbal means, 81 percent of employers want their employees to be able to think critically and be able to make analytically reasonable decisions, 75 percent of employers want their employees to be able to analyse and solve complex problems in unique and creative ways, and 75 percent of employers want their employees to connect their choices to ethical decisions.

Harlene Hayne recently addressed this issue in the ODT,

although how she refuted the arguments of those opposed to the redundancies was minimal at best. She rehashed the foundational statements the university had previously provided, i.e. Otago University is not alone in this situation and these declines are being seen across the western world. The university's recurring arguments suggests they are either withholding controversial reasons to overhaul these five departments or they don't have anything better to refute it with. This response is so similar to the, 'let's join the club rather than meaningfully deal with these declines' position we saw them take recently on the divestment issue. Such an enormous decision (not only the future of up to twenty staff members, but the future of the humanities at Otago University) cannot be made on these unhelpful comparisons to other institutions in the 'western world'. the university should compare similar universities who have faced similar problems of declining enrolments, understand how they prevented that decline continuing and then decide whether this will or could work here. However, the most important factor for a decision of this magnitude is transparency.

The sort of transparency a lot of the staff, and many students, would welcome is who is actually involved in what? Particularly, who will be involved in cuts and who will be involved in reappointing staff once those redundancies are made? The process is 'spill and fill', in which redundancies are made and then those staff, along with any other applications, can reapply for the, albeit fewer positions again. It would seem counter-intuitive not to appoint individuals with qualifications in the specific departments they are involved in the rehiring for. However, this is expected to happen. Assurances by Hayne that she and Pro Vice Chancellor for the Humanities Division, Tony Ballantyne, both hold humanities degrees does little to reassure anyone involved with the decision. As far as Critic understands, apart from Tony Ballantyne in the history department, it is unlikely that anyone from within that specific department will be involved in the rehiring process. When those who have been made redundant in the Archaeology and Anthropology department are privileged enough to have the opportunity to reapply for their former positions, there won't be a single Archaeologist or an Anthropologist on that rehiring panel.

Apart from the odd employee raising their head from within their rabbit hole, or a public protest allowing brief safety in numbers as the fox continues to pace around in wait, relatively little has been heard from staff within the five affected departments. The reason is largely due to a fear of one of two things happening. Firstly, an increasing decline in EFTS caused by speaking out about the redundancies which the university have continually said will stoke the fire burning through the



division; or secondly, that by doing so they will become the target of the redundancies themselves. Lack of transparency has fuelled fear, as without thoroughly understanding the process the university has embarked upon, employees feel the need to tread carefully. They fear that anything they say will affect their beloved departments or affect their careers. Their livelihoods and families are ever more precariously balanced as the process reaches its culmination. Instilling fear of expressing themselves into employees is what an institution who has something to hide would do. A threat of further EFTS decline is a concern for all staff and should remain so, but by imposing this fear on staff, the university is sweeping the issue under the carpet. When Critic attended the media briefing Tony Ballantyne gave at the inception of the Management of Change, he reiterated several times that staff and students alike can and should influence the process. Much like a politician, the answer was a promise that was unlikely to be sincere, yet in the short-term provided the necessary reassurances to a department filled with rumours and chinese whispers. In the long-term, perhaps honesty would have been better: no you won't be able to have a say, and by the way, if you talk publically, everyone around you will be affected.

The cuts to jobs and reduction in funding to the humanities division just two years after Dunedin became New Zealand's one and only UNESCO City of Literature seems counterintuitive at best. In an ODT article following the announcement, Dunedin's Mayor Dave Cull noted that the award would "help the city attract cultural tourism, tertiary students and new residents." The university's decision will likely play some part in undoing the hard work Dunedin has put into progress the literary integrity of the city. Speaking to Critic, Tony Ballantyne stressed that "it is vital for students to understand that there are no departments or programmes being closed down" and "that all students will be able to complete their current degree programmes". Both high school and university students are not deaf to the ongoing processes at the university, and it would be myopic to think that their decision to study a humanities subject would not be somewhat affected by the changing structure.

Additionally, students don't always have the foresight to consider the job prospects and salary rates within each specific field they are considering their studies in. If one does choose their course solely on the basis of these two factors alone, they are ultimately being lead down the wrong path. Students should be urged to choose their courses on the basis of their interest in the particular subject, and not the amount of zeros on their paychecks once they graduate. University is a significant portion of an 18 year old's life and so to not enjoy the

the university
is focused on
generating
profit over
providing
quality
education

subject you're studying, and then subsequently also dislike it for the 50 years you're employed in that field after graduation is a horrible position for anyone to be in. Unfortunately, central government is funnelling students away from subjects they could potentially love studying because of the neoliberal agenda they are pushing, a situation that could eventually, if continued, see students abandon enrolling in humanities en masse in the future.

Universities were ultimately created to foster places for teaching, learning, and researching rather than to profit at the expense of the institution's staff and students. The university is continuing to push its rhetoric of the necessity to make cuts to its struggling humanities departments while it also boasts of having enormous assets, essentially rubbing salt into the wound of the staff whose morale is already at breaking point. Whether the move was a result of neoliberalism or not, it leaves all parties at a loss. The university itself are cutting back on top performing departments, desperate to claw-back the money they believe they are throwing down the drain; students will find themselves with fewer lecturers who have less time to consult students who need help, and may potentially have fewer papers to enroll for in the near future, and even put off altogether from studying humanities; and staff may or may not have a job come the 1st December, and will certainly feel the ripples caused by this Management of Change for some time yet.

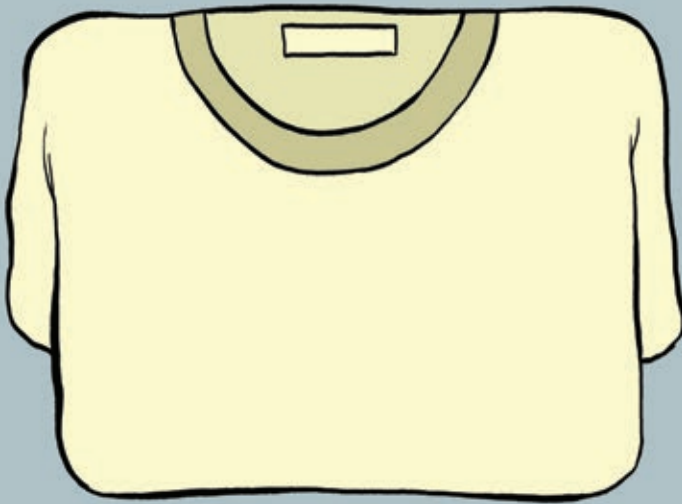
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OEDIPUS COMPLEX



RUDE FACEBOOK
COMMENTER



THINKS ABOUT ART A LOT



INCREDIBLY DISSATISFIED

Mel Ansell

McYou

A Guide to Selling Yourself

The modern world is a wonderful, wonderful place. Neoliberalism tells us if you work hard, you will inevitably be rewarded. In the past, you would have certainly been born a peasant and died a peasant. You once would have been rewarded for your hard work after death by singing the praises of God eternally. This system has since been fazed out. Now, you will be rewarded with a penthouse suite, poolside champagne and the ability to get away with being rude to the schlubbs who serve you at fancy restaurants. This is, of course, a much more efficient rewards programme; you won't have to wait too long to get your just desserts (Profiteroles, Sir?). Besides which, it's really hard to check Instagram when you're busy harmonising away in the heavenly choir.

Do you watch your life with the disappointment of an entrepreneur whose business dreams have collapsed like a Victorian woman who has spotted an eligible bachelor? Do not distress! With this simple guide, cleanups in aisle five, polyester uniforms and wandering customer hands will be a distant nightmare. All that is required is a simple mindset change - think of yourself as a brand. Why do you think that the world has exponentially improved over the last hundred years? A hundred years ago, war rations offered only one type of flour, sugar and milk. Now, we are blessed with myriad brands and products. Now you could break down crying over the pressure of choosing a brand and type of milk - are you more of a Sanatarium So Good Soy Milky sort of person, or is it Lewis Road Creamery (Added Calcium!) that speaks to you? Brands are a simple way of expressing that a product, and you - the brand's purchaser - possess certain characteristics. If you have an iPhone, you are

advertising that you think you are a superior human, whereas if you have another brand of phone, you have obviously made a big mistake. Don't worry if at the moment you feel you don't have a personal brand. You do - it's been stalking just behind you this whole time, unseen. All you need to do is to turn around and invite it in to meet the PR department.

How to Create Your Personal Brand Vision

Just like species out in the jungle, two brands cannot fill the same niche. If two types of animals hunt the same prey, eventually one will outcompete the other. If a town gets too many sushi shops, there will be a sushi shop smack down and only uniquely successful businesses will survive. If you and your Friend Sam are "like exactly the same person, we practically finish..." "...each other's sentences", you and Sam are going to have to have a personal brand smackdown. Therefore, when you create your mission statement, ensure you avoid filling a common niche. Unless you are really good at being, say, a basic bitch, the brand statement 'I believe that a thick security blanket of normality will protect me from being hated by others who also believe this' is going to require heavy upkeep to remain relevant. Ensure you add something to differentiate yourself amongst your circle. For example, be the most narcissistic, or develop an irritating obsession with polaroid cameras.

How to Define Your Target Audience

Of course, your target audience is everyone you know, and, if you aim high, all the people they know.

However, the quality of the customer you attract is crucial. The consumer of your product is also an essential tool in its production. There are only so many solo selfies you can take before you go from "strong independent cutie" to "sad sack with no Friends". The people you employ in leading roles should be attractive. Although, like bridesmaids, make sure they are either slightly less attractive than you or have terrible taste in clothing. You don't want to be upstaged. Spontaneous and creative Friends make for good investments, the audience will lap up novel content like your 'spon cave rave with my faves'. Steer away from people who have a low threshold of being impressed by memes, they will damage your brand's reputation by tagging you in them.

Business is, at the end of the day, about your product fulfilling a need. If your parents are no longer around enough to fill their little angel's eyes with the glare of the spotlight, fill the gaping hole in your ego with a cork of Facebook likes. As comedian Bo Burnham said in his recent show 'Make Happy', "What do we want more at the end of the day than to lie in bed and watch our life as a satisfied audience member?" As your share prices rocket, and you pour that first glass of Dom Perignon to celebrate, remember this show is for your entertainment. In the end, you are the target audience. And while you're at it, toast the camera - it'll make a good profile picture.

How to Build Up Your Online and Offline Image

A craftsman is only as good as his tools. Updating this idiom for the modern age, a personal brand is only as good as the products it consumes. We live in an image-saturated culture, so ensuring your brand's image matches your mission statement is essential to see results. There are many companies which provide the necessary tools to help your brand fill a particular niche of identity. Nothing says 'I spend a lot of time thinking very deeply about art, you wouldn't understand' like a lavender-coloured bob haircut that only the most expensive hairdresser in town could make look persuasive. Nothing says 'I have an Oedipus complex' like getting really into vaping. Nothing says 'I'll add you on Facebook so my friends can compete to make the rudest comment' like wearing as many Obey, Supreme and Nike items as is feasible to fit on a human body. Nothing says 'Buy me a drink based on the very very slim possibility I will sleep with you and not just run away clutching this gin and tonic' like the latest lil' dress from Ruby. In a world saturated by communication, defining yourself with spoken words is frankly a working-class affair. People must be able to tell immediately based on what you own what your brand stands for. It's good etiquette

really, just a polite time saving device. Perhaps at this stage you are broke and have spent all your course related costs on booze. Do not be held back - there is Mum and Dad, who you can tell you desperately 'need to buy fruit and vitamins' or, if that isn't an option, how about taking out a high interest loan? Obviously, in a couple of years, your brand will be big enough to rival Kim K and you will be able to pay it back with just one post of a #spon waist trainer or clean eating selfie.

How To Get Free Press Coverage

If you find that your desire to "perform everything, to each other, all the time, for no reason" (Bo Burnham, again) is not sated by Facebook, Twitter, Snapchat and Tinder, you may have to diversify your investments. Old fashioned approaches, such as career achievements, hobbies and causing drama, will certainly help create engaging content for your brand. If you find that the way the internet has decimated your attention span makes it difficult for you to focus on the internal and slow rewards of these older brand approaches, consider blogging or live tweeting your progress. Eventually, every step you take, every you move you make, you'll be able turn into excellent content for your outlet of choice. You could begin writing for magazines such as the Critic in order to satisfy your desire to perform in some capacity. You can imagine the readers, who realistically just want to read about a hookup in the blind date, weeping gently at the poignancy of your writing. Or at least, weirdly half smiling at your article in a relatively public place.

How to Build Your Brand Through Outreach

The enlightened amongst us know that we are all playing some sort of horrible never-ending game of pass the parcel with our DNA. Of course, the underlying aim of your personal brand is to improve your stakes in this further pointless iterations of the game. McDonald's mission statement may be "our customers favourite place and way to eat and drink", but along with every other business, is actually "we want to earn all the dollar dollar bills we can". Your mission statement may be "I want to be the world's best, largest and most friendly trapeze artist" but, in actual fact, it will always at the core be "I want to pass on my sexy DNA with the best possible partner". Once you have accepted this, and skated over the thin ice covering the deep lake of existential dread that this knowledge fills, you will find yourself able to pursue the cause with ruthlessness. With your iconic personal brand firmly established, you will have no trouble finding people who want to merge brands with you.

defining yourself with spoken words is frankly a working-class affair

The modern world has offered many solutions to finding someone worthy of the amalgamation. Dating apps, such as Tinder, allow you to weed out people who are not aesthetically pleasing enough to be a boon to the brand. Facebook provides enough information so that after meeting someone for the first time, or even not at all, you can skip all the niceties and get straight to the really revealing information- what statuses did they post in 2009? If things are a little dry, there is always porn to offer a sea of unrealistic, ever shifting images which will weirdly be more and less intense than actual sex. This will tide us all over until someone innovative comes along and creates the sexual version of Yelp! When entering a relationship, don't be shy to throw them out if you find the product ends up not exactly fitting your requirements. Sure, you may be deeply insecure, never try anything you might fail at and have an uncontrollable need to piss in laundry baskets at parties, but that doesn't mean you have to put up with other flawed human beings. If you manage to bumble along with someone smart enough to keep their failings under wraps until the pheromones and things get busy and suddenly you are in love, you have won the game. Just imagine the look on your brand new baby's face when they unwrap their genetic gifts: Beautiful eyes! Emotional constipation! Always taking the opportunity to wee at inconvenient times!

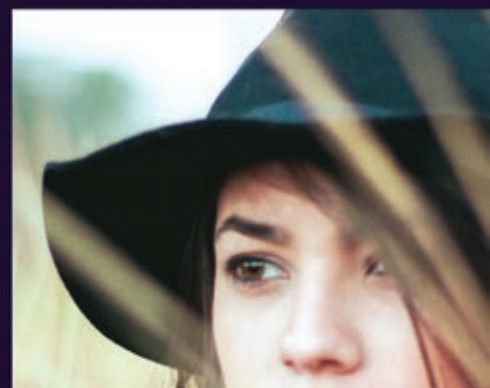
How To Monitor Your Brand

To monitor your brand, the best approach is to be awake in the middle of the night. We find the hours of three or four in the morning is best. For a really in-depth analysis, ensure you have not slept prior to this, and preferably have just finished an acutely uninteresting assignment fueled by coffee and intense panic. Potentially make a phone call to your parents about your future. As an alternative, try sampling from a smorgasbord of social media content. Watch YouTube vloggers that would require self-imposed exile if anyone found out you watched them. Browse the fitspo tag until you have inspiration for self body-shaming to last for the next few years. Look up exotic travel locations and suspend yourself within the belief that visiting them is attainable

despite your massive student loan. Maybe you could get a little cottage, live out the rest of your days in peace. Maybe up there under that thatched roof, you wouldn't need wifi, you could just read a lot and go for nature walks. Consider going and buying some wine but dismiss the desire due to how cold it is outside the bed. Now you are ready.

Turn to Facebook. Look at all your pictures, and wonder what it is like to be outside your body looking at you. Do you really look like that from behind? What did it mean when Jaime liked your profile picture? Was that flirting or just being polite? Should you add some featured photos or does that look a bit desperate? What are you going to do with your life? Oh, here is Riley commenting on something. That was a nice date. Why didn't you ever talk again? Do you have more likes on your profile picture than your best friend? How many years will it be until your Facebook page becomes obsolete, never to be visited again? You and everyone you love all in a lonesome online graveyard, memes, shitposts, every stupid birthday message, forever frozen in the darkness of a forgotten hyperlink. Should you post this thought to your wall? In ten years, will you think that this status is lame as fuck? Probably, but you post it anyway. Amble along these paths of thought for an hour or so, until you are looking at the profile of Charlie Rivers, who lives in Ibiza, and is a friend of a friend of a friend. 1437 friends, past jobs include planning Coachella, likes The New York Times, Brain Pickings, Frank Ocean, Polaroid Cameras...

Goodnight, power brand. Dream of the expensive cocktails you will buy, surrounded by manicured hands, the adoring looks of friends as you work the room. Inside, you will swell in the knowledge you have finally made it. Your rise is bound to be meteoric. When you awake in the morning, the previous night will be just a small blip in the monthly sales chart. Check Snapchat, check what Donald Trump is up to, delete your tag in a meme that cuts a little too close to the bone, Instagram your breakfast. How well will the sales perform today?



Literary WWOOFING*

JESSICA THOMPSON CARR

When I was ten my sister and I joined my parents as they took conferences around Europe and a few other places for six months. Of all the cities we visited, Paris was the one that ground its roots into my head. This was due in part to the charming architecture and array of romantic art galleries (I was a little culture nerd - still am), not to mention the buttery pastries on sale at every corner; even in Mc Donalds. But the cause for my love of the city was a book shop called Shakespeare and Company.

Quick history lesson: based in the very heart of Paris, opposite Notre Dame on the banks of the Seine, the English

speaking and reading bookstore was established in 1951 by George Whitman. Originally a monastery, (you can see this in the stone floors and wooden ceilings), the store was inspired by the original Shakespeare and Co, owned by a woman named Sylvia Beach in 1919. It was a meeting place for writers of the Lost Generation, notably Hemingway, Joyce, Fitzgerald and Stein. Remarkably, George managed to lure writers of the Beat generation such as Anais Nin, Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, Henry Miller and many more, into his own shop, establishing a literary community of the highest quality. During the Great

Depression, George set out into the world on a "hobo adventure" with only \$40 in his pocket. He encountered countless acts of generosity and kindness on his travels, inspiring the philosophy: "Be not inhospitable to strangers lest they be angels in disguise." So when writers, artists and intellectuals came to the doorstep penniless and hungry, George welcomed them into the shop with open arms, setting them up on the floor or the benches that customers read on during the day for a few good nights rest. The guests were nicknamed 'Tumbleweeds' that "drift in and out with the winds of chance," and they repaid the kindness

* not actually anything to do with working on organic farms but hey, semantics, right?

not all those who wander are lost...

shown to them by working in the store for two hours a day and assisting with opening and closing.

To get in was a challenge. I arrived one morning with the illusion that my passion for the shop which had lasted some ten years was enough to woo the staff into opening their hearts to my lonesome traveller persona and immediately offer me a bed. I had to return the next week and ask every day if a new space had opened up. Tumbleweeding is popular and all the artsy kids want to do it, particularly in the summer. July is busy, August is when a calm hits. So I persisted, attempting to play myself off as a passionate writer with a great personality who was NOT crazy or too odd (or looking for free accommodation only, which I certainly was not). They have to be careful.

Eventually I was sent an email that a spot was ready for me. I bounced over to my hostel and cancelled my bookings, then lugged my backpack into Shakespeare and Company to set up. I'd planned to stay only a week, then travel around Italy. I did not think I would go back. I was given a tour of the shop then eagerly offered myself to take the last shift of the day, 9:00 to 11:00pm, which is when we close. Because the shifts are so short, the staff make you work. Hard. This involves shelving books, re-organising the overstock drawers, sticker-ing in the storage shop, tidying the shelves, running errands around

Paris and, if ever Sylvia is around, there is usually some heavy lifting to do. One time I did get to walk Colette, the silky black dog, as a part of my shift, which was a damn treat.

Each morning I gathered my bedding and stuffed it into a bench that opened up and flipped my narrow foam mattress up from the floor onto another bench so that customers could sit on it and read. In the first week we didn't eat breakfast, we drank filter coffee which was sometimes free for Tumbles from the cafe beside the shop. We met outside the store, four Tumbleweeds and a collection of staff, and opened up the cafe, then the bookshop for 10:00am. Then we folded some bags and received our shift times, usually 12-2, 2-4, 4-6 and a random 7-9 but it depended on which staff member was on the job of assigning. Then we were free to read, write and read some more.

This first week I completed my first draft of a lil somethin' somethin'. Living in a bookstore, I was immediately confronted with the fierce motivation to read and write as much as possible, a feeling I hadn't encountered much since before university. My routine became basic but not boring (at least not to me): shower, open cafe then store, fold bags, coffee, base self in the cafe until shift to write and read, do shift, return to cafe to write and read, maybe go for a walk, crepe in the evening, close shop, wine by the seine, read until 2 or 3 in the morning,

repeat next day. Easy. This week flew by but I caught hang of the ropes enough to return after three weeks travel in Italy to live in the shop for another two weeks. That next round was quite different from the first in the sense that I became more immersed and, like in any relationship (my love for the bookstore was as strong as a love for a person I reckon), I experienced more convoluted emotions. I wrote this in my diary in my first week at the bookshop: "it's like a yoga retreat, disappearing into a room to 'meditate' (read/write) and emerging peaceful in a daze, happy and revived. It feels very healthy."

Let me tell you something you'll already know if you are one: the longer you spend around writers, the more angst you develop, the more you hate them, the more you hate yourself. Its vicious, and at the time I thought it could potentially spoil my wonderland experience, but in truth it only added to the experience, forcing me to get a grip. Going in you think how magical it's going to be, but people end up affecting your time there regardless of your mindset, whether it be noisy customers in the shop or that one Tumble who doesn't quite agree with you. It is inevitable in such close quarters, and the only thing one can do is put things into perspective. Some people are annoying, many pretentious and nearly all of them talk down to you. I spent a great deal of time questioning my intelligence,

SOME PEOPLE ARE ANNOYING, MANY PRETENTIOUS AND NEARLY ALL OF THEM TALK DOWN TO YOU

testing my voice in the studio when I was alone to see if I sounded more serious with a deeper tone, toying with the idea of acting moody to be taken more seriously.

In the end I decided it was better to keep doing my thing and continue being friendly, confident in the thought that I would prove them all wrong one day. Don't let the pseudo intellectuals and genuine geniuses get you down, I decided, I was in Paris for god's sake. When you start judging yourself too harshly you miss the point of the place—Shakespeare and Co is not an Oxford establishment that picks and chooses its students. It is an institution of another kind, raw and more spiritual, inviting to all who have the passion to learn and work on their art, indifferent to those who are only there to sharn about it.

The last few weeks I spent in the shop I made wonderful Tumble friends. We ate breakfast together in the morning, either silently reading or passionately discussing our different cultures and the state of the world today (absolute mess), we cooked dinner together, eating in George Whitman's old studio with the record player blaring, always a bottle or two of red wine at hand, healthy meals followed by something sweet, talking about books we read, were yet to read, or perusing through the biographies of past Tumbleweeds.

It is a tradition that George adopted early into the Tumble program. Back

in the '60s the police thought all these artists who came to stay were no good communist ruffians, so they requested each resident write out a biography of themselves, explaining their backgrounds and reasons for being there. George, of course, turned something unpleasant into something special, and now the studio shelves are stuffed with biographies dating from the early '60s to today. I have written two biographies and intend to write a third before I come home.

On my final note I have compiled a list of 20 tips and tricks for getting by as a Tumbleweed of Shakespeare and Co if ever a scarfie chooses to go:

1. No photos in the shop. 2. You will forever be burning the candle at both ends. Invest in nap time and strong coffee. 3. If you chose to set yourself to writing in the café you WILL get the odd person (stress odd) who stares at you for too long a time or even talks to you about the time Kerouac once asked them if they wanted sex. Just keep a firm face and say: "I'm very sorry. I don't want to be rude, but I have a deadline and must write." 4. No photos in the shop. 5. The studio keys are the only symbol of authority you get. Try and keep them round your neck for your shift otherwise people will think you are a weird customer who likes to arrange the books. 6. Tell tourists about the well. There is a well in the middle of the shop in which people can slip money for the

"starving writers". If you get to talking with any customers, tell them a bit of history then point out the well with a sad face (bonus tip: suck in cheeks for struggling artiste look. Your eyes should carry the job through though. They will be fairly bloodshot and dark from no sleep). 7. No photos. In the shop. 8. The studio belongs to everyone in the daytime so eat, sleep and shit away! Just don't bring any 'civilians' up. Tumbles only. 9. The bells of Notre Dame are beautiful except on Bank Holidays. Try get away on these days. They go on for hours. 10. No. Photos. 11. Colette, Sylvia's big black dog, may need a walk now and then. Always offer. 12. In. Shop. 13. Don't force books into their places. Loosey goosey is key. The rest can go into overstock drawers. 14. If you want to be a happy writer, don't go to the writer workshop on Sunday. Just don't. 15. Seine. Wine. Cheap. Always get red. Yum. 16. No photos in le shop. 17. Read, write, eat. Don't freak. 18. Try and get out of the shop now and then to really see Paris. The temptation to stay in all day will be great, and most of the time it's fine because you are clearly there to write and read, but Pompidou art gallery is only a fourteen minute walk away and they have Picasso! 19. Always ask questions. Never guess where a book goes. 20. Tumbles can take photos in the shop when the shop is closed but other than that... you know.

LETTER OF THE WEEK:



The letter of the week
wins a \$30 BOOK VOUCHER
from the University Book
Shop

Giddyday Cafe Albany,
How is it that you can take something
normal and good, such as a pie, and
turn it into pure shit?

Its a talent that some can only wish
to achieve.

Kind regards,
The whole of the University
population

He was a sk8r boi

Dear Critic,

I have been in Dunedin for the past 4 years and
for all of those four years there has been an issue
that constantly bugs me, and I'm sure many
others too.

I own a skateboard and use it regularly for
transport around the Uni and wider Dunedin
area. This has saved me a lot of time and money.
There is only one problem with this mode of
transport and that is the hordes of pedestrians
that seem wholly uncertain of where they are
going. This makes things very difficult as I try
to dodge around them. The other difficult cus-
tomers are the groups of 3 or 4 people that feel
the need to spread themselves the width of the
footpath. I suppose what I am trying to say is
please, for the love of all that is good and right
in this world, pick a direction and stick to it when
walking around the Uni. It will make me enjoy
life just that little bit more.

Sincerely,
Trump, not even once.

Response to the book review, Faith

Faith (Vol, 1) is a strong, well-written story, that
shows no matter what your physical appearance
you can be a hero.

The criticism on the art of the graphic novel,
however, was downright childish. You all seem
to idolise the late 90s and early 00s, through the
internet, but bring the thick line style of the era
back and you give harsh criticism. The digital
style is cheaper than hand-drawn. It is also faster
and if there is more than one artist working on
it, easier for the two to copy and create the same
art style overall - this obviously keeps it con-
stant. It is also a way for artists and writers to
work together when in different countries with-
out having to travel vast distances and
get it published.

You say that she is not objectified. However,
upon hearing about this graphic novel I tried to
find it online, where I stumbled upon a lovely
hentai, which is a charming hand-drawn ren-
dition of Faith. Perhaps you'd prefer the art style
on that one to the "official" stuff. This may not
be canon, but this fanart still occurs, as with any
beloved fictional character.

I'd also like to point out that you say "she's
not objectified," and then immediately follow it
with "...attract hot men along with the best of
'em." This sentence instantly sexualises men,
going against what you were just saying about
Faith. If you care so much about the non-sexu-
alising of characters, why then, in turn, sexualize
the male characters? In a turn of blatant hypoc-
risy, you've just contradicted yourself.

Overall Faith is a good graphic novel, with an
art style that may not be for everyone, think nice
old school Saturday morning cartoons and 90s
graphic novels a bit jazzed up, but is still
a romp overall.

LilliKoko Muller-Murchie



response:

Hi LilliKoko,

Thanks for writing in! I'm so happy people ac-
tually read our book reviews!

When I say that Faith isn't objectified, I mean
that the artists and writers of the original work
didn't objectify her. The creators of Faith are not
responsible for what fan art is generated,
nor am I.

I can praise a work for not objectifying a female
character, even if it does objectify male charac-
ters. Perhaps I should have talked about this
more in the review... The men she dates and
attracts in the comic are stereotypical "hot" men.
I took this as a deliberate inversion and exag-
gerated version of female sexualisation in
comics, given the ex boyfriend is shirtless
through almost all scenes, and is depicted being
rescued and carried in Faith's arms with long
eyelashes and pretty blue eyes.

Lastly, regardless of the processes taken to
create any art, I am not by any means required
to like it. Like I said in the review, I can appreciate
the effort and skill required in creating the art,
but I still don't have to like it. I personally do not
like the style used in Faith, but there is plenty of
digital art I love. For examples of recent digital
art that I love check out Saga, Paper Girls, Sex
Criminals and Nimona.

Apologies if I offended your tender
sensibilities...

Laura Starling



Mandy Ma

Graduate of Otago Pharmacy School, speaks Cantonese, and has been with the pharmacy for four years



Greg Andrews

Graduate of Otago Pharmacy School, had a previous life as a programmer



Debbie Young

Graduate of Otago Pharmacy School, owner of the pharmacy which she opened in 1996



Sarah-Jane McGill

Graduate of the Otago Pharmacy School



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**Use your eyes
if you won't
use your ears.**

LOOK AND LOOK AGAIN BEFORE YOU CROSS THE ROAD



THE RISE OF AN OUTRAGE CULTURE

ONLINE IS REGRETTABLE

+Affirmative

—Negative

by Dr. Frank-N-Furter

The prevalence of outrage culture creates an environment where one doesn't discuss ideas with any real meaning or clarity, but rather believes whatever the first headline in their newsfeed tells them.

You only have to look to the recent death of now immortalised "Harambe" to realise the problem. When the Gorilla was shot to save the child that had fallen into his enclosure, the news spread like wildfire through online forums. Regrettably, instead of a nuanced and sophisticated discussion about the issues underpinning the situation (animal rights, captivity and parenting to name a few), society took away a new trap remix and some "dank-ass memes".

The reality of online outrage is that it is often fueled less by genuine moral horror than by the simple desire to participate online and to be seen to be "putting ten cents in." Although, there will always be people who engage in dialogue for entirely superficial reasons, in a world where you can scream outrage into the echo chamber and bear little to no accountability, the opportunity becomes infinitely more inviting. The desire to be fashionably angry hinders real social change by turning discourse into more of a competition than a dialect.

Matters of outrage often detract from more deserving issues because they are artificially awarded importance on the basis that they are outrageous. This is a self-fulfilling prophecy in that, the prioritisation of outrageous content implicitly sells (and literally sells) a distorted idea of what is important and as a result people buy into that conception. This is increasingly harmful where the hierarchy of outrage is entirely meaningless and it can appear, for example, that the population is more upset by the pomposity of Greg Wallace on MasterChef than the torture of Syrians. Also, deserving cases can be quickly demonised in response to misleading click-bait, and the reputation damage can be impossible to undo. A classic example is big game hunting. Though there are legitimate reasons to oppose it, the "kill shots" are rarely accompanied by information about the (equally legitimate) justifications for it. The practice of allowing only old, senile animals to be killed and investing the money made into local communities or conservation measures, for example, is arguably less outrageous.

Outrage culture comes at an overwhelming cost, and there's not enough resources in the world to rescue people stuck on the moral high ground. It is entertainment masquerading as activism and should be regretted.

by Admiral Ackbar

There are some things in society so bad that the only proper reaction to them is outrage... and, when that outrage results, it acts as a powerful and persuasive condemnation of the event that is, in many cases, the only way of achieving social change.

As much as the affirming side want to assume that "nuanced discussion" is valuable that's not necessarily true for all contexts. Racists or bigots, for example, hardly ever hold their views on reasoned or rational grounds—in fact, they're entirely contrary to scientific explanation. The only way to change those perspectives is through social pressure.

Furthermore, even if nuanced discussion doesn't immediately or directly follow outrage, the outrage gives huge momentum and exposure to issues that would otherwise never be discussed at all (at least by most people). In fact, outrage lays an essential foundation for those more intellectual conversations to then take place. The logic behind this is simple: most people don't engage with serious, well-reasoned articles unless they are particularly interested in something, but they do engage with emotive, click-bait headlines. Those headlines stimulate interest and lead people to find out more about the issue.

It's just not true that, generally speaking, people will be content to believe whatever a click-bait article tells them. Humans have an innate desire to understand and justify things, meaning they naturally seek explanations for outrageous information. This is especially true where such articles tend to provide noticeably limited information; leaving people with plenty of unanswered questions to contribute to more constructive forums.

Outrage culture, in many ways, represents the empowerment of minorities. For the longest time, only a select few in society had a platform to share their thoughts— money, the fame, and influence got you heard. Today, marginalised groups in society have a voice. They can speak up with immediacy on Twitter, Facebook, news sites, and more. Moreover, and just as important, these oppressed groups have found that they are not alone.

Outrage produces social change in a way that is unique and exclusive to other mechanisms. Though, like anything, it can be abused, the majority of outraged folk are simply empowered individuals with legitimate concerns who now have a way to express and explore them.



Until next
YEAR...

This will be my last column for 2016. I thought I'd grab the chance to say thank you for your support this year, and to wish you good luck for the long lean summer months without *Critic*.

Many of you will be working hard over the summer to save enough to survive another year at New Zealand's finest university. Hopefully you will also find a week or two to recharge your batteries and enjoy something of a break.

Those of you returning next year will get to experience the joys of election year on campus. My regular campus clinics will continue, but as the election

comes closer, other MPs will show up too. A plethora of parties will appear on campus seeking to persuade you to give them your vote, and of the merit of their political agendas. My advice is to enjoy it.

Question every visitor about what they'll do for students, how they'll fund their pledges, and how their promises align with the fundamental values of their party. You will find the answers entertaining, if occasionally only for the contortions they contain.

Ask them about climate change, and their plan for addressing intergenerational issues. Ask them about education and student debt. Ask them about inequalities and social mobility. Ask them what they do for fun.

While we're on politics, my congratulations to incoming OUSA President Hugh Baird. It has been a pleasure working with you this year Hugh, and I look forward to working with you next year in your new role. I'm sure those of your team staying on at Critic will keep you honest with their own unique brand of fresh, fearless and persistent pursuit for truth!

So, best wishes for exams and good luck for the summer ahead. If you're hanging around Dunedin over summer months, I may bump into you on campus or in the Rob Roy ice cream queue. If not, and you have something you want me to be thinking about, come by my Albany Street office and say 'Hi!'

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After ODT Watch accused the ODT of cult-like ritual summoning last week, public pressure forced the ODT to explain their actions.

It had to be the waning moon

Their explanation was as weak as their ability to make up titles.

Lookout rooster gone; crossbow attack feared

The rooster was our only hope. The crossbows are coming.

A Dunedin man apparently feels that 'hairstresser' no longer adequately describes his job

Bespoke hair workshop headed in fresh direction

I don't know if charging more for a fancier name counts as a 'fresh direction'.

However, what appears to be an innocent man sprucing up his job description becomes sinister when paired with this Auckland story.

the high-flying clientele of an Auckland hair stylist were caught up in a police sting on an alleged drug network selling cocaine and methamphetamine.

Fresh direction indeed.

And finally the ODT is trying to imply that a nuclear bomb was detonated near Milton

A mushroom-like cloud near Milton spurred queries from readers yesterday. What was it?

We would never be so lucky.

by Charlie O'Mannin & Connor Seddon



Dear Ethel,

My mum's really sick and I may have to drop everything to go home any day. Dad's not working at the moment and I don't want to ask him for money because everything is going towards mum's medical bills. Is there anywhere I can get some financial help? Also, what happens if I miss my exams?

I'm so sorry to hear about your mum and I understand that you may need to get home pretty quickly. You might be eligible for assistance through the university's emergency fund. This is a one-off payment to assist in 'emergencies' or where financial assistance is needed due to circumstances beyond your control. To find out more about this, drop in and see one of the friendly advocates at OUSA Student Support Centre. We're in the little cottage at 5 Ethel Benjamin Place. The advocate will explain how the fund works and will prepare an application on your behalf. They can also help you explore other options for financial assistance.

If you need to be home because of a family emergency and you miss an exam, you can apply for Special Consideration. You will find information about who can apply for Special Consideration, what needs to be supplied, and how to apply, on the university's website: Otago.ac.nz/study/exams. We recommend that you have a chat to one of our advocates if you need to apply for special consideration. It is very important that you get good documentary 'evidence' to support your application. An advocate will help to make sure you have everything you need to maximise your chances of having special consideration approved. They can also take care of any follow-up admin on your behalf if you're not in Dunedin and help with appeals if you apply for special consideration and are declined.

There are all sorts of other practical things that OUSA Student Support might be able to help with, so drop in and have a chat. The situation you are in is stressful, so it's really important that you look after yourself. Spend time with friends, cook healthy meals, exercise, and get plenty of rest!

Thinking of you and your family.

Whole lotta love,

-Ethel xox



TURKISH OR SPIRIT-VAPOUR BATH*

This powerful treatment contributes to the removal of disease, and inducing activity of the vessels of the skin. It is recommended in severe colds, pleurisy, rheumatism, diarrhea, dysentery, feverish and inflammatory attacks, etc.

The patient is to be in a night-shirt or other clothing, to be worn only while sweating and during the night. He is then seated on a high-bottomed chair, so the flame will not burn him. Then a large blanket is thrown around him from behind, covering the back of his head and body as well as the chair, and another in front.

Then a cup containing two tablespoons of whiskey, or any other spirit that will burn, is placed on the floor directly under the centre of the chair, and lighted by introducing from behind a piece of burning paper. The liquor is allowed to burn until consumed, and the operation repeated one or more times if the patient does not already sweat freely enough.

If during the operation he feel faint or thirsty, cold water must be sprinkled on his face.

Then, when free perspiration is produced, wrap the blankets around him, put him in bed, cover him warmly and give him hot teas to drink. After two or three hours remove the covering piece by piece, at intervals of about half an hour, so that he may gradually cease to perspire.

*This information was taken from Vitalogy, a real medical book published in 1923. This column is for entertainment only and should not be taken as advice by anyone, ever.



JUST THE TIPS

Seeing as it's the end of the year, I thought I might impart some sex advice to you all on how to have a good, healthy sex life.

1) Get to know yourself

You need to know yourself, what you like and what you don't like, your turn ons and turn offs. Perhaps you're really into a particular position, don't like dirty talk, but love a good spanking. Everyone is different, no one body is the same. There are no rules about what turns you on, so take some time to figure out what floats your boat. On top of this, especially women, you need to know your own body, what feels good and what doesn't. How can you tell someone else what they need to do to your body specifically, if you have no idea yourself?

2) Always talk to your sexual partner/s

Seriously, I don't care if it's a casual thing, a one night stand, high school sweetheart or your lifelong partner. You need to talk to them about what you want from them sexually. If you aren't in the mood, tell them. If you're not into what they're doing, don't just deal with it, talk to them about it. Give positive reinforcement when they're doing something that works. People don't just magically know just how to make someone else feel good - it takes time and experience with that body, and who has more experience than yourself? You do know best.

3) Practice safe sex

Always use protection. The more forms the merrier. Condoms and dental dams to protect from infection; the pill, spermicide and IUDs to prevent pregnancy. I cannot emphasise how important this is. While protection isn't 100 percent perfect, it will likely save you a lot of harm and stress down the road.

4) Don't shame people

If you are lucky enough to have sex with someone, don't then go ahead and shame them for their bodies, tastes or kinks. For whatever reason it's considered hilarious to make fun of people for kinks. I can't tell you how many jokes I've heard about foot fetishes at this point. If you're not into a fetish that your partner is, then tell them, but just don't be an asshole about it.

5) Use Lube!

Finally, always use lube. Lube is great. It's magical, even. Makes penetration better, doesn't hurt, can taste nice, and can even provide tingles if you get the right stuff. Why wouldn't you use lube?

Have fun, be safe, and enjoy a great, sexy summer

THE GOOD PLACE

Rating: A-
Created by: Mike Schur



Review: Laura Starling

In the pilot episode of *The Good Place*, Eleanor Shellstrop (Kristen Bell) is sitting in a perfectly pleasant waiting room. Michael (Ten Danson) calls her into his office and explains that she has died, and she is now in the afterlife. He assures her that she is in "The Good Place" and not "The Bad Place".

The Good Place is where the absolute best of the human race go to when they die. In this world, everything you do over your life gives you a score. Eventually, when you die, this score is taken into account, and only those with the very highest scores are admitted into The Good Place. Don't ask about The Bad Place. Eleanor is in The Good Place because of all the humanitarian work she did during her life. Michael takes her to her new home and introduces her to her soul mate, Chidi Anagonye (William Jackson Harper), an ethics professor from Nigeria.

Once she has a promise of loyalty from Chidi, Eleanor reveals that she is not who Michael thinks she is. While her name is correct, all the things she supposedly did over her life to earn her a spot in The Good Place was not her. In fact, Eleanor is a selfish person who never did anything for anyone other than herself during her life on earth. Desperate to stay in The Good Place, she asks Chidi to teach her how to be the kind of person who deserves to live there.

Despite this quirky little show only starting up on the 19th of September, it is intriguing, interesting, and sweet. It's a strong start to something which is a fairly bold and bizarre concept, and the pilot pulls it off fairly well. Some of the jokes didn't land, and the performances aren't quite perfect yet. However, the brightly coloured neighbourhood with houses designed to match the personality of the person inhabiting it perfectly, and frozen yoghurt shops everywhere, make it look like a magical, heavenly place. I mean, who doesn't love some froyo?

Overall, it was an intriguing pilot, and it's definitely something I'm going to keep my eye on over the summer.

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

Rating: F---
Director: Stanley Kubrick



Review: Jac Aske

I want to preface this by saying that I only saw this movie because my Dad got a Kubrick box set from The Warehouse and said we had to watch it. It's about some astronaut guys who are on a spaceship going somewhere and it sucks. I don't care how fancy a director Stanley Kubrick is, if I have to watch one more second of stupid spaceships floating around in space I will personally scratch every DVD of 2001 ever made. You might think I'm being overdramatic but there are literally minutes that go by where nothing happens but floating. Sure, maybe a hundred years ago before space was invented that would have been a cool sight to behold but as someone who has recently seen both *Gravity* and *The Martian*, I am unimpressed. And what is with the classical music? It's bad enough that the spaceships are just floating around but why is this fancy music acting like the Beacons of Gondor have just been lit? This isn't Han Solo navigating an asteroid belt—it's just a stupid spaceship that happens to be floating. It's like being forced to watch screensavers from a Windows 98 but less entertaining.

And let's not forget the stupid monkey rock. For those of you who haven't seen this 'masterpiece', for some reason there is a big rock that makes monkeys go nuts. The music made it seem like this was probably important, but the music also thought the floating was important so who knows. I certainly don't, although to be fair I stopped watching around the time the computer guy started being a dick. I'm not sure how it ends, but I hope everyone died and that the monkeys figured out what the dumb rock was.

If you've never seen a film before it's possible you might like this. For those of you who have seen films, I recommend not seeing this one.



BRIDGET JONES'S BABY

Rating: B+

Director: Sharon Maguire

Review: (Not) Hugh Baird

So there I found myself, on my lonesome sitting in the movie theatre with about nine younger women and twenty seniors all staring at me, wondering what the hell I was doing with my life. I must say, in the midst of my hangover I was thinking the same thing. I slumped low into my seat and waited for the film to start.

The film begins exactly as I imagined it would, with Jones's mother calling her on her birthday to remind her that she is indeed 43 and single. Jones then attends the funeral of none other than Daniel Cleaver (Hugh Grant), where she bumps into Mark Darcy (Colin Firth) who is accompanied by his wife. Of course, this leads into a scene of Bridget Jones drinking on her own whilst belting out a couple lines of Celine Dion's classic, "All by Myself."

To cure Jones of what can only be described as a midlife crisis, work colleague Miranda decides to take Jones to Glastonbury, where she runs into a man (Patrick Dempsey) and who she ends up knocking boots with later in the day.

Fast forward and Bridget returns home to attend a christening in which she is the godmother and Mark Darcy is the godfather. After Mark announces to Bridget that he is in fact no longer married, the pair decide to hit the sheets.

When Bridget discovers that she is gaining weight, a friend suggests that she may be pregnant. Of course, when the test comes back positive Bridget is unsure which of the two is in fact the biological father.

As you can imagine the rest of the film revolves around Bridget trying to find out the real birth father. I won't say too much else as it could be a little bit of a spoiler.

Overall I found that the movie wasn't all too bad. It wasn't absolutely hilarious, and it rarely had me breaking anything but a smile, but all and all, not a bad flick to watch when horribly hungover.



CHASING GREAT

Rating: A+++++++

Directors: Fede Alvarez

Review: Hugh Baird

After watching Richie McCaw's latest film *Chasing Great*, I've come to the careful conclusion that the man pisses excellence. He was dux of his high school, he flies planes and helicopters, and he is now widely regarded as our greatest All Black of all time. Despite all of this, the man is still able to retain such humility and for that reason I suspect, is one of our most trusted and respected Kiwis.

McCaw's life, and achievements have been carefully interwoven into a film which follows the final year of his All Blacks tenure, in the lead up to the 2015 Rugby World Cup. The film uses a mixture of home footage, interviews, voice overs and acting to bring to life McCaw's story.

Whilst the film chronicles early life for McCaw and his meteoric rise through the grades, it centres mostly around his failure in the 2007 Rugby World Cup and his almost psychotic need to win the world cup. It mainly revolves around his work with the team psychologist and his recognition that, mentally the team needed to be able to perform under pressure.

Whether you're a rugby fan or not, you will be able to appreciate the lengths McCaw was willing to go to in order to be successful, including playing half the world cup with a broken foot. In gaining an insight into the hard work and attention to detail in which McCaw pays to his game, and the team, it's easy to understand just why the All Blacks are one of the most successful sports teams of all time.

Heading into the film I had heard a lot of reviews which didn't paint the film in the best of light, however I've got to say I was blown away at the quality of the kiwi made film. Perhaps I base my knowledge of kiwi films around *Black Sheep*? Whether you're a footy nut or not, I'm sure you can come to appreciate the hard work and dedication that goes on behind the scenes to make McCaw top his field. 10/10 would recommend. Closest I've come to crying in a movie in a long time.

WHY DO WE NEED

...MORE WOMEN IN STEMM?

TL;DR—More women are needed in STEMM. Praise and encourage intelligence and positive contributions, not champion tasteless narcissism.

By Anthony Marris



artist rendition of what a woman in STEMM might look like, should you find one

By rights, this piece should be titled "How do we recruit, retain, and recognise women in STEMM", but I was not clever enough to devise a snappy title that sums it up in eight words. STEMM is an acronym for Science, Technology, Engineering, Mathematics, and Medicine – all vital fields which have helped give us the modern conveniences we take for granted.

Firstly, how do we recruit more women into STEMM? We start by looking at role models. Women like Ada Lovelace, Constance Calenda, Elena Piscopia, and Zsófia Torma should be appreciated and praised for their contributions, not the untalented daughters of a lawyer who have contributed nothing positive to society. Sadly and somewhat ironically, role models for women in STEMM exists predominantly in science fiction. Doctor Samantha Carter (Stargate SG-1) holds PHD in theoretical astrophysics, is smarter than her male rivals, and well respected by her team. Kaylee Frye (Firefly), a largely self-taught mechanic who keeps the Serenity flying even when the parts were scarce to non-existent. Mainstream television is lagging, portraying smart, intelligent women involved in STEMM on popular television shows like The Big Bang Theory as either the nagging wife, or the awkward/bookish woman. This does nothing to normalise the fact woman can and do work in STEMM.

Sapna Cheryan et al (2013) explored the preconceptions of women in computer science in an attempt to find out why women are underrepresented in a fast growing and vital field. Cheryan found that female undergrads from Berkley and the University of Washington thought that to be successful in computer science they had to "dream in code", and were aware of the current perception of what computer enthusiasts look, think, and act like – antisocial, pale, typically overweight, focused on one thing. From interviews conducted, when asked what STEMM field they would like to go into, the half the respondents (female aged 18–25) expressed an interest in engineering or computer science, while the other half expressed an interest in medicine. Many of them

prefaced their answers with "If I was any good at maths...", or added qualifiers like "I like the idea of it [medicine], but know I would never get anywhere with it." Based on these interviews and from my own analysis of other papers, I believe that to encourage more women into STEMM, we start at the basics. We tailor the way we teach maths and the sciences for women. Before anyone gets excited, I mean we change how the topic is taught. I was not implying that we make it easy based on some wrongful assumption that women need the topic dumbed down.

Arthur W. Chickering and Stephen C. Ehrmann found that one way to encourage learning was to make learning collaborative not competitive, and to get students and teachers to engage with each other. This might mean professors devise practical exercises that push the students. Offer substantial course credit for students who are more practically focussed and provide students with the option of a final grade project like a new app, a mathematical theorem (with proofs), or from making a model heart with a working pacemaker. Not wait till masters and doctorate level, make it a second year project. You might get more students to stay and advance the field rather than get their degree and then waste their days away doing something unrelated. Yes it is scary, it would change the way the courses are taught, but it would mean that we branched out from simply reading and repeating, which is what many university courses teach. There is a vast gulf between actually learning and simply reciting.

We need to stop the stereotypical antisocial ugly loner and male image. I work with many women, most are younger, some have degrees, and all are smart. I do not fear them being smarter than me, I encourage and embrace it. We need to encourage women to enter STEMM fields, and not dissuade them with derogatory comments about joining medicine because of Grey's Anatomy or Bones, or implying that somehow having a uterus does not mean they can work out the structural integrity and load limits of a bowstring arch.

SOMA



PC, Mac, Linux, PS4
Developed & Published by Frictional Games

Rating: B+

Review: Laura Rose Starling

SOMA is a first-person science fiction horror game that was released online in late 2015. Its story begins with its protagonist Simon Jarrett waking up in his apartment to a phone call from a doctor about an appointment for a brain scan later that day. After searching his apartment and reading news clippings, it becomes clear that Simon has suffered from some brain damage after a car accident. Simon heads out to the appointment, arrives at a dishevelled office, and meets up with the doctor. He's placed into a bizarre scanning machine—and wakes up in some kind of underwater laboratory. Simon has no idea where he is, how he got there, or how to get home again.

SOMA is littered with hints, clues and puzzles to solve. You really need to listen to all of the game's audio recordings and read the little bits of paper floating around in order to piece together what's going on. There is no direct fighting, but there are many things chasing you. Much like its predecessor, *Amnesia: The Dark Descent*, SOMA relies heavily on psychological horror over jump scares. The facility is cold, damp, dark and creepy. Nobody is around for you to ask for help. You have to find your way around by yourself.

SOMA certainly is creepy and unsettling. One of the more memorable moments for me was coming across a robot that was screaming and suffering in pain—almost as though it was human. Another memorable sequence involved being chased upstairs by a large robot that would kill Simon instantly—and this resulted in much yelling from myself and the friend I played with.

SOMA is a decent horror puzzle game, but it wasn't particularly mind-blowing. I was guessing what would happen in the plot from pretty early on, so the twists weren't too shocking, even if it was hella creepy. The game is only about nine hours long, and taking time between sessions takes away from the game's magic a little—so, I would recommend playing through SOMA in the dark and in one sitting for maximum effect.

RIVEN: THE SEQUEL TO MYST



PC | Developed by Cyan Worlds
Published by Red Orb Entertainment

Rating: CLASSIC

Review: Campbell Calverley

To round off the year, I would like to be indulgent and review something slightly different. *Riven: The Sequel to Myst* is my single favourite game of all time. In the game, you have been transported by your friend Atrus through a Linking Book – books that spirit people away into the worlds they describe – to the archipelago of Riven, where you have the ultimate goal of rescuing Atrus' lover from his father.

Much like its prequel, the puzzles in *Riven* are deliberately opaque. After the sparse intro, you are completely left on your own with almost nothing to help you. You really need to be playing with a pad and paper by your side, in order to take down the intriguing clues you will find scattered throughout the islands, and to learn about the culture of the villagers of Riven. There are a fair few cleverly hidden passages all around the island, but each time you discover one, you feel like you have uncovered something that ought to have remained hidden.

The atmosphere of *Riven* is like a noise-cancelling shroud. When the game is not mysteriously beautiful with its views of the ocean and calming sounds of wildlife, you are listening to Robyn Miller's deliciously ethereal soundtrack while walking through stony caverns and wooden residences that are definitely inhabited but are suspiciously empty. The game imbues a feeling of being oppressively, helplessly alone – but at the same time, you feel like you are constantly being watched. Each time you catch a glimpse of another human, they will run away from you out of fear. Even though you are here to help, absolutely nobody wants you here.

I love *Riven* so much. It is a wonderful, beautiful, mysterious world that grips me with awe and curiosity every time I visit it. It was a game that made my younger self value books as items that are capable of working magic. It's a game that makes me value quiet, slow, introspective progression over bombastic action and excitement. In my experience with video games, nothing is better than this.



ENGL127 Effective Writing



Thanks to White Chimps, a new fancy magazine (in the UK www.inkandwhitesmagazine.com) for their eye-catching image designed by Black & White Photography (www.blackandwhitephotography.co.uk)



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Literature & Lager



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DUNEDIN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA



Review: Ihlara McIndoe

When an audience with a mean age of seventy energetically jump out of their seats in enthusiastic applause at the end of a work, you know it's been a good performance. Associate Professor of Music, Anthony Ritchie's composition Gallipoli to the Somme traces the journey of Dunedinite Alexander Aitken through his experiences in World War I. Ritchie weaves together texts from a variety of sources including letters, chants, poems and speeches linked to New Zealanders, Britons, Germans and Turks, making a striking humanist statement about ordinary peoples' experience of war. Aitken, an accomplished violinist, took his violin with him to war, and Ritchie highlights the significance of the violin through his use of recurring solos, performed beautifully by the DSO Concertmaster and Senior Lecturer, Tessa Petersen. The performance also featured the talents of Anna Leese, Martin Snell, The Dunedin City Choir, and The Southern Youth Choir, under the baton of Simon Over. The second half of the programme was made up of works by Ravel, Kelly and Wagner, giving the audience an insight of the type of music that was being written or performed around the time of World War I. The programme as a whole was incredibly moving, and highlighted the immense talents of Ritchie, Petersen, and other music lecturers and students, which Otago is very lucky to have.

HARRY STYLES —GOING SOLO & ANOTHER MAN



Review: Millicent Lovelock

Four days ago Harry Styles posted three blank white photographs to his Instagram, a day later he revealed three covers for *Another Man* magazine. Two of the covers feature Styles in a dog collar (not the priest kind), staring broodily into the camera, in the third he is dressed in a turtleneck sweater, grinning gawkishly with his tongue pressed into the side of his cheek. These covers mark Styles' first step away from One Direction. Inside the magazine he is interviewed by Sir Paul McCartney, he is shot wearing high fashion garments, and the magazine features content he curated. The Harry Styles in *Another Man* might seem a far cry from the cherubic boy of *What Makes You Beautiful*, and this is a bold career move, but it is a move that carries through with the significance of One Direction.

One Direction were and still are all about the fans, all those millions of teenage girls. One Direction made a space for them where they could be silly and passionate, where they could connect with their peers and work themselves out. Spaces like these are few and far between outside of groups like One Direction, outside of massive mainstream pop music. Harry Styles is still a mega pop star, and probably he always will be, no matter what his solo album sounds like, but Harry Styles in *Another Man* is also interested in a whole lot more than big budget bangers. *Another Man* shows Styles as deeply invested in fashion, be it brand new floral Gucci suits and Yves Saint Laurent jackets or tattered Chelsea boots bought at a thrift store in South America. He reads poetry (I'll forgive him his love of Charles Bukowski because Herman Hesse is okay and Rumi is better), he writes a journal, and he collects art.

From a cynical, publicity standpoint *Another Man* pushes Styles as being authentic, maybe even hinting that he is removed to a certain degree from the pop stardom that got him to where he is now. But, even if the narrative is that there is more to Styles than meets the eye so it's okay to like him now, there is a whole lot more going on here. The people who most love Harry Styles are young girls and women, and what this interview and magazine feature is saying to them is: you like Harry Styles, and Harry Styles likes these things (poetry, art, fashion) and pop music and all this other stuff are not mutually exclusive. Harry Styles in *Another Man* is doing what Harry Styles in One Direction was doing, he is creating space for girls and women in spaces that traditionally exclude them. Music, poetry, art and even fashion have excluded women for centuries, fostering a culture where women either have to force their way in or find other interests. Pop music is an art form in its own right but it is so important that girls and women be encouraged to explore whatever cultural bits and bobs tickle their fancy. ■

To many Harry Styles is an idol, and rightly so. He is beloved by young women and he carefully nurtures that bond, even while negotiating that liminal space between 'authenticity' and measured pop persona. In *Another Man* Styles lightly side steps a question about crazy fan behaviour, and he speaks openly and reverently about One Direction. Styles might be changing his image, but he isn't distancing himself from his fan base, he's taking them with him.



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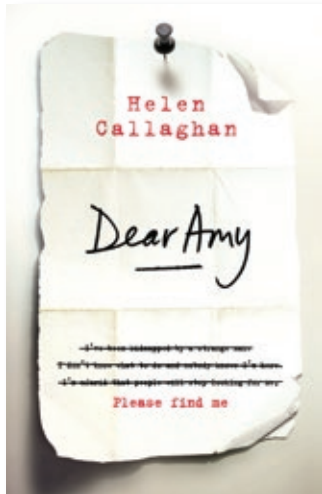
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DEAR AMY

Author: Helen Callaghan



Review: Hayleigh Clarkson

Helen Callaghan's debut novel *Dear Amy* is one hell of a ride. Callaghan writes from the perspective of Margot, a teacher at the local college and also the writer of the *Dear Amy* help column in the local paper. Typically she deals with mundane relationship issues until one day she receives a letter from Bethan Avery, a young girl who went missing twenty years earlier and presumed dead, begging her for help. This throws Margot into a spin; why, of all people, has Bethan decided to contact her? And wasn't she supposed to be dead? They did find a piece of nightgown with her blood on it after all. At the same time Bethan is writing to the *Dear Amy* column, another young girl, Katie, is also kidnapped. Katie was a student in one of Margot's classes, so Margot feels it is up to her to find Bethan Avery and in turn, find Katie. The letters keep coming

so Margot decides to contact the police. This is where the novel turns from a drama into a twist-ed thriller.

Dear Amy has loads of twists and incredibly well-developed characters. Because Callaghan writes in the first person, we not only get inside Margot's head but also get to witness the kidnapping of Katie. Callaghan takes a brave leap and writes from the perspective of the kidnapper as well, which makes for a rather sickening, disturbing, eerie and down-right confronting chapter. We discover his reasoning for kidnapping Bethan and Katie, the way he follows the girls and is convinced they are infatuated with him. But when they fail to notice him, he feels the need to punish the girls and turn them into his dream girlfriend. It is a chapter which will make you sit up and take notice of those around you, make you double-think about who you have been talking to and re-visit the New Zealand cases of girls who have gone missing. Callaghan writes with such clarity and rawness that you have no choice but to keep reading, while feeling helpless at not being able to help Bethan and Katie but also feeling violated because it is like he is talking about you.

My only concern for the novel is that the plot twist happens early on. While you won't see it coming, and yes it does help for the rest of the novel to fall into place, I felt as if I could almost put the book down not knowing how it ends. But at the same time, the twist picks up the plot and completely throws it off course to a point where it could almost be an entirely different novel.

If you love thrillers and suspense then this is a novel for you. It delivers everything you could ever want plus a little bit extra.

FREEDOM

Author: Jonathan Franzen



Review: Lucy Hunter

The most unsettling things are the most familiar —the more you know somebody the stranger they seem. And nothing is more familiar than family.

Patty Berglund is an ex college basketball star and fanatically perfect mother. She bakes cookies on all her neighbours' birthdays and never has a bad word to say about anybody. So why has her adored son suddenly moved in with her redneck neighbours? Why is her meek environmentalist husband talking business with billionaire coal moguls? Why has poor Patty, once the shining hope of Barrier Street, retreated into alcoholic isolation?

Each chapter reveals the story from a different family member. Tiny lies, misunderstandings, the weird little bad things we all do to the people we care about the most pile up on top of each other. No perverse thought or rotten motivation is spared. Franzen has a way of making you squirm under the familiar menace of too much love.

OBSERVATIONS

The Artist's Room
10-24 September



Review: Carolijn Guytonbeck

This Dunedin exhibition showcases some of the local artistic talent incorporating varied styles but all figurative in form. If you didn't manage to get to the show you can still easily access these artists if not directly via the gallery.

People will always love paintings for their aesthetic pleasure if nothing else. Although usually something a little more cerebral is there when someone chooses a picture to put on their wall.

'Observations' is a fitting name for a recent exhibition at the Artist's Room. Each of the artists display their unique strengths. There is extreme

prettiness in Jan Ingram's and Rod Eales flower paintings adding compositional interest with their circular and oval shapes. Their titles however, suggest that there may be some personal reference in these images. Tessa Barringer's birds are beautifully caught in motion and Catherine Garrett's Otago Harbour scenes may remind you of Robin White in style but nonetheless are uniquely Catherine's works with a defined colouring and dimensionality.

For me it is Emma Milburn's work that stands out. These are set in the Borland Pass area based on a trip she made there earlier this year. For

these paintings she used oil and gold leaf. Three of the works are on specially prepared paper and the others on Belgium linen prepared in a traditional technique using rabbit skin glue - the result being very textural. Her works are lyrical with repeated motifs of small squares and fine markings over sepia like tones with striking red accents. She has captured the essence of this wondrous part of New Zealand with added elements that invite contemplation. These works show a maturation of her style which she is fully in control of.

SCOTT EADY Sons of a clouded sky 2016.
Silicon, bronze, plastic, wood, water pump. Courtesy of the artist.



RIDICULOUSUBLINE

NICKAUSTIN . JANEDODD . SCOTTEADY . RACHELH.ALLAN

The distinct vision of a contemporary artist can offer a new lens through which to see our everyday - reshaping the intersections between the familiar, the ridiculous and the magnificent.

TERIYAKI QUORN & TOFU DONBURI

by Kirsten Garcia



For all the vegans, if Quorn isn't already your friend, it will be. The Quorn pieces are the closest plant based product I have found that resembles the texture of chicken. There is also a "mince" product too, you can find them both in the frozen products aisle at your supermarket. As a meat reductionist, I like my vegetarian meals but I've been disappointed by a lot of the alternative protein products. A lot of them fall short from trying too hard to resemble meat. But Quorn is impressively close considering that it's made from fungi! With no

animals harmed and using more sustainable methods too. A great example of how technology today can be used to engineer new food to offer more options outside of unsustainable meat production and consumption.

The ultimate test if it can be just as good as chicken in something iconic, like teriyaki! And why not make a Donburi ("rice bowl" in Japanese) meal out of it. I also added tofu to this to extend the meal. I used marinated tofu from the farmer's market to make it even more tasty.

Ingredients

Oil for frying
1 onion, diced
3 garlic, diced
300g frozen Quorn pieces
225g firm tofu pieces
1 cup fresh or frozen green peppers, diced
Corn starch for rolling
¼ cabbage, shredded
1 carrot, grated
Cooked rice
Optional: Sesame seeds & coriander to garnish.

Teriyaki sauce

½ cup Light Soy Sauce
½ cup soft Brown Sugar
½ cup Mirin (Salted rice wine)
¼ cup water
2 tsp corn starch
2 tablespoons of water

Method

Press tofu, cut into dice size cubes and roll around in corn starch (this makes it crispy). Set aside

Add all sauce ingredients for teriyaki sauce in a small saucepan apart from the cornstarch and water. Heat on medium and lightly whisk to combine sugar into the sauce. Add the cornflour to the water in a separate bowl, then add to sauce. Simmer for around 15 minutes while lightly stirring until sauce is sweet, transparent and has reduced to desired thickness. Turn off heat and set aside.

Heat oil in a wok or large frying pan, saute onions, once onions are softened, add garlic and the Quorn pieces, let the Quorn brown slightly before adding the tofu pieces. Once Quorn and tofu look cooked (browned and warmed throughout), add peppers and cook until softened. Add the teriyaki sauce. Combine sauce through mixture.

Serve with cooked rice and grated carrot and cabbage, Garnish with coriander and sesame seeds.

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Each week, we lure two singletons to Dog With Two Tails, ply them with food and alcohol, then wait for their reports to arrive in our inbox. If this sounds like you, email critic@critic.co.nz But be warned—if you dine on the free food and dash without sending us a writeup, a Critic writer will write one under your name. And that won't end well for you.

hers

DANIELLE

his

HERMIT CRAB

I turned up to Dog With Two Tails (cheers guys, love the train! Beep beep!) a little tipsy and the nice folks there seated me at an empty table. I was only there for a quick minute (but long enough for my idiot friends to get bored with waiting outside and being dicks) before a tall blonde slunk through the door. As she moved closer, I was floored.

So last summer I went to a New Year's bash at Otematata with the squad. I don't wanna get blue but I did make particular personal acquaintance with a hot Australian while I was there. We had a blast, but I figured since she was just there with a mate, she'd be back to Oz come February. But no, there she was, standing looking lost in the middle of Dog With Two Tails.

The girl who wore sequins at the lakeside last December was now dressed in a decidedly demure dress but she looked just as phenomenal as she did then. When she saw me her face lit up and I knew the night was going to be AMAZING. It turns out her family had decided to move

here, and she had transferred to ol' Otago to study physio. As the wine flowed, so did the conversation. We're very different people but she spun an incredible yarn. IDK who does the matchmaking at Critic but you guys nailed it.

We had a great time and snuck off to the bathrooms for a -closer chat-. I complimented her outfit and felt pretty insecure about myself tbh. I excused myself and slithered into the bathroom to spruce up (and to swoosh my hair a little better-- I wish I had followed that beauty school thing the guidance counsellor suggested). When I came back she had vanished? I awkwardly lingered for a bit and then sat back down because I sure as shit am not wasting that \$100 tab. She came back and had slipped into something a little less comfortable. I was sold.

I'm not a gal to kiss and tell, so I'll leave this story with my Australian and I in each other's arms, flying off into the night in her jealousy.

Well, it's the end of the semester, so after a whole year of the gang poking and prodding at me to do the blind date, I sucked it up and went for it. I didn't really know what to expect, but I did NOT expect what happened.

A bit awkward walking in a realising we'd already banged in Otematata. She was a total babe but I'd forgotten her name - so embarrassing.

We had a couple of wines before I managed to catch her name. We got a bit tipsy and started talking and realised we had some "friends" in common, but they are were actually more like frenemies. Turns out her friends think I'm a total bitch and a jock. I wanted to know why and it seems like some jealous woman had a crush on my date and wanted to make me look bad.

I think my date believed me that I'm not a total bitch cos, spoilers, she took me home.

I thought we were having fun but then it got weird when we were pashing and she suddenly said "You call that a belt? That's fake leather!" I didn't know if it was meant to be a joke. My belt is made of leather. I got self conscious then remembered I had a change of clothes in my bag. I went to the bathroom and changed into some tight black pants, off the shoulder top, and I even managed to curl my hair. I came back and she was deep in a glass of something bright pink and definitely alcoholic.

I decided that she was the one I wanted-- she'd shock the flatties but who cares? 10/10, would bang again, cheers Critic and DWTT.

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President's Column

Well here we are. The end of the Critic print run for 2016. This year has been an incredibly challenging, but ultimately rewarding experience. I have learned so much about myself and the University of Otago, travelled New Zealand and the world, had the privilege to work with some extraordinary people, but ultimately have had the honour of representing your voices while serving as your 2016 OUSA President.

There are at least 101 people who I could thank for the support, love and time they have given me this year. The staff at OUSA have been incredible, and the University administration and academic staff have been endlessly warm and welcoming. Not to mention the phenomenal Executive Members whose images are collaged on this page, alongside images depicting many of my highlights from this year. Though I could make this like an Oscar acceptance speech, I will presume the majority of you already know how deeply I have appreciated you this year, and

I'll only use this opportunity to highlight two key people who provided ongoing leadership mentoring to me in this role.

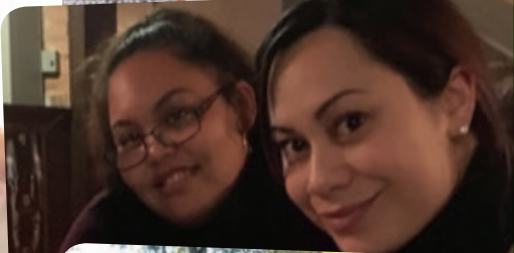
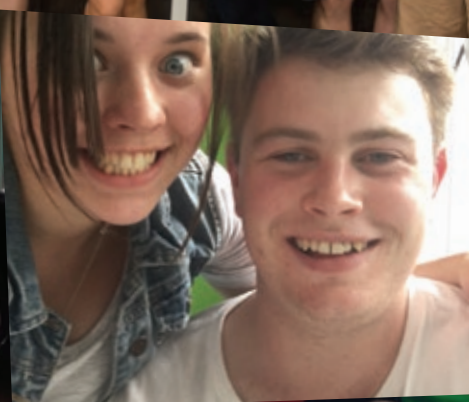
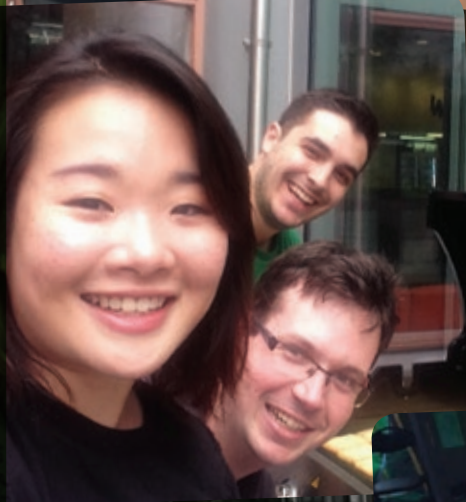
Therefore, thank you ever so much to Alison Stewart for walking with me when times were tough and teaching me to knit when times were even tougher, and to Lyall Hanton for his patience, empathy and listening ear - you both empower me to be a better and stronger person every day.

Thank you to all of you who contributed to the positive experiences I have had as your President this year. And a special thanks for all those emails about patronuses - I wish I had gotten onto this giveaways thing sooner.

It has been my absolute pleasure to be your President, and I wish you all the very best for your futures.

Go well and take care,

Laura Harris - president@ousa.org.nz



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APPS201: Materials: Properties and Applications

CLTE 204: Dress and Society

CLTE 206: The Fashion Trade

CLTE 207: Clothing and Textiles in Sport

These papers would enhance any degree.

For advice on your options contact us

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