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Critic

ISSUE 10

NEW ZEALAND
PASSPORT
URUWHENUA
AOTEAROA



GET LOST

**VOLUN-TOURING
THE WORLD**

p20

**SAYONARA,
DIGNITY!**

p26

**MARS ONE
MISSION**

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ARE YOU...

- ✓ MALE OR FEMALE?
- ✓ AGED BETWEEN 18-55 YEARS?
- ✓ A NON-SMOKER?
- ✓ NOT ON ANY MEDICATION?
- ✓ FREE OF MEDICAL CONDITIONS?

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Editorial



Pack your bags!!

Q: If you could pack your bags for anywhere tomorrow, where would you go?

Hugh: With Ceri being a native of Waimate and always raving about the place I suppose I'd probably head there to check it out. Apparently there's a slab of concrete on a hill painted white called the "white horse of Waimate." Tourist attractions like that would pull me in. ("It's an icon," says Ceri).

Tash: My brother has moved to a small Japanese island in the tropics with amazing marine life and coral reefs. Plus he drinks nice scotch. Okinawa is first on my list.

Ceri: I would go to the Svalbard Seed Vault and eat all their sunflower seeds as a display of dominance.

Lucy: The same place I pack my bags to go every day – the *Critic* office. All of my friends and interests are there, we can make instant coffee for free, and Hugh buys me stationery. Paradise!

Laura: After going to Hawaii last year, I can't wait to go back. My husband often sends me photos from our trip saying "remember this? Let's go again tomorrow. Let's be homeless in Hawaii". Although I really want to visit my friend in England as well!

Joe: I've been struggling with this question for a while now. I have two destinations in which I

have longed to travel to since I can remember. The first is Buckingham Palace, as I would love to catch a glimpse of the Queen. The old girl is coming up 90 and I feel that time is of the essence, who knows how long until she kicks the bucket. The second is the Vatican as I have prayed to the heavens above for a while now that God while bless me with His Holiness the Pope's presence. To kiss his ring (don't even care about germz) and bask in his holiness is simply all I ask. Travelling may be a little hard at the current moment as **I'M NOW A VEGAN** (tell your friends).

Henry: This week we're talking about our ideal getaway destinations. Luckily this has been on my mind recently. As a journalist you are constantly waiting on other people's responses, if not struggling for their cooperation in the first place. As a result journalists often become the more jaded and cynical members of society. On the other hand our politicians seem eternally happy (notwithstanding the New Zealand Labour Party), so for after considering my possible getaway destinations I've landed on the sunny shores of the New Zealand House of Representatives. So long happy readers.

Peter: I would like to go to Necker Island because it would be warm, peaceful and would also give me a chance to pitch some of my business ideas to Richard Branson.

OX
Critic team

09 May | 2016

News in Briefs

World Watch



Cambridge, England

Researchers at the University of Cambridge have developed the world's tiniest engine - so small it could be used to enter living cells in order to fight disease. The nanoscale engine measures a few billionths of a metre across, and uses light to power itself



Russia

A man from St Petersburg has completed a walk across Russia to Vladivostok, a journey of 9,300km (5,780 miles), nearly two years after he left his home city. Sergei Scheulin, 24, nicknamed the "Russian Forrest Gump", arrived at the Pacific Ocean port city on Monday, the state news agency RIA Novosti reported. He told locals who came out to meet him that he had walked for a year and eight months, although his mother said he left home in June 2014



Queensland, Australia

Uber has gone old-school to promote its services in Australia, printing out 15,000 emails protesting changes to ridesharing laws and delivering them to a local politician via horse and carriage. The Queensland Government last month passed changes to state transport laws, increasing penalties for drivers and "administrators" of ridesharing services. Uber called on its customers to email the state government in protest and sensing impending calamity, Uber went full "Bonanza" and printed out every email, bundling them up in burlap sacks and delivering them to the offices of State Premier Annastacia Palaszczuk in a horse and carriage

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FACTS and figures

England

A pub owner in the UK was prosecuted for serving a pint of beer that was 31 millilitres short. According to the Darlington & Stockton Times, the owner of The Fleece pub in Northallerton, Michelle Craggs, had to attend a four-hour hearing at the local magistrate's court after her bar was found to have poured a lager that was five percent short. In the UK, a pint is 20 fluid ounces, or 568 millilitres. Britain's Weights and Measures Act specifies that a pint of beer should be exactly that — a pint

England

For a few dedicated motor sport lovers, Sunday marked the start of the British lawnmower racing season, in which participants drive laps around a track in slightly souped-up sit-down mowers with the blades removed. The championship, dreamt up in a countryside pub in 1973, runs from May to October and features three categories: roller-driven mowers; wheel-driven mowers and wheel-driven lawn tractors

Portugal

A young man's attempt to take a selfie snapshot with the statue of a 16th century Portuguese king ended badly when the 126-year-old statue crashed to the ground and shattered, police said. The man, whom police did not identify, accidentally toppled Dom Sebastiao's statue after climbing up to its pedestal outside the ornate Rossio railway station in central Lisbon

France

A Dutchman dubbed the 'horror dentist' by French media was sentenced to eight years in jail on Tuesday for mutilating patients' mouths and defrauding social security services. The verdict was delivered by a court in Nevers, in central France, where local media relayed gory tales, some from old-aged pensioners who spoke of having as many as eight teeth pulled out in one sitting, infections and bills of tens of thousands of euros

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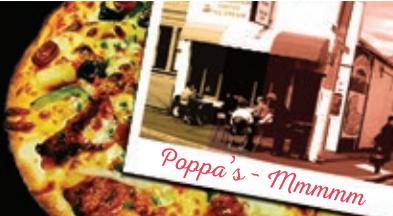


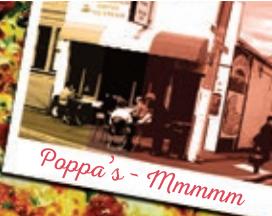


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OUSA
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OUSA referendum

by Joe Higham

THE WEEK'S EXECUTIVE MEETING began with OUSA finance officer Jesse Hall's financial report for the academic year to date. Laura Harris concluded that the report was a "comprehensive overview" and Hall spoke of how it showed that OUSA are in a "solid

financial position." A large proportion of the meeting was based around a series of constitutional changes the executive have proposed to streamline OUSA's practices. As well as the more major changes were administrative amendments, such

as changing 'General Manager' to 'Chief Executive Officer' and also deleting miscellaneous underscores and other grammatical errors.

One of the main constitutional changes is that of clause 35.1, which now outlines that executive elections must be held within a week of the previous year's elections; this is in order to create certainty from year to year.

Acknowledgement was made to the publication of the OUSA's 2015 Annual Report, which is written by the president at the end of each year to comment on the progress

made, where less desirable outcomes occurred, and also talked about OUSA's relationship with NZUSA, the University Book Shop's problematic financial situation, as well as last year's TV1 Sunday Segment that unfairly painted students in an unfavourable light.

The meeting then turned to OUSA's Forum, which took place on 12pm last Wednesday, and included both the proposed constitutional changes and also the questions that will be put to students in the upcoming referendum, which will begin at 9 am, May 16 and close at 4pm on May 19.

Referendum questions:

Should the Otago University Students' Association Annual Audited Financial Statements for the year ended 31 December 2015 be received and accepted? Y/N

Should the Otago University Students' Association Annual Report for 2015 be received and accepted? Y/N

Should Pricewaterhouse Coopers be appointed as Auditors for the Otago University Students' Association for 2016? Y/N

Should Anderson Lloyd be appointed as Honorary Solicitors for the Otago University Students' Association for 2016? Y/N

Should OUSA regulate what costumes can be worn to the Hyde Street Party by prohibiting offensive costumes? Y/N

Should OUSA support Helen Clark's bid for United Nations Secretary General? Y/N

Should OUSA oppose potential University support staff redundancies/layoffs as a result of the University's Service Level Review? Y/N

Should OUSA have a spa pool or communal bathing house? Y/N

Should OUSA lobby the University to allow all University students to have physical access to all University facilities during weekend hours? Y/N

Should OUSA lobby the University to make a commitment not to invest in fossil fuels? Y/N

Should OUSA initiate a campaign with the Dunedin City Council and University to have large glass rubbish bins (like yellow top bins) replace the current glass bins throughout North Dunedin and the student living vicinity to reduce the glass problem? Yes/No

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Healthy homes in the house

by Hugh Baird

LABOUR'S HEALTHY HOMES BILL, WHICH IS SET to bring in new regulations for rental properties passed its first reading late last week.

The bill, which was passed by just one vote would make it compulsory for all rental properties to have proper insulating, heating and ventilation.

The Greens, NZ First, Maori Party, and United Future all supported the bill while National and Act voted against it.

Crucial to the passing of the bill was United Future leader Peter Dunne who cast the deciding vote in favour of the bill. However, Mr Dunne remained sceptical of the bill and voiced his concern, saying that it would need to be properly scrutinised before a select committee. His main concerns lay with affordability; he argued the homes need to remain affordable as there is no point providing heating if renters could not afford the increased cost of electricity.

The Otago University Student's Association which has long been campaigning for better rental standards has welcomed the bill.

This issue around affordability was also one of the main concerns voiced by the Otago University Students Association, although Welfare Office Bryn Jenkins believes that the savings that students would make from heating costs and health costs would offset these costs.



"It's better being able to stop those problems at the cause rather than fix the problem." Jenkins said. He added, "If you've got proper insulation you're going to be able to keep all that heat in."

Jenkins also believed that some changes concerning the finer details needed to be made when addressing the specific problems faced by Otago students, particularly the cold climate. "If you think about the heating standard between Auckland and Dunedin it's not the same. Obviously the house won't be as warm here in Dunedin."

It has also been seen as a victory for Labour with Labour leader Andrew Little introducing the bill and claiming that they were "the party of good quality housing."

When speaking to the House Mr Little claimed "No New Zealander, adult or child, should have to live in a house that makes them or their child sick." Adding that; "Every Kiwi kid deserves to grow up in a home that is warm, safe and dry."

If successful the bill will come into effect late next year, around the same time as the next general election.

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Asbestos discovered in University Dental School

by Joe Higham

BUILDING MATERIAL THAT could contain asbestos has been discovered in the ground floor of the Otago University Dental School on Thursday morning.

Otago University exclusively told Critic on Thursday evening: "there is no risk to people in the building, but we are taking a cautious approach by closing off the area where the suspect building material was found until it has been fully identified."

The substance was found when part of the building was being prepared for demolition.

The university said: "The area where the material was found has been closed off and staff, students, and clients are not able to access the area. The dentistry clinics are



partially open and emergency dental care will always be available."

Samples of the substance were

sent off on Thursday to be scientifically analysed to be returned the following day. It is hoped the building will be fully operational again

by this week. "People in the building have been informed of the issue and will be kept up to date."

DNR.MLR.GOV/ASBESTOSINSPECTION/CC-BY-ND-2.0/FLICKR

Acting Proctor unwilling to act on harassment claims

by Henry Napier

ACTING PROCTOR ANDREW FERGUSON WILL not act on the accusations of harassment made by social work student Chris Boyd, saying Mr Boyd was offered the opportunity to meet with the then-Proctor Dave Miller which he refused.

Last week fourth year social work student Chris Boyd contacted Critic with accusations of harassment from Campus Watch officers on two separate occasions. According to Mr Boyd a Campus Watch officer named Lynn approached him outside the OUSA Recreation centre on Albany Street two weeks ago and proceeded to question whether he was a student or a "gang member" due to his appearance. Following a complaint, Mr Boyd was apparently contacted by a Campus Watch officer named Steve who continued to imply the Otago student's appear-

ance warranted enquiry.

Acting Proctor Andrew Ferguson has refused to comment on whether it is inappropriate for Campus Watch to question students based on their appearance, saying he was not responsible for any decisions made by recently retired Proctor Dave Miller.

Mr Ferguson did acknowledge the incident took place and was subsequently reported, however the acting Proctor said Mr Boyd was offered an opportunity to meet with the then-Proctor Dave Miller which he refused. Mr Boyd refuted that the offer was extended to him, saying he was contacted by an officer named Steve instead. Mr Boyd understood that the officer known as Steve had been instructed by the Proctor to speak of his behalf.

Mr Ferguson has said he is still willing to

address the incident further, however this was reliant on Mr Boyd electing to meet with him.

"I will not take any further action unless [Mr Boyd] wishes to follow up the complaint with me", said the acting Proctor.

However, the disgruntled student says he does not see any value in the meeting given his recent interactions with the University organisation.

"I think I would be wasting my time if [the Proctor] is not willing to address the discrimination that was directed towards me," says Mr Boyd.

Andrew Ferguson is the acting Proctor following the departure of the short-lived appointment of Dave Miller who left the job after four months. Senior Police Sergeant Dave Scott has been appointed as the new Proctor. Senior Sergeant Scott will begin his tenure at the end of May.

Hundreds gather to protest appalling 'slop'

by Laura Starling

AROUND 300 PEOPLE GATHERED OUTSIDE DUNEDIN Hospital on April 29 to highlight their dissatisfaction with the standard of Compass Group's food for patients.

The protest was organised by the Real Meals Coalition, who have vociferously called on the Southern District Health Board to prematurely cancel the contract with the Compass Group.

Compass Group was hired to provide meals for the Dunedin Hospital starting early February this year. The District Health Board (DHB) entered into a 15 year contract with the company, and since there has been a lot of vocal protest about the changes.

South Dunedin MP Clare Curran told Stuff.co.nz that entering into such a contract was a "stupid thing to do."

Compass were hired to provide meals for patients at Southern and Otago hospitals as a cost cutting method for the struggling SDHB.

Patients posted images of their meals on social media, and many complaints have since been made about the quality of the food being offered to patients. Some of the protester's signs read "food for health, not for wealth."

Tim Shadbolt, the mayor of Invercargill, attended the protest, saying he was pleased to be fighting alongside his "brothers and sisters from Otago on a health issue". Last time he was here it was to fight the cuts to neurological services. "We won that one, and we can win this one as well," he said.

In an opinion piece published in the ODT on April 27 the SDHB Chief Executive Officer, Carole Heatly, stated that the complaints are not reflective of the situation, and that the anxiety levels of "patients and families, already facing the health worries that have brought them to us [...] are being raised unnecessarily" about the food at the hospital.

Heatly argues that protestors are using this issue in order to "argue



a different agenda, about outsourcing." The SDHB are confident that Compass are providing food of an acceptable standard to patients, which meet nutritional standards, and that Compass is working towards improving the situation based on patients complaints.

The protest was coordinated by

several different organisations, referred to as the Real Meal Coalition, which includes Grey Power Southland, Unions Otago, Unions Southland, Labour, the Green Party, New Zealand First, among others.

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More action needed to make New Zealand smokefree by 2025

by Joe Higham

IN 2011, THE NEW ZEALAND Government decided to set a goal to have New Zealand smokefree by 2025, which is categorised as having fewer than 5 percent of New Zealanders smoking by 2025. Currently that number stands at 15 percent.

Tobacco kills approximately five thousand New Zealanders every year and many smokers will have taken up the habit without having understood the diseases that smoking causes or the risks involved with doing so.

The University of Otago have a research group named ASPIRE 2025, which develops evidence to support the government's goal.

Critic spoke with Professor Janet Hoek, who leads the tobacco-free communications theme within the research group.

She wishes to see increased tobacco excise taxes, plain packaging of cigarettes, licensing for sellers of tobacco, and finally better cessation support. Hoek spoke of how "smoking prevalence is much higher among people living in the most deprived circumstances" and that developing cessation support that reduces these inequalities is pivotal.

One method of curtailing numbers of smokers is to dissuade them by using different coloured cigarettes as opposed to the traditional

white stick with an orange tip. Hoek's work shows that this would augment the effect of plain packaging and be "particularly effective in discouraging young adults from smoking socially."

With tobacco taxes having increased by 10 percent at the start of this year, many academics and anti-smoking organisations are calling for a 50 percent price increase this year. Michelle Grigg, on behalf of the Hawke's Bay Smokefree Coalition, noted in a submission to the Finance and Expenditure Select Committee that: "10 percent annual tax increase is not sufficient to reach our national Smokefree 2025 goal." She goes on

to say that "To achieve maximum benefit, evidence indicates large and sustained tax increases are required - 20 percent per annum for a period of at least four years."

However, Hoek spoke of how it is "important to note that we need a comprehensive approach to reducing smoking so, as well as changing the appearance of cigarette sticks, we also need to introduce plain packaging, redesign the on-pack warning labels, remove variant information and transform on-pack cessation information so it's more salient and visually accessible."

Offender still at large after unprovoked Octagon stabbing

by Joe Higham

A TWENTY-ONE YEAR OLD male was stabbed in the early hours of Sunday morning near Dunedin's Octagon, in an attack that has provoked on-going shock and worry among the local community.

The victim had received multiple stab wounds to his neck and back in a seemingly unprovoked attack, which occurred outside the "Bottle O" store on the corner of Princess Street and Moray Place at approximately 3.30am.

He was admitted to hospital after bystanders came to his immediate aid. They reportedly applied pressure to the wound and constantly talked to him in order to make sure

he remained conscious until a police officer arrived at the scene and took over. Understandably onlookers were very distressed at the scenes of blood on the pavement and hysteria among those who witnessed the attack.

According to the New Zealand Police website, "a large number of people were in the immediate area outside Brimstones nightclub at the time" of the attack and are appealing directly to anyone who may have seen the offender before he ran or saw suspicious activity in the immediate vicinity before or after 3.30am.

The ODT reported that one of the first to help the victim, local

resident Dan Parkes, remarked: "What... is this place coming to? This is our home."

According to Statistics New Zealand, the Otago Coastal Area has seen 249 'acts intended to cause injury' in January, February, and March, up only 4 incidents in comparison to the same three months of 2015. Christchurch on the other hand witnessed 531 incidents during January, February, and March 2016, up 7.2 percent on the same period of 2015.

Due to the police's unresponsiveness to Critic's enquiries it is unknown whether the offender had been apprehended at the time this piece went to print (as of May 5).

Police would like to hear from anyone who was in the vicinity at that time and saw the incident, and are appealing for them to contact Dunedin Police on 03 471 4800.

#Zuckerberg2020

Is the billionaire Facebook owner planning a bid for President?

by Henry Napier

FACEBOOK CEO AND CO-FOUNDER Mark Zuckerberg may have signalled his intention to run for President of the United States sometime in the future. Facebook recently stated its proposed changes to the stock structure of the company, where a new class of non-voting shares would allow Zuckerberg to liquidate a larger portion of his ownership without losing control of his company.

In recent proxy statement, relating to the issue of new non-voting shares in the multibillion dollar company, a lengthy clause details how the 31-year-old majority shareholder could retain control of the company after his departure provided he serves in "a government position or office".

"Moreover, the New Certificate provides that all shares of Class B common stock will automatically convert into Class A common stock on

the date that is (i) the third anniversary of the death of Mr. Zuckerberg or a Disability Event, if such Disability Event is continuing as of such anniversary date and (ii) one year following the date of termination of Mr. Zuckerberg as an Approved Executive Officer for Cause (subject to a 60-day cure period) or the Voluntary Resignation of Mr. Zuckerberg as an Approved Executive Officer, provided that Mr. Zuckerberg's leave of absence or resignation would not constitute a Voluntary Resignation if it were in connection with his serving in a government position or office and if, at the time of such leave or resignation, Mr. Zuckerberg owns (i) 30% or more of the shares of our capital stock that he owned as of the date that we enter into the Founder Agreement with Mr. Zuckerberg (Founder Agreement Effective Date), Mr. Zuckerberg has discussed such leave or resignation with our independent directors or (b) less than 30% of the shares of our capital stock that he owned as of the Founder Agreement Effective Date, such leave or resignation has been approved by a majority of our independent directors or the duration of serving in the government position or office was limited to two years."

The long clause states the various scenarios where Zuckerberg would lose control of the company such in the case of a "Disability Event", "Voluntary Resignation" or in the more obvious case of death. However, included in the clause is an interesting exemption whereby "all shares of Class B common stock will automatically convert into Class A common stock on the date that [Mr Zuckerberg leaves the company], provided that Mr. Zuckerberg's leave of

absence or resignation would not constitute a Voluntary Resignation if it were in connection with his serving in a government position or office".

The minimum age to become the President of the United States is 35-years-old, leaving Mark Zuckerberg shy four years of the requisite age

Mr Zuckerberg has not signalled that he intends to stand for office however, the explicit inclusion of the clause may suggest that a bid for public office is in the cards for the young billionaire. However, this may be a mere afterthought on the part of Zuckerberg who has played an integral role in the company's success through his close management. The new class of stock solidifies Zuckerberg's long-term control of the social network platform while allowing him to withdraw his capital in order to pursue other ventures.

The culture of billionaires turning to the political world has reached new heights in recent months with the unprecedented success of Donald Trump who is now likely to win the Republican Party nomination for President in the June convention. Another close comparison is world's 8th richest man Michael Bloomberg who founded financial technology and media company Bloomberg LP, before going on to serve as Mayor of New York for 12 years.

The minimum age to become the President of the United States is 35-years-old, leaving Mark Zuckerberg shy 4 years of the requisite age. The earliest the Facebook CEO could run is the general election in 2020.



And the nominees are...



GAGE SKIDMORE/HILLARY CLINTON/CC-BY-SA-4.0/FUCKR

by Joel MacManus

THE INDIANA PRIMARY LAST week gave the Republican Party one last chance to save themselves from having Donald Trump as their presidential nominee. If they could unite around one candidate, they could prevent him from getting to the magic number of 1237 delegates, and defeat him at a contested convention.

Unfortunately, that plan rested on Ted Cruz, a melted ball of slimy wax about as popular with voters as genital herpes. A decisive victory in Indiana would allow him to fight on to California. Without it, his campaign was dead in the water. Unfortunately, the voters that could have saved his chances decided instead to hand him an embarrassing beatdown, by a margin of 53%-36%. In this shitshow of an election, the racist giant douche defeated the

homophobic turd sandwich.

Before the results were even fully counted, Cruz dropped out of the race, conceding that he had no viable chance of stopping the Trump train on its course to the nomination. Kasich dropped out shortly after.

On the Democratic side the race has been effectively over for several weeks now. Even as Sanders picks up an upset win in Indiana, he remains 321 delegates behind with no realistic way to pull them back. At this point, he would need over 65% of the vote in every remaining state to catch up. His campaign has been peddling the narrative lately that he can still win by converting superdelegates at the convention, but the chances of that happening are even smaller. Not only would the superdelegates be going against their personal loyalties to

the Clintons, but they would be over-riding the will of the voters,

Gone are the days of the aspirational, high-minded movements of Obama and the collegial passion of John McCain, this is going to be dirty politics at its best.

something they have never done and have no reason to do now.

As of Tuesday last week, both parties have their nominees. Donald J Trump, and Hillary Rodham Clinton. They go into the

general election with the nefarious honour of being the most disliked party nominees in history. Clinton currently has a 39% unfavourable rating, while Trump clocks in at 54%. With two heavily splintered parties going into the general, this campaign is going to be a street brawl. Both candidates are going to be focusing heavily on negative campaigning, making the case that regardless what the voters think of them, the other guy is worse.

Gone are the days of the aspirational, high-minded movements of Obama and the collegial passion of John McCain, this is going to be dirty politics at its best. When the story of this election is told, it won't be an Aaron Sorkin movie, this will be pure Tarantino. And I for one, can't wait.

Government to pump more coin into drugs

by Hugh Baird

THREE WEEKS AHEAD OF THIS YEAR'S BUDGET announcement, Health Minister Dr Jonathan Coleman has announced an extra \$39 million boost for national drug buying agency Pharmac.

Prime Minister John Key explained that it would boost Pharmac's annual budget to \$850 million a year. He added it would "allow Pharmac to subsidise a greater number of drugs."

The announcement comes amid concerns that the drug-buying agency is struggling to keep up with the cost of new age biological medicines.

Pharmac chief executive Steffan Crausaz announced in return that it would be opening consultations around seven new treatments options across a range of different health areas.

Crausaz disclosed also that Pharmac has abandoned its negotiations with Keytruda, the melanoma drug that has hit headlines lately and has instead opted to fund its competitor Opdivo.

"We've taken Opdivo through our clinical cancer experts and they've advised us that the clinical data is of good quality, well structured and gives us greater confidence that there is a survival gain for patients that receive it," Crausaz said.

Crausaz also added that of the patients who



had received treatment through Opdivo, 73 percent of them were alive after one year as opposed to 42 percent who had been receiving the current treatment.

If the proposal goes through around 350 people who suffered advanced melanoma each year could have access to the new drugs by July 1.

Also open for consultation was new treatments for those suffering from Hepatitis C. The

new drugs, Harvoni and Viekira Pak both have a cure rate of 90 percent after just 12 weeks of treatment. Currently over 50,000 New Zealanders are living with the disease and are being treated with drugs that have a 20-50 percent rate of curing the disease. Many on the current drugs also will not complete the full course due to the long nature of the treatment and the horrible side effects involved.

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About as Likely as Kim Kardashian taking the Oval Office

by Sean Nugent

IN ARGUABLY THE GREATEST sporting upset in history, Leicester City have been crowned champions of the English Premier League after Tottenham Hotspur were held to a 2-2 draw by Chelsea, eliminating any chance of them catching the midland side.

The 5000 to one rank outsiders were expected to be fighting a relegation battle but have instead finished at the opposite end of the table. Led by charming Italian manager Claudio Ranieri, Leicester have done the unthinkable, winning their first ever top-flight title in their 132 year history.

Having barely escaped relegation last season, absolutely no one thought that this could happen. If anything, they were favourites to finish in the bottom three and drop out of the Premier League. However, in remarkable circumstances,



Riyad Mahrez taking a free kick

Leicester beat off competition from big-spending powerhouses Manchester City, Chelsea, Manchester United, Arsenal, and Tottenham.

After the final whistle sounded at Stamford Bridge, confirming Leicester as champions, thousands streamed into the midland city to celebrate the climax of such a magnificent journey.

In a true rags to riches story, many of Leicester's star players have ascended to the top of English football despite them struggling to make a living in Europe's lower leagues prior to this season. Jamie

Vardy, Leicester's top scorer with 22 goals, is a former factory worker, and was a non-league footballer less than five years ago.

Likewise, other key players Riyad Mahrez and N'Golo Kante were plying their trade in the second division in France before making their move to Leicester in 2014 and 2015 respectively.

All three players were included in the Professional Footballers Association's Team of the Year, while Mahrez also picked up the PFA Players' Player of the Year, given to the player adjudged to have been the best of the year in English football.

The title victory was also the first in a managerial career spanning nearly thirty years for 64-year-old Ranieri, who had formerly managed Chelsea to a second place finish in 2004.

The Italian's appointment at the start of the season was frowned upon by most pundits, after he had had an appalling spell managing the Greek national team, where they failed to qualify for the European Championships and even lost to the Faroe Islands, one of the worst teams in Europe. Marcus Christenson of *The Guardian* highlighted Ranieri's charming personality, but concluded that "If Leicester wanted someone nice, they've got him. If they wanted

someone to keep them in the Premier League, then they may have gone for the wrong guy".

But despite all the criticism, Ranieri proved he was the man for the job. He and his side have disproven the modern theory that money buys titles, showing that passion, hard work and team cohesion are still the most important values in football.

Leicester will also make their first appearance in the UEFA Champions League next season, where they could face the likes of Barcelona and Real Madrid. By playing continental football, the Foxes have to the ability to attract quality players, and with such an inspiring story, many would be keen to join the club.

As by tradition, there will be an open-top bus parade through the city of Leicester to celebrate winning the title. It is expected that a large proportion of the 370,000 residents will turn out for the event, arguably the biggest event in the city's history.

For the Premier League powerhouses, they will ponder what could have been, and reflect on their respective poor seasons. Next season will see the introduction of several of the world's best managers, which could potentially ignite the most exciting and competitive period in the league's 24 year history.



Jamie Vardy, Leicester's top scorer

EXCHANGING YARNS

collated by Lana Young

In my second and third year I took the opportunity to study at the University of California, Santa Barbara. Think of it as a balmy version of Dunedin but on the beach with your own campus surf-break and the occasional pug riding a skate-board. Every other weekend was a camping trip to Yosemite, exploring San Fran or a road-trip to the desert.

Before you ask: Yes - I continued to take classes which counted towards my degree. Yes - I finished my degree on time. No - I did not come back with a huge debt (you still get Studylink overseas!), nor did I 'miss out' on the second year shenanigans of Scarfie life. And yes, there is a buttload of paperwork, but it is worth it.

Let me open your eyes to the lives of students just a little more adventurous than you...

ALICE EAGER — SACKVILLE, CANADA

I went on exchange to a small university in rural New Brunswick. I had anticipated the sort of exchange chronicled in Buzzfeed articles about "Why Your Study Abroad Will Ruin You". Glamorous Instagram shots of a different city each weekend, stunning hikes and amazing architecture. I quickly realised, while Sackville had its charms, this was not the exchange experience I had signed up for. I also quickly realised that I had a lot of free time! A friend decided I was a prime candidate to dispatch to the local food bank.

Yes, I travelled extensively before my exchange (16 US states and five Canadian Provinces); yes, I discovered the subtle cultural differences; yes, I made amazing friends. But, the most special thing about my exchange was volunteering two hours of my time every Wednesday morning. "Food Bank Ladies" were a wonderful group of retired women, who took great delight in explaining all cultural differences I was so intrigued by. They often struggled to understand my accent and we had many language struggles – kumara/sweet potato, capsicum/pepper, swede/turnip. They gave me tips for Halloween,



meanwhile we sorted rotten vegetables, bagged bread and provided food to hundreds of people a fortnight in a small town

Thanksgiving and struggled to understand a hot Christmas. Meanwhile we sorted rotten vegetables, bagged bread and provided food to hundreds of people a fortnight in a small town.

SHIOU-SHIN LIN — BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

"What do you miss most about CZ [Casa Zimbabwe, Berkeley Student Co-operative]?" asks Sarah. "The bathrooms," I tell her. And it's true. The bathrooms that bear witness to so much, the walls inscribed, remembering. "Kia kaha CZ, love NZ," proclaims one – a forgotten kiwi from whom I am descended.

"Cats are proof that not everything was created for a purpose." – Garrison Keillor.

The walls are throbbing. On my first day I did not know where to look. On my last day I was still discovering new messages hidden in corners. Or had I read them before, and forgotten? It's hard to know. Sometimes things are painted over, and I'm never sure what was really there.

I find it hard to write about my exchange. Back in Dunedin, my Berkeley experience seems – irrelevant, almost, to my day to day life, the people I interact with. Like a dream, it's a memory of a different world, washed away by the morning sun and decisions regarding breakfast-time.

I'm supposed to tell you about my finest moments on exchange.

So. This toilet stall. It has a poem inscribed on the door. It starts "But enough of all that. Tomorrow, no one will know my name..." and it's about leaving and longing and nostalgia for a forgotten time and it sounds like a song when read aloud. And I would sit at that toilet stall, and shit, and read the writing on the wall.

ANNABEL CRAWFORD — GLASGOW, SCOTLAND

If my first week in Glasgow taught me anything, it was that people will wear kilts everywhere. It is to be worn on the subway, to the supermarket,

to herd your sheep in the highlands or to the local football match. You don't have to be playing bagpipes to justify them coming out of the wardrobe. A kilt is most certainly acceptable everyday wear.

Also, the farther out of the city you venture, the less likely you will understand the locals. I went to a supermarket and had to ask the checkout guy to repeat five times, "oh och aye, dinnae ken. Yer cannae put yer gear an thar".

Haggis is not as bad as one might think. I went to a Burns Night dinner, and was treated to my first encounter with the mysterious haggis, a delightful meat product made of sheep's innards, fat and oatmeal, cooked up nicely in the convenient bundle of a sheep's stomach. While it luckily tastes much like meatloaf, I would compare the texture to that of a Scotsman: smushy but full of grit. They are gritty in that they have a particularly dry sense of humour. The toilet on the train I arrived on warned me not to "flush nappies, sanitary towels, paper towels, gum, old phones, unpaid bills, junk mail, your ex's sweater, hopes, dreams or goldfish down this toilet".

CAT SOLE — EDINBURGH, IRELAND

In the last few years I have become a huge fan of stand-up comedy. Problem; many of my favourite comedians don't frequent New Zealand that often...or, at all. So, I was very excited during my 2015 exchange to Edinburgh to see that a number of said favourites would be performing in Scotland while I was there.

One such favourite was Dara O'Briain. Unfortunately, he was performing in Edinburgh the day I was leaving for New Zealand, so I trained to a town called Dundee to see him perform there a few weeks earlier. Before I left, I booked a train that I could easily be able to catch back to Edinburgh after the gig.

The gig was fabulous, but was interrupted by a rather intoxicated man dragging his sleeping bag around the theatre, changing seats, and

laughing at all the wrong moments. Eventually, he was so distracting that they had to pause the show to escort him out. He went willingly. The show went on. However, this made the show a good twenty minutes longer than I had calculated it to be.

I'm sure you can see where this is going. I had missed the last train back to Edinburgh by five minutes. So, I set off in search of a hotel room, when I happen to bump into Dara O'Briain.

I couldn't miss the chance – I went over to say hello. "Hi, I'm Cat Sole. Huge fan. I just wanted to tell you that I just missed the last train back to Edinburgh, but it was worth it because I now I get to meet you." I don't know exactly what I expected him to say, but it wasn't this: "Oh,

I somehow mixed up the words 'pose' (bag) and 'pølser' (hotdog)

would you like a ride back to Edinburgh?"

And that is how I ended up in the back of Dara O'Briain's car on the one and a half hour drive. Turns out he's a film nerd like me, so we had a lot to chat about. At the end of the drive, he gave me a big hug and a kiss on both cheeks and said, "Cat Sole, right? I'll look for your name in cinemas one day."

MAYA WILDE — COPENHAGEN, DENMARK

Copenhagen is a city where so many people bike that there are cycle lanes with their own traffic lights, bike traffic jams can occur at rush hour and you are a straight up liability if you don't have your two wheels with you at all times.

Aside from learning to bike drunkenly, with no hands, and with a ridiculous amount of stuff in my front basket, I also tried to pick up as much of the beautiful Danish language as I could. This is no easy feat as pronunciation is notoriously

difficult (a fave of mine is *selvfølgelig*, said something like 'seferli'), and if you get it wrong you won't be understood at all. Danes are very supportive and appreciative of anyone trying out the language, so I attempted to speak in broken Danish as much as possible. The peak of this was probably when I was volunteering at a music festival and put on security at the front gates. In asking people to see inside their bags I somehow mixed up the words 'pose' (bag) and 'pølser' (hotdog). Given the Danes' reputation for being very open about that sort of thing, I consider myself lucky that none of the drunken festival goers obligingly whipped it out for me to see.

Student exchange: 10/10 would recommend.

ANNA FIELDING — MONTREAL, CANADA

One of the many intricacies one has to get around when learning another language is pronunciation. In particular, the vowel sounds in French are notoriously difficult to get one's tongue around, even after you've managed to actually managed to hear the difference between "ou" and "u", for example. Another one is the endings of words, and how one little vowel or another can change the whole sound. Just as a completely random example, "Poutine" (as in Vladimir Putin) and "Putain" (whore) are possible to mix up when your Canadian French isn't quite up scratch. Best to get these little problems ironed out before you leave on exchange, or you'll end up telling some very disturbed Montrealers what great thing you ate last night #oops #extragravy ■



VOLUNTOURING THE WORLD

by Amber Allott

In a recent article, UK newspaper 'The Daily Express,' claimed that the most common regret of people over sixty was not travelling and seeing more of the world. As such, it is really no wonder that travel has become an essential life experience for those in their twenties, especially in the western world. With an increasingly liberal world-view amongst the people of this generation, it is only natural that the popularity of overseas volunteer programs, and of 'voluntourism,' which combines both volunteer work and travel, is skyrocketing. But do these programmes do any good, or do some of them only serve to make volunteers feel better about themselves?

Influential French novelist, Gustave Flaubert, once said that, "Travel makes one modest. You see what a tiny place you occupy in the world." Surely even more humbling than travel itself, would be helping to improve the lives of the local people, or to help protect and preserve endangered animals and exotic ecosystems, as you go. It certainly sounds like a charitable, cheaper, and perhaps even more authentic way to see the world, and perhaps that is why it is so appealing for students. However, overseas volunteer programs receive a lot of criticism for several reasons. Some of the more significant arguments against them include their Eurocentric approach to indigenous

populations, which fail to take into account their needs, traditions and cultures, and of existing as a "feel-good" alternative to travel – it feels rewarding, but ultimately makes no difference to the people it is supposed to help.

An aspiring traveller myself, I undertook an eight day volunteer program in the Fijian Yasawa Islands over the last summer. Advertised and arranged by STA Travel, the program was called Children & Schools, and was run by Vinaka Fiji. I found the program a great deal of fun. I met several other volunteers from various places around the world, from the US to Italy; one of my bunkmates was even a fellow Kiwi. We lived in traditional bures on the tiny island of Drawaqa, in Barefoot Island Resort, which hosts the volunteers and the marine conservation program. The island had vividly-coloured coral reefs within walking distance, which provided ample opportunities for snorkelling and scuba diving in our down time, and even surrendered glimpses of a few more impressive specimens, such as a two-metre wide manta ray I passed above as it was filter-feeding in the channel.

Every morning, the volunteers were taken to their placement via a little tin boat, on one of the multiple villages on the larger island to the north, Naviti. The precarious little dinghy only ran out of gas in the middle of the sea once, which was a huge plus, and the incessant heat meant the wade to shore was almost welcome. We ladies donned shirts that covered our shoulders, and sarongs that went down to mid-calf, while the boys wore either long shorts or a sulu, in order not to cause a stir in the more traditional villages. Despite the thirty plus degree heat, hats were not to be worn, as the head is sacred

to the Fijian people, and wearing headgear while entering the village is seen as an affront to the chief. Fortunately for me, my volunteer program involved a lot of being indoors, as we first helped primary school kids with a one-on-one reading program, designed to help with their English. We also played board games and filled out worksheets, and during lunch hour, the kids picked us fruit and taught me a card game they all liked, which honestly made no sense to me, but that I constantly won thanks to my zealous instructors.

Sadly, the lack of government support and funding was very evident in the schools. There were entire blocks of buildings that were unusable; destroyed by tropical storms long since passed. The books in the libraries of the two schools I visited were donated by various charitable organisations or nearby resorts, and they were scarce at that. Still, our guide, an old woman called Tema, showed us what enormous progress the Vinaka Fiji programs had made to these schools.

Vinaka Fiji have three programs; children and schools, creating sustainable communities, and marine research and conservation, for which you are required to be a qualified scuba diver. The Vinaka Fiji Trust was established by the Awesome Adventures Company, who first made the Yasawas accessible to tourists. 'Vinaka' is the Fijian word for 'thank you,' and the trust was founded to give something back to the people of the Yasawas, to thank them for welcoming people from across the globe to their islands. The Yasawas are a small chain of volcanic islands, and though tranquil and idyllic in appearance, they are far from the veritable utopia that they appear to be. The islands are

one of the things that is so wonderful about Vinaka Fiji's projects is that all of their programs have been developed in association with the local villages and their chiefs

it depicts low-income communities as unable to speak and make decisions for themselves

home to 27 villages that fall below the world poverty line, and there is a distinct lack of health services, available drinking water, and educational support and resources. As such, they are at great risk from natural disasters, like the recent Cyclone Winston, and recovery is slow, if it happens at all.

One of the things that is so wonderful about Vinaka Fiji's projects is that all of their programs have been developed in association with the local villages and their chiefs, or Turaga. This ensured that the activities both met the actual needs of the communities, as well as honouring and respecting their customs and way of life. These values are reflected in the results that the programs have had. Since the education program began, the pass rate for Yasawa High School students, once one of the most under-performing high schools in the country, has increased to 71 percent. Twenty-eight new water systems have also been installed across eleven villages, providing up to 212,000 litres of clean, drinking water, thanks to the sustainable communities program. Significant headway has been made by volunteers from the marine conservation program towards reducing the Crown of Thorns starfish population, which had reached plague-like numbers as a result of pollution from nearby sugar plantations and improper disposal of the creatures.

The voluntourism industry – the haphazard marriage between volunteering overseas and travelling – is worth around \$173 billion dollars US every year. It sprung up in the wake of the ever-growing competition between not-for-profit businesses. These businesses are forced to walk a faltering line between fulfilling their philanthropic mission, and making enough money to be commercially viable.

White students from New Zealand, along with other western countries such as the US, Europe, and Australia, make up the prime demographic

of those who undertake voluntourism projects. This fits with claims that volunteering overseas is "imperialist," according to a recent article published by Andrew Hernann in *Everyday Feminism* – in response to observing many humanitarian organisations in African countries telling communities outright what they should and shouldn't do. This fails to take into account the myriad of different cultural practices that they may be impeding, as well as implying that the native people have no idea how to take care of themselves – basically removing their autonomy and promoting the idea that they require "white-saviours" to come along and help them. "...Many foreign organisations are quite ignorant of the cultural, social, economic, and political lives of the peoples with whom they work," Hernann claims, "Consequently, this marketing "justifies" non-collaborative humanitarianism because it depicts low-income communities as unable to speak and make decisions for themselves."

This is not to say that there are not countless wonderful projects available throughout the world, but one has to be careful that for one thing, they are not imposing their own ideals on people who may not share or require them – missionary style – or that their project is actually helping them, rather than merely being a "feel-good" programme that doesn't meet any of the actual needs of the community.

STA Travel's UK-based global volunteering team have had a shake-up over the last couple of years, after deciding in 2014 that a number of the volunteer projects they were selling didn't meet their standards, and weren't providing the quality of service expected to either their program, or to the volunteers. The programmes they do offer are often selected for investigation after being recommended via word-of-mouth, and are then screened through customer and agent feedback, before eventually a

representative from STA Travel will travel to the country itself. "...Our Contracts Manager for Volunteering has just returned from a two-week inspection visit of projects in India and Nepal. Once we have a project that we would like to offer to our volunteers, we then travel to that project and decide for ourselves if we would like to promote it through STA Travel," a representative of the global volunteering team claimed.

In regards to what a project has to do in order to be offered by STA Travel, they have to meet some pretty strict criteria. "All of our volunteer projects have to read and sign the attached document before being sold within our company. This makes points, among others, that our volunteer suppliers have to show that their project is sustainable and that there are traceable benefits for the local community. We also make sure that a minimum of 10 percent of the cost paid by the volunteer is used as a cash donation (although this is usually much higher than 10 percent in most cases). We want the cost of volunteering to be as transparent as possible to reassure volunteers that their time, money and hard work are being used in the best way possible. We won't sell any volunteering projects until this document has been read and signed by our suppliers."

When recommending a program to a volunteer, STA Travel agents prefer to be able to recommend it based on their personal experience, as many of them will have visited or undertaken that project themselves, and the company have built up a relationship with the projects. "For example, we have a group of agents from the UK, Germany and Australia heading over to Fiji this month – due to the horrific cyclone that hit that part of the world earlier this year, our agents will not be undertaking a normal volunteer experience. Instead, they will be helping our volunteer partner and locals in rebuilding the village and helping out

in any way they can after this natural disaster."

If you are passionate about really making a difference by volunteering, you should ensure the travel agents trying to sell it to you have actually interacted with their volunteering partners, and that they thoroughly screen and have experienced both the hard work and incredible rewards of being a volunteer. If you choose to invest in a program without the middle-man, the ideal thing to do would be to investigate the program yourself by checking out reviews by other volunteers, whether it has had tangible benefits in the area it is trying to help, where exactly your money is going, and whether or not it is a Nigerian-Prince type scam. This last one is essential, not only to prevent yourself losing whatever meagre savings you have as a student, but to avoid getting stranded in some foreign land, kidnapped by pirates, or sold into slavery.

One of the things that my volunteering experience taught me is that, contrary to popular belief, it is definitely not the cheapest way to see the world. Don't get me wrong, volunteering is great. You can make a real difference to communities across the world. However, you should probably make sure that you are actually making a difference, so that those rewarding feelings you get are justified – not just getting patted on the back whilst ignoring the real problems. Essentially, if you want to volunteer, you should volunteer, but if you'd prefer to travel, you should probably just travel ■

it certainly sounds like a charitable, cheaper, and perhaps even more authentic way to see the world



Dating a Backpacker

it's a lot of baggage

by Vicky Ransom

"HI MUM AND DAD, MEET MY BOYFRIEND.

He lives in hostels and there's a chance he may have to leave the country one day, but I love him so let's try look past that." No, this isn't the tagline to a cheesy rom-com, this is my reality. I'm dating a backpacker, and let me tell you, it's sure been one crazy journey. From spontaneous camping trips, to travelling the country together, dating a backpacker has taken me on some cool adventures. However, the best thing about dating one is how much I've come to appreciate New Zealand.

A year ago while I was a fresher adjusting to uni life (studying, clubbing, being broke,

and repeat), my boyfriend had landed in New Zealand and was adjusting to kiwi life. I'd never really appreciated New Zealand before, I've lived here my whole life and I've never traveled to a different country. I knew that New Zealand was a great place to live, we have it pretty good in this wee nation. However, it wasn't until I met a backpacker that I opened my eyes to how beautiful our country really is.

Before I met my boyfriend, I'd never met someone so in love with New Zealand. The two of us met in town at a bar (yes, believe it or not, you can find love while clubbing), and one of the first things I learned about him was that he has the silver fern tattooed to his

chest. I remember thinking "well then, this guy must really love rugby." Further into the conversation it finally clicked that he wasn't a rugby obsessed kiwi, he was actually a Brit! Now I know what you're probably thinking, how did I not notice his accent? Well, in my defense, we were in a noisy bar, and he said "bro" more times than I could count. To me, he seemed like your typical Kiwi bloke.

He told me about his first encounter with New Zealand. He was eight years old when he visited with his parents. One of his favourite memories was being on the Earnslaw boat in Queenstown and watching the sunset. As it set over the horizon, all the snow on The Remarkables (a snowboarding mountain) glowed a pinky-purple. This image stuck with him over the years, and when he turned 21 he decided it was time to return to the land of the long white cloud.

After just one conversation with him, I felt a great appreciation for Aotearoa. And since dating him, I've learned more about New Zealand from a Brit than I had ever learned in school. I swear this man knows more about our country than someone who has lived here their whole lives. Did you know that a New Zealander invented velcro? There's a fun fact for you!

I never realised how chilled and easy going living in New Zealand was until I dated someone from another country. He always says "The U.K is a great place to visit, but not to live." He's enlightened me on just how different living in New Zealand is to living in the U.K. Being a small country, there's more of a sense of community. He noted how in the U.K, it's so crowded that you'll never bump into the same person twice, whereas in New Zealand, he felt as though everyone knew each other. People are friendlier, the oceans are bluer, and the scenery is beautiful from every angle.

Since dating, I've finally been able to visit Queenstown. We went camping at Twelve Mile

Delta, where we floated in the middle of a lake on a dingy boat drinking beers and soaking up the sun. We went on The Earnslaw and laughed at all the tourists as they watched in amazement as a sheep was shorn (it's funny how much the sheep amused them). Though my favorite experience traveling with my boyfriend would have to be when we went to Auckland. We went on a boat that took us to watch dolphins and whales. We saw hundreds of dolphins dive the water, and even caught a glimpse of the tail of a whale. It was a magical experience that I will treasure forever. There was also a night we got really drunk in Auckland and spent \$120 on Chinese food. It was a fun night on the town, from what we remember.

Yes, dating a backpacker has been pretty cool. To some people, it can be an interesting concept. We've been asked many questions about our relationship, the most common being "What if his Visa doesn't get renewed and he has to leave?" "Does he travel while you're at uni and come home in the weekend to see you?"

While backpackers commonly don't like to spend too long in one place, I'm lucky enough that my backpacker boyfriend is happy to live in Dunedin while I study. He's in no rush to leave my side, and once I do graduate I now have someone to travel with. Since he's traveled all over the globe (including the U.S, Singapore, Hong Kong, France, Italy, Germany, the list goes on!), he has a lot of experience traveling, so I'll feel safe and secure exploring the world with him. As for his Visa, the U.K and New Zealand have a good relationship, we're buddies from way back. It's easy for him to get his Visa renewed. Someday, with proof of our relationship being legitimate (e.g. joint bank accounts, living together, and possibly this article...), we may qualify for a partnership Visa ■

**before I met
my boyfriend,
I'd never met
someone so
in love with
New Zealand**

SAYONARA, DIGNITY!

Critic asked you to drop your emotional baggage on us with your funniest travel stories.



A RASH IN AUSTRALIA

I was in Sydney with my new boyfriend and we ended up having sex in a park and falling asleep because it was so warm. I was itchy all over all night and I thought it was because I was hot and sweaty under my clothes. We woke up and there were a pack of Ibis looking at us – terrifying birds. We went home on the bus and I was almost unbearably itchy. When I finally went to have a shower I discovered I had a rash over my entire torso and down most of my thighs. I must have been allergic to the grass. I didn't want to tell my boyfriend, as I didn't know him that well, so I wore a long sleeved shirt and jeans, (still itching like crazy underneath), on a 30-degree day. Luckily the rash disappeared before the evening.



PARIS BED IMPOSTER

I was backpacking around Europe when I was 18 and happened to be staying at a hostel in Paris. I was drinking by the Eiffel Tower and by 3am I was absolutely plastered. Managed to hail a cab and when I was back at the dorm I fluffed around for a while with the key to the room I was sharing with 12 other people, and then managed to get in. I climbed into the bunk of what I thought was my bed and then after resting my head for about 10 seconds noticed I was in the bed with an enormous Romanian man who then woke up, saw me, started shouting at me, woke everyone up and then pushed me off the bunk bed! I managed to find my bed after that thankfully. Then woke up, realised my train to Milan was leaving in 20 mins so I stuffed everything into my pack and ran to the station. When I got there, I saw the train I should've been on to leave...

He decided to eat the glass of red wine he was drinking

BED BUG BLUES IN THAILAND

My friend and I decide to celebrate Christmas by getting fucked up on tranquillisers and bouncing around our room. We had been trading off who got to sleep in the double beds in the rooms we rented. It was my turn to be able to sleep diagonally. We get wasted. We pass out. I have taken so many tranquilizers that I don't wake up to the sensation of bed bugs biting my arms, legs, face, eyelids and mouth. When I do wake up I get a chance to look like the acne ridden teenager I never was. I go to the pharmacy to get some cream to make it better: it makes it worse. I throw out my clothes so that I only have one pair of jeans and a singlet. I take a 30 hour train ride to Bangkok with burning sensations everywhere from the cream. The plus side is that my inflamed appearance keeps me safe from getting hit on by travel bros. Worth it.

NAUGHTY NIGHTY THIEF IN THE USA

In Florida my mum blocked the toilet (like BRUTALISED it). I was super embarrassed and had to call for maintenance and then a man called Ernesto came to fix and kept calling us beautiful and insisted on getting photos with his arms around the 'beautiful New Zealand women' and then like, fixed the toilet and said he would come back to the room the next day to check on it, and when we came back at the end of the next day my nighty was missing.

DONALD-DUCKING IN THAILAND

I'm in Pai, Thailand. I've contracted a nasty case of gastroenteritis. I'm staying by myself at a home stay. I'm so dehydrated I can't stand and don't pee for three days but am also too delirious to realise how sick I am. I am also violently shitting and vomiting at the same time on the regular. The lovely host keeps asking if I need to go to hospital. The bathroom is a 200m run from my hut. One trip to the loo I don't make it in time and have to throw out my pants and underwear, I am now only wearing a short tshirt. As I exit the toilet my kind and caring host is standing outside to see if I am ok. I am half naked and have the most awkwardly casual feverishly delirious conversation with him while I wash my hands and half crawl back to my room. The end. It was my last pair of pants too. When I first got sick I had just eaten half a kg of peanuts cause I was all stressed and so I vomited up literal homemade peanut butter and then I couldn't eat peanuts for a year.

FIJI, BALLS SWINGING FREE

A couple of years ago a few mates and I decided that it would be a great idea to bring in the New Year on a small island off mainland Fiji. Of course it being the New Year we decided that we would push the boat out a little and really tuck into the drinks. Things became relatively hazy after just a few and when I awoke the next morning I came to the startling realisation that I was wearing nothing but a sarong. The night before I had left our room fully clothed with my iPhone, wallet and goPro all in my possession. Needless to say it was a tough couple of days after that, combing the beaches of Fiji looking for my belongings, but luckily after a bit of cash being swapped I was able to get my belongings back, ironically from the cleaners of my room...

O-NO-AMARU

Got invited to a flat which supposedly had a 'bar': a series of home brew spirits in wrongly labelled bottles with a single mug for a shot glass. Woke up at 5am planking on a camping stool to a text saying I'd agreed to a day trip to Oamaru to skate. I threw up in a church garden and did no skating at all. We were 10mins from Dunedin and I suddenly threw up into my hands. I was in the front seat and I tried to vomit out the window, but the wind whipped it back into the car into the backseat into my friend's face.

SAUSAGE ON SHOW IN FIJI

A couple of years ago a few of the lads and I decided it would be a bit of an idea to head over to the Fijian islands. Thankfully, being the poor students in which we were one of our friend's parents had offered to let us stay at their house on the island. It was an incredibly generous show of hospitality and one in which I have absolutely no doubts they regret immensely. As many of the homes in Fiji are, this house was open planned, meaning that there were no doors to restrict the vision between either the lounges or the bedrooms. Master bedroom included. The first night we thought we would test the waters, perhaps go out for a quiet beer and sample some of the Fijian nightlife as one does. Perhaps what one should learn not to do on the first night in Fiji is drink themselves into a stupor, meet a lovely lady in one of the local bars and then decide to bring them and their friend to the family home and knock boots in the lounge, in full view of your friend's parents... Needless to say it made for an awfully awkward cooked breakfast (sausages and all) the next day...



THE GLASS IS HALF FOOD IN CHRISTCHURCH

Crimeschurch makes us all deprived. We went there for a weekend. Some cinnamon infused uppers later, we were hustling drinks at the only bar left open. Some short-sleeve too-small black button-up wearing gym chad was getting kicked out by bouncers, so he decided to eat the glass of red wine he was drinking, laughing and staring a bouncer out all at once.

POOKRAINE

In the Ukraine I was going for a piss in a corner and I stood on a human poo.

SHARING IS CARING IN NORTH AMERICA

I am four years old, on a rare and wonderful road trip through northern North America with my family. My older brother, sister and I are in the back. As the youngest I am the the lucky subject of a game called psychological trickery. My brother convinces me that what all the cool kids are doing is drinking Coca Cola through a straw up their noses. I am a cool kid. I do this. Bubbles, nostrils, Coca Cola, the entire back seat of the car, vomit on the side of the road in Nowhere, North Dakota. As we pull away, through my snot and tears, I see a lone prairie dog wander over to timidly nibble upon my leavings. It feasts happily. Other than being disappointed by the size of Mount Rushmore this is my only memory of the trip.

**I vomited
up literal
homemade
peanut
butter
and then
I couldn't
eat peanuts
for a year**

VATICAN SPLAT

In Rome some friends and I went out for an awful pizza dinner. We continued to get drunk in the Vatican and decided to put the leftover pizza slices in one of our friends' bags. After being told by the police that we needed to promptly leave the Vatican we went to catch the underground train back to our separate backpackers. My friend and I were on one side of the tracks and our other friend was across from us. We remembered that our friend had our leftover pizza so we yelled to them to return it. They ended up throwing the pizza across the tracks, it hit the roof and splatted onto the platform. Everyone there laughed and we had hungover, disappointing train pizza for breakfast.



AN EYEFUL AT THE OPERA HOUSE

I was at the Opera House and I walked past and I saw someone taking a photo of a woman. I looked and she started lifting up her skirt and then taking off her top. She did some sexy, undie showing covert photos and then they quickly packed up and left. I think I was in the frame of some of the photos.

I go to the pharmacy to get some cream to make it better: it makes it worse

PUKE-ET, THAILAND

After a night of partying, I went out on a snorkeling trip while nursing a nasty hangover. The first stop was at a secluded bay and I made it there without turning too green. I splashed around with the rest of the tourists and I hoped that the ocean would wash away all of the previous night's sins. How wrong I was.

As it turned out, the first part of the journey was across very sheltered waters, but the ride to the second location was a bit more exposed to mother nature. The increased rocking of the boat managed to wake the slumbering beast in my guts. The guide announced we were ten minutes away from the next location (where "the beach" was filmed) and I seriously doubted I would make it. I moved up to the roof in hopes that wind in my face would alleviate some symptoms. With every passing minute and bump on the ocean my mouth filled with saliva and my stomach churned. I started breathing like an expectant mother in mid labour.

As the boat pulled up I lost control of my stomach contents, so mid puke I did a flying leap off the boat roof into the water. A halo of puke surrounding me on the way down and hailing down on the water below. I hit the water and the deconstructed green curry and rum and coke blossomed out around me. This set off a feeding frenzy among the marine life that immediately surrounded me. For a split second I felt like I was being attacked as they picked bits of rice and chicken out of my hair and beard. I swam underwater to get away from my personal groomers and came back up right beside the boat to the cackles of tourists and their children laughing hysterically at my misfortune ■

LATTITUDE

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VIETNAM
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VANUATU
FIJI
CANADA
ECUADOR
ARGENTINA

12

DESTINATION COUNTRIES

4

DIFFERENT
JOB TITLES

- SCHOOLS ASSISTANT
- OUTDOOR INSTRUCTOR
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Volunteer's Experience

by Natasha Cox

What made you volunteer in the first place?

Growing up I was privileged to have the opportunity to travel with my parents, and various other school groups. This taste of the world, and all of the amazing cultures, peoples, and natural beauties it holds, instilled in me a passion for travelling and exploring. Going into my final year of school I was a dedicated academic. I valued my education and had every intention of furthering my studies at university, but I knew that for that next part of my life to be productive I needed a new experience. I had always loved serving and volunteering in my community and in my school. Volunteering, and specifically through Latitude, married my two passions – travelling and serving.

Why choose Ecuador?

South America is a continent filled with diversity and culture. You can go from the desert, to the snowy mountains, to the jungle in a day. I was intrigued about this small and little-known country nestled amongst it all, whilst giving the perfect opportunity to explore more of South America. I also loved the living arrangement that is unique to the Ecuadorian placements. I had had experience with homestays in Tonga and China before, and I knew that this was a unique and special way of immersing myself into a different culture, and finding out what it is like to be part of an Ecuadorian family – not just a foreign volunteer.

What did your exchange involve?

During my five months volunteering in Ecuador I worked and lived in a city called Cuenca, in the southern part of the country in the Andes. Here I had two placements. My first placement was at Jan Jose de Calasanz, a school for disabled adults and children. I absolutely adored this placement and all it entailed! At first I split my time between helping younger children in the computer lab with academic games, and the rest of my time was spent in the art room. For the more secondary to senior students' classes were directed at teaching them practical skills. Using these skills, they made products that were then

sold to fund the school and the students' education. This was a privilege to be a part of. Even though I didn't, and still don't, rate myself as an artist, I can't even begin to explain the joy of giving from outside of your known strengths. In the painting room I worked with majority Down syndrome guys, that had me smiling and laughing the entire time, and I created an awesome bond with my overseeing teacher. On Wednesday mornings I was lucky enough to spend time working in the school's little bakery. This was another unknown talent of mine which I was excited to get into. After we'd made and baked the bread, myself, a teacher, and a few of the students would go out and sell it. My second placement was at Centro Aurora an after school care programme for kids from troubled or poorer homes. Here my role was to help mostly the younger students, around 5 years old, with their homework. Then we would take them to the park, play games, and serve them meals. Whilst they may have been troubled these children were absolute gems – however, it's always the cute ones that are crazy! Each week we would also take an English class with the older students. This definitely embedded in me a deep respect for teaching staff. Highly rewarding, but difficult at times!

What was your favourite memory?

I adored my work, but a highlight for me was travelling for two months afterwards with a Scottish volunteer. For two months we backpacked our way through Peru, Bolivia and a bit of Chile. Along the way we saw incredible sights, such as Machu Picchu, Salar de Uyuni – the world's largest salt flats, we went in the Amazon jungle, hiked snowy mountain peaks in the Andes, and I even managed to get out to the famous Galapagos Islands. This was an amazing opportunity where we had to learn how to budget, survive of tomato sandwiches, tackle South American buses, sleep in pretty grim, but exciting places, and learn all the savvy tips for travelling.





Tit for tat

University
Book Shop



LETTER OF THE WEEK

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

Dear Angry Birds,

Sorry we ruffled your feathers, that was never the intention of the sign. Its good to hear that someone on a higher moral perch can trespass, steal, and destroy private property.

We use those binoculars to watch birds, specifically Great Tits (get your mind out of the gutter - its a species). As for you returning the sign, don't bother that thing took

us 2 minutes to make, burning it might lighten you up a bit so go ahead.

p.s. On your next criminal rampage maybe stop by titty city, slutbox, gaybox, brothel, pink pussy, fresher trap, whore house or any of the other sexually or otherwise offensively named flats.

-From the guys and girls at the birdwatchers

Dear Sexcellent,

I don't hold a degree in giving sex advice. I'm also aware that you may abbreviate the emails you receive in order to fit both them and your advice within the space you have provided. Please bear in mind both of these things as you go on. I would like to know, when responding to an email that essentially says "my boyfriend wants me to shave downstairs but I don't like it because it's uncomfortable. Please give me some suggestions as to how to make it easier" you justify responding with what I estimate to be around two full columns lambasting him for daring to make requests of his sexual partner followed by about two paragraphs of "idk maybe try exfoliating or something", interspersed with more lambasting. I'm sure the person asking for advice felt comforted to know you cared so much about their actual problem that you didn't even bother to sober up before providing what little advice you could pull off the top of your head.

Regards,
Minor Concern

Response: Dear minor concern.

The time is currently 6.12pm. It is a Wednesday night. I am currently holed up in my bed with a tummy bug with a productivity projection of about ten minutes, so I'll be brief.

I, shockingly, do not have a degree in giving sex advice either. Believe it or not, we're all just students trying to make our way in this fucked up world. When a person comes to me and says "I don't like doing X and my partner wants me to do X" you are damn right I'm going to "lambast" them.

I don't like people telling other people what to do with their body. I acknowledged this person's pain, gave some cultural background on perhaps why this partner has these preferences, and offered some tips on hair removal that encompassed more than just "exfoliating", should that person or other others wish to remove their

pubic hair. I stand by my answer.

I acknowledge that people are allowed to have preferences and are even allowed to request their partner honour those preferences. They are not allowed, in my unqualified, non-sex-advice-degree-holding opinion, to demand their partner be in pain to meet those preferences.

Hey, minor concern. Why do you care so passionately about all vulvas being hairless af? Enough so to write a complaint letter when my immediate advice to a struggling person was not "yes, your boyfriend is right. You must suffer the pain you clearly know will happen to your particular body in order to satisfy him for no reason other than it looks, supposedly, better." Critically examine that, motherfucker.

-Sexcellent

CALL FOR CLIMATE ACTION!

Our demands to them are simple: remove all investments in fossil fuel extraction companies within the next three years and commit to no future investment in fossil fuels.

Dunedin's action is scheduled for Thursday the 12th and we are congregating at 7.30am in the octagon before moving to our destination target. There will also be a very important briefing

the day before the action from 5.30 at Knox Church (who know nothing of our planned antics lol) for all those planning on participating.

We know there are many students who care about the very real problem of climate change, and now is the chance to take action! The science is clear, join us.

Break Free Dunedin

Matters of debate

This column is written by the Otago University Debating Society, which meets for social debating every Tuesday at 6pm in the Commerce Building



IS THE SOCIAL PRESSURE TO OBTAIN A UNIVERSITY DEGREE A GOOD THING?

+AFFIRMATIVE by **BY OLD MAJOR**

You often hear people, normally old conservatives, complaining that too many people are going to University. It is argued that one of the causes of the excess is social pressure. If you're from a middle or upper middle class background it's a likely bet that someone in your close family has gone to University. Your parents probably look on it favourably too, and your grandparents will love it.

Assuming many students are only at uni to please their families misses the point. It's great that more young New Zealanders are going to university. Even if you get a 'shit' degree, it's still a degree. Lots of studies have shown that people with a university qualification will earn, on average, more over their lives than people with just a high school qualification.

There are a tonne of positive social flow on effects too. Children whose mothers have a tertiary education are likely to have better educational outcomes than their peers who don't have a tertiary educated mum. A more educated population is also likely to make better political decisions as they are able to weigh up various policies. This is really important today when climate change is becoming more and more of a pressing issue. It will require large scale action and an electorate who is able to understand the issues and solutions.

We are also moving towards a more automated economy. In the US, manufacturing used to provide well-paying jobs for many Americans, allowing them to live the American Dream. Automation has meant many of those factories now employ far less people than they once did. There just aren't jobs there anymore for unskilled workers.

The reason the social pressure to go to uni is particularly important is because, at 18, most of us have no idea about what we want to do. If it were left to us many young people would probably be either bumming around at home or bumming around in South East Asia. That might sound nice now, but when you're thirty you're going to wish you had more going for you than the ability to live out of a backpack for months on end.

-NEGATIVE by **SQUEALER THE PIG**

Serious question people: What are you going to do with your degree? I can hear the resounding silence from here.

The truth is that many of us won't actually get jobs that require a tertiary education. You'll work at a call centre? Guess what. In the past you wouldn't have needed a degree for that. Nor would the supermarket logistics person, nor the office person at whatever office type place you end up working at.

So why, then, are you at uni? Unless you're doing a double major in Theatre and Philosophy it's unlikely that you're here to: "find the meaning of life man, like figure out what it all means and who I am as, like, a human being dude." You're probably here because it was expected of you. Because people at your high school, your teachers and friends, as well as your family, all thought that it was the right thing for you to do.

The problem is it might not be. How much debt are you in right now? Unless you're lucky enough to have a family who can afford to support you, you're probably borrowing a large amount of money to get the piece of paper that is your degree. And then what? Nothing. You'll stare into the abyss that is the job market and the abyss will stare back at you.

At this stage you might want to tell me that you're different, that you've got a career figured out. Good on you then. I guess you're planning on doing a Masters in something employable, or you're doing a double degree in something like Physics and Economics. If you're not doing an employable degree then you're wasting time and money. You'd be better of doing a one year thing at Polytech and then getting a practical job. We're always going to need tradies.

Too many people are going to uni. There aren't enough graduate jobs for everyone. The social pressure to come to uni is bad.



Water

DAVID CLARK

WHEN IT COMES TO THINGS SUSTAINABLE, THE SWEDES ARE global leaders in clean tech – just one percent of solid waste goes into landfills – and they've got some of the highest clean water standards in the world.

We could learn from Sweden. In line with the principles of sustainable development, it adopted a goal "to hand over to the next generation a society in which the major environmental problems have been solved" almost 20 years ago. The OECD now ranks Sweden as a frontrunner in environmental policy.

A few weeks ago a group of school children from Turangi stood on the forecourt at Parliament and urged the Government to do what the Swedes are well on the way to doing – making rivers swimmable.

In fact the Swedish government goes further – their waterways have to be clean enough to be used as a drinkable water source.

Now too many New Zealand waterways feature regularly in warnings from council, with toxic algae making them unsafe for swimming and potentially lethal to dogs.

By the Government's own reckoning, almost two thirds of our monitored waterways are of 'poor' or 'very poor' quality which means they are unsafe for swimming and should be avoided.

Warm weather, low flows, and nutrients such as nitrogen and phosphorus contribute to algae blooms. Summer we can't do a lot about. But we can do something about the other two.

Nick Smith acknowledges the main cause of declining water quality is livestock effluent and fertiliser. But rather than cracking down on the worst offenders, National's set the weakest of standards, meaning our rivers and streams only need to be wade-able.

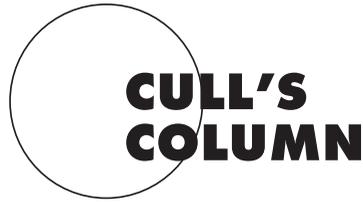
Wade-able means our rivers and lakes are allowed to pose a "moderate risk" of infection when people are wading or boating in them.

That is an acceptance of dirty water. And those kids that came to Parliament know that. They want us to do something about it. For them, now, not just for future generations.

As a country, we must stop putting pollution ahead of people and wrecking our 'pure, green' brand— which our biggest industry, tourism, relies on.

Some of the rivers which are currently clean enough to swim are inevitably getting dirtier in compliance with the Government's ineffective rules.

By making wade-ability – rather than swim-ability – the standard, the Government is giving away any aspiration for clean natural water for us and for future generations.



DAVID CULL

IN MY LAST COLUMN, I TALKED ABOUT PROVIDING OPPORTUNITIES for students to stay in Dunedin on the completion of their studies. It would be great to turn a few years of study into the beginning of a career or a business in the city as a permanent resident.

Part of being a resident is engaging with your local council on the issues that matter to you. As well as providing essential services such as water, roads, and rubbish collection, local councils also provide facilities such as swimming pools, libraries, galleries and sports grounds, and other services such as civil defence emergency management, economic development and support, animal control, community development and much more.

The bulk of the funding for most of these services comes from rates – an annual charge collected from property owners. While you may not own your own property, you do pay rates indirectly through your rent. Therefore a substantial portion of the rates the Dunedin City Council collects comes from the student population. So it's important you have your say on how rates are spent and that you exert an influence on how the Council deals with the various issues and challenges it confronts.

Dunedin faces the full range of challenges confronting many councils across New Zealand –natural hazards, environmental protection, climate change and sea level rise, an aging population, regional development, infrastructural investment...the list goes on.

One of the important ways you can influence the decisions that shape Dunedin City is to get involved in the local elections later this year – either by enrolling to vote and then voting, or standing for election yourself.

Councils and communities constantly need to refresh their thinking. New thinking often comes from young people and many of you are studying and training in new areas which will have a major impact on the world. So do consider using these skills and knowledge to influence Council, its makeup and its policies.

In the meantime, check your enrolment details online at www.elections.org.nz or at any **NZ Post Shop**. Voting documents are delivered Friday, 16 September to Wednesday, 21 September and voting closes at 12 noon, Saturday 8, October 2016.



SOMETHING CAME UP

Headaches

by ISA ALCHEMIST

GET HEADACHES A LOT. I USED TO THINK THEY were hangovers, but then I gave up alcohol, and I still have them. I get them when I read a lot. I can read a Stieg Larsson book for three hours before I get one. If I'm reading the latest government update about changes in regulations, I get one within five minutes.

And I get them before exams. Usually about 48 hours before. The less prepared I am, the worse the headache. Clearly it's all in my head. Literally. But how to fix my head? It's debilitating and upsetting to get a headache when you need to study.

The sensible solution I have read is exercise, plenty of sleep and relaxation techniques. Blergh. I can't do any of that when I have the spectre of failure looming over me. At least not a few days before. Those friends who have prepared better by running and meditating from the beginning of the term have it covered.

Some meds are a solution for the short term. Paracetamol is relatively innocuous and often works really well. Not to be taken with alcohol, also metabolized in the liver, causing a traffic jam. Perfect deterrent.

Anti-inflammatories such as diclofenac and ibuprofen are also useful. They sometimes work on their own, or with paracetamol. Codeine is a last resort. It's only sold over the counter in combination with paracetamol or an anti-inflammatory and it's a pharmacist only medicine. That doesn't mean that only pharmacists can have it, although they need it the most, just that you have to be questioned about your reason for needing it, and the sale recorded. This harks back to the days when home-bake, the production of heroin, was being manufactured illegally on a big scale. Codeine can be very addictive, which is why its sale is still monitored now.

Migraines are a severe form of headache, often accompanied by visual disturbances and nausea. It's hard to get compassionate consideration for as it is not very tangible, like broken bones or chicken pox. My mother got severe migraines. She would lie in a darkened room for at least 48 hours, and we would have to be very quiet. When I was very little, I saw my father coming out of the bedroom with a dead spider squashed in a paper towel. For years I thought it was spiders that caused migraines.

The cause of migraines and headaches is variously attributed to hormones, eye problems, genes, stress and sometimes it can be a symptom of an underlying problem. Mine is stress. Or more accurately after stress. Usually after the end of exams, or these days a busy week. So my precious weekend is spent lying as still as possible, except when I have to vomit in the bucket. The new generation migraine meds, rizatriptan and sumatriptan work magically for some people. Ideally they are taken at the first hint of a migraine. Antinauseants that dissolve in the mouth can be bought from a pharmacy, and reduce the collateral damage.

The latest treatment for migraines is the deluxe one. Botox. It paralyses the muscles around the scalp, usually the crease line in the forehead. It has the added advantage that you can look expressionless while crying inside. If you have medical insurance, some companies are paying for it as a preventative and successful intervention to prevent migraine.

Wishing you a headache free week.



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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DEAR ETHEL

Fixed term fix

Dear Ethel,

I'm going crazy! I signed up for a studio room until 31 December but I can't stay that long. The place is awful and I can't study here. The kitchen is always filthy and the common areas aren't being cleaned even though we all pay for a cleaner as part of the lease. There are seven other tenants and four of them are noisy partiers. The lock on my door is dodgy so I don't feel safe. Can I get out of my lease early?

–Please Release Me

Dear Please Release Me,

Ordinarily, it's easier to get an A+ average for First Year Health Sci than it is to end a fixed term lease early. But, do not despair! From your letter, it appears that you may actually be residing in a Boarding House. Landlords love advertising studio rooms and signing up individual fixed term leases in multi-roomed houses, but many of these may actually meet the criteria of Boarding Houses under the Residential Tenancies Act 1986.

According to the Act, a Boarding House is a residential premises "containing 1 or more boarding rooms along with facilities for communal use by the tenants of the boarding house; and occupied, or intended by the landlord to be occupied, by at least 6 tenants at any one time."

This may not sound earth-shattering but it is! You cannot have a fixed term tenancy in a Boarding House. If you are renting a room in a multi-roomed residential

premises, you are sharing communal facilities (kitchen, bathroom, laundry, lounge), and there are six or more tenants, then it is likely that you are residing in a Boarding House. Therefore your 31st December fixed term does not apply. Tenants in Boarding Houses can terminate their tenancy by giving 48 hours' notice. Verbal notice will do and no reasons for termination need to be provided.

We've had several similar cases and quite often, the landlord will allow the student to leave early rather than have the matter go to the Tenancy Tribunal. So, this all looks rather promising for you. However, I highly recommend that you drop in and have a chat to an OUSA Advocate at 5 Ethel B. You might also head down to Dunedin Community Law in Filleul Street and get yourself some free legal advice. Looking forward to getting you out of that tenancy!

Lots of love, *Ethel xxx*



SCIENCE, BITCHES

Dolphins chewing the fat?

By SAM FRASER

DOLPHINS ARE THE CHIMPANZEES OF THE SEA. WE SHARE ABOUT 96 percent of our DNA with chimpanzees. That's because we share the same genetic history; we evolved from common ancestors. We can relate to and empathise with chimpanzees like they're one of our own. That's why watching Planet of the Apes is so sweet. Anyways, back to dolphins. Everyone loves them. They have sex for fun, they're always smiling, they save drowning sailors and their acrobatics are unreal. Watching The Cove, a heartbreaking documentary about an annual Japanese dolphin slaughter has the capacity to bring grown men to tears. They almost seem human. Our relationship with dolphins is unprecedented by any other marine species.

Just when you thought dolphins couldn't get any cooler, recent research has cast light upon the ways they communicate with each other. The Dolphins Plus research institute in Florida has observed Bottlenose dolphins communicating with one another while working together to solve a puzzle. A locked plastic canister was placed in pool with six captive dolphins. The canister could only be opened if a rope at either end was pulled simultaneously, a feat that required two dolphins to achieve.

Twenty-four trials were conducted. In twenty of the trials, the same male pair managed to solve the puzzle and get to the food. While the pair's consistent success in opening the canister interested the researchers, it was the underwater audio that really surprised them. The researchers found that when the dolphins worked together to open the canister, they made more vocalisations than they did when they weren't attempting to open the canister or when the canister was not in the pool.

This would suggest that the dolphins have specific vocalisations for solving co-operative tasks. But how do we know the vocalisations weren't simply social interactions between the dolphins? When one dolphin attempted to open the canister on its own, and other dolphins were nearby, there was no recorded increase in chatter. From that observation the team could infer that the vocalisations were directly relating to co-operative problem solving behaviour. That's chat.



THE WEEKLY DOUBT

Quantum

By WEE DOUBT

"NEVER TRUST AN ATOM. THEY MAKE UP EVERYTHING."

My workmate's joke got me thinking of the topic for my column this week. It has layers. Layer 1: atoms do make up everything. Layer 2: the truth about atoms is not straightforward. Layer 3: Most non quantum physicists don't know much about quantum physics.

This doesn't stop people spouting about it. Gwyneth Paltrow has said a thing or two about quantum mechanics and how it causes emotions to "negatively change the structure of water." A friend showed me a website she found called QuantumMAN (what about QuantumWOMAN?). QuantumMAN claims to be revolutionising medical treatment by "replacing chemical-based drugs with downloadable medicines." Their tagline is "Treat Disease with Data not Drugs!" With QuantumMAN you can treat chronic kidney disease, get vaccinated for malaria, and lose weight, all without wasting money on material goods! You do, however, have to waste money on downloading nothing. It costs \$20 US. Oh, and enjoy your QuantumMAN data massage! Who needs physical contact? I must say, QuantumMAN chiropractic sounds a lot safer than the real thing.

Dr Deepak Chopra, author of "Ageless Body, Timeless Mind" (have you noticed he's aging? What's up with that?) has attempted to use quantum physics as evidence for his healing techniques. Chopra argues that what he calls "quantum healing" cures basically any illness, including cancer, through effects that he claims are literal quantum mechanics.

In an interview with Richard Dawkins, Chopra admitted that the word "quantum" was a metaphor "it's just a metaphor, just like an electron of a photon is an indivisible unit of information and energy, a thought is an indivisible unit of consciousness." Since the "process" Chopra describes has nothing to do with quantum physics, the word "quantum" could be replaced by any word. "Sausage healing" makes as much sense as "quantum healing," if not more.

Physicists object to Chopra's use of the term "quantum" in reference to medical conditions and the human body. It is a way of impressing and confusing people so they think they are taking part in something important and powerful.

The thinking of people using the word "quantum" willy nilly seems to be "quantum physics doesn't seem to make sense, and my thing makes no sense, therefore they are both real! Quantum theory proves it!"

"Quantum" has been appropriated and tacked onto anything someone wants to make sound both mystical and science-y.



You & me & him & her

Dear Sexcellent,

I've been with my partner for a year. She says she loves me, but that she wants to have an open relationship. Is she lying about loving me? Or is she trying to have her cake and eat it too? I'm confused and hurt, why would she want me to hook up with other people? I'm not sure if I can handle the idea of her being with other people. Isn't this just a loophole to cheat?

Help! -Old Gil.

Dear Gil,

What a conundrum. I can see why you would worry that your girlfriend just wanted an easy way to "cheat" on you, but when it comes to open relationships, that's rarely the fundamental idea behind it. Most people persist with the idea of "true love forever", because this is what has been fed to us our entire lives and is considered the norm (and if this is indeed what works for you personally, then this is fantastic and you should stick to your guns).

However, a growing number of people are starting to re-define the parameters of what constitutes happy sustainability in their relationships, and often this is expanding to include the freedom to see other people, whether strictly sexually, or otherwise. If your girlfriend is asking you to consider an open relationship, I'd say that she is probably considering this as a way for you two to be together long-term without having to

compromise her personal idea of happiness in a relationship.

It's natural for us to immediately jump on the defensive and feel hurt by this kind of revelation, but if your girlfriend is a good person she is probably putting this idea on the table because she truly loves you and wants to make it work. If she wasn't interested in you, she probably would have broken it off straight up.

My advice is to talk to her about it, ask heaps of questions and ascertain her motivation for wanting an open relationship. It could be due to any number of reasons. I once had a friend who had a low libido, who suggested an open relationship so her boyfriend could satisfy his high sex drive without compromising their relationship. Give her a chance to explain to you exactly how she is feeling about it all.

Good luck and hang in there
Old Gil!

-S 117



film

WHISKEY TANGO FOXTROT

DIRECTORS: GLENN FICARRA, JOHN REQUA

RATING: A

by **HALAEVALU MAKU**

If your life was made into a movie which actor or actress would you want to play you?

Whiskey Tango Foxtrot, directed by Glenn Ficarra and John Requa, was originally inspired by the true story of Kim Barker and her biography 'The Taliban shuffle: strange days in Afghanistan and Pakistan'.

The film follows comedian Tina Fey in the role of Kim Baker: a woman who makes the risky decision to move to Kabul, Afghanistan as a war journalist, leaving her confining desk job and boyfriend Chris (Josh Charles) behind. During the process of her life changing shift, she befriends Afghanistan arbitrator Fahim

Ahmadzai (Christopher Abbott), famous international reporter Tanya Vanderpoel (Margot Robbie) and Scottish prick Iain Mac Kelpie (Martin Freeman).

We see a particularly hilarious encounter between Fey, the stereotypical "white American lady" and the very restrictive Islamic culture. Though women are marginalised in the Islamic culture, Baker is able to use her feminine perspective to produce new viewpoints on simple issues within a patriarchal society. As the film's plot develops the audience watches Kim engage in dangerous and entertaining activities in order to get exciting news and content for



the American viewers. After months of living in Kabul, Baker becomes obsessed with the high adrenaline job in Afghanistan, neglecting her life in New York, and immersing herself full throttle into the treacherous Islamic war life.

It is impossible for a person to go through this film without having a fangirl moment at one superstar or another (including famous Home and Away actor Steve Peacockeer). I loved the film for it's humour: oftentimes the one liners of the characters would leave me in

absolute hysterics. It provides the perfect balance of extensive comedy and drama. Fey is able to distinctively transition from a funny compelling individual into a serious dramatic character. Her character is a strong, ambitious and accomplished woman within a male dominated environment. If you want to experience a thrilling adventure that keeps you on your toes without you actually having to make any massive life changes, Whiskey Tango Foxtrot will definitely do the job.



twisted, vocally divine tiger with a vendetta against mankind. Mowgli must leave his wolf family in order to protect the animals that surround him from Shere Khan's wrath. He is accompanied by panther pal Bagheera (Ben Kingsley) and bumps into a funny sloth-like bear Baloo (Bill Murray). A film for all ages you say? Whimsical I say? Nay. This film was terrifying and beautifully managed. I wouldn't recommend a kid under ten see it.

Being the Disney nut that I am, I spent a lot of time gasping and clapping my hands like a toddler whenever something familiar happened, for example, two songs from the old film feature as well as echoes from the old score. This was not a predictable film. There were many twists and shocking scenes I did not expect, probably more true to the books than the old film.

Special mention goes to Christopher Walken as gigantic orangutan King Louie, (I was

truly frightened), and to Scarlett Johansen as hypnotic python Kaa (she didn't feature enough). Neel Sethi's Mowgli had charisma and the most ADORABLE lisp, but the star of the film for me was Idris Elba. His rough yet regal voice within that incredible animated animal could not have been done better. The animation throughout the film is gorgeous.

The only issue I had was that the songs were too short, but I couldn't think of two better voices to sing them (Murray and Walken). Also there was a lack of Indian voices in the cast considering the place in which it is set... but I guess that's just how the film industry rolls (sigh).

So there are funny bits, there are scary bits, there are heavy, heavy, weepy bits. This film was respectful to a story that has been well loved and followed for years and I would gladly see it again.

THE JUNGLE BOOK

DIRECTOR: JON FAVREAU

RATING: A

by **JESSICA THOMPSON**

The Jungle Book, directed by Jon Favreau, is a noble re-invention of the whimsical Disney animated version that stemmed from the classic books by Rudyard Kipling.

Raised by a family of wolves in the Indian jungle, the hero of the story, the human boy Mowgli (played by Neel Sethi), is targeted by Shere Khan (Idris Elba), a

PHOENIX

DIRECTOR: CHRISTIAN PETZOLD

RATING: A

by **SHAUN SWAIN**

Dark, mysterious, and artistically crafted are some of the many ways one could describe Writer-Director Christian Petzold's intriguing new mystery-historical film. A refreshing and intelligent sense of insight flows from each frame of Phoenix, a story that, in more ways than one, explores a character whose sense of self doesn't match her skin.

Phoenix is an arthouse drama set in a Post-WWII Germany about a Jewish woman, Nelly Lenz (Nina Hoss), who receives facial reconstructive surgery after being shot in the face during her time in a concentration camp. After the surgery she emerges slightly too different for her own husband, Johannes (Ronald Zehrfield), to recognise her. She uses this new

disguise to work out if he was potentially responsible for alerting the Nazis to her location prior to her capture. From then on the complex and equally entertaining web of deceit and conspiracy pans out. The film calls attention to the roles of identity, social self, and the placement of culture in periods of tumultuous reformation.

The emotional determination of Nelly is performed realistically by Hoss to the point that, despite her intentions on clearing up a mystery, her willingness to accept the truth is tested. Likewise, supporting roles such as Zehrfield's Johannes elevate the tension and ambiguity both in terms of narrative decision, and a call for active engagement with the viewer. It is a dynamic I

both adore and long for in a world of otherwise straightforward mainstream films.

While the film is relatively "art-sy," it is unconventional only in the minutiae. There are the occasional "art-house" moments of long, quiet shots that could appear slow and may throw off the pacing of the story, but if you have an interest in artistic direction you will appreciate the pedantic attention to detail.

Even for those who aren't into arty films, every moment is beautiful. Anyone can appreciate Phoenix's construction.

Refreshing, perplexing, tasteful, and ambiguous, Petzold's Phoenix is a strong film to be enjoyed by cinephiles and casual viewers alike. With a powerful allegorical take on cultures following wartime, this mysterious tale is one that should not be missed.



NOMA

DIRECTOR: PIERRE DESCHAMPS

RATING: B

by **LISA BLAKIE**

Noma: My Perfect Storm follows the rise, fall, and rise again of world class restaurant in Denmark, named Noma. Rene Redzepi, the founder and I guess we can say protagonist of the documentary, is a passionate, driven, creative, innovative, ingenious, charismatic

chef who is driven by the idea of only using sustainable ingredients that are indigenous to Scandinavia.

I went into this film feeling pretty underwhelmed and not expecting much other than seeing some good food, which is always great, but I was totally flawed by Rene's

unwavering passion that was so incredibly infectious I left this film with a surge of pride for the creative industries as a whole and how lucky I am to be a part of it.

I now have a huge crush on Rene Redzepi, and follow all his social media accounts (he posts beautiful pictures of food, so you should definitely follow him too). There is also going to be a Noma Australia opening in Sydney, how rad is that?!

Despite Rene's enthusiasm and the gorgeous shots of the prepared food, there were a few things that really let this film down; Some scenes felt melodramatic and forced. There is one particular part that sees the restaurant get slammed by media after an outbreak of norovirus. 63 people get the vomit inducing bug and the news spreads like wildfire. After this, there is a long-winded scene of Rene playing Squash (?) with

some dramatic music and slow motion shots alluding to his frustration or something. But then everything is fine again when they win World's Best Restaurant for the fourth time (thank God).

There are interviews with local farmers, gatherers and fishermen, but the lack of representation of women is pretty disappointing. His mother, who appears for about five minutes, and one female chef are the only figures in this aspect. Overall, a truly entertaining watch.





WHY DO WE NEED.. . Mars One

by ANTHONY MARRIS

Mars One is a not-for-profit venture led by Bas Lansdorp, with the goal of sending people on a one way mission to Mars to establish a human colony by 2024...or 2027ish. The final dates are yet to be determined.

A competition held in 2013 asked for volunteers to go on the one way mission, with over 200,000 reported applicants. In a 2015 Techspot article, one of the shortlisted applicants (who later withdrew) had deep concerns with the idea, calling the Mars One mission a scam. Dr Joseph Roche, who holds Ph.D.s in both physics and astrophysics, cites the lack of psychometric and psychological testing as one area of concern, given the task asked. Further areas of concern raised in the piece is that the Mars One crew assembly was heading towards a Big Brother type reality show. Because that's how I want to pick this generation's explorers, by popular vote. Ph.D.s, worthless. Experience, irrelevant. But get the most votes—congratulations, you are the next Mars idol.

I mean what could go wrong...stranded with no way of getting home, you and your crew chosen by text against the unknown. Pick three other people you know. Someone you find attractive, someone you think is smart, and someone you would "socialise" with after a few drinks. Congratulations that's your crew. Now all those things that annoy you now, the laugh, the pen tapping, the need to be right. That would magnify

exponentially when you are alone on a planet with a mean temperature of -63 Celsius. There would be no escape.

A team from MIT reviewed the Mars One project and raised some interesting points. The stated goal of Mars One is to launch and maintain a self-sufficient colony using existing technology. Sydney Do et al confined their fascinating study to only crew related problems (environmental control, life support, resource allocation) and from their review of current technology, "[they] conclude that the Mars One mission plan is not feasible under the constraints that have been stated publicly and specified by Mars One". For starters, the land mass needed to grow crops for a crew of four was 201m² (under ideal conditions), not the 50m², which Mars One claims would be able to sustain three crews. Further compounding this problem is the energy requirements for crops is 11 times greater than using rations, an unsustainable practice as more crews join the colony. The total cost is not the three billion per mission Mars One made up, but as each new mission is launched every 26 months, the cost potentially climbs to 16 billion by the 10th mission, dependant on which food source is used.

Do et al validate concerns that make Mars One science fiction. If we could legitimately get off world, and I was tapped on the shoulder to go, I would say yes. Stargate SG-1 and Atlantis can take some of the blame for me wanting to

travel through space. Even when the suck factor was high, and at times it really would be, the very fact that I would be out beyond the farthest humankind has gone would be immeasurable. Everything you looked at would be the first time a human has seen it from that perspective, ditto every experience you have. And that just applies for the journey, not putting actual boots on the ground. Imagine meeting Other Worldly Beings (I despise the word 'alien'). There are no words. Awesome, fascinating, cool—they just do not cut it.

Ultimately the Mars One mission is reliant on no mistakes happening ever. Unlikely. Do et al's analysis did not take into account other areas of concern like descent operations, radiation protection and communication systems which adds to the problem. I would love to go to another planet (and others would love to see me go), but that is not possible for now. To meet OWB's, there are no words. I believe Mars One is a non-starter, and will never take off (pun intended). I would be very happy to be wrong.

TL;DR – Mars One is a scam. Will never take off.

Another day on Mars where Stacey wonders if she should confront Sean about the extreme amount of pubic hairs he leaves behind in the shower



CIVIL WAR

AUTHOR: MARK MILLAR, PENCILLED BY STEVEN MCNIVEN

by LAURA STARLING

There are hundreds, if not thousands of vigilantes, superheroes, and supervillains in the Marvel universe. They battle regularly. Cities burn, buildings fall, and there are always going to be human, civilian casualties. This is what Mark Millar's *Civil War* is focused on. This Marvel event addresses the issue of having masked, anonymous heroes gallivanting about doing what they believe is right, with no accountability to the law, and how this inevitably impacts on the very people they're attempting to protect. Following the deaths of several civilians, people call for heroes to be registered, unmasked, and made into government employees, so that there is some level of accountability. After attending a child's funeral (one of the casualties) and being confronted by the deceased boy's mother, Iron Man decides that enough is enough and leads the march towards registration and increased accountability. Captain America, on the other hand, believes that this is ultimately wrong and a violation of the free will of heroes — they are volunteers, they want to help, having their identities known will lead to them and their families being targets. Thus begins a *Civil War* between heroes.

Mark Millar wrote the comics for *Wanted*, *Kick Ass* and *Hit Girl*, as well as *Kingsman: The Secret Service* (all awesome comics AND movies - definitely recommend). So I say this with some sadness: while this is a very interesting idea for

a comic to address, I do not think it was handled very well.

There's never a really good scene featuring discussion between the two spearheads of the story and everything seems a little over the top and dramatic. Some of the dialogue is quite heavy handed and as a result not really believable. While *Civil War* attempts to make the reader feel as though either side could be in the right, it felt pretty obvious to me that Iron Man was the antagonist and villain, as his actions are more extreme and harmful. No matter how many times random characters on Tony Stark's side recounted the phrase "crime is at an all-time low", I couldn't believe it, or side with him. I was with Cap all the way. I thought the ending was too abrupt, and I don't think there was enough character work to lead to the conclusion.

However, one of my biggest issues with the comic is its treatment of women. *Civil War* continues the traditional 'boys club' so present in hero based comics. Almost all of the interesting dialogue and action is given to male characters, and the women are either present for one liners, or they are reduced to stereotypes — the grieving mother, the bitchy boss lady and the emotional wife. Susan Storm makes a very understandable and reasonable decision considering her circumstances midway through the comics (NO SPOILERS). In the form of a letter to her husband, she is given the longest piece of dialogue a

woman has in the comic — and yet justifies her actions by stating they aren't a "cry for attention". It frustrated the hell out of me to watch all these potentially interesting women take the back seat to give men run of the stage.

Furthermore, the way women are depicted in the art adheres to the stereotypical sexualised style most people have come to expect from comic books. Their torsos twisted in weird angles so you can see both their breasts and their asses in tight latex suits, while the male characters, also in tight suits, seemingly appear to have no penis' and are made entirely of rippling muscles. I didn't really like the art overall — a lot of the poses and angles seemed uncomfortable and awkward. Iron Man's suit looked terrible.

I'm very bitter about this book. Interesting topic with lots of potential, but it was really a let-down overall.

I would not recommend this book to someone unfamiliar with Marvel comics, as it features many, many characters, and makes reference to a lot of backstory. You'd likely find yourself googling names more often than reading. Furthermore, I can guarantee that the comic and the film are going to be incredibly different from each other — so don't worry about reading the comic beforehand.

Civil War: gratuitous breast, ass, and Ken doll crotch...





CHESS

Board Game | Designed by a bunch of dead people

RATING: F

by **CAMPBELL CALVERLEY**

War is hell. This is a truism that has rung throughout the ages, with generation upon generation learning nothing from their predecessors. It is a morally and pragmatically complex business, with endless arguments about the necessity of some wars versus the abhorrence of others. Even in the times of the medieval feudal system, war was brutal and dishonourable. At least, this is what we must believe in spite of Chess' depiction of medieval war, which turns all potential for a game about the morality of war into an abstract tile puzzle.

Chess is a game with a contradictory history. I was first introduced to it as a child, when I was given what I thought was a real-life adaptation of Wizard's Chess from Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone, the best book ever written by anyone anywhere in the world ever. I had no interest in playing the game back then because I was too busy thinking about my life and being cool. Wikipedia, however, informs me that Chess is actually thousands of years old. My interest was piqued by the idea that people today are somehow still interested in playing a game that dates back to a time when wizards and witches might have actually existed before the Catholic Church had them all killed.

My problems with Chess started as soon as I opened the box. For a start, there were no rules included with my copy of the game, meaning that the makers of this impenetrable game have assumed that new players will automatically be

able to figure out how to play. One player is white and the other is black, with the white player always starting first. Yes, just like in real life, you immediately have an advantage if you arbitrarily happen to have been born white.

All of the units are absurdities. Pawns are the most common and annoying, as they can only move one space at a time. An exception is made for their first move, where they can move a legendary TWO spaces as though they launched forward with an optimistic battle cry and then suddenly got cold feet. There is one garbage rule where if you get them to the other end of the battlefield then they transmogrify into whatever piece you like, but that is just stupid. The knights are simply horses without riders, and they move in an erratic tetris-brick-shaped path for no apparent reason. Bishops are more useful, as they are able to move however far in any diagonal direction, but their presence on the playing field disturbs me. I have heard of bishops blessing soldiers before battle, or rallying to provide medical care. I have never heard of members of the clergy throwing off their robes to join in the gory violence themselves. Finally, castles can move just as efficiently as the bishops can. Apparently we are living in a time when buildings can jump up and hobble around like a man hiding in a wheelie bin.

It is refreshing to see some feminine empowerment in the form of the Queen, especially considering the mega-sexist time that this game

originated from. She has the ability to move any distance in any direction, provided none of your own units block the way like the expendable scrubs that they are. However, her power is undermined by the fact that she is subservient to the king, who is utterly useless yet is still inexplicably in charge of everybody else. Hopefully this will be fixed in an update or expansion pack, but I remain pessimistic. Anyone with even a basic education knows war cannot be this disorganised. And people have dedicated their whole lives to mastering this game! The nerve!

Chess is possibly the most turgid, disappointing game ever created. What a waste of time. The TV was invented so that we wouldn't have to strain our delicate brains with excessively intricate "games" like this. If you want to lose a couple of faux-intellectual acquaintances quickly, introduce them to Chess. And then you can have endless arguments with your friends about whether professional Chess should be classified as a "sport" or a "game". Or maybe just a "collection of objects".

Chess... are you feeling sleepy yet?



GOING ON TOUR

by **MILLICENT LOVELOCK**

I had never felt so tired, so totally physically and emotionally spent, and yet I know that I will do it over and over again

When I was thirteen and watching the *My Chemical Romance* documentary for the sixtieth time I thought that touring with your band looked like the nicest possible time. What could be better than inescapable and prolonged bonding time with your close friends while working every night and sleeping very little? Now that I'm older (and more experienced) I see it more like Carrie Brownstein of *Sleater-Kinney*, as the experience that drives you to repeatedly punch yourself in the face in front of your tired and worried bandmates before you get on stage and play a show. I'm being overly dramatic, and I can't say that I've ever been on tour long enough to actually try breaking my own nose, but travel with a band is a peculiar beast and it has its ups and its downs.

The first time *Astro Children* got out of Dunedin we were only eighteen. We played two shows, one in Christchurch and one in Dunedin. My lasting memories from that trip involve dragging all of our gear around Christchurch on foot hopelessly lost for over two hours, and a very stormy afternoon in Auckland where I had the period from hell and had suddenly realised that if I spent any more time in close proximity to other people I was absolutely going to lose my shit.

In subsequent years things have been better. I've learned a lot about managing and mitigating stress, I don't look when airport staff manhandle my guitar, I always have tampons and bandaids,

and I take full advantage of the times I can be by myself. The reality of traveling as a musician is that it is exhausting and often tedious. It costs a lot of money but you don't ever make a lot of money so you never get to stay anywhere nice or go anywhere nice, you drink too much even when you don't drink too much, you don't sleep enough, and you're always hanging around venues waiting. And, on top of that I usually spend half my time trying to get men in the music industry to respect me as much as they respect my bandmate, because once you leave the city where you've spent five years forcing men to acknowledge your work you have to start all over again. But if you only weigh up the negatives, which believe me I have, you end up wondering why you do it at all.

The tired, simple answer is that I do it because I love playing music. There's nothing I like more than being on a stage and goading a crowd into responding, and when you play to new people they really respond. It's exhilarating to get up in front of audiences. It forces me to push myself even harder than I would at home.

On our last tour we played six shows in ten days. By the end of the first show my hands were blistered, the skin on my left shoulder was rubbed raw from my guitar strap, I'd given myself a rock solid series of bruises on my inner thigh, and I'd taken all the skin off my fingertips. At our second show I had visions of my limp, unconscious body being dragged out of the venue into the parking lot as we battled through thirty degree heat in a tiny, airless venue with the windows shut and a sizeable crowd clustered

around us. By the time we played our third show I was on self-imposed vocal rest and gargling salt water every hour desperately trying to get my voice back. I had never felt so tired, so totally

By the end of the first show I'd given myself a rock solid series of bruises on my inner thigh, and I'd taken all the skin off my fingertips

physically and emotionally spent, and yet I know that I will do it over and over again.

Travelling in a band is a whole lot of lugging heavy and awkwardly shaped items, it's a whole lot of interpersonal and personal tension and discomfort, and it's guaranteed back and shoulder problems for life. But it's also feeling invisible in a crowd until you're pressed up against them grappling with your guitar and singing desperately into their smiling faces at an overcapacity house party, it's talking a stranger through your pedal chain, and it's sweaty, bloody, band high-fives across a destroyed drum kit. An Instagram post I made part way through our last tour encapsulates what travelling in a band means to me, "I'm still recovering from my own over-enthusiasm" I say, before enthusiastically plugging our next show.



LIGHT SWITCH AND CONDUIT: THE JIM BARR & MARY BARR COLLECTION

Dunedin Public Art Gallery

CLOSES 14 AUGUST

by **MONIQUE HODGKINSON**

Some art exhibitions simply make sense. The flow from one artwork to another is smooth, logical, creating a gradual sense of understanding and enlightenment in the viewer. They make you go "Oh cool, yeah, nice, wow, I get that."

Light Switch and Conduit is not one of those exhibitions. It makes you go "Who the flipper would smash half a concrete stairwell down in the middle of the gallery and expect me to call it art?" Rather than cohesive, logical and enlightening, the DPAG's latest show can be described as a similar experience to walking through an antique store while looking through a kaleidoscope.

The exhibition explores the collection of Wellington-based art collectors Jim Barr and Mary Barr. An interesting combination of New Zealand contemporary art and domesticity is celebrated with TV screens, vintage chairs and the type of wall hangings you might expect to find at your nan's old place. Shelves decked out with assortments of objects, framed paintings, metal trees growing from the floor, and acrylic typography all reference the way in which the homes of private art collectors are often used as homes for their art works as well.

The aforementioned staircase piece (Stairs in Series, Fiona Connor, 2008) was an absolute standout, unavoidable in its scale and intriguing in its decontextualisation in the pristine gallery space. Connor's work is known for its interweaving of reality and perception, disturbing straightforward understandings of art and space through her sculpture and architecture. The materials used in the creation of this work in particular are unexpected ones; timber, metal and plastic



fittings, polystyrene and paint rather than the apparent tonnes of displaced concrete.

The contrast between Stairs in Series and the work displayed behind it, 3 in 1 by Campbell Patterson (1983) is dramatic. One of the promotional images for the exhibition, this film piece features a dude with three popsicles in his mouth chilling on the floor. To be honest dripping Frujus never held much interest for me, so I promptly moved onto my personal highlight of the show – Patterson's 2006-2015 series Lifting my mother for as long as I can. The subject matter for this work is pretty self-explanatory. Every year for about a decade Patterson lifted his mother and held her for as long as he could, in front of the same floral curtains. Through this series we become aware of subtle shifts in their appearance, their expressions and age. The simplicity

of the films bring to mind home videos made as kids on old tape recorders back when the technology was new. But more than that, Patterson references the very nature of family in this work; what it is to hold and be held, the weight of those we love, and our determination to support those close to us.

The thing with the exhibition, ultimately, is that despite its seeming incoherencies and antique-store jumble, there are connections to made, and there is a gradual sense of enlightenment to be found. It is largely up to us, the viewers, to form these connections – but when is this not the case when it comes to art interpretation? Go along, check it out, get amongst. A unique and curious experience to get you asking questions.

44

CAMPBELL PATTERSON 3 in 1 2011. (screen capture) Single channel DVD



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light switch
and
conduit

THE JIM BARR AND
MARY BARR COLLECTION



CHICKEN ADOBO



by **KIRSTEN GARCIA**

My whole family is actually visiting our homeland Philippines as this issue is being printed. They're going to island resorts where they'll be swimming in the reefs and I couldn't go because of uni (sobs). So when Critic emailed saying they were doing a travel issue, I thought I'd bring the Philippines to you.

Filipino Adobo has a very distinct, tangy, savoury taste. If you wanted to cheat the process there is a spice mix from a brand called Mama Sita's. The recipe itself has very few ingredients, I adapted this recipe from the cookbook "Good and Cheap" by Leanne Brown. She worked it out to be only \$10.40 to make, so it's a very cheap way to feed the flat.

INGREDIENTS

Serves 4

- ¾ cup white vinegar
- ¾ cup soy sauce
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- ½ tsp black pepper
- 2 bay leaves
- 2 chicken breasts*, cubed
- 2 tbsp vegetable oil
- ¾ cup water
- 2 medium potatoes, chopped
- 4 medium carrots, sliced
- 2 tsp cornstarch

*Or chicken thighs or wings, which is what is traditionally used. I only had breasts when I made this.

In a large bowl, stir together the vinegar, soy sauce, garlic, pepper, and bay leaves. Add the chicken.

Coat each piece thoroughly. Cover and let marinate for at least 30 minutes, but overnight is great.

Take chicken pieces out of the marinade. Set aside.

Pour the oil into a large pot on medium heat.

Once the oil is hot, add the chicken. Let it cook for a few minutes.

After the chicken is browned, add the marinade, water, potatoes, and carrots.

Add more water if needed, just enough for the potatoes to absorb.

Turn the heat up until the liquid comes to a boil, then reduce to low heat and simmer for 30 minutes, or until the meat and potatoes are cooked through.

Remove the bay leaves from the adobo. In a small bowl, mix the cornstarch with a tablespoon of water, then stir it into the sauce. Let the sauce boil and thicken until the chicken and vegetables are well glazed. Serve over rice.



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love is blind

Critic's infamous **BLIND-DATE COLUMN** brings you weekly shutdowns, hilariously mis-matched pairs, and the occasional hookup.

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

BECKY

Two hours before the date I was hit with the message "hahahahaha are you keen to head on a Critic Blind Date tonight with a strapping young man, free piss and food?!" I thought hell fucking yeah I am and spent an hour before loading up on food so I could drink the bar tab dry. I walked in late and introduced myself, he looked up at me with his half cut eyes and says "Hi, I'm Wavid" I go in for the hug and he goes in for the handshake - nice move Wavid. I could tell he had already downed a few before he came with the aroma of a bong leaking from his top.

I sat down and we started small chat on how this blind date came about for both of us, not long in he interrupts me to ask, "sorry, what's your name again?" 30 minutes through he decides it is time for a durry break... don't worry he offered me one. He seemed more excited than me about the Wilkinson concert later that night and asked to come along with me so I thought it wouldn't be such a bad idea to invite him along. He then thought it was time to go but I wasn't prepared to leave without the rest of the wine so he helped me out and shoved the half bottle of wine down the back of his pants and we walked on out.

By the time we left I could feel the sabs wanting to leave my bladder and I made a run for it into the subway toilets. It was a very entertaining walk to North D as we made a couple of stops along the way including one outside the Dental School where he started coming in real hot with the "we should just hook up ay". Sorry for all of you waiting for this moment but we didn't "hook up ay". Instead he got a photo of us together as a souvenir of the night instead of my saliva. I think his intoxication levels were slightly higher than mine and so I made a classic excuse to get me out of the situation. SorryWavid.

All in all, great night and great date. Managed to get the Facebook add the next day so he can't be too mad at me. Thanks Critic!

his

WAVID

The night began similar to all others, not the fact that I was about to go on the date, but the fact that I sat on my lonesome with a box of frothies and a few miscellaneous yumyums. On conclusion of these wets, I began my 100-meter venture from my flat situated around the corner. After a quick piss outside the center city mini mart I arrived at the dog with two tails.

In walked my date, and although my sight was critically altered, hells bells these three girls were pretty. The drinks started to flow and so did the chat. She was easygoing and very easy to talk to. After we had learned a bit more about each other she told me she was going to Wilkinson who was playing that night. I was really keen to go too so I frantically started looking for a ticket. She then ordered some whiskey to finish the tab.

On the walk back to hers I found out the extremely upsetting news that she was seeing someone else. I was a little confused as to why she would go on the date but at this point I was severely pissed and on a mission. Once we got to her flat she ditched. Or did I? That whole part is blurry. I followed her flatmates around like a bad smell desperately trying to get a ride into town.

All of a sudden I was in town, I believe it was macs bar. A keen fresher spotted me across the room, her friend had just pulled so she was looking for someone. Took her back to mine and ended my dry spell.

All round she was a really nice and pretty girl, my date that is. Had a mint night, cheers for coming!



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President's Column

TERTIARY OPEN DAY.

Six years ago I first walked through the doors of the University of Otago. I was a year 13 student and on a high school trip to Dunedin to visit the Otago campus. Conveniently, this trip also fell in the weeks leading up to our school ball, so admittedly there was enthusiasm for shopping as well as our first insight into tertiary education.

My friends and I poured over the programme trying to decide which lectures we would sit in on. For me, it was Classics and Psychology, which are a bit different to the English Linguistics degree I ended up with. We paid careful attention to the seminars that were being put on, circling our intended locations on the map. Our hopes were high for the day, and we were not disappointed.

One of the things I found most striking about Open

Day was that lecturers were at the stalls in the Link. Their presence alone was impressive - I was sure they must have had something better to do, but what made it all the better was that they were giving passionate declarations about why their subject was the very best and why I should do an entire degree in it.

I also really enjoyed going to lectures. The lecture theatres were large and impressive, and even just trying to find them was a great way to get familiar with the beautiful campus. If you're a lecturer reading this and you have a lecture on the day, make it count. It doesn't have to involve fire or exploding things, but do try to make it memorable. This is a brand new experience for many, and what you do and say will matter and hopefully, make a lasting impact.

Why am I telling you all this? Because for a new group of bright eyed high-schoolers, Open Day com-

ing up again this Monday (May 9th). The executive and I will be in the link handing out bouncy balls and telling them about what we do, and also putting on a sausage sizzle between 12-1pm.

These young people will be having their first experience of life here at Otago and likely be in the process of choosing a tertiary institution to call home for the next few years. For me, this experience was daunting and exciting. It ultimately solidified my decision to come to Otago. So where you can, make them feel welcome in your lectures, and if you see one looking a little lost, point them the right way.

Show them why we enjoy life and study here at the University of Otago.

Take care,

Laura Harris **Laura Harris**
president@ousa.org.nz

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Margot Phillips

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DIVERSITY WEEK

2016-2017

OUSA Diversity Week is an annual event aimed at raising visibility and awareness of queer identities on campus

We use 'Queer' as an umbrella term to describe the many variations of attraction, sex and gender identity, including intersex, transgender, transsexual, asexual, genderqueer, fa'afafine, tokatapu, lesbian, bisexual, and gay!

For a schedule of events visit:
ousa.org.nz/diversity-week/
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