

Critic

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ISSUE 13



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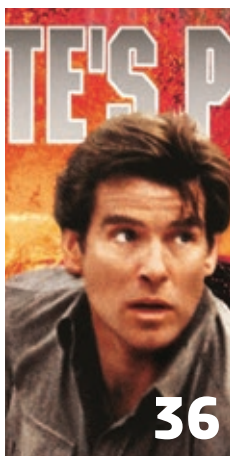
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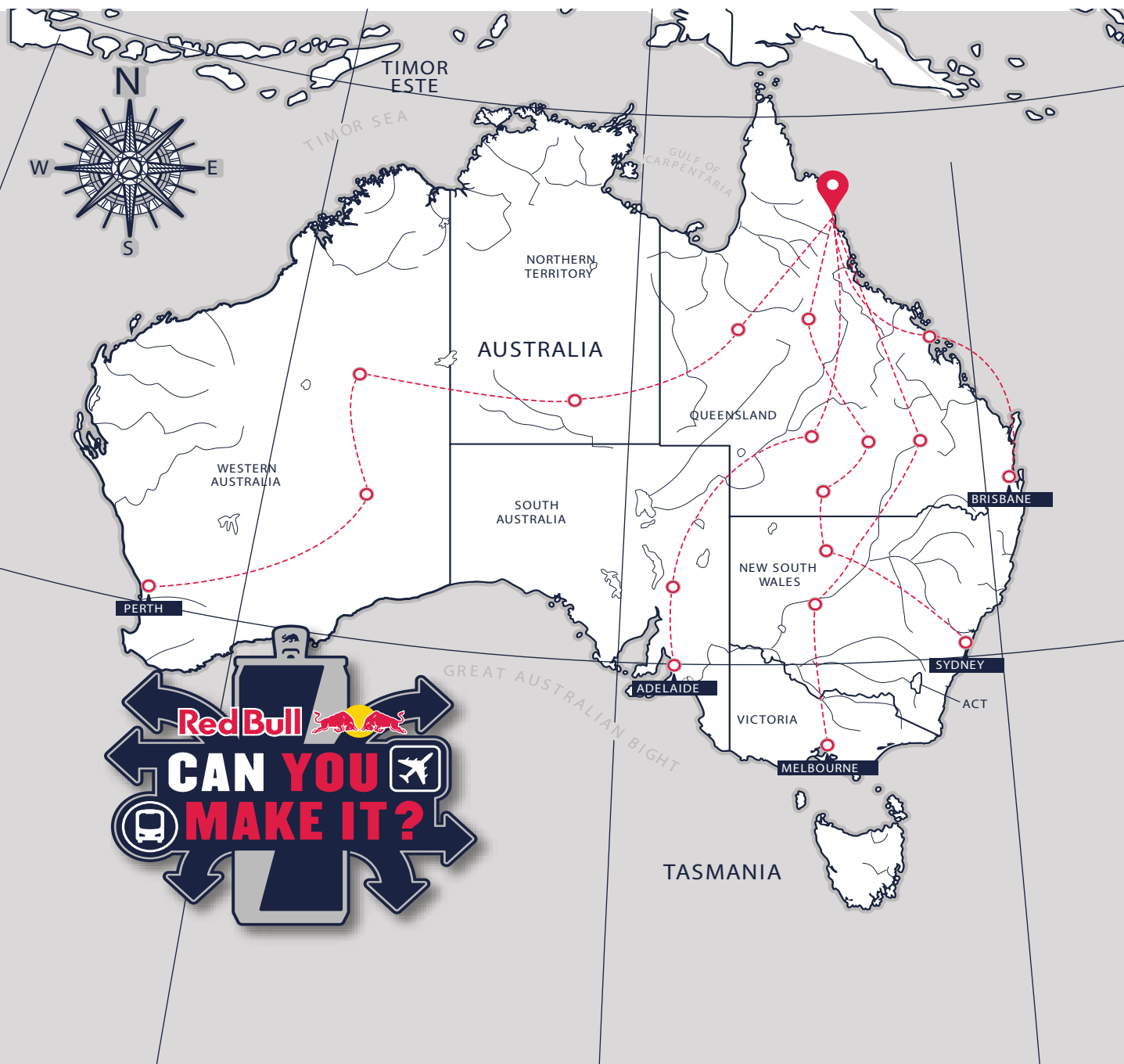
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■ Editorial



AS WE WIND DOWN THE SEMESTER AND HEAD for our latest work holiday somewhere around the equator, we thought we'd reflect on the highlights and lowlights of the semester past.

Hugh: My favourite part of the semester here at *Critic* was watching Joe tell all that he had in fact turned vegan. A big part, if not the biggest part of becoming vegan as many will understand, is informing all those around you that you are indeed a vegan. So watching Joe pass out pamphlets on campus about his new lifestyle and moral highground has brought me the most satisfaction over this first half of the year.

Lucy: The best part of working at *Critic* is messing with the facts and figures and then seeing angry letters come in. The second best part is working with the feature writers. Also —huge thanks to our volunteers for all your work! We love you and most of you stick to deadlines—amazing. Ceri told me about dickbutt.

Laura: What I liked about *critic* this semester: working with a bunch of super rad and talented people, the font choices, Joe's veganism, the seance, the features, the Weekly Doubt and Ceri's awesome illustrations. Also starting pet news, a dream come true.

Ceri: I told Lucy about dickbutt. I learned that squats are easier when there are kittens. I fought for fair media representation for Comic Sans. I had a Bonding Experience™ over a medical history podcast. I drew some pictures. 10/10 A+ time.

Joe: Discovering Jesus has a plan for me, to be a vegan. But being British I'm unsure if I will live the life god intended of me or return to the land of my Queen, Liz.

Henry: Learning to love Metiria Turei has been a fascinating and fabulous journey for me. This semester, Joe's vegan journey and the lively debates in the office have made me see the light on a lot of things – feminism, the evils of land ownership, and that Jesus has a plan for me also.

Natasha: total low point: when I came to work the morning after the seance and was greeted with the special aroma of stale piss and a mural of candle wax covering the floor, desks and chairs. The office looked like the aftermath of frenzied wax giant circle-jerk. Highlight, one time I peeked over at Ceri's desk and she was showing Lucy dickbutt.

OX

Critic team

ousa *Execrable*

Not BFFs 4evz —not even kidding

by Henry Napier

THE OUSA EXECUTIVE HAS SUFFERED A MAJOR breakdown in communications according to Administrative Vice President Jarred Griffiths.

Last week Mr Griffiths released a statement saying communication between himself and President Laura Harris have broken down, following ongoing rumours of an internal coup.

The statement addresses the recently developed division on the Executive saying the "internal culture lacks integrity and transparency", with Executive members taking sides in support of either Harris or Griffiths. Griffiths says the conflict "stems from a range of personal issues" which, according to the statement, were unsuccessfully remedied by professional mediation earlier in the year.

"Laura and I have had a personal falling out and have struggled for several months to communicate with each other. This breakdown in communication stems from a range of personal issues – which have unfortunately now been brought to the attention of OUSA staff, the entire OUSA Executive and University of Otago management. Despite attempting professional mediation, we have been unable to restore a professional working relationship," reads the

statement penned by Mr Griffiths.

"It has led to a culture being fuelled by rumours and half-truths. Our internal culture lacks integrity and transparency. Closed door meetings, scheming and personal attacks have found a home within our Association. It isn't acceptable."

Mr Griffiths goes on to address developing rumours about a possible coup being led against Harris, which Mr Griffiths notes his false association with as contributing to the internal division within OUSA.

"It has been widely speculated that I am organising a coup to uninstall Laura as President, and am leading an effort to white-ant and undermine her. These accusations aren't true. This is simply not happening. I am not leading an effort to oust Laura as President," the statement continues.

"Yet, it is on this basis that I find myself locked out of conversations and subjected to vicious rumours that attack my integrity – personally, and as OUSA's Vice President.

"Last year I led a campaign alongside Laura to elect her President of the Association – I did this as her friend, and someone who thought that she was the best person for role.

"Although we are no longer friends, Laura has

my full support as OUSA President. It is my primary function to support and assist her in the performance of her duties. I have been available to carry out this role for the past six months, and will continue to be available during the next six months as well."

OUSA President Laura Harris has responded to statement saying she was disappointed the Administrative Vice-President had made the internal divide public, saying Mr Griffiths should have spoken to her directly.

"I have received the statement Jarred sent today to myself, the rest of the executive, Critic and some OUSA staff. I think it is very unfortunate that Jarred has chosen this avenue, rather than speaking to me directly to outline his concerns and ideas on how we move forward. I am very proud of the work all of my executive have done this year," says Ms Harris.

"I believe we are making real progress and delivering good results to students. Jarred has my full support also, and I am confident our executive will continue to achieve great outcomes this year. My door is always open to Jarred, the rest of the executive, and importantly all students."

06

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"...and my axe"—Clock Tower exam thief faces justice

by Sally Wilkins

THE THIEF RESPONSIBLE FOR STEALING ALMOST 100 exam papers from the University of Otago clocktower building last November has been denied a discharge without conviction.

The 23-year-old woman's lawyer, Stuart Grieve QC, successfully argued for permanent name suppression due to her mental health issues.

The case was transferred to the Auckland District Court from Dunedin where the woman pleaded guilty in December to one charge of burglary, which carries a maximum penalty of 10 years. She was sentenced before the District Court to 12 months home detention and \$6400 in reparations to be paid to the University.

While Judge David Sharp acknowledged Grieve's argument that a conviction would impose difficulties on the woman's ability to travel and return to study, it would not outweigh the seriousness of the offending.

The woman stole the papers after sitting an exam at the University on November 7 last year. During the exam she aroused suspicions visiting the toilet three times. The examiners later found exam notes stashed in the bathrooms.

The fact summary outlines that armed with a hoodie, balaclava, rubber gloves and an axe, the woman gained access to the clock tower during business hours, where she hid herself in a cleaning cupboard until the building was vacated and locked by staff. She then used the axe

to gain entry into the office by smashing through the walls. Upon finding her own exam script, she also took 97 other papers from the Dentistry, English, Political Studies and Health departments.

Police cite the "calculated and premeditated" nature of the offending that imposed "stress and anxiety" on fellow students and argue that it was an attempt by the women to cover up her alleged cheating. Judge Sharp acknowledged that her actions were "suspicious" though did not go so far as to rule that cheating had occurred.

Grieve emphasised that the woman's mental disorder was the main factor behind the offence and that she had undertaken counseling.

Students vent anger at disruption caused by Dental School demolition — As if dent school isn't stressful enough

by Joe Higham

OTAGO UNIVERSITY DENTAL STUDENTS VOICED their outrage during a meeting last week after they were told they would have fewer clinics as a result of the ongoing planned demolition taking place within parts of the dental school.

One dental student attributed the cause of the inconvenience to the amount of toilets available being too few and therefore due to health and safety guidelines many clinics had to be cancelled. The student noted that clinics were closed for all Bachelor of Dental Health (BDH) students except final year BDH students; the student was unsure of the impact that the planned demolition

was having on other students involved in the dental school.

According to several sources, the dean admitted knowing the news for at least a month, prompting questions over whether they could have alleviated the impact on students.

Clinics are an important part of a dental student's education, as it introduces them to bedside manner and operating on patients over time, intensifying the process as they get closer to graduating. Therefore, not having as many clinics as usual may impact dental students, meaning they are less ready than they were in previous years.

One student, who provided comment on the assurance of anonymity, said that, "as the students pay for these clinic sessions through their tuition fees, it is not fair that we just have to miss them. Hopefully my clinic time is re-organised to catch up for the missed periods."

"This demolition could have waited another two weeks until mid-semester break but they are only thinking about their own financial pockets."

Another worry is not just lost clinical experience for the students, but also for patients who are waiting on treatment, whether that is first time treatment or an ongoing process.

The university was not able to give Critic a comment due to time constraints.

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DCC gets AC/DC (cars)

by Zahra Shahtahmasebi

A NEW INITIATIVE BY THE DUNEDIN CITY Council (DCC) is looking to add twenty electric vehicles to the council's car fleet.

The motion was put forward by Councillor Kate Wilson, and the changes will take place within the next five years.

Staff figures determine that even though Electric vehicles like the Nissan Leaf have a higher initial purchase price, they are much cheaper to run over the course the vehicle's life than similar sized fossil fuelled vehicles. The cost running the Nissan Leaf is 21c per kilometre in comparison to 22c per kilometre (or more) for the fossil fuel vehicles.

Wilson's motion looks to put the DCC in a strong position, given that the government is also taking steps to encourage the nation to switch to using the more environmentally vehicles. On May 5th of this year, transport minister

Simon Bridges announced a number of measures that would look to increase the uptake of electric vehicles. According to www.driveelectric.org.nz there are currently 1015 electric vehicles registered in New Zealand with 142 public charging locations.

The DCC plans to share information and data collected about the Electric vehicles and their usage with the University of Otago and the Otago Polytechnic. This would look to assist with research on Electric vehicles as well helping others that are looking to convert to electric vehicle fleets.

The purchases will be carried out within current operational budgets. Twenty of the 113 in the DCC's current vehicle fleet are considered to be suitable to be replaced by the electric vehicles. The council already has two hybrid vehicles and an electric bike

Electric vehicles use no gasoline and so produce no emissions. Thus use of electric vehicles has already saved our country from at least 1138 tonnes of Carbon dioxide emissions this year. This shows the use of the vehicles to have far reaching benefits; with Carbon dioxide emissions being a major factor in global warming. New Zealand generates a lot of its own renewable energy, so the use of Electric Vehicles would mean that money generated and saved from transport energy would stay in the country rather than going to multinational fossil fuel companies.

Electric vehicles are also used widely across the global. In Copenhagen, 80 percent of their municipal vehicles are electric. Global sales of Electric vehicles are also on the rise, increasing tenfold in the last five years.

Escalating taxi rank violence causes DCC to get involved

by Joe Higham

RECENT VIOLENCE AT DUNEDIN'S Octagon taxi rank has prompted the DCC to get involved in order to find a solution to the issue.

The taxi rank, which is located outside '10 Bar', regularly has long lines until the early hours of the morning and runs parallel to the bar's line for entry.

It has become a growing concern recently due to the amount of incidents of fighting and scuffling that has broken out between those waiting for a taxi, as well as numerous assaults, which has provoked concern and outrage from the wider Dunedin community.

Deputy Mayor Chris Staynes has been tasked with seeking and implementing changes to address the growing issues facing those involved. Councillor Staynes has organised a meeting with Dunedin's taxi companies in order to search for reasonable solutions, although it is unclear when the meeting will take place.

"This isn't an escalating problem", Staynes reassured Critic, "but any regular violence will, of course, raise our concerns."

All of these potential solutions were acknowledged by Staynes with none being dismissed outright.

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No good being TV's Robin Hood

by Tom Kitchin

I F YOU STREAMED THE FIGHT BETWEEN BOXING heavyweights Joseph Parker and Carlos Takam on Facebook last Saturday evening you're a 'lowlife shithead' according to Dean Loneragan.

The Duco events promoter and former rugby league player is seriously unhappy that the fight was illegally streamed on the site. Porirua man Moze Galo filmed a TV showing of the fight on his phone and streamed it through the new Facebook Live service on his fan page A Day in the Life of #BeastMoze. Parker won the match but generally the post-match discussions have been centered around the stream.

The fight was available to Sky TV subscribers through pay-per-view, charging users an extra \$49.99 on top of the standard subscription fee. This fee was higher than past pay-per-view

fights, mainly due to Sky's falling subscription numbers. Over 100,000 people watched the online stream on Facebook. Galo responded saying that he was a 'modern day Robin Hood,' giving the poor something only the rich could afford.

Loneragan and Parker have spoken out against the actions of 'thievery.' Loneragan wondered how the streamers could 'call themselves Robin Hood when the person they are ultimately stealing from is Joseph Parker, a guy who is literally sweating blood?' Parker 'understood' people streamed because 'it was a little expensive' but said 'they're stealing from me as well.'

Together with Sky TV, Loneragan has discussed suing the streamer or even if possible, the people that actually streamed the fight on their personal Facebook accounts. Loneragan has also tried to

pass some of the blame onto Facebook, but they responded saying the issue is none of their concern. Even though it seems Facebook did not anticipate Live to be used in such a way, the company said they have 'reporting tools in place' to assist with spotting copyright infringement such as sports games.

Loneragan and Parker suggested a couple of alternatives the streamers can take next time there is a game instead of 'stealing' the fight. They recommended travelling to a local pub where the game is often shown on TV, or dividing the cost between a group of friends and watching it at home. Although as more sporting content becomes exclusive to pay-TV, consumers may try to find more streams online and promoters need to determine ways to counteract this.

Student finds \$5 million in bank account, spends it all

by Charlotte Haselden

A 21-YEAR-OLD STUDENT LIVING IN Australia went on a lavish shopping spree after mistakenly receiving an unlimited overdraft of nearly \$5 million.

Christine Jia Xin Lee, a Malaysian student living in Sydney, found Westpac bank had accidentally given her AUSS\$4.6 million which she spent over an 11-month period on designer clothes, shoes and handbags.

It is alleged she opened the statement account one month before she turned 18 but only realised in July 2014 she had an unlimited overdraft.

After Westpac saw Ms Lee had tried to transfer AUSS\$1.15 million over to a different bank on April 7 2015 they froze her account and asked her what she had done with the money.

Her excuse to authorities was she thought the money had come from her parents.

A list of Ms Lee's purchases showed that the \$4.6 million was squandered away on luxury items and designer brands.

The list showed she spent \$1,350 on a Chanel cashmere pillow, almost \$9,000 on a Cartier love bracelet and another \$2,500 on a pair of Christian Louboutin boots.

The extensive list showed she spent \$220,200 at the Christian Dior Sydney store, returning the next day to spend a further \$94,520.

Ms Lee's repeated attempts to dodge the bank, the police, the courts and a \$3.5 million debt failed as she surfaced trying to leave Australia on an emergency passport to fly back to Malaysia.

She was arrested on May 4 2016 and charged with dishonesty obtaining financial advantage by deception and knowingly dealing with the proceeds of crime.

A debt collector had visited Lee's harbor-view apartment in Rhodes and eventually served her with a bankruptcy notice and a summons to appear in Court where Westpac had applied to declare her bankrupt.



Chanel cashmere pillow
\$1,350



Cartier love bracelet
\$9000

Four Hermes handbags

up to **\$150,000** each



One day's spending at
Christian Dior **\$220,200**

Critic breakdown: Budget 2016

by Henry Napier & Joel MacManus

The government collects approximately \$75 billion a year from income taxes, corporate taxes and GST.

The budget is the annual allocation of government funds to state services and initiatives. The allocation covers all government spending from social welfare to health.

Spending breakdown: major areas

\$25 billion



social welfare

\$15 billion



health

\$13 billion



education

surplus/sur-pluhs/n.

if the government has managed its finances responsibly by spending less than it receives, then a surplus may have been achieved. In which case, the government has an excess of money to spend in a given financial year, allowing for a few options:

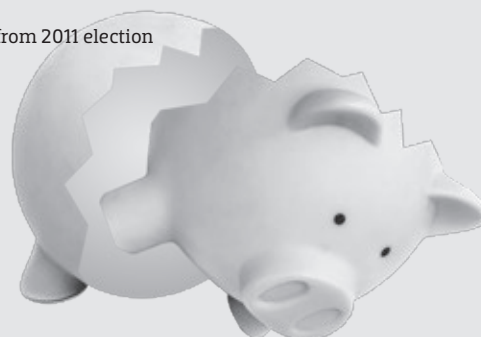
- Debt repayment, Bill English's target is 26% of GDP by 2020
- Tax cuts for the following year
- Extra funding for a particular area
- Government savings



deficit/dih-fis-it/n.

if the government hasn't managed to spend responsibly, or hard economic times have befallen the country, the government may have greater expenses than they have income. In which case there is a few options:

- Borrow money
- Sell state assets from 2011 election
- Spend less
- Increase taxes



Budget 2016 was a political bandaid

BUDGET 2017 IS GOING TO BE really exciting. National is desperately trying to clear up money to give some pre-election bribes in the form of tax cuts, and Labour would love to attack National for cutting spending. But nothing exciting is ever going to happen in a non-election year. Budget 2016 was an exercise in doing just enough to escape criticism, and just enough to make it look like they're addressing the real problems.

Let's look at housing, where the government earmarked \$200 million in new spending. That will build about 750 state houses. Which is nice, but it's a bandaid on the real problem, as 4500 families remain on the waiting lists and 2700 state houses have been sold off without being replaced.

\$43 million has been put aside for schools to target children most at risk of not achieving. The flaw being that the Ministry of Education categorises 150,000 children as 'at risk of not achieving', which works out to less than \$2 a week per child.

\$500 million has been put aside for hospitals and healthcare development, which is \$200 million short of what the Ministry for Health estimates state they actually need.

Bill English was credited for his political deft after last year's budget, in which he tactically downplayed expectations and caught opposition off guard with an increase in benefit

payments. In comparison, this Budget has been dismissed as rather dull. I would argue that Bill English played this perfectly once again. He managed to cover his ass by offering decent half-measures

Bill English's must keep tactically blocking the punches while National winds up for a big right hook next year

to address issues across the board, all the while saving just enough money to ensure a future surplus just in time for election year tax cuts.

None of the measures in the budget will really change any of the major issues at the forefront of the minds of middle New Zealand. But it gives National a shield to defend themselves with, so that when they get attacked for not sufficiently responding to any given issues, they have a host of spending portfolios to point to.

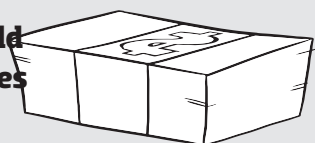
Bill English's job is to keep tactically blocking the punches while National winds up for a big right hook next year. And so far, he's done so brilliantly.

What the 2016 budget means for students:

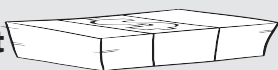
- Fee increases capped at 2% for 2017 and 2018
- \$86 million in subsidies to those institutions who offer medicine and science
- No extra accommodation support for students
- No increase in student allowance

Key Facts for this years budget announcement:

\$200 million to build 750 new state homes



\$43 million to target children at risk of not achieving at school



\$500 million to healthcare



\$600 million on new spending



More elective surgeries and national bowel cancer screening



10% tax increase on smokers each year until 2020



News in Briefs

World Watch

Finland

Finland's centre-right government has agreed to freeing up the country's notoriously strict rules on the sale and advertising of alcohol, including the right to buy a round of drinks in most establishments. Drinkers will now be able to buy more than one portion of alcohol at a time, order drinks to take home and pay with Finnish credit cards

Germany

Worshippers at Protestant churches in eastern Germany will soon be able to access the internet via free wi-fi hotspots—billed as “Godspots” by the church. Wi-fi is being installed at 220 churches across the Berlin and Brandenburg region, with plans to extend coverage to all 3,000 churches in the region

Peru

Peru has declared a state of emergency in 11 jungle districts to tackle widespread mercury poisoning among the population caused by gold miners. The ministry of environment announced the measure on Monday after hair samples from local people revealed levels of mercury up to 16 times what it considered a safe limit

Crimea

Officials in Crimea are warning people to stop stealing sand from tourist beaches, or else face a prison sentence. The peninsula's beaches are being targeted by people who remove the sand for use as a free building material. At more remote beaches it is being taken by the truck-load. Officials in the Crimea want to get Russia's FSB—the successor to the KGB—involved to help catch the sand thieves

Turkey

Nobel laureate Aziz Sancar has pointed out that the depiction of the DNA helix on Turkey's five-lira banknote is wrong. The banknote shows a left-handed Z-DNA helix winding from left to right, when it should be the other way round. And Professor Sancar is more than qualified to speak on the matter after winning the Nobel Prize in Chemistry last year

FACTS and figures

BANGING YOUR HEAD against a wall
burns 150 calories an hour

When **hippos** are upset, their sweat
turns red

The average woman uses her height in
lipstick every 5 hours

Hyphephilia are people who get aroused by
touching fabrics

King Henry VIII slept with a
gigantic axe beside him

An eagle can kill a **YOUNG DEAR** and fly
away with it

In Uganda 50% of the population is under
15 years of age

Catfish are the only animals that
naturally have an **odd** number of whiskers.

Hong Kong

A new waste treatment plant in Hong Kong is hoping to attract visits from members of the public—for its spa services. The unlikely combination of sludge processing and spa pools will be seen by visitors on guided tours where they will learn how thousands of tons of sludge are incinerated at the plant, before relaxing in thermal pools

Vietnam

A police department in Vietnam is offering cash for tip-offs that lead to crimes being solved or criminals apprehended. Officials say they want to make local residents more engaged in "fighting crime and securing the community." Residents can even receive rewards for reporting "propaganda threatening national security"

Cambodia

A primary school teacher in Cambodia allegedly set up an armed gang and turned to violent crime because his salary was so low. Police say 62 year old, Moeng Sary, was arrested after five years on the run following a string of some 37 armed robberies and has been charged with theft and "using a weapon without permission"

CLARK V WOODHOUSE



by DAVID CLARK

ON THE ONE HAND, IT DOES SEEM ODD THAT THE ABILITY TO BECOME our head of state is genetically determined, a privilege reserved for a single inbred family of German descent.

On the other hand, constitutional monarchies like New Zealand are amongst the wealthiest and healthiest democracies in the world. Why change what works? New Zealand's head of state is largely a ceremonial role with little real power. Her representative has limited influence, and anyway there are downsides to each of the myriad of other ways we could organise the hierarchy of state.

On the question of whether New Zealand should become a republic, I find myself in the unusual position of not having a strong view either way.

For those in favour of becoming a republic, a New Zealand citizen as head of state is seen as a sign of maturity and independence. Some say New Zealand is a de facto republic already. Declaring ourselves a republic is the next step on the logical journey of a nation state that today trades little with its English parent.

If we opt for republicanism, I anticipate an elected head of state. The alternative: simply tweaking the existing system to remove references to the Queen removes the last vestigial power check of an appointment made by the Prime Minister. Such a change would cement what many regard as the worst part of the existing system, without bold claim to an upside.

One of the reasons I remain to be convinced of the urgency of change is a nagging fear of the 'constitutional creep'. An elected head of state will want to exercise their mandate robustly and therefore I think they would claim more power.

Our current system works – despite our unicameral parliament lacking the formal checks and balances possessed by many western democracies. As a country we are quick on our feet and able to respond to opportunities both economic and geopolitical. Our flexibility is our strength. We are not obsessed with a written constitution, meaning we are less litigious as a people and instead are more focused on divining common sense.

And New Zealanders understand the power a unicameral parliament wields and its potential for abuse. A clearer separation of powers will almost certainly undermine the flexibility a unicameral parliament brings, but it could also induce public complacency toward abuses of power.

Is the desire for a higher profile head of state a sign of maturity or a signal of teenage angst? Will a head of state with more political brawn help or hinder us on the international stage? Only time will tell. I think the public of New Zealand will ultimately find republicanism irresistible.



by MICHAEL WOODHOUSE

IDON'T HAVE A STRONG VIEW ON WHETHER NEW ZEALAND SHOULD BECOME a republic, but if I was asked whether it will happen the answer is probably yes, but not for a long period of time. There isn't a mood for change or a groundswell of support for dispensing with the status quo.

On the eve of a recent Royal Tour by Prince Charles and Camilla, Duchess of Cornwall, a One News/Colmar Brunton poll reported 70 percent of people wanted to keep the Queen as Head of State, while just 19 percent supported New Zealand becoming a republic. After the tour the number of people supporting a republic more than doubled, but the majority of respondents still wanted Charles as King once the Queen's reign ends. It is also interesting to note the huge popularity of the young Royals, particularly Prince William and Princess Kate and their children George and Charlotte. The ties that bind our two nations remain strong and I'm not picking that support to change anytime soon.

The New Zealand Labour Party certainly have no moral authority to even start the republic conversation after their scurrilous behaviour during the recent flag referendum. Despite promoting a flag referendum in their manifesto at the 2014 General Election, they politicised the issue, claiming it was a vanity project by the Prime Minister. Many people supported change but didn't like the flag design, or supported change but didn't like John Key. This indicates possibly 75 percent support for change, yet we still have the Union Jack on our flag.

The Labour Party thought nothing of excluding the public when they dispensed with the Privy Council in 2004 and dispensed with Knighthoods in 2000. The overwhelming majority of the 85 New Zealanders awarded the equivalent honour since 2000 then elected to have their Knighthood restored when they were given the opportunity to by the present government. Only a National-led government would have the moral authority to even contemplate becoming a republic, and given the obvious lack of support that's unlikely to happen anytime soon.

Having a New Zealander as Head of State has strong public appeal, but the role itself has little influence in our system of government.

We also need to understand the place of the Treaty of Waitangi in such a significant change. That Treaty is between Iwi representatives and the Queen as Head of State. Such a constitutional change would require a renegotiation or overhaul of the Treaty and anybody who says otherwise is, I think, frankly deluded.

In summary, while it may happen in my lifetime, it certainly isn't going to happen anytime soon.

In summary, while it may happen in my lifetime, it certainly isn't going to happen anytime soon. There are many more important issues the government needs to address right now like economic and social well being and that's the priority for this government.

Leaders budget chat proves predictable

by Joel MacManus

BILL ENGLISH PROMISED THAT this year's budget would be 'predictable and boring'. As it turned out, that applied not only to the fiscal announcements, but

by claiming that the Labour caucus was disunified – "Half of them want to leave, and the other half want him to leave", and continually berated Little's speech by comparing

reassignment surgery'. His pointing out that Qatar was the only country with a higher income-to-house price ratio than New Zealand is certainly one of his most effective offensives to date.

Opposition parties spent far more time discussing housing in their replies than Bill English or John Key, clearly smelling a wedge

that "National's legacy will be poisoned rivers, and more extinct wildlife". Te Ururoa Flavell spoke of the gains Maori had made and praised the increased funding for Maori TV, and David Seymour mostly used his speech to defend the government. As per usual, the most entertaining part of the whole process was Winston Peters, who



Andrew Little stayed disciplined on his rhetoric... claims the budget had 'failed to deliver for middle New Zealanders'

to the traditional leaders remarks. Andrew Little stayed disciplined on his rhetoric, painting the government as 'out of touch' and saying they 'just don't care'. He claimed the budget had 'failed to deliver for middle New Zealanders'.

In comparison, John Key focused on defusing Labour's criticisms by painting them as hypocrites who were attacking for the sake of attacking, continuing his party's line of Labour being incompetent and unready for government. He opened with a few personal attacks

his government's agenda to that of the previous Labour government.

It was fairly standard stuff, and perfectly in line with what we've been seeing in the media for the past two years. While John Key has always excelled at mocking his opposition in parliament, the big change we saw this year was Andrew Little's step up to the big leagues. His delivery was forceful and authoritative, and he didn't have any major gaffes like he did last year, citing Gene Simmons and calling the budget a 'fiscal gender



Bill English promised that this year's budget would be 'predictable and boring'

issue that they can exploit. A recent 3 News/Reid Research poll found that 70 percent of New Zealanders believe the government have not done enough to address the housing crisis, so expect to see the left mention that issue as much as humanly possible over the next few months.

The rest of the party also stuck to foreseeable rhetoric, James Shaw criticising cut to DoC and claiming

repeatedly titled the budget the "Get Stuffed Budget", and interrupted his speech twice to go on random rants at individual National MP's.

All in all it was a pretty standard day in parliament. Everyone yelled 'til they were hoarse, Winston caused some ruckus, and not a lot actually happened.

France's new generation ready to bring joy back to nation

by Sean Nugent

PAUL POGBA AND ANTOINE GREIZMANN headline a French squad full of youthful exuberance for the upcoming European Championships. As hosts, France will have the weight of expectation on their shoulders to win their first international tournament since 2000. A talented side, many onlookers see them as a reincarnation of the golden generation that dominated world football two decades ago. Despite their ability, global attention will also be drawn to the constant threat of terrorism in the nation since last November's Paris attacks. In such nerve-racking times Pogba and his men are not just a football team. They are a symbol of a nation that urgently needs something to smile about.

It has been eighteen years since France last hosted an international football tournament, the FIFA World Cup in 1998. Expectations were not overly high for the French. They had failed to qualify four years earlier and were just beginning to introduce a new generation into the national side. Many of these young players were of African descent, and came from poor neighbourhoods in France. Together they changed the dynamic of the side, and introduced a new flavour of multi-culturalism. The team played impressively, and reached the final against defending



champions, and expected winners, Brazil. Spurred on by their home supporters, France clinched a surprising 3-0 victory, thanks to two goals from legendary midfielder Zinedine Zidane.

It was France's first World Cup victory, and it sent their citizens into a frenzy. For the first time, a nation that rarely took pride in their sports stars, came together in celebration. The streets of Paris were full of champagne, as people of all races and social classes partied the night away. The reaction was so immense that it even startled the players. As the side drove through Paris with the trophy aloft, Thierry Henry, only 20 at the

time, was thanked by an elderly woman for giving France its greatest moment since the Liberation. "That's when I realised how powerful sport is," he said, "even if I don't quite understand it." The victory sparked a new era for France, and brought the nation together as one strong, multi-cultural society.

The Paris attacks in November may have been completely out of the blue, but it is nothing that Parisians have not suffered before. The 1990s was a tough decade for France, as rising unemployment, social fracas, and racial violence crippled the nation. Also, like today, the presence of Islamic terrorism had made the country tense and broken. In 1995, Algerian terrorists bombed several cities around France over a three-month period, killing eight, and injuring over a hundred. After the bombings last year, France have fallen into an eerily similar situation they were in twenty years ago. Armed police line the streets, looking for any kind of suspicious threat that could derail the nation further. With over 1.5 million tourists expected to arrive for the Euros next month, their job is about to get a whole lot tougher. They are aware that ISIS are almost certainly planning some sort of terrorist act during the tournament.

But this threat will not stop the French from supporting their team. They needed this. For a

After hearing of his cousin's death Diarra pleaded for the nation to stick together: "In this climate of terror, it is important... to speak and remain united against a horror that has no colour, no religion."



Midfielder Lassana Diarra lost his cousin in the 2015 Paris attacks, above left

Thierry Henry immortalised in bronze, above right

LONDON: STARS/REUTERS; STATUE: BY DAVID HOLT/CC BY-SA 2.0/FLICKR; MEMORATION: NOVEMBER 2015 PARIS ATTACKS: KATFENEBER/SHUTTERSTOCK; JODIE DIARRA: CP 2015 QUALS TT7738/BY MARIE-LAN NGUYEN/CC-BY 3.0/WIKIPEDIA

couple of weeks, they want to return to the nation they were after 1998. If anything were to overcome terrorism, it would be France winning the tournament. Eighteen years ago, Zidane, a French-born Algerian descendent, fired the side to glory, putting to bed the nerves created by Algerians less than three years earlier.

Last year's attacks did not only affect the fans, they affected the players as well. Midfielder Lassana Diarra lost his cousin in the blasts, while Antoine Greizmann's sister narrowly avoided death at the Bataclan concert hall where 87 others lay dead. Another attack was thwarted at the gates of Stade de France, where 80,000 people were watching France play Germany in a friendly game. However, the terrorists detonated their suicide belts, sending chilling echoes through the stadium, heard by fans both in the stands and those watching at home. Such events mean that the upcoming championships are about more than football for the French players. After hearing of his cousin's death Diarra pleaded for the nation to stick together, "In this climate of terror, it is important for all of us who are representatives of this country and its diversity to speak and remain united against a horror that has no colour, no religion."

This year the hosts are coached by Didier Deschamps, captain of the triumphant French

teams at both the World Cup in 1998 and Euro 2000. He more than anyone will know how to win this time around. The team will look to its multi-culturalism and togetherness as forces to guide them through the tournament. Like 1998, there is a large group of youngsters that have broken into the team over the last few seasons. Pogba and Raphael Varane (both 23), Anthony Martial (20), and Kingsley Coman (19), are important pieces to the jigsaw puzzle that Deschamps has at his disposal. All four play at the biggest clubs in the world and are no strangers to the big stage. Both Pogba and Varane have competed in Champions League finals and were a part of the World Cup squad two years ago, while Martial and Coman have been key figures for their respective Manchester United and Bayern Munich sides this season.

Yet despite the talent around him, all eyes will fall on Pogba. He is to this team what Zidane was to that team in 1998. In many ways he is the successor to Zidane's throne that was vacated a decade ago. He is an elegant dribbler, brilliant passer, and a leader of men. Like his predecessor, he plays at Italian club Juventus, a team he has just led to a fifth successive title. Just as so many other stars have aligned, surely this one has to as well.

Of course many obstacles stand in between France and a third European title, none more so than world champions Germany. The 2014 World Cup winners knocked France out at the quarter-final stage in Brazil, and the two teams are likely to face each other in the semi-finals this time around. But Varane has said that the players are not fazed. "Despite the youth of the group we can do it. We have a group that is capable of beating anyone," he told reporters. On paper



they certainly can match any team in world football. Some, including former World Cup winner Marcel Desailly believe that the current side is "technically better than class of 1998, 2000."

Such praise by former stars has given France the belief that this could be their year. It has been a long time since the nation last tasted glory, and given the circumstances, a victory here will be the ultimate retribution for those who lost their lives in November. The strong resemblance to the 1998 side will give the players and fans the hope they need to achieve greatness. With two weeks until kick off, the world watches as France prepare to enter a new era for both football and as a nation. Sport has the ability to bring people together more than anything else. A victory for France at the European Championships, would be a victory for the world in the fight against terrorism.

Up and coming players Antoine Greizmann, top right, and a young Paul Pogba celebrating with the U-20 French side in 2013, left



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Breaks & Skates —the revolution of Roller Derby

Jean Balchin suffered serious injury to bring you an up-close and personal view of Dunedin's roller derby scene

THERE I STOOD, GINGERLY EXTENDING MY RIGHT FOOT AS the wheels rolled across the ground. Clad head to toe in battered protective gear, I resembled a second-rate Stormtrooper, and like the infamous head-bumping guy from Episode IV, I was just as clumsy. I had always envisaged Roller Derby as a sexy, snazzy sport—with fishnet stockings, wacky names and rough on-track antics. Less than five minutes later, my feet flew out from under me and I fell to the floor with my arms outstretched, only to hear the crunch of my wrist breaking. Needless to say, I don't think I have a career lined up as a derby girl.

Roller derby is becoming an unstoppable phenomenon, sweeping across the country in a wave of black lipstick, bruises, and brutal blocking techniques. Spurred on by third-wave feminism, roller derby is a contact sport that is run almost entirely by women—women skate, manage and organise the game. It challenges the male domination of sport and insists that women can be just as aggressive, competitive and entertaining as men. But what exactly is roller derby?

Flat Track Roller Derby appeared on the scene in 2001, and has flourished to encompass more than 1,200 leagues worldwide. A contact sport played by two teams of five women roller skating in a counterclockwise direction around a flat circular track, roller derby is fast paced and requires speed, strategy and athleticism. Its popularity is due in part to the ease of setting up a flat track; any surface from a basketball court to an aeroplane hangar can be used. Dunedin Derby (DD), formed in March 2010, currently boasts over 30 passionate skaters and has two bout teams; the Gallow Lasses and the Bonnie Brawlers. In their own words, Dunedin Derby are "putting Dunedin on the map in this dynamic, athletic, all-inclusive, and entertaining women's sport." For a couple of years I'd been keen on joining a derby league, however various injuries had prevented me from doing so (I'm ridiculously prone to breaking bones). After my failed attempt at skating—one which landed me in the hospital—I turned to three of Dunedin Derby's finest skaters to hear about their experiences with this sport.

Schadenfreude is short, swift, and exceedingly good at weaving her way through the opposing pack. Her name means the malicious sense of glee one gets from someone else's misfortune. True, aka "False Hope", is a 19-year-old student sporting wicked eyeliner and red bobbed hair. True got into roller derby through a friend, although she concedes "it was always a sport I wanted to do—I was always a bit too rough for netball." Bronwyn is a veteran of DD. A library assistant by day and kick-ass derby girl by night, Bronwyn's name on the track is Sister Strychnine. Contrary to her name however, Sister is anything but poisonous—she's a delight to talk to. About six years ago, Sister heard of a clandestine roller disco in a basement at an art gallery and decided to check it out. She slipped on a pair of skates, thinking "Man I haven't done this for ages!" She laughs, "I promptly fell on my arse and bruised my tailbone." Not to be deterred, Sister continued with the league practices at Ravensbourne Hall, and has been "hooked ever since."

I decided to see an actual bout for myself. I rocked up to this event, proudly showing off my battle scars (a lurid rainbow cast) and took my place on the bleachers. The MC—an elegant woman in a sparkly silver top hat—hit off the evening with a quick explanation of the game's rules. Each player on the track has her own distinct role. The bout is separated into two periods of 30 minutes and game play consists of a series of short matchups (jams) in which the teams try to block the opposing jammer while assisting their own jammer. The jammer scores points by pushing through the opposing team's blockers and making a lap of the track. The blockers, as you may have guessed, block the opposing team's jammer from getting through. One blocker may act as the 'pivot'—she is allowed to become a jammer during the course of play. I watched as a particularly determined jammer skated swiftly towards the pack, head down and gunning for their stomachs. Nek minnit, a stray elbow caught her on the chest, and she was sent flying off the track. Half the crowd cheered—the other half indignantly yelled out "Foul!" I learnt that certain types of blocks and other play are violations. The striped referee called a penalty, frantically waving his arms in the air, and one of the girls

good-naturedly skated to the penalty box for half a minute. Soon they were off again, whizzing and pummelling each other around the track. I must admit – for a first-timer, the game can be quite confusing. However, I was thoroughly entertained and began to consider returning to roller derby once my arm had healed.

So which on-track role is best? "I love jamming," True says, "it's amazing to feel your body moving so fluidly." Isn't there

Sometimes you need to know there are people to dress up like vaginas and run around on your behalf

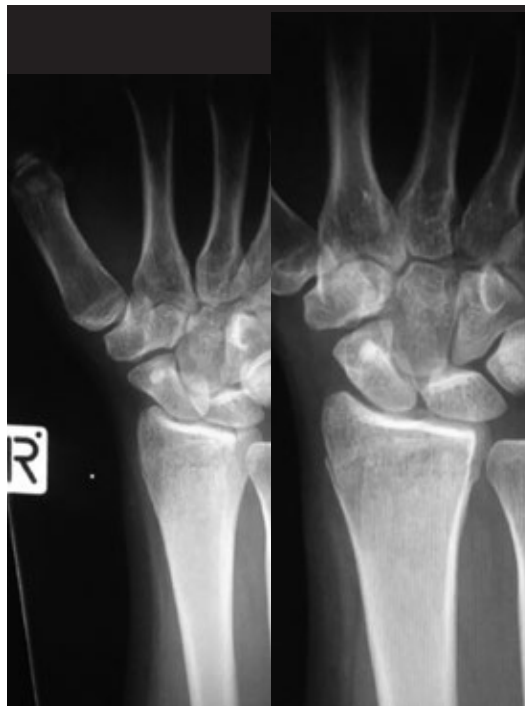
something intimidating about facing off against four (often large) women, I ask? "No," she says "I love the challenge!" Coming from a family of successful athletes, True has strong shoulders – she can "hit really hard and push people out of the way." Her signature style is to "come in hot to the pack and just barrel in." Go hard or go home, I guess. I'm secretly glad I won't be facing her any time soon. Schadenfreude is also fond of jamming; I watched with awe as she pushed her way through the opposing team. In contrast, Sister currently prefers playing as the pivot. As Sister describes it, "the pivot will often also call the plays for the rest of their pack (blockers) to follow. It's a strategic position that you need awareness for, and it can be challenging. Challenges are good!"

"Training is really intense," says True, almost squaring her shoulders at the thought of exercise, "there's between 4 to 6 months of skating before you're even allowed to play a game." Sister elaborated with talk of push-ups, planks, and the dreaded word squatting. A high degree of fitness is required for roller derby, seeing that you "have to skate as fast and hard as you can, trying to push past other people." Different positions require different skills and level of fitness though; "If you're a blocker, it's not as endurance-intense; you need to be strong and to be able to hold a squatting position for a long period of time." Hearing this, I can understand Sister's frustration at roller derby not being recognised as a sport, although "this could change." Sister is undecided on whether Roller Derby should be an Olympic sport. "It's a team sport and it'd give us more credibility. It's another opportunity nationally for the game to grow." But on the other hand, she worries that "our control would be taken away from us," and admits "I don't know if we're ready or able or willing for it." True is enthusiastic however – "that would be so great!" – and she's confident that "there will always be that back alley, fringe kind of roller derby – that's what it started as."

My first introduction into the bruising, high-speed world of

roller derby was through the film *Whip It*. This film tells the tale of Bliss (Ellen Page), a whip-smart 17 year old high schooler from a small town in Texas who stumbles upon roller derby while visiting Austin. I asked True and Schadenfreude whether they thought the film *Whip It* was a true portrayal of roller derby. Schadenfreude liked the camaraderie: "it shows the bond between the women and the importance of teamwork," but I was disappointed to hear that "the off-track competition between out-of-town teams was completely wrong. No food fighting or bitchiness." Sister was also quick to dispel this myth, "Definitely not. We're like a family. We're pretty normal – we don't get into the game because we want to absolutely fuck someone up – we'd probably do boxing in that case." Schadenfreude adds; "the other week, I got a bleeding nose from a player who off the track is one of the nicest women I've ever met. It was great!" After-parties are infamous for the hilarity and hijinks that often ensue. As Sister says, "there's a tradition in derby that if you don't win the game you try and 'win' the after party!"

Roller derby originated long ago in the banked-track roller skating marathons of the 1930s. Over the following decades, it evolved into a form of sports entertainment where the theatrical elements overshadowed the athleticism. Now in the 21st century, roller derby is a mix of playful theatricality and punchy athleticism. Most derby girls skate under pseudonyms, or 'derby names'. These



Five minutes later, I heard the crunch of my wrist breaking

names may represent the skater's alter ego, and are often a topic of controversy. I asked True what some of her favourite names were. "Lady McDeath," she said decisively, "and Smother Theresa, I love that one." I was rather taken with Schadenfreude's name. As True says, "It's the epitome of roller derby." Sister is quick to point out that in DD, derby names are run by everyone in the league to prevent anything dirty or nasty or offensive. "We take it seriously, we don't want disrepute in our league. A lot of people aren't using derby names anymore. I think it's great. These people

Regardless of whether you're tall, short, skinny or fat, all bodies are powerful in roller derby

are doing it because they want to be taken seriously."

The allure of these satirical, funny and often sexual names was one of the main reasons I wanted to give roller derby a shot. I thought about what I'd call myself if I ever made it onto an actual team. Perhaps I'd be 'Scarlet Harlot', although I'd probably have to dye my hair a shade brighter and amp up my promiscuous tendencies for that. 'Mistress Whippy' was another favourite – the whip being an infamous move on the track. I couldn't help but feel like I was perverting a symbol of childhood – the dear, musical Mr Whippy van – by introducing references to S&M. Finally, a friend suggested 'Gin Slinger', which I felt I could live up to, seeing as I like to swig gin and sling punches.

Roller derby encompasses body positivity like no other sport. Regardless of whether you're tall, short, skinny or fat, all bodies are powerful in roller derby. If you're fat, you can swing with force; if you're lanky, your long limbs can obstruct others; if you're skinny and short, you're off like a robber's dog. There is also a wonderful energy to the game. As True says, "There are no 'sorries' in roller derby. You do not apologise for a hit, as long as it's not malicious or illegal... You can hit the shit out of someone and they'll go flying, but afterwards they'll be like: That was a great hit! You totally caught me off balance!"

Many women who get involved with roller derby are in their 30s and 40s and have children. Roller derby is a huge slap in the face to the mentality that a woman should feel ashamed and hateful towards her body if it doesn't conform to society's ideals of beauty. As Sister says, Roller derby is "a sport that really builds confidence. Instead of thinking of my body as being something other than functional, my body now exists to play roller derby." In social and professional environments, many women are conditioned to see other women as competition, and are taught to act accordingly. Although the sport is certainly competitive, roller

derby ultimately celebrates women's abilities and strengths. Roller derby's place in gender politics is also an intriguing issue. Men have always played a role in derby, although usually in a supportive manner, as officials or referees. However in recent years this has started to change; there are currently over 60 men's leagues worldwide. In my opinion, as roller derby gains traction and increasingly accepts men into its leagues, it needs to preserve the existing gender politics. After all – and let's be honest here (looking at you, Hugh) – men tend to rather unfairly dominate most other sports.

Many leagues also have pride-themed bouts and skaters frequently join pride parades or events. Dunedin Derby is very welcoming of LGBT skaters. Schadenfreude tells me that there's even an international LGBT league called the Vagine Regime. Described as a place where skaters can be "unapologetically queer", Vagine Regime is certainly made up of some of the most kick-ass queer skaters around. To quote Alex Krosney, one of the key organisers, "sometimes, no matter how comfortable you feel about yourself or how awesome everyone in your life is about your sexuality, you need to know there are people to dress up like vaginas and run around on your behalf. These people are the Vagine Regime". Brilliant.

When I told my mother that I was going to try out roller derby, she was horrified. I'm sure she pictured me tattooed and pierced, skating around in fishnets and swinging punches at other burly women. Perhaps she was worried that I'd hurt myself again (her fears were grounded, it seems). But that's the beauty of roller derby. It's not just playfully theatrical – it's brutal and physically demanding too. Check out Dunedin Derby – their games are fast paced, highly strategic, often physically dangerous, and above all, spell-binding. I finish my interviews by asking the women how roller derby impacts their lives.

Schadenfreude loves how roller derby has pushed her outside her comfort zone "mentally, socially and physically ... I can definitely handle more [...] It gives me a purpose to get up and go for a run, go to the gym, eat cleanly... it gives me something to work towards," says True. "It's a really cohesive force. It gives you confidence and really brings you out as a person." Sister agrees: "I'm more confident and I've had many opportunities to do things I necessarily wouldn't have done before. I've been pushed outside my comfort zone a lot and I've always come through." I leave feeling impressed. These women skaters may be derby "girls", but they are girls clad in helmets, pads and mouthguards, with a tremendous amount of force in their speeding skates and outstretched limbs ■

The next DD home game is between the DED All Stars and the Gallow Lasses, held on the 18th of June at the Edgar Centre. Get amongst!

Email: info@dunedinderby.co.nz for more information



Personal Statement

Carys Goodwin on applying for post-graduate study, anxiety, imposter syndrome, and wondering if she was an imposter in the group of imposter syndrome sufferers.



When I picture graduate school selection panels, I picture the iconic scene in every genre of movie from Billy Elliot to The Shawshank Redemption – a large, old hall or room; a long desk, with a row of glasses-wearing middle aged examiners sitting behind it; and a single chair, placed comically far away from the desk, destined for the applicant.

In my variation, however, the examiners sit across a size-12-times-new-roman-justified-pdf that reeks of desperate platitudes, clichés, and hundreds of words that are never quite able to encapsulate the passion for the subject it's applying for. It's a personal statement, and it was born of fire, tears, and a blood sacrifice to whichever satanic entity takes care of university admissions.

One of the examiners asks a question, like "what makes you a good fit for this university," and the size-12-times-new-roman-justified-pdf vomits out a paragraph about how it once visited the campus and fell utterly, undeniably in love, and about how its best pdf friends are ones written by Famous Lecturer there. Another examiner carefully peers over his glasses, star struck. The strings soar. The camera pans. Then it's scene-end, lights-off, complete radio silence bar the gentle sound of size-12-times-new-roman-justified-pdf crinkling itself into embarrassed oblivion.

Well, in any case, that's what I pictured at four am after checking all four of my university application portals for the twelfth time since twelve.

For a lot of people, applying to do post-grad is a natural next step. After all, the proliferation of university degrees is supposedly deflating their value; and with the chances of getting a job straight out of university increasingly dire, it's a

good choice. You stay in your favourite city, you stick with your friends, and you add a couple of letters to your name.

I wanted to get out of New Zealand. For years I've been telling people left and right that "I'm going to do my masters in the UK," as though speaking it would make it true. For much of that time, I barely gave a second thought towards the applications, beyond the fact that I would have to do them in good time. It'd be easy, right?

it wasn't until after I'd submitted everything that I found out it was normal to apply to four, five, six, twelve, twenty-seven times

Wrong. I had no idea of what I was getting myself into, and no idea that it would turn my relaxing Christmas break into a hellish looping nightmare of trawling through grad school forums and feeling constantly ready to scream.

When you start applying for universities overseas, there's always a checklist of bits and pieces you need: a CV, referees, transcripts, fifty quid or a hundred bucks, the GRE (if you're heading to the US), and a personal statement or research proposal. University websites are littered with advice about getting everything in on time, the grades and

qualifications you need to apply with, and the length of your piece of writing. From there, you're free to express yourself as you wish.

Naively, I first thought I'd pick one university and just go from there. It wasn't until after I'd submitted everything that I found out it was normal to apply to four, five, six, twelve, twenty-seven times. So, I applied for a second. A few weeks later, once the panic started to set in, I applied to two more.

Then there's the most difficult bit – writing your personal statement. For my first application, I placed the emphasis on 'personal'. It was about me, and my hopes and dreams; less so about the course I was trying to get into. This was a mistake, because it turns out universities actually also want to know your research interests and the papers you'd take.

My second application was a research proposal instead of a statement, but my last two were the complete opposite of my first. Controlled, almost clinical, and lacking a lot of the passion that I had hoped would make my first application stand out. You have to confront your insecurities and the voice at the back of your head telling you you're not good enough, and you have to do it in style. And once you've applied, you're left to wade through toxic thought after toxic thought until an email comes through. Then the imposter syndrome sets in.

"Imposter syndrome" describes the way high achievers are unable to accept that their successes are their own, and as a result are constantly worried they might be "found out" as "imposters". It affects some demographics more than others, and graduate students are one of the groups that often report the phenomenon the most. Imposter syndrome is

I started to wonder if these feelings of inadequacy were indicative of the fact that I wasn't adequate: that I was an imposter in the group of imposter syndrome sufferers

when you feel like all of your achievements have been accidents; that you're not actually smart enough to have arrived where you are, and you should be concerned that everyone will find out.

For New Zealanders, imposter syndrome seems to work well alongside our "tall poppy syndrome". The humbling and egalitarian language we use to describe our successes turns inward, and we believe that we don't really do anything of note. It implies that we're never quite allowed to be as good at something as we might actually be – and when you're staking your future on achievements you're not sure are yours, it's easy to struggle through the process.

It can be difficult to recognise when your symptoms are more than just indicators of general stress; and in situations where the stress can last for months on end and caused by factors outside of your control (i.e. waiting for the admissions people to admit or not admit you), this can be difficult to deal with.

Then I started to wonder if these feelings of inadequacy were indicative of the fact that I wasn't adequate: that I was an imposter in the group of imposter syndrome sufferers, and I couldn't really have it because I wasn't good enough to be at that stage in my life yet. It was very confusing, and I think feeling imposter syndrome about imposter syndrome is actually a symptom. Imposter syndrome can lead to anxiety, stress, low self-confidence, depression, shame, and self-doubt – a jungle juice cocktail that should really be titled *How to Never Get Any Sleep Ever Again*. Add into this the fact that I spent hours browsing clickbait articles explaining how to get into top universities and illegally downloading other personal statements from dark corners of Google, and I was thinking I shouldn't have even bothered applying because I was never going to get in.

When I talk about the anxiety of applying to graduate school, this is what I mean – and even though I felt isolated at times, it turns out I was not the only one. There are entire communities of soon-to-be Masters and PhD students wasting their days online watching application results rolling in.

Part of the way through the application-waiting process, I found a Slate article documenting one of the most popular grad student websites – The Grad Café. Titled "Breaking Grads: How an awful grad school admissions site exposes Gen Y's job-search angst," the author (who wasn't applying herself) spent quite a few words discussing how sites like the Grad Café encourage people getting "addicted" to anxiety, and provided too many people with "faux expertise." I remember being thoroughly unimpressed with her analysis. "You don't get it," I thought, "cause you're not doing it." The results page – where people post the results of their application, be it accep-

tance or rejection – was quite helpful, because it showed me at which point I would be likely to find out for myself.

The Grad Café is just one of a few places that you can go – my favourite two were Reddit (the subreddits [/r/gradadmissions](#), [/r/gradschool](#), and [/r/askacademia](#)) and The Student Room (UK based, so more helpful with UK admissions than the Grad Café, which was US-centric).

I went through whole threads from the 2014–2015 application round (I'm talking thousands of posts here), following the journeys of random usernames as their process unfolded. When I saw that one of ones I'd become mildly attached to, who'd been rejected from Oxford the year before, had made it, I cried. I'm not exactly sure it was healthy (in fact I'm fairly sure none of my experience of applying to grad school was healthy), but it was soothing. It also taught me some peculiar things – like exactly what each update on a particular online portal meant. If you've applied to University College London and it updates to "currently being processed by admissions", check it after UK midnight and your offer should appear. Just like clockwork.

Some universities over-offer courses, knowing that only a certain percentage will accept – skewing the way acceptance data appears. Oxford and Cambridge are two of the only UK institutions that routinely publish not only the numbers doing the course, but the number of offers, meaning if you wanted to be sneaky and apply to the courses with the highest acceptance rate, you would be able to do so.

Alex*, from [/r/gradadmissions](#) said, "I checked gradcafe, [this] subreddit and email obsessively, including immediately after waking up and before

although I may have been melodramatic enough to put everyone off applying at all, you're probably good enough

sleeping. I only ever did something like this with such consistency with checking messages with my first girlfriend. Februgatory is real."

Similarly, Charlie* pointed to how it exacerbated their depression, explaining, "I was definitely more depressed while waiting to hear back on my applications than the months prior. I haven't been eating as well, had trouble getting to bed at a reasonable time, had little motivation... standard depression symptoms. They all were substantially worse during this process."

I also asked my new internet friends what about applying ought to change, so that future applicant might have an easier time of it all. Rachel* made a point that I could identify with, saying, "I do not think there is enough information out there about effectively applying to graduate school. Sometimes I just wish admissions committees would be more straightforward about what they are looking for from candidates instead of flowering up their admissions websites." Given that I had no idea how to structure a personal statement until I'd read far beyond the admission websites, I, too, think it would be good to have clearer and more detailed explanations of what universities want. She also felt

frustrated by the reliance on test scores. "Obviously, an extremely low test score is a red flag for a number of reasons, but I think that weeding out people with above average test scores and not even looking at their application is a serious mistake." When you've spent four years getting an undergrad degree, it can be immensely frustrating to have all your work undermined by a single standardised test.

For Charlie*, it's the perpetual cliff-hanger of having no idea what was happening with their applications. "The lack of updates and timely response needs to change. Out of the 11 schools I applied to, while I do expect I'm on several unofficial wait lists, fucking seven of them never gave me official decisions."

The decision, of course, is what you're catapulting towards. A yes or a no; an email telling you to check your online portal. It's why you're constantly checking the Grad Café results page for hints as to when your own decision might come, and it's why you've memorised every stage of the application process and know that sometimes it'll take 5-10 business days for your application to move from one stage to another at a particular university.

So, yes, I got offers. But that didn't mean the feelings of inadequacy dissipated – they intensified because I started thinking it was a complete joke. I didn't even cry with gusto, as I had thought I would when dreaming of that moment.

I know, I know, you're thinking 'you poor thing' fairly sarcastically as I complain about having to make a decision about where to go, but when you pour everything you've got into convincing universities that you've got what it takes, it's pretty weird to then tell them to go away. I've still got my second choice

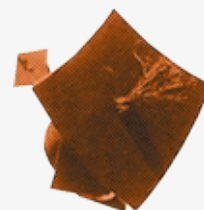
application open, my response pending, just in case.

But for others, like Jamie*, there's no happy ending after the war with application websites, like the Seventeen Years Later chapter in the final Harry Potter book. "I did not get into anywhere I applied. It was pretty disheartening since you pretty much need a masters to have any upward mobility in my field. It was also really frustrating because nobody wanted to give me any insight into what I could do better. I wasn't even asking why I wasn't accepted, I was just asking what I can do to strengthen my application. I will try again, but I don't really know what to do differently because schools like to guard those things pretty closely apparently."

As articulated by Charlie*, "the whole process is horribly emotionally draining," but I don't want to end on such a sad note. What I actually want to end on is the fact that the information is out there. And if I've done my job properly by writing this article, your experience won't be half as lonely, because you'll know what to expect and where to find others who're whirling around the same headspace as you are.

There are many flaws with the application process, but worse is the way you pick at your own; tearing yourself to bits under the illusion there's no point applying at all.

And although I may have been melodramatic enough to put everyone off applying at all, you're probably good enough ■



After witnessing the annual J-Day protest in the Octagon, *Sam Fraser-Baxter* investigated the case for legalising marijuana in New Zealand.



**an actual
real legal
high**

I thought I would smell J-Day before I would be able to see it. Like the police burning off a colossal stash of confiscated plants, I imagined Dunedin's J-Day creating a haze of smoke so large that it would hot box the wider Octagon, a blaze so impressive that it would send a great political stream of smoke wafting into the Dunedin City Council, leaving its workers mildly baked for the day. I envisioned a guerrilla festival and Dunedin's passionate stoners taking a stand against the law. So as I strolled towards the Octagon, I looked to the sky for marijuana smoke, I sniffed at the air for that potent dank and I scanned for dread locked stoners making the holy exodus up George Street for the event.

Maybe my imagination got the better of me. It was my first time at J-Day, and before you ask, no I didn't get high. Like any good Dunedin flat party, I heard J-Day before I saw it. While I was expecting to hear Peter Tosh's 'Legalize it' or maybe Bob Marley's 'One Love' jamming. Instead I heard the faint Castle Street breed of grungy DNB rumbling in the distance. I arrived in the Octagon, I laid my eyes on J-Day for the first time. I can only describe it as a relocated, more elaborate and larger version of the weekly 4:20 protests on campus.

This year's J-Day marks the 25th anniversary of the event since its inception in 1996. The event was formed in response to prohibition of cannabis in New Zealand and advocates for a full scale recreational legislation, along with the medicinal use of the drug. I eventually spotted Abe Gray, the founder of Dunedin's Cannabis Museum, Otago's NORML president and the figurehead of Dunedin's 4:20 campus protests. I approached Gray who was more than keen to chat about the event.

"Cannabis is a very controversial, private thing. Most people keep their use secret, so J-day is a day for people who support law reforms to come out in public and show their support, not hide it away". Gray spoke to me through an impressive Gandalf-esque beard. It seemed to exhibit the hippy within, while his tidy comb up top conveyed, a well-read, articulate knowledge on the topic of cannabis and law reform.

Gray believes that the prohibition of cannabis not only results in shady dealings, unnecessary arrests and the costs of enforcing the laws but

also the stigmatisation and marginalisation of cannabis users. "Because it's illegal people hide it away and they can't talk about it after consistent decades of negative propaganda about how harmful it is, when in reality all of the harm is caused by prohibition... and when we compare it to alcohol which we tolerate widely, especially in Dunedin, it is much safer and much friendlier as a widespread socially used intoxicant".

The effects of availability of marijuana has on alcohol consumption are still a clouded body of research. In this context, marijuana is not treated

maybe New Zealand's international reputation as a 'green' country will take on another meaning

as a gateway drug, but a replacement drug. While studies focusing on the phenomenon have been carried out in Colorado and Washington (where the recreational use of marijuana has been completely legalised), the effect of readily accessible marijuana on alcoholism is still not well understood. Even minor changes in the consumption of alcohol can have profound societal effects on health and safety and their associated costs, so further research will become increasingly relevant in a western political trend of marijuana legalisation

The event was marked by an absence of the police who probably had better things to do than watch people smoke weed and chill on the grass. Gray told me the police had visited him at the Cannabis Museum to make sure they weren't planning on repeating what they had done in the years past. The last two years the protesters marched to the police station at 4:20pm and

hot boxed it. "And so they were just checking to make sure we weren't going to do it again. They don't want any trouble. Instead of us saying "we don't want any trouble", they're like "we don't want any trouble", because they know that the public is on our side".

So if the police aren't interested in showing up to a protest in the heart of Dunedin where at least a hundred people are partaking in illegal activities in front of the public, do they really care? Maybe not. In a place rife with alcoholism, where the police station and hospital are the busiest places on a Saturday night after the Octagon and Castle Street, it seems like there are bigger issues to deal with than people smoking weed and hanging out. The fact that Dunedin's innocuous student cannabis culture is seldom identified as a problem or even talked about at all stands testament to this. No one burns couches, vandalises property, gets in fights or causes really any mischief at all when they're stoned.

As a wide-eyed fresher exploring North Dunedin flats, I couldn't believe the relentless supply of bongs unashamedly sitting on coffee tables and kitchen benches. As much as alcohol is a deep rooted part of Scarfy culture, so too is marijuana. The bong is often an iconic piece of any smoker's flat. I've encountered affectionately nicknamed bongs: "the Purple Kidney", "Chief Keef", "Gatorade Gaz" and "Blue Elephant Sprinkler".

There seems to be a weekly Friday afternoon mission to score in North Dunedin. First the inquiring texts get sent out- "anyone know where to score?", and then later the affirmation- "Damon is in, good sized tinnies". The film Scarfies immortalised marijuana as an integral part of Scarfie culture.

Following the birth of US President Richard Nixon's 'War on Drugs' in 1971, there was a global trend in prohibiting recreational drugs. The political movement declared drug abuse as America's public enemy number one. The campaign held an unobtainable goal of ridding the world of drugs. In the public realm, drugs were demonised and subsequent educational campaigns communicated a simple message to young people: "Drugs are bad, mmkay".

Simple economics demonstrates how

reducing the supply of any product without decreasing its demand will result in price increase. While this may lower the sales of many products, this is not the case for drugs. During the New Zealand shortage of marijuana earlier this year, many Dunedin students were reportedly paying \$25 for 0.7 gram tinnies (the usual going rate being \$20 for 1 gram). While price increased, demand remained constant, as did consumption.

The War on Drugs has been a hopeless failure with devastating, unintended consequences ranging from widespread violence in Latin America, Asia and Africa to skyrocketing rates of incarceration for low level drug offences. While New Zealand didn't play an role in the movement, our laws and attitudes towards prohibition followed suit.

Knowledge surrounding the societal harm caused by drug prohibition is now widespread. Prohibiting drugs breeds seedy black markets often controlled by shady gangs which in turn breeds violence and higher rates of incarceration, all of which come at the expense of the taxpayer. Consequently attitudes on drug policy held by both international leaders and even our own Associate Health Minister Peter Dunne have evolved from hardline policy to harm reduction. As the world's public and policy makers have better understood the societal detriments that prohibition causes, many governments have moved towards decriminalising or legalising marijuana.

The American State of Colorado is one success story following it's full scale recreational legalisation of marijuana. Following the state's 2012 law reform, gangs were reportedly undercut by legal markets which forced them to move to other states where it was still illegal to earn good money for their product. The economic benefits brought about by legislation are unavoidable. The Colorado Cannabis Industry employs over 25,000 people, and much like Amsterdam the state has seen increases in a new breed of tourist visiting to smoke weed. And that's not to mention the money saved on the costs of law enforcement prohibition requires. While the case of Colorado is still a relatively new one, it has again exemplified that society doesn't crumble when marijuana is legalised.

The various successes associated with legalising marijuana is now widespread knowledge thanks to the the news media and internet. As Gray rightly points out "most young New Zealanders are not watching New Zealand television, they're not listening to national radio, they're receiving [their news] online". So how is this knowledge permeating into New Zealand politics?

Slowly, but promising one might argue. The rather liberal Peter Dunne, leader of United Future and our Associate Minister of Health, is responsible for New Zealand's drug policy and the topical issue of medical cannabis. While herbal marijuana is widely advocated by NORML as a form of medicine, the government is currently grappling with the issue of medicinal products derived from elements of the cannabis

condition and application, NZ polling company UMR ran a poll on the topic of medical cannabis and legal marijuana. The poll surveyed 750 people and to the question "Do you support or oppose the use of marijuana being allowed for medical purposes?", 72 percent supported the statement, 13 percent were opposed and 15 percent were undecided. While this result demonstrated a clear support for 'medicinal marijuana', it may reflect the media's sympathetic framing of Kelly's story. It would be interesting to repeat the poll later this year, with a more sophisticated line of questioning. What was also noticeable was a the dead even split - 46 percent supporting and 46 percent opposing on the topic of the legalisation of small amounts of marijuana for personal use. The same poll question was run in 1997, resulting in 56 percent opposing, 36 percent supporting, and eight percent undecided.

California's medical marijuana program in 1996 eventually led to de facto legalisation in 2011. Once we begin a reform of laws in New Zealand dealing with medical cannabis products it will be impossible to ignore the wider issue of recreational legalisation. The results of the UMR polls continues to reflect the growing mainstream support for legalisation in New Zealand, and a changing attitude towards drug policy. The issue of legalisation presents complex legal, health, social, economic arguments. Just because legalisation has worked overseas, it doesn't necessarily mean it will work here in New Zealand. Considering our country's notorious rates of drug abuse and alcoholism, we will need to take measured steps to introduce legal marijuana to ensure policy most effectively minimises societal harm. We will need to be sensible, mature and forward-thinking to best deal with the issue.

But for now, the future is promising. There is no doubt that J-Day supporters will be cherishing the dialogue taking place on the topic of medicinal cannabis. These kinds of conversations are small steps towards some form of legalisation in the future. So perhaps one day a 4:20 protest will no longer be protest, but a celebration, Abe Gray's South Dunedin Cannabis Museum will sell legal marijuana, and maybe New Zealand's international reputation as a 'green' country will take on another meaning.

There seems to be a weekly Friday afternoon mission to score in North Dunedin

plant. While the argument surrounding legalisation of marijuana is still controversial and polarising, there is momentum towards reforming the Misuse of Drugs Act.

This law reform, which Dunne himself supports, aims at streamlining the application process to obtaining medicinal cannabis products. It is a long winded legal process, and the products offered are limited and expensive. Earlier this year Helen Kelly, a high profile former trade union boss, was denied legal access to imported inhaler based cannabis medicine to alleviate pain brought on by terminal lung cancer. Kelly, a respected figure in New Zealand, captured widespread support for her application. Her story was yet another emotional and harrowing case of a patient suffering under seemingly unmerciful bureaucratic application processes and legal hurdles.

Following the media's spotlight on Kelly's

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LETTER OF THE WEEK

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An open letter to the University of Otago,

As I sit here, in the packed stuffy library, waiting for my 3MB journal article to load, I bring myself to question the integrity of "Gigatown".

Giga, as defined by Sir Google, meaning "denoting a factor of 10 to

the power of 9", surely is used to describe the "speed" of internet in Dunedin. But as I am left here waiting in my lonesome celebrity square, I think the term Giga at Otago Uni defines the seconds it takes to load a page.

I, as many other students, am fed up with the sheer lack of speed the university internet has.

Yes I know its exam period.

Yes I know the library is twice as packed.

But come on!!

This Uni has all this money to expand a never ending pavement, a new chemistry department, an animal testing hell-house, and to warm the backs of the Highlanders, but no investment in the network that students depend on every day to study. The coffee wait at cafe Albany is shorter than loading my lectures slides for gods sake!

Looking at it from both sides, I can see that every student, all 12000ish of us, not only have a

laptop, but a WiFi eating cellphone - doubling the traffic on the uni network, and thats not including staff (but they have their own network anyway -surprise surprise).

My suggestion to all you guys who are out there is to get an ethernet cable and plug that fucker into the wall! There is a lot less traffic on a direct network (I say this now, but the after this is published that network will be blocked too!!)

Lets see some action from OUSA and the University! No more spending all that money on the Unis eternal facelift! Lets aim to get a better internet system, please!

Yours sincerely,
Loading....

why we are all very privileged

Dear Critic,

This week's article about mouldy housing paired with the plethora of snivelley students complaining on yikyak about how damp their rooms are and how shit their flat is, has prompted me to rant about how lucky we all are to live in our horrid freezing flats.

Don't get me wrong, I too have been miserable in a flat that is colder than it is outside- literally as I type this I am freezing my tits off and I'm wearing 2 pairs of bed socks to avoid frostbite- but I soldier on because I know that I will not live in these conditions forever, and that is why we are all very privileged.

So to all the cold students out there, please bear in mind that some people live like this day-to-day and don't have the luxury of good ole study link to haul their arses from mouldy flat to mouldy flat. We all get paid to live here and while our flats may be grungy and gross, our living conditions will not always be as dire as they are now.

I know it's hard to stay positive when you can see your breath in your room for roughly 6 months of the year, but please be grateful that this isn't our permanent situation.

Yours Sincerely,
I don't know how the red mould in my shower hasn't killed me yet

Last week's politics column "**STUDENTS TO BREAK FREE OF THIRD-WORLD LIVING?**" was written by Connor Fry. We apologise for leaving his name off

CCRITIC WOULD LIKE TO CONGRATULATE EVERYBODY INVOLVED in this year's **CAPPING SHOW BREAKING GRAD**. Full frontal nudity, pyrotechnics, feather puffs from puffer jacket deaths - it had it all. We were awed by the singers in the Sexytet and Sextet and their skillfully rude songs. We loved the guide on how to be a "good cunt"; thanks for the advice on how to react to people whose appearance threatens us! Nice work everyone! One question: why does everyone hate Arana? Hugh and Joe went and they said it's the smartest hall.

Love from Critic



PHOTO: DANIEL CHEW



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LOOK UP BEFORE YOU CROSS THE ROAD



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



THAT VOLUNTARY EUTHANASIA SHOULD BE LEGALISED

+AFFIRMATIVE by BY OLD MAJOR

Most of us probably couldn't imagine the unbearable pain and suffering people must endure in the end stages of terminal illnesses. It robs people of their ability to enjoy life, and the final stages of many degenerative illnesses render patients unable to do anything (such as spending quality time with their loved ones) due to the amount of pain they are in. Legalising voluntary euthanasia is necessary in order to give people in this situation control over the quality of the life they have remaining.

The most important principled issue in this debate is whether individuals have a right to voluntary euthanasia. There are several reasons to favour the right of the individual to choose. First, our society gives individuals freedom to make their own choices about how they live their lives as much as possible, so long as they do not harm others. Individuals know what they want better than the government. In this instance, a person who is enduring the pain of a terminal illness is best placed to decide how to maximise their own quality of life in the time they have left. Second, giving individuals control over the manner and timing of their death is important for their own sense of dignity. Suffering from a terminal illness takes away the control people have over their own bodies. For some, living out their final days in terrible pain robs them of their dignity and how they would like their friends and family to remember them. Having more control over their death will likely allow people to make the most of their remaining time as they will not be enduring a terrible, uncertain wait for the end.

Obviously there are many concerns about informed consent and the potential for individuals to make decisions under duress. Any law allowing voluntary euthanasia must have strict regulations in place to ensure that a person is of sound mind when they make the arrangements and have full information from medical professionals about the process. In countries allowing voluntary euthanasia or physician-assisted suicide, there are many safeguards in place to maintain the balance between freedom of choice and protecting vulnerable people.

-NEGATIVE by SQUEALER THE PIG

The reason that the affirmative case for voluntary euthanasia is limited to very specific circumstances is because there is no real 'right' to end one's life. The basis for the right should be to respect individual choices regardless of the reasons for making those choices. If the provision of this choice is predicated on individual liberty, then it logically makes sense to expand the range of situations in which individuals are allowed to exercise this right. There are many situations where this could be dangerous. The elderly could be particularly vulnerable, and it's difficult to compare the level of pain from regular illnesses that come from aging with the pain experienced by those suffering from terminal illnesses. What threshold do we say is the cut-off for allowing someone to end their life?

Moreover, society has a strong moral obligation to provide the highest standard of palliative care possible for those suffering from terminal conditions and/or severe pain. There are still significant improvements that need to be made, and legalising voluntary euthanasia undermines the political pressure to continue (and even increase) funding for healthcare and medical research. People who suffer from terminal illnesses may also feel there is moral pressure to choose to end their lives through euthanasia, as there is the danger it becomes normalised and/or even expected for people in these situations. It's a particular danger because those with terminal illnesses often seek out support from others who suffer from the same condition, and the experiences of others may unduly influence the choices they make about approaching the end of their lives.

Last, the question of regulation is not as simple as presented in the affirmative case. How do you obtain full and informed consent in a situation that is very difficult for most of us to even think about confronting? A terminal diagnosis forces you to confront your own mortality in a very real way, and your thinking is likely to change over time as you go through the stages of illness. Competency requirements are necessary to ensure full and informed consent, but people can change their mind and may not be able to communicate that in the later stages of their illness.

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THE WEEKLY DOUBT

Kombucha

by WEE DOUBT

WOULD YOU LIKE A CUP OF TEA? WITH MILK AND SUGAR, you say? Why don't you try it the way I like it instead? I brew the tea, add sugar and yeast, and leave it on my windowsill for a couple of weeks. Yeah, so that a big snotty fungus grows in it. No, I don't change the water, I just leave the tea there to foster any bacteria that happens to be floating round in the air. If someone sneezes on it, the sneeze stays in it. If a fleck of meat juice falls in while I'm cooking, that stays in there to fester too. Then I drink it. It's a kombucha, or "tea mushroom!" Yum!

Why on Earth would I drink a jar of foetid mushroom bacteria slime? For the myriad of unproven, anecdotal health claims, of course. Apparently kombucha cures AIDS, cancer, diabetes, and autoimmune disease. It also supposedly boosts libido, and will turn grey hair back to its original colour. A cure all, which means if you want to believe kombucha cures something that's not on the list, you can add it on yourself and no one will question your authority. I think I'll tell you that it cures polio, just for fun. And, of course, the name is Russian. So exciting.

Don't worry, human guts are pretty strong. If you manage to choke the kombucha down, it is unlikely you will experience adverse effects. The American Cancer Society has said some nonsense about "occasional deaths" associated with drinking Kombucha, but what would they know. They also bang on about food poisoning, liver damage, kidney toxicity, and metabolic acidosis, but don't think about it and it probably won't happen.

So why, you ask, do doctors not prescribe kombucha as medicine for patients with erectile dysfunction and diabetes? Because they are evil people who don't care about the health of anyone else, and happily watch their close friends and families die of curable diseases like cancer and AIDS. They spend seven years learning how to hide the real cures from regular people.

By the way, it doesn't taste like tea anymore. It tastes like fermented goat wee mixed with rotten vinegar. Bottoms up!

Why are you leaving?



SCIENCE, BITCHES

Science & philosophy are so high right now (see page 26)

by SAM FRASER-BAXTER

IF EVERYONE LOOKED AT THE STARS EACH NIGHT WE WOULD LIVE A lot differently. When you stare into infinity you start to realise there are more important things to care about than what we do all day. You realise your place in the universe, in the world, in this life. So for this week's science meets philosophy column, I've borrowed lyrics written by Tom Scott from the song 'Nothing' on @Peace's eponymous debut release. It's a beautifully constructed piece of spoken word/prose pondering metaphysics, existentialism, cosmology and... nothing.

Yeah, nothing... Just something called nothing... Yeah...

On the rock, in the dark, in the middle of nothing. Just dust, intelligent dust, life-creating self-afflicting, civilized, irrelevant dust. Infinite dust. Dust that contributes to society; a society of dust, that kills itself over dust, seeks out other societies of dust to kill them over dust. Warring over a God that was made from dust, that they say made us from dust. Believing that it wasn't, when it was just nothing, just matter, that doesn't, just space with no space for something, because it's all full of nothing. Extra-terrestrial nothing, parallel universes of nothing, a big bang that came from nothing, caused by nothing, causing nothing. A nothing we call life, a nothing that nothing is better than, but something is better than nothing, but nothing is better than everything, but everything is just nothing, past tense, present tense, existence, essence, nonsense; nothing, nothing more, nothing less, nothing much, but nothingness, just "is", now.

So why we're here, we'd just like to take this time to thank you, you know? For contributing to this dust ball, you know? Thanks... for nothing... because it's just another day. Another meaningless, beautiful, ugly significantly insignificant, timeless waste of time traveling around this breathtaking, burning ball of gas. On this rock, in the dark, in the middle of nothing.



DEAR ETHEL

Romance conundrums

Dear Ethel,

I am a first year student, fresh out of high school. Our high school teachers never really talked about relationships and identities that weren't heterosexual and neither did any adults in my family.

I've never dated anyone before but I feel like I might be interested in a lot of different people. But then sometimes I think maybe I'm not into anyone at all! I don't think I'm ready to try dating or go to any of the LGBT groups on campus but I am keen to learn more about the different identities that are out there. Where is a good place to start doing this?

From,

Not ready for love (just yet...)

Dear Not ready for love (just yet...),

Figuring out if and who you're into sexually and/or romantically can be difficult if you've never had a chance to openly and freely discuss the spectrum of identities that exist in this world! For many people figuring this out is a journey and can change over time, and it is totally ok to not know right now, even though this can be frustrating.

There are many ways you can learn about a/sexuality and a/romantic attraction without going to LGBT groups or dating. OUSA Queer Support at the Student Support Centre has a queer resource library. They have a bunch of books and dvds, both fiction and

nonfiction that you can explore at your leisure. Just pop down to 5 Ethel Benjamin Place and ask the Queer Support Coordinator or one of the friendly advocates to show you the library. You can borrow books and DVDs or you can cosy up on a bean bag and have a read.

The internet can also be a great source of information (although there is always the risk of stumbling across some not so great information). To start you off, the Queer Support Coordinator has been compiling a list of useful websites, blogs, and YouTube channels. For more information pop into the support centre or email q.support@ousa.org.nz.

Best of luck on your journey,
From Ethel



Avoiding the strings

Dear sexcellent

I've recently just started sleeping with this girl and my friend thinks someone is going to get attached. Is there ever really such a thing as just sex, especially between girls?

Help

Commitment issues

Dear commitment issues

I am a huge believer in honesty and communication. Which is easier said than done, I know, but if two (or more) grown ass, capable, sober, and consenting adults want to engage in any type of relationship, that is none of anyone else's business. If that relationship is healthy, and all the people involved are happy then far be it from me to tell you how to run that relationship. A relationship can be purely physical, and at the other end of the spectrum can be a deep, fulfilling, soul-meltingly mushy love.

I firmly (and very personally) believe that sex is just that: sex. It is not inherently beautiful or breathtaking or mind blowing or emotional or life changing. It's sex. At the same time, a lot of people see sex as something that is inherently special and loving. Sex can be whatever it means to you as a person: either it can be purely physical, or it can be tied up (heh) with the emotional side of a

relationship: it's so personal. I've had enough one night stands that neither rocked my world nor changed me as a person forever to know that sex and who I have it with doesn't have any bearing on me or my values. But that's me.

As long as you girls are being safe (dental dams. Please. Google. Learn. Use.) and are both happy with whatever you decide: no feelings, no strings, or whatever the decision is: then there is nothing to worry about. Be honest, be open, communicate. Being gay doesn't change sex from being sex: it's still so very much a personal interpretation of the physical acts that makes it what it is. Just because you're gay doesn't mean you should deny yourself the pleasure (if you're lucky) from the meaningless and often disappointing cultures of one night stands and friends with benefits that drunk straight Dunedinites everywhere know and love.

Love,
Sexcellent

WHY DO WE NEED.. . Transhumanism?



by **ANTHONY MARRIS**

Transhumanism is both a philosophy and a movement which explores how technology can be used to enhance people, essentially to better mankind. These enhancements include surgically inputting processors on the brain to increase cognitive function, or replacing lost limbs with vastly improved bionic versions.

The chief argument for adopting transhumanism is that humanity's true potential is not yet realised. Humanity+, an international non-profit, has adopted the eight point Transhumanist Declaration (1988, 2009). The declaration and FAQs promote autonomy and advises that all the potential risks be considered before action is taken. It also highlights that humanity could reach a greater potential, acknowledge that technology has been misused in the past before, and believe all sentient beings (human, animal, artificial creations) should be respected.

Some of the potential practical technologies of transhumanism include nanotechnology, uploading, and bionic limbs. Nanotechnology has been shown in science fiction repairing the human body (Jake 2.0), as well as causing exponential havoc and destruction (Replicators-Stargate SG-1). The consumer market for nanotechnology is ironically gigantic. Theoretically, nanobots could be manufactured to fulfil specific functions (for those who can afford it) like repair specific injuries, slow or reverse the natural aging process, or eradicate body fat. These pre-programmed bots could make surgery non-invasive, with insertion through an air injector.

One quagmire of transhumanism is uploading (whole brain emulation), where an individual can achieve immortality by uploading their brain/conscience onto the internet. Professor Michael Hauskeller's 2012 article addresses some of the issues raised with this idea, but there are limitless questions. For example, if a copy of your brain is successfully uploaded, then who owns it, especially if you are still alive? Stop and think about that one for a minute. One issue that causes me to pause is, if my conscience was able to be uploaded, then are my memories, interpretations and perspectives factual and legitimate, given how easy the human mind can be deceived and thus make wrongful assumptions. History is based on primary sources and oral accounts. Whether individual historians debate their credibility, they are an interpretation of an event. If I believe an event to be true, is it?

For now the most common and easily observable reflection of transhumanism is advances with prosthesis. Not only are there the biomechanical limitations to overcome, like trying to replicate the underrated role the ankle plays in balance and feedback (Hugh, Kornbluth, 2004), but also the simple cost factor. A report by Martin Marino et al (2015) notes that prosthesis are largely unaffordable, especially in areas like Sub Saharan Africa with a yearly income of roughly \$2400 NZD.

One way to reduce costs is thanks to the advances in 3D printing. Personally, I think the coolest by far is a team from the University of Central Florida. They have focussed their research on children and are able to make

personalised, fully functional prosthetic arms for as little as a couple of hundred dollars. The simple design and low cost means the limbs can be easily replaced as the child grows.

The technology used to advance humanity is awe inspiring. The elimination of rogue genes with nanotechnology will allow future humanity to look upon degenerative diseases like Alzheimer's and Parkinson's in the same way that we today look at smallpox and tuberculosis. This will probably lead to an arms race of sorts, where those with money are able to prolong the effects of aging with nanobots.

As to the brain/consciousness uploaded onto a server: will these entities be able to keep learning, or be limited by their knowledge base? But the bigger question remains, what happens if through transhumanism we create a new class of people, paradoxically hyper advanced, yet potentially perceived as sub human (Homo Sapien Sapien 2.0; HS²)? If you think this will not happen, just look at our treatment of the LGBTQIA community in this (sic) "modern, enlightened, tolerant" age.

TL;DR —Transhumanism is where we use technology to advance humanity. The rabbit hole is deep, in this case do the questions outnumber the answers?

THE GREAT MAIDEN'S BLUSH

Directed by Andrea Bosshard and Shane Loader

RATING: B+

by **LAURA STARLING**

This recent New Zealand film follows two women, Aila (Renee Lyons) and Bunny (Miriam McDowell), as they both embark upon single motherhood. Aila is an isolated older woman, lover of gardens and failed classical pianist. Her desperately wanted newborn daughter needs to have a risky heart surgery, which Aila struggles to come to terms with. Bunny on the other hand, is a taxi driver and girl racer currently serving time in prison. Because she has no family, and the father is unknown, she has to give her healthy newborn son up for adoption. This seems to be what

she wants from the beginning, but as the film progresses it becomes apparent she is more attached to her son than she initially let on. Both women refuse to identify the fathers of their babies.

Viewers are only shown the time spent in hospital, spanning over a few days, and the film ends as Bunny returns to prison and Aila returns home. However, the film makes good use of conversation between the two leads and flashbacks to tell their past, hinting at and eventually revealing the father of each baby.

While Aila and Bunny come from



two very different backgrounds, they slowly begin to develop a friendship during their time spent together at the hospital. Over the course of the film the two women become close, fighting as they challenge each other and supporting one another through the difficult decisions they must both make.

The most interesting part of *The Great Maiden's Blush* is the relationship between Aila and Bunny. Some of the acting is a little unconvincing, and some of the plot a little

too dramatic and contrived, but the two central women really hold the film together. Their stark differences are used to create a believable tension, and eventually, friendship.

It seems to be a good time for New Zealand cinema, with films popping up more frequently in a variety of genres. This one isn't a groundbreaking drama, but it was interesting to watch, and it's exciting to see New Zealand filmmakers and actors doing things, and succeeding.



ANGRY BIRDS MOVIE

Directed by Clay Kaytis and Fergal Reilly

RATING: C+

by **LISA BLAKIE**

It's pretty common knowledge that most movies adapted from video games are shit, (Tomb Raider, Mortal Kombat, any Sonic the Hedgehog film). Despite this, they are still being made; a fact that I am biased towards being happy about

because I bloody love video games. Something that is truly astonishing to me however, is that Angry Birds, a casual, free to play mobile game, has been made into its own feature length film.

I remember wasting hours in IT

class in year 12 playing this game and seeing the characteristics of the birds translated onto the big screen gave me a little bit of warm and fuzzy nostalgia. The animation is beautiful and the movements and expressions of each bird are incredibly well done, especially Chuck (the yellow, speedy bird) who is also voiced phenomenally well by Josh Gad (who also voices Olaf from *Frozen*!).

But the nostalgia didn't last long, and despite laughing maybe three or four times, the rest of the film is average and really mismatched with a classic "the underdog rescues the town from the evil invaders" plot line. Also the soundtrack is super weird, they have Paranoid by Black Sabbath and Steve Aoki. That familiar guitar riff from Behind Blue Eyes by Limp Bizkit started

playing in a downtrodden moment for Red, which was hilarious to me and I found myself laughing more at the supposedly "sad" segment, than the parts that were supposed to be funny (because most of it was so bizarre and out of place). There are sexual innuendos, references to *The Shining* as well as really random meme references.

When there are way better "children's" films being played at this time like *Zootopia* and *The Jungle Book*, *The Angry Birds Movie* doesn't really stand a chance, but I still have huge respect for the franchise to be able to release a multi million dollar animated film as a casual mobile game that has completely blown up to become mainstream.



DANTE'S PEAK

Directed by Roger Donaldson
RATING: B+

by ALEX CAMPBELL-HUNT

Was this anyone else's favourite movie as a kid? For me it even overtook Jurassic Park at one point. (Though it just occurred to me that many of this year's freshers weren't born yet when it was released... holy christ). In my flat we bought a projector in lieu of a TV, so that we could watch movies on an entire wall: naturally, '90s disaster movies were our first port of call. Dante's Peak is one that holds up well, especially when you're watching it on a wall-sized screen. My god, the awesomeness. The movie is set in the town of Dante's Peak, Washington, which

is located right next to a dormant volcano. Volcanologist Harry Dalton (played by Pierce Brosnan) is called in to investigate some unusual seismic activity in the area, which everyone expects to be benign. But of course, it isn't as benign as they think, and the volcano becomes slightly less dormant during the movie. Linda Hamilton also stars as Rachel Wando, the town's mayor.

Because this was the first disaster movie I ever saw, I didn't realise at the time how riddled with clichés it was: there's the hero scientist who tries to warn everybody of the danger, and the evil forces of economics & politics that attempt to silence him; the hero also has some demons from the past, so everybody assumes his judgement to be clouded; and there's both a male

and a female lead, one of whom is a single parent. (Hmm, wonder if they're going to hook up and form a happy new family unit?)

However, the movie really delivers with its special effects, suspense and action, and also with its scientific accuracy, apparently. It also has some great music, and Brosnan and Hamilton really do a good job with their roles, creating characters that seem like real people.

If I was grading purely on nostalgia & epicness value, Dante's Peak would be a solid A+. But if I'm wearing my objective movie-reviewer hat, I'll have to be honest and give it a B+. However, it's certainly worth watching, and from a directorial point of view it's a real success for kiwi Roger Donaldson.



NOTES TO ETERNITY

Directed by Sarah Cordery
RATING: A

by ANDREW KWIATKOWSKI

An intensely moving doco about the Palestinian struggle, but also much more than that.

When the film begins by interviewing the most vocal members of a pro-Israel protest, you know it isn't going to pull any punches. It tackles all the difficult issues head-first, with the thesis that the

Holocaust is now being repeated by the state of Israel against Palestinian civilians. The archival footage of both make for very raw viewing.

The format and genre of the film are difficult to pin down. Four main interviewees, or characters, Noam Chomsky, Robert Fisk, Norman

Finkelstein, and Sara Roy, talk about their upbringings (some within a Zionist community), and how they were disenfranchised and came to share the Palestinian cause. This provides a narrative of sorts, but then there are interludes of lasting landscape shots showing bombed-out chaos, close-ups of the dissident art that sprawls over Israel's gigantic concrete walls, and animated vignettes which director Sarah Cordery uses creatively to give us more perspective on these four than mere faces and words can provide. Together with a timeline that jumps back and forth throughout the last hundred years, it resembles more a notebook (hence the title) than a cohesive beginning-middle-end story, and all of this moves the film from the documentary genre into something else entirely; something sort of bent-sideways, twisted, clutching and probing into your soul.

The film was made over ten years, which one can definitely feel in the two and a half hour cut (an alternate cut was shown at the NZ International Film Festival in 2014), which takes its time to linger on the human aspects of the story, sacrificing breadth for a narrower depth. As such, Cordery appropriately claims that it is "a film" about Palestine, rather than "the film". No doubt some will accuse her of making "a propaganda film", but I suspect she will not mind.

If you are one of those undergrads who hears about Israel and Palestine in the news and ignores it because you don't know anything about it you're looking to watch something light hearted, it would definitely behoove you to watch this one. It's not exactly a cheery Saturday night flick, but it's important, and it won't be easily forgotten.



GO SET A WATCHMAN

AUTHOR: HARPER LEE

by JESSICA THOMPSON

There are some stories that hurt to read. They really can cut you up for a while. *Go Set A Watchman* is in my top ten on the heartbreak book list for a number of reasons. Written before the famous *To Kill a Mockingbird* but published as a sequel, it is accepted as being *Mockingbird*'s first draft.

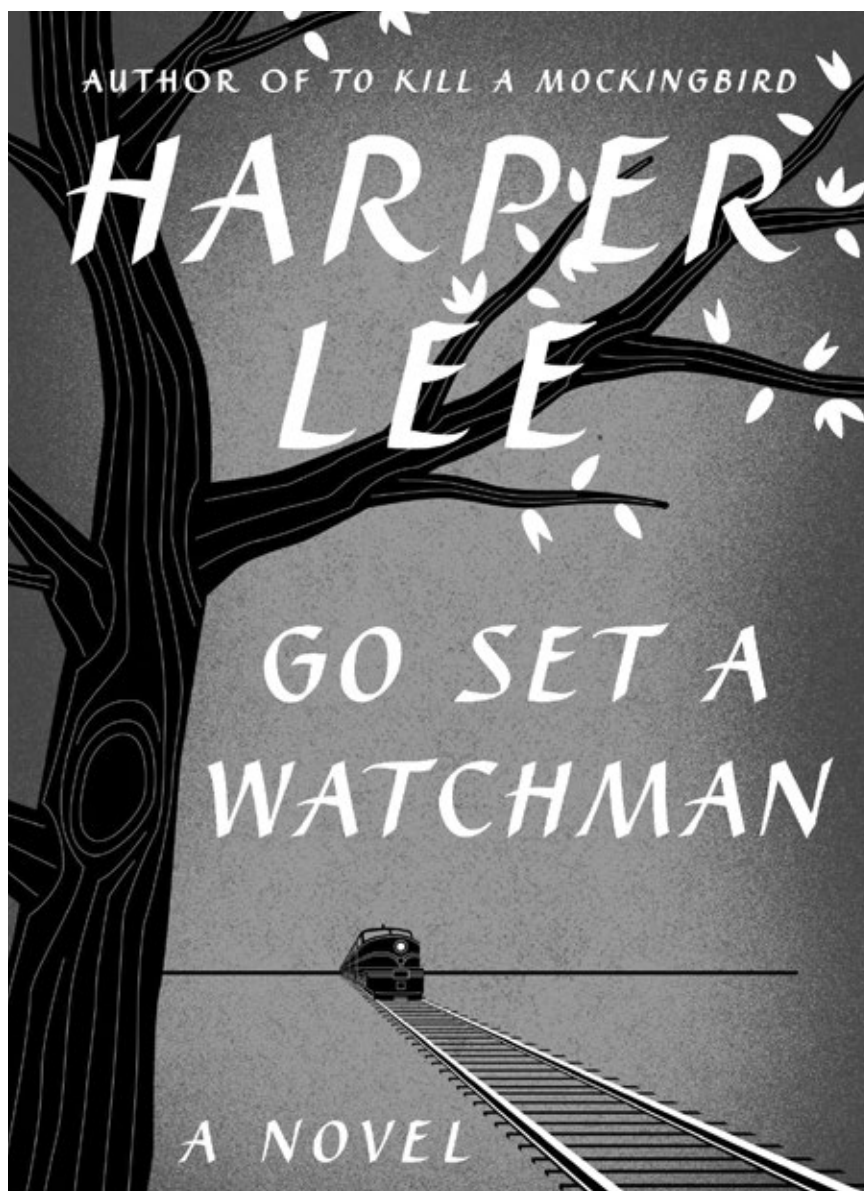
Told in seven parts, Jean Louise "Scout" Finch has returned to Maycomb county, Alabama, from a glamorous New York life for two weeks. All seems well at first. Well... not really... Jem is dead and Calpurnia politely won't talk to her... but still Scout settles into her old home comfortably, spending time with her childhood sweet-heart Hank Clinton. There are flashbacks to her childhood which warmed me (my favorite involved Dill, Jem and Scout re-enacting a Christian Revival then getting caught out by Atticus and the reverend). It's a funny scene, but most of Harper Lee's 'childhood anecdotes' aren't just for laughs - being a grown up reading this book, one realizes the very grown up world it is set in.

Not long into her visit, Scout discovers a pamphlet titled: "The Black Plague" in her father's papers. After following him to a Citizen's Council meeting, she witnesses him introduce a man who delivers a racist speech. After some harsh conversations with her Uncle and Hank, Scout has a show down with Atticus, who argues that the South is not ready for Civil Rights. Atticus's involvement with racist organisations and literature frustrates and hurts her. After a heavy argument filled with tears and frustration, Scout leaves then returns to understand that her answers are not always her father's answers,

■ thus he is brought down from the role of Idol to human man for the first time.

38

This book is, of course, well written, and Scout is brilliantly portrayed as an intelligent, independent, fierce woman. But overall it tired me. The release of the novel was as controversial as the treatment of Atticus's character (Harper Lee at the time was experiencing declining health, had stated over the past few years that she would never publish another book, and had lost her sister and caregiver around the time *Watchman* was announced). While most readers of the book community would rather it had never been



published, I believe that, as it is too late now, it's ok to feel grateful.

The story in relation to her first (and once her only book) is important, creating conversation about race, the attitudes of the time as well as disillusionment, particularly with parents. Atticus, being a product of his time, is finally seen through the eyes of a grown up. He still wants Scout to stand for what she thinks is right, which is why he gives her time to be angry and fight him. But his opinions and attitudes in regards to civil rights were common and expected in such a time and place. Having loved the

character so much when I first read him, I found myself going through Scout's denial. This lasted long after I finished reading and my acceptance is forced. I felt like a little old woman, disoriented by the new technologies and morals of the time, despite it being set in the past. I also felt like a little kid, betrayed by grownups, comprehending that life isn't all sugar and swing sets.

It was a difficult read. But I have come to the conclusion that now the world has it, we may as well decipher some good out of it, even if the people who profit more are the publishers. A film about Harper Lee is probably on its way soon.

CRADLE



PC | Developed and published by Flying Café for Semianimals

RATING: A-

by **CAMPBELL CALVERLEY**

I have been waiting for *Cradle* to be released for a long time. It is an interesting narrative game that lived up to some of my expectations and fell short of others. It is proof that good writing, a dedicated art style, and a focus on atmosphere can be enough to make a game great. Less really is more.

Cradle is a short-form science fiction game that takes place in the middle of the plains of Mongolia. You awaken in a yurt with no memory, a non-functioning android woman named Ida sitting on your table, and the sole instruction that you need to make breakfast for Ongots. As it turns out, Ongots is your pet eagle, whose leather breastplate covers a hollow cavity containing a battery pack. It becomes clear at this point that the game is about transhumanism—in this case, digitising organic minds and placing them into machines—and the social stigma that stems from that.

It is easy to see that *Cradle* takes a large amount of inspiration from *Myst*, as its soporific atmosphere and craftsmanship mirror that of the *Myst* franchise. It is an understatement to

say that the game is gorgeous. Every aspect of its aesthetic—its music, its sound design, its architecture, its colour palette, its animations of animals—has clearly been crafted with love and care. There is nothing stopping you from exploring all of it right from the start of the game: the Mongolian plains appear to stretch out forever, open for you to wander aimlessly (even though you won't necessarily find anything).

When I first saw screenshots of *Cradle*'s world and character design, I was instantly hooked. Unfortunately, those screenshots showcased pretty much all of the game's meagre content, leaving only plot-related surprises for me to discover. However, rather than make the game particularly large, the developers have focussed on the miniscule details of the game's environment. You spend the majority of the game in and around your yurt, finding various parts to help Ida regain her memory and make sense of the world. Photographs, devices and decorations line the walls, and papers are strewn all over the floor – and ALL of them can be read. The yurt feels lived-in and lovely, while the rest of the

game world feels desolate, steampunk and hauntingly beautiful.

Aside from your yurt, there are only three other locations in the game: a very small train station, a flower garden, and a very large dome surrounded by balloons. This dome looks like an amusement park of some kind—in fact, the protagonists initially think it is exactly this—but in reality it is a psychiatric facility for children with phobias of human bodies, including their own. The facility contains a number of interesting block puzzles that were apparently used to placate the children while they introduced them to the human form—except in your case, you take part in them to earn various items that Ida needs in order to function properly. At first, they seem out of place: it's like trying to read an Isaac Asimov novel, but stopping every few pages to play a game of Tetris. But they fit within the context of the game's plot, and they break up the scenic travelling just enough for the game to always be interesting and dreamlike.

Speaking of the plot, here is the only downside of the game: though the story is well-written, bits of it are non-believable and sometimes downright ridiculous. The game's lore revolves around the idea that negative emotions in mechanical bodies—sometimes brought on by exposure to what the game refers to as "ugly people"—conjure small amounts of a chemical called passium, and if a mechanical body contains too much passium, then they explode. It is unscientific to say the least. Fortunately, the game's narrative still has its own internal logic; but unfortunately, it has an abrupt, disappointing non-ending. Despite this, it is a tale of pain—especially the pain and fear of not recognizing one's own body—that starkly contrasts against the beautiful environment. Your relationship with Ida is constantly interesting, as is her slow process towards remembering who she really is outside of being trapped in an android.

Cradle will be right up your alley if you're a fan of speculative fiction. It's gorgeous, relaxing, and thoroughly humanist, and it feels like a warm bed after a long day.

CALLING TO THE UNIVERSE -HEX

by **MILLCENT LOVELOCK**

Wellington based Hex are essentially my dream band. The trio recently released their album *Calling to the Universe* and from my first listen I found myself completely submerged by quicksand vocals and slippery guitars.

Hex are Liz Mathews on drums, Kiki Van Newtown on bass, and GG Van Newtown on guitar. The group released the single "Witches of the Hex" in 2013 and then went on hiatus, releasing *Calling to the Universe* in May 2016. They are inspired by the "feminine energy" that has been routinely suppressed in every part of our lives, and this is absolutely apparent in the palpably visceral drive behind this record. The group are concerned with mother earth and how we treat her, and how we get by in this world, and how we can return to our inner magic to cope with modernity.

The second track on the album, "Albatross" is reference to Samuel Taylor Coleridge's poem, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner". Strung along to a hauntingly catchy melody Kiki sings, "instead of a cross, the albatross about my neck was hung". In an interview with Noisey Kiki Van Newtown admits, "my lyrics are pretty nerdy. I did an English degree and had to read a million books by white dudes", she explains that of course this has been influential in her writing, but she uses it as a "canvas to explore everything [she] hates about dominant western culture". "Albatross" is about humans and their appalling attitude towards the destruction of the natural world, of entire



ecosystems, all in the name of personal and corporate greed. Whatever notion Coleridge might have had about his being a radical, he was a man rooted firmly in dominant western culture. And, in grappling with this patriarchal dominance and realigning its work with a fundamental respect for Papatūānuku, Van Newtown gifts us with a song that is not only musically gripping, but is also politically and intellectually stimulating.

This album is also a mélange of musical styles, ranging from unabashedly pop to deep, doomy metal inspired riffs. As Van

Newtown puts it, "[their] riffs tend towards Black Sabbath, but [their] vocals are more Enya". At times, the blend of super melodic, ethereal vocal lines and sludgy, bottomless riffs is so powerful it hits you like a literal kick to the face. "Witches of the Hex", for example starts slow and then the vocals come in and it is absolutely devastating, I couldn't get the coolly chanted chorus out of my head for days.

As the name Hex suggests, there is something magical about this group and this record. Often their music feels glistening, an enchantment luring you into the coven, maybe to make you pay for ruining

the earth or maybe to take you in. But, equally as often, their music displays a gritty edge, a menacing frustration convincing you that while their powers might primarily be benevolent, there's always the chance that something a little bit scary is just around the corner.



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

LOOK AND LOOK AGAIN
BEFORE YOU CROSS THE ROAD



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UNIFORM

Blue Oyster Gallery
CLOSES 14 AUGUST

by JESS TAYLOR

Rocking up fashionably late, as always, to the Blue Oyster Art Project Space on Dowling Street, I am pleased to see the front door flung open invitingly, with small groups of people milling around in the front room. I enter the space where this month's exhibition opening is unfolding, eager to acquaint myself with the avant-garde pieces and people inside.

Blue Oyster gallery director Chloe Geoghegan quickly takes me under her wing, introducing me to the exhibition, cultivated by Auckland based group Uniform. Uniform is "sound, art, film and writing by underground women, for everyone." Though based in Auckland, the group has strong ties to Dunedin and its arts scene, and aims to create a community which incorporates the atmosphere and people of the two cities, forming a collective of art and ideas from both. During the month the exhibition is held, Uniform organises a series of !No Venues! events, spurning the idea of a set gallery space or venue for their work. This focus is emphasised in their manifesto, which hangs proudly in the hallway of Blue Oyster. The manifesto declares Uniform to be "taking back the carparks, streets, the parks and the bedrooms for the women who dance through them".

This opening is the first of their Dunedin based events, with a DJ spinning tunes in a dimly lit back room, free punch and artists and



members of the public alike spilling into a back alleyway, rejecting the conventional gallery opening space. Ducking under the monochromatic, text heavy works hanging in the main space, I meander

Light reflects off the thick cellophane-like paper hanging from the roof, creating the illusion of a tiny, evolving nebula on the wall

into a tiny side room, the walls of which feature a distorted projection of flowing lava, an homage to Auckland's volcanic landscape. Light reflects off the thick cellophane-like paper hanging from the roof, creating the illusion of a tiny, evolving nebula on the wall to my right. The works in the main room and from the ceiling and combine

textural paper and fabric with thought provoking text, and are in various states of disrepair. Chloe tells me this is because the artists don't take themselves and their work too seriously, storing and arranging the works as casually as they please, another rejection of conventional art and galleries as at times, elite, inaccessible spaces where art is to be revered and treated with utmost care.

The concept of non-space art and the art community transcending galleries or cities is integral to the exhibition, with a variety of events and recordings being held over this month all over Dunedin for this reason. Uniform's Exchange exhibition and !No Venues! series is a holistic way to experience all forms of art, not restricted to orthodox gallery spaces. This interactive, all encompassing style of exhibition is one which is truly innovative, and a must see for the open minded art student or follower. Uniform frequently hold events around New Zealand.

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NINE PHOTOGRAPHS -LAURENCE ABERHART

Brett McDowell Gallery
6-26 MAY, 2016



Laurence Aberhart,
Kamala and Charlotte
in the grounds of Lodge
Tawera #188, Oxford,
August 198

by **ROBYN MAREE PICKENS**

New Zealand soils are notoriously low in selenium, a mineral that photographer Laurence Aberhart uses (with gold) as a toner when developing his photographs, to create warmth in the shadows. Viewing his photographs in the flesh, one has a sense that these flickers of captured light have been made by hand. In an increasingly digitalised world, such objects assume a type of gravity and reverence approaching the fetishistic. The return of vinyl, slow-food, handcrafted books, beards, fermenting and darkroom photography are the nostalgic wing of our great leaping forward. However maintaining a supply of traditional analogue material is difficult: the paper Aberhart uses is becoming harder and harder to find.

Gallerist Brett McDowell recounts stories of Aberhart and other diehard analogue photographers following wisp-lead-rumours of a special batch of paper made in Russia. The seekers pool their pennies and buy it up before

it disappears as fleetingly as it appeared. Photographers like Aberhart, who began taking pictures long before digital photography was a pixel, continue to create into the last breath of the technology eclipse.

One of Aberhart's iconic works is of the maunga Taranaki. Titled *Taranaki (Afterglow into Night)* it was shot over a period of hours during the night. Star threads arc across the night sky above a rustle of cloud near the peak. Apart from the slow-play trajectory of stars, all is still. Stillness is a feature of Aberhart's work. The air is still around the monuments and memorials he is known for. The stone soldiers slice through the air in their vertical poses, holding memories. The halls are empty of people; places of congregation are vacant. He gives us traces of humanity. The memorials and monuments stand in for bodies that were never returned from European wars, cemeteries are full of bones but bereft of mourners.

Between nine neatly hung photographs that begin with a mountain and end with a memorial, there is a photograph that is striking for the presence of people: *Kamala and Charlotte*, two of the artist's children. There are no star threads, no compression of deep time, just two entangled children caught in a moment of play and framed by a snaking hedge that leads to a Freemason Lodge. I had seen this work before and had a similar feeling of recognition in response to many of the other photographs. It was only after I left that I realised Aberhart's work was familiar not only as a photograph, but through the framing and focus of my eyes that have accumulated a record of cemeteries, monuments, and particularly war memorials, found all over Aotearoa/New Zealand. But lest we forget, Aberhart returns to us in photographic form, trace memories of selenium so lacking in our soil.

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CAMPBELL PATTERSON 3 in 1 2011. [screen capture] Single channel DVD

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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

SLOPPY

In true scarfie fashion, I was in the midst of a Sunday session and found myself drunkenly volunteering to take part in the infamous *Critic* blind date.

The night arrives and i'm at my friends flat, half a wine bottle deep preparing myself for the night ahead. I arrive at The Dog with two tails at approximately 7.35 (fashionably late) to find that my date has also taken the late approach as he is yet to arrive.

I grab myself a drink and before it even arrives at the table I see my flatmates lunch walk through the door, he'd obviously been left on the barby far too long cause he looked cooked! Realising that were both definitely not going to get laid (by each other) we agreed to make the most of the bar tab and get absolutely rolled.

His flatmate and mutual friend brought us darts on his way home from work so we found ourselves spending the majority of the night outside. During our time outside we befriended a guy and gal from west Auckland, my date excitedly jumped at the chance to repeatedly report that he was in fact from Ponsonby.

Things turned south as the west Aucklander pulled out his tarrot cards and started to do readings for myself and my date, at this point I was way too pissed to act seriously so I gapped inside for another drink.

The drinks had been flowing and I had already lost my phone in the bathroom twice so I thought to myself surely the bar tab must be close to finishing, I asked the bartender and realised we were only halfway through.

Time was ticking so I ordered one last drink and messaged my friend to come and pick me up. After stating 'ill see ya at refuel' me and my date said our goodbyes and parted our separate ways.

As the Tarrot reader predicted, love just wasn't in the cards for me and my date. All in all, fun night, Thanks Critic!!

his

SECONDS

After a somewhat quiet semester I was extremely relieved to find that my favorite Ginger flatmate and his accomplice had signed me up for the date. After an amp up session with flat the and a few 8.6%'s I found myself unable to focus on the menu.

I did notice two of my sifitiest friends taking pictures in the corner, but it took me a far too long to realise that I was sitting across from my mates ex, whose flatmate I'd slept with.

Gutted that the option of a happy ending was off, we decided to spend all our money on drinks and then spent the majority of the night chaining darts and having our fortunes told. This fortuneteller seemed delighted to meet a fellow Aucklander and was keen to hear my insights into the Ponsonby coffee scene. Being from New Plymouth, my date didn't have quite as much to offer, and after hearing that "love wasn't on the cards" decided to pull stumps on the evening. (This didn't bother me, she certainly wasn't in the same league as her flatmate)

Following a quick bathroom nap, brought about by a very deep toke on a Marlboro red, I realised that there were about four shots left on the tab. These resulted in a ripper of a night, having a good old doff in refuel and ticking a few boxes.

Thanks Critic

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GUMBO



by **KIRSTEN GARCIA**

This lil ol' recipe originates from Louisiana, USA. You may have noticed it in Disney's Princess and the Frog. It revolves around Tiana's Dad's gumbo and I was always curious keen to try it. My first taste of it was actually from Nova. It was hearty and delicious. This cold grey weather lately has had me craving it and I always say the best way to warm up is through your stomach. Slow cookers are awesome for brewing

gumbo flavours. This recipe is super convenient for you to leave at home and then come back to when it's ready (= more time to study for exams!). Special thanks to Ettrick Gardens for the veggies in this recipe and Havoc Pork at the Farmers' Market for having the special sausage specifically for Gumbo! It's well worth getting it for the awesome taste bud kick it delivers. I was surprised to find the spices are basically just Cajun

seasoning. I made my own Cajun seasoning and my bf thought the whole bowl of it was for this one recipe and tipped the whole thing in before I could stop him. Needless to say, our make came with that spicy gumbo heat that it is well known for. You can also add cream to chill out the spice, and for an even richer soup.


INGREDIENTS

- 1/2 cup of all-purpose flour
- 400g andouille sausage or chorizo, cut into thick slices
- 1 can of diced tomatoes
- 1 medium onion, diced
- 2 medium bell peppers, diced
- 2 medium celery stalks, diced
- 4 garlic cloves, minced
- 2 bay leaves
- 2 teaspoons Cajun seasoning
- 1/2 teaspoon dried thyme
- 4 cups chicken broth
- 400g frozen shrimp
- 1 bunch spring onions, sliced

METHOD

- Place flour in an oven proof pan/tray and brown in the oven at 200 degrees C for 10 minutes, stirring once.
- Once flour is browned, whisk it together with the chicken broth in a large bowl to thicken it, add broth to the slow cooker.
- Add tomatoes, onion, bell peppers, celery, garlic, bay leaves, half of the spring onions and seasonings into a slow cooker.
- Lightly fry to cook the sausage for 5 mins.
- Pat excess oils off with a paper towel, before adding cooked sausages to the slow cooker.
- Slow cook on high for 4-5 hours.
- Add the shrimp (thawed) and cook for another 30 minutes.
- Serve with a sprinkle of spring onion, as is or with pilaf rice.

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HSFY Open Days

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Thurs 15 September



President's Column

Last week, some of my executive spoke to you here about the importance of perspective and keeping things fun. I hope you took some of those wise words on board as the study season sets in. We're doing what we can to make things easier, but let us know if there is something else you would like to see us do.

The first semester has been a whirlwind of learning and action for the 2016 executive. Recently we've worked with Student Health to bring free Flu Jabs to 150 students, it was a small way we wanted to make a difference. For anyone who missed out, you can get the vaccine at Student health for \$10 plus a nurse appointment fee.

the exception of Queens Birthday) from the 1st of June. Walk home with the OUSA walking bus on the Thursday, Friday or Saturday at 9pm and 11pm (during the 24/7 study centre fortnight), or head over to the centre to stay warm and keep studying. We'll have giveaways and free noodles to keep you sustained. If you're in a college keep an eye out for some small animals to cuddle at colleges who have signed up for cuddle fix to be brought to them through Colleges Officer Bayden. We'll also have OUSA exam packs up for grabs soon, to keep you going through the exam prep.

In other news, I have been extremely fortunate to

have been selected for a three week leadership scholarship in China in July. The scholarship brings together university students from all over the world to work on collaborative research and leadership skills. International Officer Rachel will write this column while I'm away, and other duties will be looked after by Administrative Vice President Jarred and other relevant executive members, who will continue to keep this place ticking over while I'm gone. I'll still be checking emails and working from afar, so you can still get in touch if there's some way I can help.

We are here for you and want to make sure you are successful during your time here, so please do reach out if you need a hand.

Thank you all for an unforgettable first semester, let's make the next even better.

Take care,

Laura Harris

Laura Harris

president@ousa.org.nz

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