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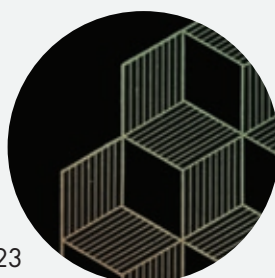
[otago.ac.nz/healthsciences](http://otago.ac.nz/healthsciences)





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## Land of the long white cloud?



Throughout this news week, a lot of debate has centred around Prime Minister John Key and his comments against legalising cannabis here in the 'land of the long white cloud'.

The debate has reared its little head after the NZ Drug Foundation released its latest polls on how kiwis feel about the topic. The polls showed that around 85 percent of the population wanted the drug either made legal or decriminalised for those who have a terminal illness.

If medicinal cannabis was to be legalised, I'm pretty confident that the sky wouldn't fall, nor do I think we would see huge numbers of enthusiasts smoking up in school playgrounds as some suggest. Although, I'm pretty sure I've seen that already?

If it was to be made legal for medicinal purposes, and regulated by the powers that be, it would be no different to other drugs used to ease pain and suffering such as morphine or tramadol. Sure, those who suffer from drug abuse, who really wanted to get their hands on the drugs will probably be able to do so, but the

truth of the matter is that if you wanted to get your hands on the devils lettuce, in most cases it's not too difficult a task. Perhaps, instead of faking a terminal illness and gaining a prescription pad, just head to the middle of the campus around 4.20 on a Monday, Wednesday, Friday or really, any other day ending in 'Y' and you'll be able to sort something.

The Drug Detection Agency has also come out arguing against legalisation, claiming that "people are just looking for a way to make money out of cannabis". Funnily enough, people at the current moment are in fact making money out of cannabis. These people, who are filling their pockets illegally, also don't generally tend to pay tax. If medicinal cannabis was to be legalised or decriminalised the benefits in terms of tax revenue would surely be enough.

If we can have a referendum on what type of flags will hang from our flagpoles, then surely we can hold a referendum to seek the public's opinion on whether or not those who are dying are allowed to do so in some sort of peace.

## Hugh Baird

Critic editor

## Meningitis case serves as reminder

Brittany Arthur, an Otago Polytechnic nursing student in her final year, died last Saturday after an acute case of meningococcal meningitis.

Arthur had been out for dinner, celebrating her final nursing exam. She awoke the next day with a headache and decided to go back to bed. However, she collapsed later that night and never regained consciousness after being taken to the intensive care unit.

Meningococcal disease is rare, and more commonly seen during the winter months. 14 cases had been recorded this year by the SDHB, compared with an average of seven between the years of 2007 and 2015. However, Dr Marion Poore, Medical Officer of Health for Southland and Otago, released a statement shortly after explaining that Public Health South did not "consider that there is an increased risk to staff and students."

Public Health South also identified a number of close contacts to Arthur and offered them an antibiotic to reduce the risk of developing meningococcal disease. However, Dr Poore also added that meningococcal disease was not easily transmitted from person to person. "Meningococcal disease is transmitted only by close personal contact that allows the bacteria to pass from the nose and throat of one person to another," the statement added. Those in close contact are those who have been:

- Exposed to oral secretions through intimate kissing
- Living in the same household and sleeping in the same room (eight hours or more)

-Sharing air-space in confined quarters for substantial periods, such as long car rides

Dr Bret Dougherty of Student Health, explained that the most important thing was to keep an eye on each other when sick. "Sometimes when you're sick and you don't feel like talking to anyone, it's important to have someone else there checking up on you." Dr Dougherty also encouraged those watching on patients to "go on your concerns and act on your instincts." "Signs of worry can be put down to the general misery of the patient, if they look to be getting worse," he added.

People who have been vaccinated against specific strains of meningococcal disease receive protection against that strain only, so it's important to be on alert for symptoms of the disease.

Some of the signs and symptoms can include:

- Looking 'very unwell' and getting worse
  - Fever
  - A skin rash (reddish purple blotchy spots or bruising from bleeding into the skin)
  - Headache, nausea and neck stiffness, irritation by bright light
- (not all symptoms may be present!)

By Hugh Baird

## Degree Planning Days

Thursday 8 – Wednesday 14 September



For more details see  
[otago.ac.nz/courseadvice](http://otago.ac.nz/courseadvice)



## 75 turn out to protest Animal Research Centre

Around 75 people attended a protest on Saturday July 13 against the \$50 million animal research centre being built on the University of Otago campus. The protest took place at the facility building site on Great King street. It was reportedly peaceful, with no police attendance required and campus watch simply looking on. Protesters held signs of healthy animals for the duration of the protest, before turning them around at the end to reveal hurt and tested upon animals.

Critic spoke to Tara Jackson, a member of the New Zealand Anti-Vivisection Society (NZAVS) and an organiser of the protest. She said that they wanted to prevent this kind of testing because "animal-based research is not the most accurate or reliable method of research, especially in the medical field."

Jackson said that while The University of Otago still uses animals to train medical students, "all medical training done in the U.S and Canada is done using non-animal methods," indicating that these methods are unnecessary. "In 2016 it seems so backwards to invest millions of dollars in such outdated practices."

According to Jackson, "last year alone the University used over 13,000 animals and over 11,000 of these were killed during or after experiments." These protests are about putting an end to the perceived needless loss of life.



In comparison, the U.S and Canada use non-animal methods for medical training. Jackson argues that this indicates just how "behind the University is and proves that they don't use alternatives whenever they exist."

This is not going to be their only action against the facility; "this is just our first action of many. Just because the building goes up, it doesn't mean that there has to be animals inside. The University could quite easily turn the building into a non-animal based research facility."

Ultimately, NZAVS want "the university to adopt the best methods that modern science has to offer." Methods which will not rely on the "poor predictive value of animal research."

The University has stated that animal testing will only occur when no other method is

available, and that animals will not be subjected to suffering as they are anaesthetised. University of Otago Deputy Vice-Chancellor for Research and Enterprise Professor Richard Blaikie has previously said that the centre is to replace run down existing facilities and to ensure they are able to provide the "highest standard of care" for animals used.

Florence Dean, an attendee of the protest, said that the atmosphere was "peaceful" and there was a sense of "solidarity" amongst attendees. She believes that students mostly see animal testing as a last resort, and may not understand how unnecessary the loss of life is at these research centres. "Hopefully this campaign with help change that."

**By Laura Starling**





## New World employees vow to continue fight for pay parity

Protests at Centre City New World over a \$2 an hour pay gap between North Island and South Island stores have resulted in multiple trespasses, a breakdown in negotiations, and threats of legal action after employees and management failed to reach an agreement after months of discussions.

First Union, the national retail union, had entered into collective bargaining agreements with individual Foodstuffs supermarkets in the North Island over the past year which had resulted in pay rises across the board for wage earning employees. However, when they attempted to engage with stores in the South Island, they found a much less receptive opposition.

Shirley Walthew, Dunedin Organiser for First Union says that owners across the South Island have "colluded" and are taking a blanket stance to refuse to engage in any negotiations around wages. As a result, Walthew says "the only time these employees are getting raises is when the government puts the minimum wage up."

Craig Napier, Owner of New World Centre City did not respond directly to the claim, but said that they are "currently engaged in a good faith bargaining process" and would not discuss the matter further.

Angus Wilson, a supervisor at Centre City, says that employees have become more and more engaged with the union as collective bargaining negotiations have gone on. He was one of just six employees involved with the union at the start of the year, a number he says has risen to around a third of staff, although he speculates that some staff have been hesitant to join out of fear that they will be looked over for job promotions.

After reaching an impasse in negotiations, around 30 First Union members took part in a protest at the supermarket carpark, which ended with a number of attendees being trespassed from the store, although none were current employees. Shirley Walthew was among those trespassed, a move she describes as "absurd", pointing out that the Employment Relations Act guarantees the right for Union representatives to be present on work sites, saying "it's literally in my job description".

First Union is now planning to pursue legal action at the Employment Tribunal. According to Wilson, they "won't stop fighting until we get what we deserve—fairness".

By Joel MacManus

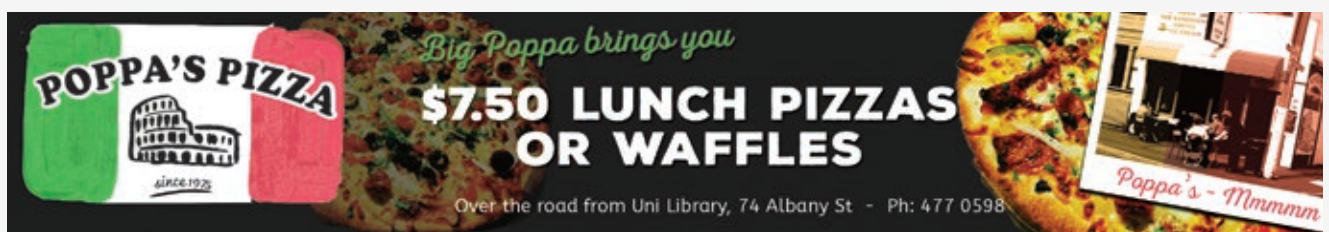
## New Zealand Young Writers Festival to take place in Dunedin

Calling all writers of any kind! Novelists, journalists, poets, songwriters, illustrators and more—this is the festival for you. From 1 – 4 September, Dunedin will host the second annual New Zealand Young Writers Festival. It will feature 15 completely free events. If you're stuck in Dunedin over the mid-semester break, or need to take a break from that assignment that's plaguing your mind, the New Zealand Young Writers Festival has got you covered.

This is the only festival in the country specifically tailored for young writers. Based on the Australian National Young Writers Festival held in the city of Newcastle, Dunedin decided to put together a festival to celebrate the skills of young writers in New Zealand. The inaugural Festival was held last year to great success and the Festival only intends to grow this year.

The Festival is proud to welcome a selection of guests who are experts in different fields of writing from all around the country. Workshops, panel discussions and social events make up the bulk of this year's Festival. Only a few highlights can be mentioned here! Online journalism website The Wireless will host four workshops—one on writing a high quality journalism story, the second on journalism careers, another on video and finally one on illustration with the creator of the acclaimed Pencilsword comic, Toby Morris.

Critic are proud to welcome back to Dunedin an ex-editor of the magazine and past Green MP Holly Walker, who joins a panel discussion on BWB texts, iconic New Zealand small books on big subjects. Local writer Eloise Callister-Baker chairs a panel on the ins and outs of the Official Information Act. Ex-local Hera Lindsay Bird and Auckland's Gregory Kan are holding a poetry workshop. But never fear, there is more! We only have space to mention seven out of the 15 events here. A full programme is available on the festival website [www.youngwriters-fest.nz](http://www.youngwriters-fest.nz). Printed guides are available in select locations around the city. The Festival's Facebook page is also an excellent place to keep up to date with the latest news. Registrations for workshops are limited so anyone interested in attending should email [look@youngwritersfest.nz](mailto:look@youngwritersfest.nz) with the workshop title, their name and phone number. By Tom Kitchin



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## Nominations close for mayoralty race

Dave Cull could be facing a tougher race than usual in this year's DCC Mayoral election, with a total of 11 candidates standing.

DCC elections are run on a Single Transferrable Vote system whereby voters rank the candidates in terms of favorability, eliminating the lowest polling candidates until one reaches a 50 percent threshold. Dave Cull won easily in 2013, reaching the threshold on the second iteration and finishing 33 percent clear of his nearest competitor, Hilary Calvert.

However, stronger competition combined with the dissolution of Cull's previous "Greater Dunedin" ticket could make this year's race far more interesting. It was speculated that Cull may have dropped the ticket in response to the news that the Labour Party were considering nominating candidates, although the ticket did not end up emerging.

By far the youngest nominee is transgender activist and Otago Polytechnic student Scout Barbour-Evans, who highlighted Dunedin's "growing divide between the classes and looming environmental crisis".

Aaron Hawkins, who finished fourth in 2013 is standing again on the Green Party ticket, although his recent talk of economically obscure ideas like the Dunedin Dollar could put him inside the Kook demographic.

Perennial contender Lee Vandervis is up for another crack, and he is making some waves this time by kicking of his campaign with a \$500,000 defamation lawsuit against Dave Cull. There appears to be some serious bad blood between the two which could make for some interesting encounters over the coming weeks.

Accountant and Restaurateur Barry Timmings appears to be running a solidly competent campaign with a clear message and a bit of money behind it, as does former Police Officer and school board chair Conrad Stedman.

The only candidate with a clear advertising presence around town so far is the incumbent, Dave Cull, who has invested in a large billboard at the Railway overpass by Kensington oval. Local body elections are fairly traditional affairs, with the most successful candidates usually the ones most willing to put in the hard yards knocking on doors.

Right now, the smart money would definitely be on Cull, and most likely several of the mayoral candidates are simply using the race to bolster their name recognition in the vote for council seats, but don't be surprised if we see a dark horse contender arise from the pack.

By Joel McManus

## University of Canterbury kicks men from gym

The University of Canterbury has introduced "women only" hours at its campus gym, which has been met with controversy.

The decision was made by the university to meet the needs of all the students after a student group submitted a formal request.

**"seems like a smart way to give them a break and let them exercise in peace"**

vs.

**"what ever happened to gender equality?"**

A spokesperson for the University said it was not the first time the UC Recreation Centre had received the request but it was the first time there had been suitable space available to trial it.

The new schedule received positive and negative reactions from the University's students on the UC Rec Center Facebook page. University of Canterbury student Parintorn Varnakomala questioned where the equality was: "What ever happened to gender equality?" Stuart Kilby said it was a bit of a kick to the face to all rec male members as he had attended the gym for five years and had not heard of any harassment issues. "I'm sure every person, male and female, could see that this is not good for gym morale," he said.

Others were excited for the trial and praised the decision. Heather Knox said it was a great initiative on the part of the Recreation Centre. "This is awesome. It's a shame that it's needed but seeing as too often women get heckled, hit on and harassed in shared-gender spaces this seems like a smart way to give them a break and let them exercise in peace," she said.

The University spokesperson said if there was a significant demand for men only hours, or for any other cohort, it would go through the same process.

The new gym hours would not affect the whole gym, with 18 hours a week set aside for some areas to become "women only". All of the equipment in the women only areas would also be available in other parts of the gym.

The male-free gym sessions have been allocated between Monday and Saturday.

By Charlotte Haselden



## **John Key crushes dreams by refusing to decriminalise cannabis**

John Key has revealed that there is no chance of a law change in relation to cannabis following a review into the possibility of personal and or medicinal cannabis usage in New Zealand, believing that it sends the wrong message to the nation's youth.

An article in the ODT noted John Key mentioned his underlying "view, whether you like it or not, has been that I think it sends the wrong message to youngsters."

The NORML Organisation, which seeks to end cannabis prohibition in New Zealand, specified that New Zealand's current guidelines were shown to be cruel and unnecessarily tough after terminally-ill cancer patient Helen Kelly failed to qualify for the special exemption required under the current law.

The announcement goes against public sentiment on the issue, with The Drug Foundation's poll showing 64 percent of respondents to their poll "think possessing a small amount of cannabis for personal use should be either legal (33 percent) or decriminalised (31 percent)." The same poll found 82 percent of people supported the use of medicinal marijuana.

"This is the first time we've seen such a strong majority in favour of reforming New Zealand's drug law. This tells us voters are ready for change even if lawmakers aren't," according to Ross Bell, NZ Drug Foundation Executive Director.

While discussing this issue on The Paul Henry Show on Monday, Key acknowledged the international trend on decriminalisation, but remained sure of his position throughout.

Twenty three American states have laws currently in place allowing some level of medicinal usage, as well as fourteen states having decriminalised personal use. Additionally, Uruguay and Portugal have decriminalised cannabis, preferring to address drug use from a health perspective in comparison to a criminal justice perspective.

Labour Party leader, Andrew Little spoke earlier in the year about how they would decriminalise medicinal cannabis quickly after taking office, a move that is seemingly in touch with a large proportion of the public.

**By Joe Higham**

## **UNICEF report shows bleak picture of child poverty in New Zealand**

A UNICEF report has revealed that as many as 305,000 New Zealand children, or 28 percent, currently live below the poverty line.

Alone this is problematic, but alongside this is the cost it has on society. The report detailed it costs \$10 billion year on year, as well as a \$2 billion burden on the justice system.

Speaking to the New Zealand Herald, Dr Wills, the outgoing Children's Commissioner who leaves in June said, "Everything points to things being far tougher than they were 30 years ago. That's not right in a country like ours and it's not fair."

In 1984, the child poverty level was just 15 percent, highlighting a trend over the last 36 years of increasing poverty.

Prime Minister John Key has regularly blamed drug use and poor choices from those on state welfare or struggling with low paid jobs. He said drug dependency locked people out of the workplace and kept them in poverty, according to the NZ Herald.

"The long and short of it is we need to continue to do more, to do the fundamental reforms and try and help those families into work."

Labour MP Jacinda Ardern believed the comments demonised families in these socio-economic groups and the link Key made between drug abuse and poverty was "completely irresponsible."

Additionally, Mr Dominic Richardson, co-author of an OECD report concludes that "New Zealand needs to take a stronger policy to focus on child poverty and child health, especially during the early years when it is easier to make a long-term difference. Despite a relatively good average educational performance, gaps in education between top and bottom performers are higher than they need be."

**By Joe Higham**

**In 1984, the child poverty level was just 15% now it's 28**

## Grocery Prices

With the price of groceries requiring a small mortgage these days, we at *Critic* decided it'd be a good idea to compare prices of the big three supermarkets and see where you can get the best bang for your buck.

**Countdown= \$89.80**  
**New World= \$84.53**  
**Pak N Save= \$77.63**

Few top tips for your weekly shop  
 Shop seasonal—look out for what vegetables are really cheap at the markets and base your meals around that.

Take a list to the supermarket and be sure to stick to it!

Don't go to the supermarket hungry! You'll only find yourself buying easy treats.

Frozen vegetables are a nutritious and cheap alternatives to fresh veges that are out of season or too expensive. Fresh spinach can be very expensive, but you can find frozen spinach in the chiller for much cheaper.

	Countdown	New World	Pak N Save	your biggest savings
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<b>mince</b> (1 kg)	<b>\$12.49</b>	<b>\$11.99</b>	<b>\$10.49</b>	<b>Pak n Save \$2.00</b>
<b>shower gel</b> (Johnson's 1L)	<b>\$8.00</b>	<b>\$7.99</b>	<b>\$6.79</b>	<b>Pak n Save \$1.21</b>
<b>cheese</b>	<b>\$9.50</b>	<b>\$8.29</b>	<b>\$8.19</b>	<b>Pak n Save \$1.21</b>
<b>ice cream</b> (Tip Top)	<b>\$6.99</b>	<b>\$6.99</b>	<b>\$6.29</b>	<b>Pak n Save \$0.70</b>
<b>washing powder</b> (Cold Power)	<b>\$4.50</b>	<b>\$4.49</b>	<b>\$4.05</b>	<b>Pak n Save \$0.45</b>
<b>frozen veg</b> (McCain's 1kg)	<b>\$4.49</b>	<b>\$2.59</b>	<b>\$4.05</b>	<b>New World \$1.90</b>
<b>butter</b>	<b>\$3.99</b>	<b>\$4.99</b>	<b>\$3.49</b>	<b>Pak n Save \$1.50</b>
<b>milko</b> (310g)	<b>\$3.99</b>	<b>\$3.99</b>	<b>\$3.59</b>	<b>Pak n Save \$0.40</b>
<b>pasta sauce</b> (Heinz)	<b>\$3.90</b>	<b>\$3.75</b>	<b>\$3.39</b>	<b>Pak n Save \$0.31</b>
<b>milk</b> (2L)	<b>\$3.15</b>	<b>\$3.65</b>	<b>\$3.45</b>	<b>Countdown \$0.50</b>
<b>eggs</b> (12 mixed)	<b>\$3.25</b>	<b>\$3.25</b>	<b>\$3.39</b>	<b>Countdown/New World \$0.14</b>
<b>noodles</b> (Mi Goreng)	<b>\$3.19</b>	<b>\$3.19</b>	<b>\$2.89</b>	<b>Pak n Save \$0.30</b>
<b>toothpaste</b> (Colgate)	<b>\$2.59</b>	<b>\$2.59</b>	<b>\$2.19</b>	<b>Pak n Save \$0.40</b>
<b>pasta</b> (San Remo)	<b>\$2.79</b>	<b>\$2.30</b>	<b>\$2.49</b>	<b>New World \$0.49</b>
<b>rice</b> (1 kg long grain)	<b>\$1.99</b>	<b>\$2.49</b>	<b>\$1.89</b>	<b>Pak n Save \$0.60</b>

## Fidel Castro calls out Obama in a rare public appearance

Amidst celebrations for the revolutionist's 90th birthday, Fidel Castro made a surprise entrance at his birthday gala, the first time he has been seen in public since April. The retired prime minister and president who restructured Cuba into a one-party communist state did not speak at the gala, however he did write a lengthy letter that was published in state media.

Castro used the opportunity to thank his fellow Cubans for their jubilation, and to reprimand United States President, Barack Obama.

"I want to express my deepest gratitude for the shows of respect, greetings and praise that I've received in recent days, which give me strength to reciprocate with ideas that I will send to party militants and relevant organisations," he wrote.

Havana's seafront Malecon boulevard was bustling with thousands of Cubans all throughout the night Friday August 12th, all partying to commemorate the politician who handed over power to his younger brother Raul in 2008 due to ill health.

Many Cubans have begun to question whether Castro has become out of touch with reality, with his column, titled "The Birthday", criticising Obama for not apologising to the people of Japan during his trip in May to Hiroshima, the site of the world's first atomic bomb detonation.

"He lacked the words to ask for forgiveness for the killings of hundreds of thousands of people," Castro said.

President Obama delivered the speech in question as the first American president to visit Hiroshima on the anniversary of the bombing. He used the occasion to condemn people who use religion as a "license to kill," without actually addressing any particular religion or incorporating the violence of World War II to the message.

Castro has a long history of committing human rights violations, including the ordered killings of LGBT and Christian Cubans within prisoner of war camps.

The timing of Fidel Castro's comments is questionable, with Cuba recently needing to depend more and more on the U.S. as Venezuela, Cuba's closest ally, experiences significant economic free-fall, halting the flow of subsidised oil into Cuba. On top of this, with commercial flights to and from the United States resuming on August 31st, Cuba will need to retain its formidable relationship with its former enemy in order to ensure a positive surge in tourism to the island nation.

**By Liam Brown**



The one day Fidel's regular militia outfit was in the wash, 2014.  
Mexican president Peña Nieto hides his concern

# ARE YOU...

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

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## World Watch

### United States

Getting an organ transplant in the United States could get easier after the United Network for Organ Sharing (UNOS) proposed tweaks to the system to make organs more fairly accessible across the country. UNOS have proposed a new map that will shift the country's geographic transplant regions, with the update focused first on liver transplants. This change would balance supply differences so that people living in more dense areas would no longer face greater challenges getting an organ simply because of geography.

### Puerto Vallarta, Mexico

Mexican authorities say that gunmen abducted between 10 and 12 people from a high-end restaurant in the resort city of Puerto Vallarta, with initial reports suggesting they belonged to a rival drug cartel. The victims appeared to be from Jalisco, and the neighbouring states of Sinaloa and Nayarit. Jalisco is currently the main bastion of the increasingly powerful Jalisco New Generation Cartel.

### Guatemala

Armed men posing as police officers have forced their way into the house of one of Central America's most prominent human rights lawyers, in the latest episode of an escalating wave of intimidation against legal officials. At least a dozen men ransacked the house of Ramon Cadena Ramila; the assailants forced a security guard and his family to wait outside on their knees while they went through the property.

### Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

An Italian silver medallist held up an EU flag at the Rio Olympics, saying a united Europe could defeat Islamist terrorism. Elise di Francisca said "Europe exists and is united. I did it for Paris and Brussels. If we remain united we can defeat terrorism." European Parliament President Martin Schulz welcomed Di Francisca's gesture, calling it a "powerful message of unity."

### Yemen

Ten children are dead and at least 28 injured after an airstrike on a school in northern Yemen by US-backed Saudi coalition forces. Doctors Without Borders confirmed in a statement that all the victims were between eight and 15 years old. The coalition, meanwhile, denies that they bombed a school. The bombing comes just a week after UN-backed peace talks collapsed between the US, Saudi-backed Yemeni government and the Shiite Houthi insurgents.

By Magnus Whyte

# FACTS and figures

## Corsica

A Corsican mayor has announced a ban on burkinis, becoming the third in France to do so, as tensions on the island run high following violent clashes between villagers and three Muslim families. Skirmishes at a beach in Sisco at the weekend left four people injured and resulted in riot police being brought in to stop a crowd of 200 people marching into a housing estate shouting "this is our home."

## Hong Kong

Hong Kong's bar and club industry has launched a new app to help revellers find nearby ladies' nights, despite a court ruling against the gender-based promotions. In April, the district court ruled that charging women less than men to get into a bar or club amounted to gender discrimination. The association says that it hopes the app will encourage people back into their establishments after an economic downturn.

## Bangladesh

An elephant that became separated from its herd during floods in north-east India several weeks ago has finally been rescued in neighbouring Bangladesh. It was washed away in the strong currents of the Brahmaputra River. The rescue was not without drama—once tranquilised, the elephant fell into a pond where villagers saved it from drowning and then helped pull it out.

**ONE** in **FOUR** men switches the light off during sex

Sex toys and vibrators are **BANNED** in shops in US states of Alabama and Mississippi

The Anglo-Zanzibar war of 1896 is the shortest war on record lasting an exhausting **38 minutes**

Kim Jong Il wrote SIX OPERAS

In 1912, a Paris orphanage held a raffle to raise money—the prizes were live babies

At the start of World War I, the US Airforce had only **18 PILOTS** and **5-12 PLANES**

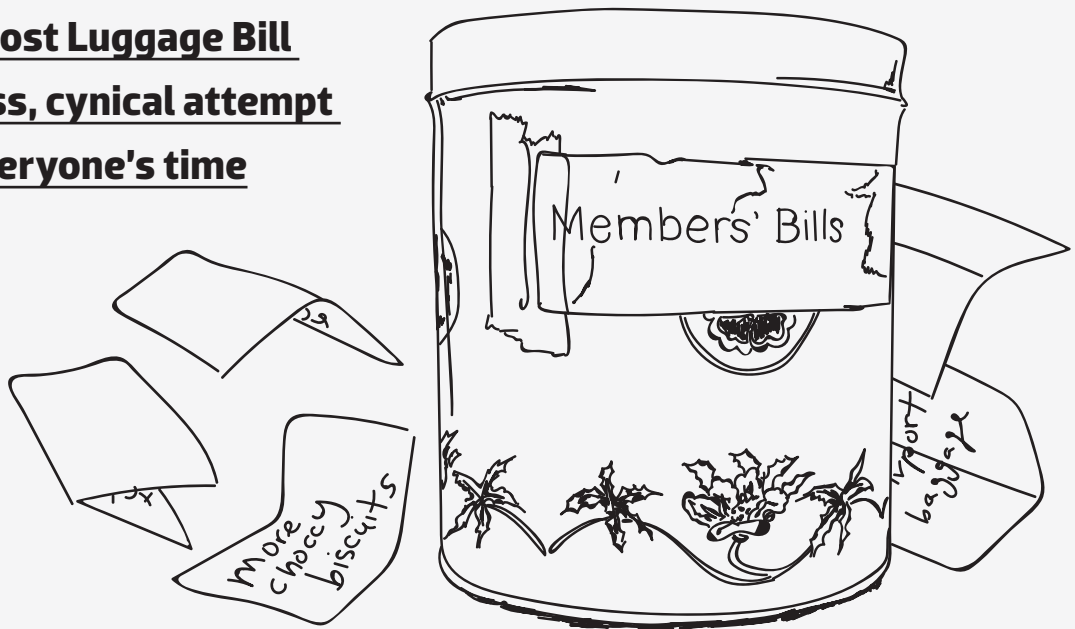
More than **10 PEOPLE** a year are killed by a vending machine

Summer on Uranus lasts **21 years**

Car airbags kill **1 PERSON** for every **22 LIVES** they save

## National's Lost Luggage Bill —a worthless, cynical attempt to waste everyone's time

This is an illustration of the actual **BISCUIT TIN** used to pick Member's Bill. Seriously. Look it up if you don't believe me



National MP Nuk Korako has proposed an entirely ineffective and meaningless Bill in parliament that will do absolutely nothing, is not necessary, and appears to be a deliberate attempt by the government to stall the democratic process. It has resulted in criticism across the board, government ministers on the back foot, and an increasingly hilarious catfight between Gerry Brownlee and an Otago University academic.

The Airport Authorities (Publicising Lost Property Sales) Amendment Bill is what's known as a Member's Bill, a form of Bill (Proposed Law) that can be put forward by any member of Parliament. Every second Wednesday, names are picked out of a biscuit tin to decide which Members' Bills get a parliamentary debate and an initial vote. This is basically the only chance an Opposition MP has to get major laws passed, and has produced some very significant reforms in the past—including the legalisation of gay marriage in 2013.

There's a bunch of Bills in the ballot, 74 to be exact, covering a whole host of really important issues. And most of them don't exactly fit into the National Government's agenda. So increasingly, National MP's have been putting forward their own Members' Bills, therefore reducing the chance that an opposition Bill is selected.

There's nothing inherently wrong with that, and plenty of very good legislation is put forward this way. But Nuk Korako has gone beyond that. He has proposed a Bill that literally does nothing, solely for the purpose of blocking legislation from opposition parties. It's a thoroughly undemocratic move.

Otago University Public Law Professor Andrew Geddis has launched a one man tirade against the proposal, calling it "the worst Member's Bill ever" and "disrespectful to New Zealand".

The Bill is supposedly written to fix an extremely trivial problem regarding lost property at airports. As it currently stands, airports must to place an ad for lost property in the local paper before they are allowed to sell it. This isn't talking about suitcases lost in transit, mind you, this literally only applies to odd items left behind in the terminals. Korako's Bill removes that obligation in favour of more "relevant methods." Except, as Geddis points out, the existing Act already allows airports to publicise the lost property in any "fair and reasonable manner". So the proposal changes absolutely nothing.

Not only this, but Geddis points out that even if Korako felt the change was necessary, there are other far easier ways to make small non-controversial amendments to legislation without triggering a full parliamentary debate and blocking other important legislation.

John Key has announced that the Bill has the backing of the entire National caucus, and Gerry Brownlee has stupidly decided that engaging Andrew Geddis in ad hominem attacks is the best way to defend his party's insult to the democratic process, saying "Professor Geddis is demonstrating a degree of arrogance that can only come from academics".

Andrew Geddis offers a less than sincere response, saying "I apologise. I shall no longer make the arrogant assumption that the statutory requirement that my University "accept a role as critic and conscience of society" requires me to speak out if I see foolish or wrongheaded lawmaking. Instead, I will do my duty to democracy and assume that whatever MPs (at least, government MPs) do is completely fine and not to be questioned in any way, shape or form."

**By Joel MacManus**



## **Island of horror: abuse at Australia's Nauru detention centre exposed**

A cache of 2000 reports pertaining to Australia's infamous asylum seeker detention centre on the island-nation of Nauru has found its way into the hands of UK newspaper, The Guardian. The leaked documents are sickening, shocking and shameful, which illustrates the scale and severity of the trauma and abuse inflicted on detainees, especially children.

The Guardian says the reports detail cases of assaults, sexual abuse, self-harm attempts, child abuse and poor living conditions endured by asylum seekers held by the Australian government. In the files there are seven reports of sexual assault of children, 59 reports of assault on children, 30 of self-harm involving children and 159 of threatened self-harm involving children.

The reports—half of which involve children, whom make up 18 percent of detainees—plainly show that young boys and girls are suffering from intense trauma and mental instability. In February 2015 a young girl gestured to her vagina and said a male asylum seeker "cut her from under"; in July 2014 a child under the age of 10 undressed and invited a group of adults to insert their fingers into her vagina.

As of June this year, 442 people—338 men, 55 women and 49 children—were held in the "regional processing centre" on Nauru, an island-nation of around 10,000 people that detractors have called a "client-state" of Australia. The centre is run by Broadspectrum and security operations are subcontracted to Wilson Security (yes, the same Wilson you pay for parking). It is unclear how many of the reports were subsequently investigated. They show that in 2015 the number of serious incidents increased.

The Australian Senate is likely to launch an inquiry. The leak comes after a report into abuses against inmates at Australia's corrections facilities in the Northern Territories sparked a royal commission investigation.

Following the release of the documents, hundreds of Australians have protested and the United Nations and human rights NGOs have called for the detention centre to be closed. A spokeswoman for the UN High Commissioner for Human Rights, Ravina Shamdasani, said the Nauru revelations are consistent with UN findings from recent years. Shamdasani also said: "We have consistently called on the authorities in Nauru and Australia to put an end to the model of processing and keeping migrants offshore."

**By George Elliott**

## **NZ Politics in review:**

Parliament sits, government eyes new spy bill & Labour dangles student carrot...

Parliament's back for its August session, with new spy legislation set to be introduced by the government. Elsewhere, a new poll shows an increase for the opposition and Labour leader Andrew Little has floated the idea of wiping student loans—with a catch!

Following up on recommendations made in a March report, Cabinet is planning on introducing legislation to Parliament that would see the Government Communications Security Bureau (GCSB) and the Security Intelligence Service (SIS) governed under one law. In effect, and controversially, the GCSB would be allowed to attain warrants to spy on New Zealanders. In 2013, it was revealed there had been 88 instances where the GCSB had illegally spied on New Zealanders.

A Newshub-Reid Research poll shows the National Party could be in trouble in next year's election, as long as the Greens and Labour play ball and cooperate. The poll of 1000 eligible voters has National down 1.9 points to 45.1 percent. Labour is at 32.7, up 1.4 percent and the Greens now sit at 11.5, up 0.4 percent. Together, that's 44.2. Predictably, Winston Peters is still the kingmaker, with NZ First polling at 8.1 percent.

Labour leader Andrew Little kicked off the month's parliamentary session with a little carrot dangle for the in-debt masses. Talking to Victoria University student radio, Salient FM, Little said the party is considering a policy of wiping a student's debt if they took a public service job in the regions. "There is a problem, with graduates with significant levels of debt, there is a further problem with organisations in the regions having difficulty recruiting graduates in those regions. So it's about matching solutions to those particular problems," Little said.

Earlier this year the Labour Party launched a policy for three years of free tertiary study to be rolled out by 2025, with an annual cost of \$1.2 billion a year. Student loan debt is currently at around \$15 billion, with more than 720,000 students owing money, according to official figures.

**By George Elliott**

## Otago possible contenders



Is the championship prize  
a cup or a ball...?

The Mitre 10 Cup kicked off over the weekend, with Otago taking on the neighbours from over the border, Southland. Whilst the game took place after *Critic* went to print, we're praying that the team managed a win and are nursing a solid hangover this morning.

The Otago team named this year is largely unchanged from last, with 14 players having played at Super rugby level before. Players such as Matt Faddes, who showed more toe than a roman sandal during the Super season to bag himself countless meat pies, will look to carry on his form throughout the provincial season.

The squad will also boast over 600 caps between them and will field some highly experienced players throughout the season. In the forwards players such as Liam Coltman, Tom Franklin, and Paul Grant (who is returning from a stint in France), will be able to bring some extra spark to an already strong forward pack.

The backline will also be anchored by experienced players such as Michael Collins, Tei Walden and Tony Ensor, while Fletcher Smith will also benefit from some great exposure with the Highlanders earlier this year.

Josh Walden was also a late inclusion in the side and is sure to bring some fire at halfback with a passing game that some call 'Justin Marshall like'.

**By Hugh Baird**

### Otago 2017 squad

Tony Ensor, Gavin Stark, Fa'asiu Fuata'i, Jack Wilson, Matt Faddes, Michael Collins, Tei Walden, Sio Tomkinson, Fletcher Smith, Scott Eade, Jono Ruru, Kaide Whiting, Paul Grant, Lee Allan, Naulia Dawai, Dillon Hunt, Adam Knight, James Lentjes, Blair Tweed, Tom Franklin, Josh Dickson, Donald Brighouse, Hisa Sasagi, Craig Millar, Aki Seiuli, Liam Coltman, Sam Anderson-Heather.

### Otago Fixtures

H - 25 August, 7.35 - Vs. Wellington—Dunedin  
H - 31 August 7.35 - Vs. Northland—Dunedin  
A - 4 September 2.35 - Vs. Bay of Plenty—Tauranga  
H - 10 September 2.35 - Vs. Tasman—Dunedin  
H - 17 September 2.35 - Vs. North Harbour—Dunedin  
A - 24 September 2.35 - Vs. Canterbury—Christchurch  
A - 1 October 7.35 - Vs. Auckland—Auckland  
H - 8 October 5.35 - Vs. Counties Manukau—Auckland  
A - 14 October 7.35 - Vs. Manawatu—Palmerston North



Opinion

## **New Zealand's Olympic performance satisfactory, but not ground-breaking**

Whether it was the overhyping of the media, or failure to perform on the biggest stage, I think it's fair to say that New Zealand's performance at the Olympics so far has been a bit underwhelming. At the time of writing, New Zealand has eight medals, consisting of two gold and six silver. Having heard talk of a record-breaking medal haul, and even the possibility of doubling the amount we won four years ago, one feels a bit let down. However, there has been a number of brilliant performances from our athletes that made our nation proud. For that reason, these games can still be seen as a success.

Before the games started in Rio, the NZHerald predicted that we could come away with a total of 32 medals. Having watched the first week of competition, it's safe to say that will not be happening. It seems that a more realistic target was the 14 set by High Performance Sport NZ. Of course, by the time this goes to print, the landscape of NZ's Olympic effort will have changed drastically from what it is now. Therefore, I will only analyse the performances of those that have already competed. For me a good performance does not always have to end in a medal. The ability to step up on the big stage and record a personal best, break a national record, or exceed expectation is how I judge it. We have had many athletes that have performed extremely well in their events, despite not making the podium. However, there have been others that have underperformed. Unfortunately, many of these athletes were expected to be on the podium.

First, let's look at those that exceeded expectations. Most notably, Natalie Rooney and Luuka Jones came from virtually nowhere to both win silver medals. In other events, Dylan Schmidt surprised everyone by coming 7th in the trampoline; Zane Robertson broke a 39-year-old national record in his 12th place finish in the 10000m; swimmers Corey Main and Bradlee Ashby broke personal bests; while the men's cycling sprint team broke the Olympic record in the semi-finals, before Great Britain did the same to win the gold medal in the final. While not all walked away with a medal, all of these athletes rose to the occasion and performed to their absolute best, a feat we should be very proud of.

But there are always two sides of sport. Despite many of our athletes coming into the games as medal favourites, some seem to have gotten overwhelmed by the occasion and come away with disappointing results. No one has had a worse competition than swimmer Lauren Boyle. Having won two silver medals at the world championships last year behind the freight-train of Katie Ledecky, it seemed that Boyle would easily be able to give NZ its first swimming medal since Danyon Loader won gold 20 years ago. Yet she didn't even get out of the heats in either event, blaming illness as the reason for her poor showing. In a similar vein was the men's sevens team, who suffered an embarrassing opening loss against Japan, before scraping through to the quarter-finals and bowing out against Fiji.

There have been others that I feel have been overhyped by our media, particularly our cycling and rowing contingents. Obviously, we have a few very strong individuals in both sports but the feeling I got before the games was that we were going to sweep the medals in most events we were competing in. That hasn't been the case. In fact, out of the eleven rowing events we entered in, we have walked away with just three medals, two of which were from those that won four years ago. So far in the cycling we have won just one medal from a possible fifteen in all completed competitions. Such statistics don't show much of the so-called 'dominance' that I was expecting. Which begs the question—are either of the contingents that good, or did our national media overhype them and set unrealistic expectations?

The chance to equal or beat our record medal haul is still on, and it seems that the target set by High Performance Sport NZ was spot on. Unfortunately, for myself and probably others, even if we do walk away with a record amount of medals, I can't help but feel slightly underwhelmed by our efforts. This is not a shot at the athletes, but at the media who seem to have put our team on the podium like it was a foregone conclusion. Despite this, we should all be extremely proud of our athletes that competed and showcased their talents to the world in Rio. Hopefully we can continue to improve in the years to come.

**By Sean Nugent**



# WHAT IS IT LIKE BEING A MUSLIM STUDENT AT OTAGO UNIVERSITY?

**LIFE FOR ME AT OTAGO UNIVERSITY IS PROBABLY  
QUITE SIMILAR TO YOURS.**

**ANONYMOUS**

I have found it quite difficult to write this piece mainly because I do not see myself being any different to the other students here.

For me, the environment at Otago has been one that I have been able to thrive in. I love to be involved in whatever is going on – I am yet to figure out why this is, however I have a sneaking suspicion that it could possibly be my subconscious need to procrastinate, as much as possible, from study. Being at Otago University did not change this, over the last four years I have joined the debating club, the Yoga Club, the International Socialists, the Badminton club, Law for Change, the Muslim Student's Association, the Otago Dance association and several others that been forgotten about along the way. The ones that I have stuck with have been Law for Change over the last two years and currently the Ignite programme.

As a Muslim student at Otago, my day is just like yours. This is because not all Muslims come in the same packaging. There are over a billion of us worldwide and each is an individual. Islam is the religion I was born into and have grown up with. For me, it is not something I consciously think about but the values that come with being Muslim are now so deeply ingrained within my identity

that they are second nature. It is something I carry with me in my interaction with other students, with the University itself and the general public.

I understand that for some Muslim students life can be very difficult. However, for me, it has been more about the little things in life that remind me I'm different. I'm a vegan (you're not really a vegan until everyone knows) so for me the dietary requirements of being Muslim have never been an issue. I don't wear a scarf so no one has looked at me funny or questioned my actions. I fast sporadically so even then it doesn't really become an issue.

It becomes an issue when people make snide comments or jokes when I tell them where I'm from or when even worse jokes are made when people don't know where I'm from. I have never been one to hide or be ashamed of my cultural and religious affiliations. I may not be a practising Muslim but it is still a group I belong to and I think it is important to get the perspective of someone that has grown up in a western country but still is a member of their faith.



## BEING MUSLIM IN OTAGO

BY KHALISAH ISHAK

What's it like being a Muslim student in Otago, you ask?

Well, being Muslim in Otago involves a lot more freezing water and being freezing cold than being Muslim in other parts of New Zealand. Your day begins an hour before sunrise: you wake up, toes numb with cold, and splash your face and feet with water (which is also freezing cold), as you take wudhu (ablution) for Fajr (morning prayers). Depending on the state of your flat, your sajjadah (prayer mat) may or may not be frozen solid. Then you head to class, laughing awkwardly as your classmates marvel at your ability to always be early for your 8 a.m. lectures. You decide not to tell them that you woke up at 7 a.m. to pray—they already think you're a bit weird.

Being a Muslim student also involves juggling your hectic schedule with your Islamic duties. Like laundry. Or, more specifically, making sure you do your laundry on time so you don't run out of hijabs (headscarves) and end up wrapping an actual scarf around your head, hoping no one can tell the difference. Turns out, if you use your replica of Tom Baker's brightly-coloured Doctor Who scarf, people can—in fact—tell the difference.

Being Muslim is always standing out in a crowd, always being different, always the foreign, indecipherable Other—always self-conscious of everything you're doing. Especially when you're caught in a public toilet with one bare foot in the sink as a blonde freshman in a Kathmandu jacket stares at you in shock. Ordinarily, you would never take wudhu in a public toilet. But it's winter when the sun sets at 5 p.m. and you have to squeeze two of your five daily prayers between classes and there's simply no way you can go home, do your wudhu and prayers, and come back in time for your next class. Being Muslim is wondering whether you should try to explain yourself or just shrug and carry on because the entire world already thinks you're a terrorist anyway. At least now you're a terrorist with clean feet.

Being Muslim is a thousand little things—from prayer and wudhu, five times a day, to awkward explanations every time you have to tell someone that you don't drink alcohol or eat pork. It's Sawm (fasting during the month of Ramadan, the ninth month of the Hijri calendar), Zakat (charity), Hajj (pilgrimage) and Tawhid (belief in God). It's

a challenge, a constant test of will, and a reward like no other. It's a balancing act between who you are, who you strive to be, and what the rest of the world sees you as.

Usually, however, your day-to-day is no different from other students. You wake up, you go to class, you finish your assignments, and you run around town with your friends. You think about what you'll eat for dinner, if you passed that last test, and whether or not you should go to the library tonight.

The fact that you're Muslim—that you're, you know, not like everyone else—doesn't even occur to you until someone points it out. Until your lecturer brings up the topic of religion and politics, looking at everyone except you, and then pointedly asks for an opinion from someone not from a European background. At which point you glance around at your classmates—they're all of European descent—and you think, "Oh my good golly Molly, he's talking about me."

What's it like being Muslim in Otago? Well, what's it like being Buddhist in Otago? Or Jewish, or Sikh, or Hindu? It's like being anyone else. You're normal, you're you—until people around you start discussing recent terror attacks and all the Muslims begin sliding down in their seats as if hoping the ground will open up and swallow them whole.

What are you supposed to say, you wonder? You could stand up and declare that Islam is a religion of peace. Maybe emphasise that every single mentally-stable Muslim in the world condemns these terrorist groups and terror attacks. You could tell them how it horrifies you every time some psychopath out there claiming to be Muslim commits an act of violence in the name of Islam, twisting your faith into something unrecognisable. But what's the point? You've done that so often, so many times, that—at some point—you wonder if anyone is even listening anymore.

What's it like being Muslim, in general? Well, for the most part, you're just like anyone else. Until the rest of the world reminds you that you're not a person—you're a problem.



**STUDENT LIFE AT OTAGO AS SOMEONE WHO IDENTIFIES AS BEING MUSLIM DEFINITELY HAS ITS DIFFERENCES.**

**ALI JOHNSTON**

Student life in general can be a blast, but it can also be pretty rough. However, since I'm Muslim, I have a couple extra things that I have to juggle, like finding a place to pray or trying not to eat a table during Ramadan when your whole clique just got chips from Union Grill. Otherwise student life as a Muslim isn't too different from anybody else.

One big difference however, is the culture. As a Dud City local, I grew up around the Scarfie culture and obviously after making friends from around here it was hard to avoid it all. As a Muslim, I stay away from the giggle juice but hanging around your intoxicated mates is still always a good time, knowing that you'll remember every stupid thing they say or do without suffering any of the consequences. No embarrassment (or not as much), no hangovers, no chundering, no regrets. I honestly haven't thrown up since the last time I had food poisoning which was in like 2006, if I did drink that probably wouldn't be the case. One other plus side is that your buddies love you because you can always be the sober d. Primo.

Because I was born here and have grown with the culture, accent and the ability to tick the NZ Pākehā box on a survey, I am pretty lucky in a sense that I blend into society rather easily, even though on the inside my beliefs differ from most people here. People often think I'm Maori or Pacific Islander, until I tell them that I'm actually half Pākehā and half Indonesian, that's better blending than Kylie Jenner's contour. Muslims are often associated with burkas and turbans which is really more of a cultural thing than a religious thing, anyhow, as a bloke I don't have to wear a headscarf or cover most of my skin, just

as long as I don't show too much thigh, which I'm sure the rest of society is probably quite happy about.

When people find out that I am in fact Muslim, I often become their image for Islam. It's not that I am an amazing scholar type person for people to look up to or anything, but I represent a more common type of Muslim in today's society. People know that I pray and fast and that I wouldn't eat an incredibly yum smelling piece of bacon and they also know I am one of the least violent people you'll come across. So instead of people I know talking smack about how I'm part of a murderous religion, they'll see the difference between me and the Islamic terrorists on the news. It helps people see the contrast between a Muslim and a "Muslim", and helps them understand that you can't define all Muslims under one title or blame the entire religion for the actions of such a small minority. This means that I am included in all the hot goss and my friends and I can all talk smack about the extremists you hear about in all forms of media, because most Muslims, myself included of course, know that they really aren't the greatest bunch of guys.

Being a Muslim in NZ society means not being able to eat a leg of ham or down a bottley wine on Christmas with the fam, having to fast during Ramadan, and finding places to pray during the day. But New Zealand as a whole is understanding and accommodating. Blending into the society here seems to be really easy, especially for me. You can do a lot of the things a typical Scarfie might do and you can definitely enjoy your time at university, as long as you don't lose yourself or your values, like your beliefs, your friends and your family, you'll be Gucci.

## A LITERAL DUNEDIN SCARFIE

I moved to Dunedin five years ago to pursue a career in dentistry, and have somehow managed to make it to dental school, although I'm still waiting for them to find out that my acceptance was an accident. The past five years have been some of the best of my life and I've well and truly fallen in love with this city. The University of Otago has been a huge part of that and for that reason I'm planning to try and get a job here (attached is a copy of my CV).

I'm a Palestinian Muslim student who wears a hijab (head scarf). Balancing my religion with the university lifestyle has been something that I feel I've done successfully without compromising any part of my identity. Despite being raised in New Zealand and adopting the majority of the kiwi culture, I still hold on to many parts of my Arab culture, such as operating on Middle Eastern timing and turning up to everything late. I've maintained this tradition so well that my classmates will clap for me if I turn up before the lecture has ended.

If anything, I'm overwhelmed with how accepting and open-minded all of the staff and students are here. One of the first things that I noticed when I moved here was how diverse the student body appeared to be and how nobody seemed to care about what anyone else was doing. This is one of my favourite things about this place.

I adopted the headscarf halfway through my second year at university. The decision was made on a spiritual level and I hadn't thought of what it would be like rocking up to the lectures looking like a new student. I received positive indifference from my classmates and lecturers. Even in smaller classes where the change was far more noticeable, I found that I was treated exactly the same.

Thank you to each and every one of you for contributing to making this community such an inclusive and supportive one and for making my university experience one I will never forget.

**NO EMBARRASSMENT  
(OR NOT AS MUCH),  
NO HANGOVERS,  
NO CHUNDERING,  
NO REGRETS.**





# BEING MUSLIM IS WONDERING WHETHER YOU SHOULD TRY TO EXPLAIN YOURSELF OR JUST SHRUG AND CARRY ON BECAUSE THE ENTIRE WORLD ALREADY THINKS YOU'RE A TERRORIST ANYWAY.

## BEING MUSLIM IN OTAGO

### ANONYMOUS

Becoming aware of my Muslim identity, four years marked a dramatic change in my life. The amount of facial hair increased and jeans disappeared from my closet. Now a lot of non-Muslim males wear beards in Dunedin, so I am not always recognised as a Muslim. Comments relating to my Muslimhood increase depending on the dress I wear. These comments are mostly positive and relate to the outfit. However, some people treat me as an ambassador of Islam and ask questions, or tell me their experiences from travelling to Islamic countries or meeting another Muslim somewhere. I love these conversations, as they give me a great opportunity to speak up for what I believe and share information.

There is seldom a longer conversation where the role of women and/or terrorism do not feature. It is incredible how much wisdom people display here despite the incredible amount of misinformation on the media. People are open to challenge stereotypes. However, Islamophobia exists and there are people who think that I hate women just because I am a male Muslim, or that Islam is violent by definition. If any of you guys are reading this: yes Islam still stands for Peace, and whoever mistreats their wives (or women in general) is still a misogynist and not a good Muslim. Good Muslims will treat everyone with kindness, except racists and misogynists maybe.

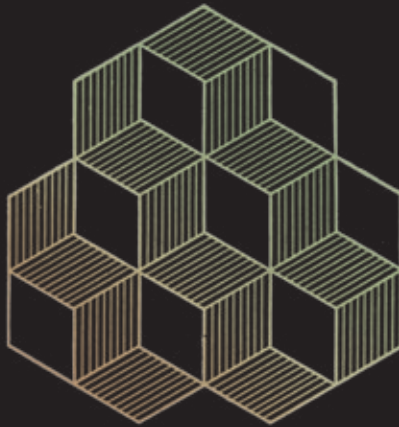
Since I became Muslim the amount of dead animals I consumed decreased to zero. Adhering to a vegan diet for spiritual, ethical and health reasons I am ever grateful for the \$3-Lunches offered at the OUSA. I am a regular

customer and helper in 'Krishna's Kitchen' (as some call it) and value the friendships I developed there. I love the fact that the food is blessed with so much goodness and guaranteed halal.

A fact that disturbs me about the University of Otago is the amount of animals abused and killed in the laboratories in the name of bad science. Hearing that instead of arriving in the 21st century and acknowledging the uselessness of animal testing the university plans to spend millions to build a new animal torture lab. I am deeply troubled to learn at an institution that promotes torture. Who are the terrorists now???

I love to connect with other Muslims. A couple of months ago a little group of us started meeting for casual spiritual gatherings. We sit and drink tea and remember the glory of God, sometimes we share thoughts, feelings, and opinions about a topic. Aw yeah, and we sing! Apparently we got invited to perform at this year's Islam Awareness Week and apparently we accepted. So watch out for some happy singing Muslims! If ever want to come to the spiritual gatherings, they are every Saturday at 6:15 in Clubs 'n' Socs. You can find more info at <http://bit.ly/2aI8Ig8>.

Until then (and probably thereafter) I will continue to pray for the end of patriarchy and animal testing in Aotearoa/ New Zealand and the world. May God fulfil these prayers and make our voices strong!



# INDIVIDUALS CREATING PEACEFUL & HARMONIOUS SOCIETIES

## THE QUIET LEADERS WORKING IN DUNEDIN

Leadership. Ingrained in the minds of young people, is a concept and a characteristic reserved to describe those who are the subject of daily media attention. These are the heads of governments and the representatives of nations, the innovators of business and economy, the spiritual guides of religious communities, and the trail-blazers of everyone's favourite social causes. As I write this, I, myself become overwhelmed. Overwhelmed by my inability to ever reach such standards or ever be a leader who can create any surmountable change. Overwhelmed by a world in disarray. Overwhelmed by the lies, the greed, and sheer propensity of human kind to commit heinous acts of violence. Overwhelmed because no matter how much good we experience it is always overshadowed with what can be crudely surmised as 'evil.' No, not the kind that Plankton regularly proclaims against his arch nemesis Mr. Krabs, but the real kind that is etched into our psyche every day.

Perhaps it is easier to just stop there. To accept the reality of the repulsive world which we have inherited. To sit on our couches, drink our beers, smoke our dope, blast our music, and scroll through our newsfeeds. To create for ourselves a little pool, not too hot and not too cold, but just right. Where thinking about the issues of our time cannot take hold, where Pokémon Go becomes

our obsession, where silence and contemplation are not welcome, and all negativity is drowned out by the constant necessity of noise.

However, the reality of human nature exposes a sour truth. No matter how hard we run, the real world will eventually catch up to us. So then the inquiry of reason becomes 'how do we respond?'

It is clear to me that young people in New Zealand are facing a challenge unlike any other generation that has come before it. We are, as a generation, facing a crisis that prizes us with the second highest rates of youth suicide in the OECD. Along with a drinking, smoking, and shooting up culture unlike any other. In the midst of some of the highest standards of living in one of the most beautiful places on earth, young people in this country are in the proverbial tunnel with not even a glimmer of light.

Perhaps my assertions are simplistic, but they are supposed to be. These assertions are made to impress upon us, young people who are reading it, that the issues we face and the problems that evoke in us powerful emotional responses are not entirely independent of each other. While solutions to these problems may seem entirely inconceivable, there exists a growing group of leaders, adhering to less publicised and politicised forms

# HE RECONFIGURED THE HATE-FILLED OPINIONS OF MANY BY CREATING, ALONG WITH OTHERS, THE ABRAHAMIC INTERFAITH GROUP

of leadership, who seek to create sustainable change one problem at a time, one person at a time.

It is these leaders who work in the shadows of the public eye, who are the cornerstones of our communities, who identify, address, and resolve the minutest issues before they become large scale problems. It is these leaders who are, not only able to grasp the negative aspects of reality, but able to mould it into something positive.

• • • • •

One of these leaders is our very own Reverend Greg Hughson. When he isn't treading the cold streets of Dunedin, you can find this thin framed, white haired man of God sipping on a hot drink, counselling students in the chaplaincy lounge overlooking the Link Centre. His walk is as gentle as his demeanour. A kind and caring individual gifted with a streak of absolute brilliance. He is a leader in every sense of the term, a man of immense faith and wisdom. In his calculated brilliance he became the driving force behind the most effective interfaith project seen in Dunedin, if not New Zealand. In the aftermath of the despicable actions of 9/11 he reconfigured the hate-filled opinions of many by creating, along with others, the Abrahamic Interfaith Group. A group whose activities have become of such value that even our public leader, the Vice-Chancellor, is in regular attendance.

Quite often, alongside the good Reverend stands another leader who graces our magnificent university. He is the quick witted, silver tongued, and extremely

unpolished Paul McDonald Gourlie. It is as though he has teleported from an alternate dimension and has never been able, or really willing for that matter, to return to a place that could handle and understand his dynamic, energetic, and extremely vibrant personality. He walks around seemingly aimlessly, introducing himself as the 'President Governor,' who is a Bedouin from the deserts of Saudi Arabia but who looks like an Irish man who can't speak anything but English and the occasional word in Te Reo. To the untrained eye, he looks like a Koro who consumes a little too much caffeine and who may be experiencing residual effects from his (alleged) participation in the 'dak' culture of the '80s. To people who know him well, however, his seemingly aimless conversations with complete strangers are his own unique way of understanding the issues that people are facing at "his university" and in "his town." He is the president of the Dunedin Multi-Ethnic Council, the president of the World Peace Bell Association – New Zealand Chapter, the founder of the New Zealand Education Foundation, and a very vocal advocate of a zero fees scheme for tertiary students. With all this on his plate, what fills up his days and most of his nights is his determination to work to resolve any problem that comes his way from whomever and wherever.

There are, however, those even less known than he. I once had the pleasure of being in the company of, what seemed to me at the time, just another Muslim aunty. She looked humble, she acted humble, and she even ate humble. Yet when she spoke, her simple words would move me to tears as she stocked the most latent fires within me. Her name is Rehanna Ali. Unbeknown to me at the time, she turned out to be quite a lot more than merely ordinary. She is a lawyer who has the capacity to make big bucks at a corporate law firm. Instead she runs an organisation which, at the time, provided families in Bangladesh with food supplies in exchange for them allowing their daughters to receive an education. She makes the occasional appearance at government events and the occasional Muslim gathering, but I am truly in awe of her relative obscurity. I challenge the best of you, who have perfected your craft of online espionage through Facebook stalking, to find online even a mention of the work she does or who she really is.

Finally, I present to you a lady no taller than 5 foot 4 inches (even that might be pushing it) who is as shy as she is brilliant. For every inch that she has in height she packs a giant's weight worth of leadership. Her name is Danah Toubat. This year she is the president of Muslim University Students' Association (MUSA) the first time a woman has been elected to that role. Under her leadership,

the organisation has moved mountains changing the perception of Muslims in Dunedin. It has become an active participant of interfaith and intercultural projects in order to reinforce the notion of Dunedin as a city of peace and harmony. Although her presence in the community remains in its infantile stages, she will soon present the exemplary model for an entire generation of young women in New Zealand.

• • • • •

Hamza Yusuf Hanson, an American Islamic scholar, once remarked that every person that has existed or will ever exist is a follower. That all leaders, be they those glorified by their respective societies or those who walk the streets like any other Tom, Dick, and Aisha, are indeed the followers of someone. It is this insight into the laws governing human nature, no matter how hard we try to alter it, which provides the first flicker of light in our proverbial tunnel. In understanding that all humans are followers, we must also understand that everybody is a leader. It is unimportant to single-mindedly focus on the size of one's audience. Instead, it is important to recognise that one can be the leader of an entire nation or a leader to their younger siblings.

In understanding this, we become empowered. We no longer have to be overwhelmed by our inability to live up to the 'leaders' we see on TV. Instead, we are empowered to shape the world little by little as we are able. We are empowered to respond proactively, instead of hiding from the reality of what is around us. We are empowered to be comfortable in feeling our emotions. To be happy. To be sad. To be frustrated and angry. To be depressed. Yes, to be depressed. Because, understanding the true nature of leadership also means that we are empowered in knowing that there are people who we can turn to, and who we can look up to, within our own communities. That although we might not know who they are, they do exist, and help and hope is not far away.

Understanding this and changing our thinking to have a more hopeful outlook on existence, transforms the little flicker in our tunnel into a beam so powerful that it guides our path out of darkness and hopelessness. We must change the way we think. We must change the way we perceive. We must change the way we analyse. We must change the way we treat the 'other.' We must change the way we treat animals and the environment. We must change what we consume. We must change what we desire. We must change our materialistic and finite ambitions and delve into the Infinite.

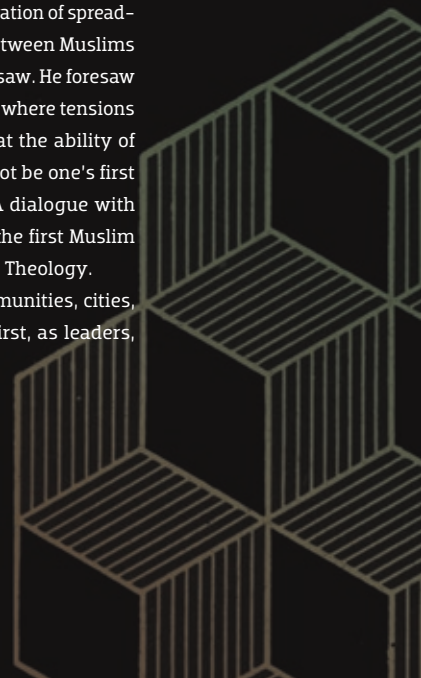
All the obscure leaders that have been discussed and the many millions of others who create real change do so by starting with themselves. They are not people

WE MUST CHANGE  
THE WAY WE THINK.  
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THE WAY WE  
PERCEIVE. WE  
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THE 'OTHER.'

whose egos and self-interest consume them. They are people who transformed their own individual negative characteristic into positive attributes. As such when they are faced with a negative reality they are able to transform it into positive action.

I leave you with the story of Abdul Raheem Rasheed, a pioneer of the Fijian and Muslim Communities in New Zealand whose name has faded into obscurity. He was a lawyer by profession and a great one at that. His greatness and leadership did not spur from his receiving royal accolades or being recognised by the 'leaders' of his time. Rather, it was derived from his pure motivation of spreading a message of peace and harmony between Muslims and Christians. He was a leader who foresaw. He foresaw that without dialogue, a day might come where tensions would be reach such a boiling point that the ability of trying to understand the 'other' would not be one's first objective. Thus, he begun a dialogue. A dialogue with himself, first and foremost. He became the first Muslim in Aotearoa to gain a degree in Christian Theology.

In order to change our families, communities, cities, and societies for the better. We must first, as leaders, change ourselves.



# The Western Anti-Theist Man's View on Islam

(he quotes Christopher Hitchens)

by Joe Higham

**I**T WOULD, IN MY OPINION, BE fundamentally wrong to publish an issue of Critic that has a specific focus of Islamic Awareness Week without the other side of the argument being presented. Before I go on, this absolutely represents my views on Islam, although the feature could, if I had a choice, fill the 46 pages of Critic and catalogue the issues of each of the monotheistic religions separately. However, let me be clear - this is not an attack on Muslims, but on Islam, an important distinction. Lastly, this is entirely my opinion and does not represent the views of Critic Magazine or any other contributor, volunteer, or staff member in any way.

Religion is man-made, something I believe is as clear as the grass is green. Unfortunately, billions of people remain convinced of the existence of a creator. In my opinion, there really are only two plausible ways of understanding the inception of religion besides firstly: grandiose experiences, i.e. believing you are God or a disciple of God. Delusions of this kind are a sub-classification of schizophrenia today, and thus would also have been the case during the lifetime of Muhammad if his contemporaries had the same knowledge of psychiatry as we do in the modern world. Alternatively, it could be that some individuals with particular entrepreneurial flair living in the Bronze Age understood that revealing they had been presented with divine powers from

a deity was a great way to earn recognition, status, and potentially financial assistance from their contemporaries. Jesus, for example, was not the only person of his time to proclaim to be the son of god for instance; there were actually 12 other known claimants to that title. To overlook these two overwhelmingly plausible possibilities is myopic at best.

I understand the mindset of the religious masses, I really do. Those who know me well may be surprised, but, for when I was 14, for three years, I was a devout Anglican (a period of my life I have not previously spoken of for obvious reasons) and was almost obsessive in the amount of time I spent understanding the bible, proselytizing, and interpreting the 'words of god' in a way that made sense to my life. Here lies my second issue with religion of all kinds (although it's more pertinent to Islam due to the spread of radical Islam and the acts that go with it, particularly in the Middle-East, which is increasingly spilling over into neighbouring countries) is the archaic content of the scripture so many base their lives on. The inception of the Islamic faith occurred when the archangel Gabriel supposedly appeared to a man (who later became the Prophet Muhammad) in a cave he frequented in Hira, near Mecca, just over 1400 years ago. From the point of view of an anti-theist like myself, basing one's life and

**Religion is man-made, something I believe is as clear as the grass is green.**



assembling their morals on a 1400 year-old text is analogous to gathering one's medical advice from an equally old medical textbook – refer to the 'Vitalogy' section of Critic for the type of absurdity you may find from a one-hundred year old textbook, yet alone one 14 times older.

The Qur'an, along with the Bible and the Torah, (they're essentially one and the same in terms of content, although that's another feature altogether) contain some abhorrent and despicable content. It would be too easy to pick apart any religion on these obscenities alone, and would both take far too long and be subject to the same 'cherry-picking' claims as the atheist community constantly level at religious proselytizers. They represent some of the first attempts that homo sapiens (anatomically modern humans) had at questions of morality, astronomy, life sciences, and law and order amongst other things, and therefore are also likely going to be our worst attempts at the same time. Health science students won't be able to write a perfect medical PHD at their first attempt, it will take them years of intense study to be able to understand the necessary knowledge, yet alone apply that relevant knowledge in order to compile the finished product. It is a purely arrogant claim that only religion seems to be able to have to think our species could compile a book so fundamental to both the

basis of human life, as well as the future of all humanity at their first attempt. If that is actually the case, you can tell by looking at much of the content that he/she/they didn't do a great job at recognizing humanity's priorities, which is not only often grossly offensive, but is regularly tautologous and vastly contradictory.

If when it comes to my death I find out I was wrong, and find myself before the Islamic god, I will have one question: why did you appear to a man in the less literate parts of the Middle East when the Sui Dynasty in China at the same time was far, far more advanced? This early dynasty was a politically developed civilisation, who were largely able to read, write and study to a monumentally higher level than Muhammad and his Middle Eastern contemporaries. It seems to be counterintuitive for an omniscient creator to appeal to such a group of people. Indeed, if this alone sounds unbelievable, the fact that these 'divine revelations' were verbally passed from Muhammed to the early proponents of Islam three years after they were revealed to him shows an incredibly unlikely basis for any religion. Being able to recite large monologues allegedly given to you in a cave from a deity to another person months 36 months later and verbatim (something that would more likely end up consisting of a strange religious version of Chinese whispers) is a rare ability

that I very much doubt actually even-tuated as billions claim. The late Christopher Hitchens put his thoughts on this issue far better than I have or ever will, when he stated that Muhammad was an: "illiterate merchant warlord in Arabia, and he's able to write this down perfectly and it contains the answers to all [of humanity's problems] — don't waste my time with that bulls\*\*t. Also, the archangel Gabriel speaks only Arabic, it seems? Crap."

**Being able to recite large monologues allegedly given to you in a cave from a deity to another person months 36 months later and verbatim is a rare ability.**

Charlie O'Mannin

# Bargains Chairlifts & Porn

The secrets of Dunedin's  
secondhand book stores

Second semester begins yet again, and with it can come unusual urges, like the sudden desire to purchase A Review of Agricultural Practises in the Nelson Land District 1920-1963 for the price of a bottle of scrumpy, or a first edition Folk Ballads of Serbia instead of vodka. Where should you go to satisfy this need? I set out to visit the five secondhand bookshops in North and Central Dunedin in search of an answer.

**Galaxy Books**  
**841 Great King St**  
**Ambience 3**  
**Pricing 8**  
**Selection 5**

Galaxy occupies almost the perfect location for students, situated next to the gardens, halfway between North East Valley and Studentville, in the corner of an old white building. High on the building's side block capitals proclaim "YE OLDE BOOK DEN". I cringe. There is no excuse to ever use 'Ye Olde'.

Entering Galaxy the first thing that struck me was the smell. Normally large collections of old books tend to smell like old books. By some magic Galaxy has managed to avoid such a smell, opting instead for something far more unpleasant. The smell was distressing and unlike anything I can clearly bring to mind. It was a bit like a tiny vial of semen had been mixed into an vast vat of fairly neutral air freshener with an undertone of something sour. The result was something slightly, but never overwhelmingly, unpleasant. Though the semen could just be me projecting, as I can't remove from mind the disgust at the (presumably secondhand) pornography





## "There is no excuse to ever use 'Ye Olde'."

proudly displayed in the middle of the shop. The porn was covered in a plastic wrap so I can assume it wasn't 'used', a small relief. Surely, in a world in which the internet is so jammed with free and diverse pornography, there is no need to buy pornographic magazines, particularly from a secondhand shop. Even if I'm wrong and Galaxy's porn does a roaring trade, have the decency to situate it in a more discrete location, not in pride of place in the centre of the shop.

However, apart from the smell and the porn, Galaxy was not a bad bookshop. The towering wooden shelving gave the place a pleasant Victorian feel, the selection was moderate and the prices were good. Paperbacks in average condition was priced at \$5, while those in better condition were generally not more than \$10. Galaxy also offers an extensive range of textbooks, mostly around one edition out of date.

If you suddenly hunger for a cheap book but don't want to have to walk far, Galaxy is probably worth a look.

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**Scribes Books**  
**Corner St David**  
**& Great King Streets**  
**Ambience 8**  
**Pricing 7.5**  
**Selection 8**

Ah, Scribes. Potentially more essential to the English student than the Burns building. A few minutes' walk from campus, Scribes is perfectly placed to cater to the uni. They go out of their way to make sure they always have generous amounts of prescribed texts, always eager to buy them back at the end of semester. However they do not provide textbooks for certain sciences, I imagine because the constantly redundant editions are difficult to sell.

Scribes has been a vibrant secondhand bookshop for so long that the shop and the building having grown inseparably into one another, in an ecosystem of words. Classical music, dubious at a rave but apt in a bookshop, flutters down through the shelves, and boxes of books line the paths like foliage.

My biggest criticism of Scribes is that the space is quite small for the amount of books crammed into it, and as



## "There is no need to buy pornographic magazines, particularly from a secondhand shop."

such the store lacks places to sit and relax. Adding some chairs at strategic locations would improve the shop, difficult as it would be to squeeze them in. The immense collection of books also means that the shelves stretch higher than I can reach, even with my average height and the stools provided. I recommend the short bring some sort of extendable grabbing device.

Scribes has both an excellent selection, and an exceptionally high turnover rate. The shop's popularity means that stock can appear quickly and go quickly, making each visit to Scribes unique. The price range is generous, ranging from \$6.50 for lower quality paperbacks to \$15 for books that look sparkling new.

All in all Scribes makes a great first, or last, stop in any book hunt.

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**Hard To Find  
Secondhand Bookshop  
20 Dowling St  
Ambience 8.5  
Pricing 7  
Selection 9.5**

True to its name, Hard to Find is secreted away down an otherwise fairly barren street.

A majestic staircase leads up to the shop, adorned with an antique chairlift, rather a thoughtful gesture to the elderly or physically impaired. Though, as I am unsure how effective such an old lift would be, it may be a gesture only. A rather misshapen statue of an elderly man in a chair awaits me at the top, warped more out of artistic inability than artistic intent. The store itself twists through rooms and corridors, opening out into a spacious front room adorned with comfortable couches, and closing into smaller rooms packed with books and tables and chairs. A miniature train weaves along the floor, and intriguing art squints down at me from the walls.

As comfortable and interesting as the rest of the shop is, a glass window at the back of the store reveals Hard to Find's true strength. The books in the shop are only

the antechamber to Hard to Find's library. A gigantic collection of books stretches back into a warehouse like room behind the shop. A database of these books, with prices and general condition, is searchable on Hard to Find's website, or you can ask at the desk and they'll hunt down what you want for you. Their pricing structure is reasonable, neither one of the cheapest nor most expensive on this list. Prices vary from \$10 to \$15 for paperbacks of good to excellent quality.

With such a large amount of excellent books at their disposal Hard to Find's selection is difficult to surpass.

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**BOOK SALE  
Lower Stafford Street  
Ambience 5  
Pricing 10  
Selection 4**

Just down from Savemart, taking heed to the large banner proclaiming BOOK SALE, and ducking through a small door, lies one of the rarely discovered gems of Dunedin secondhand book shopping.

Part of what I admire about BOOK SALE is how they successfully pretend to be something they're not. A 'sale' implies something temporary. BOOK SALE, having gone on for a few years now, probably needs a new name. Having said that the shop does feel a little like an organiser forgot to place an end time on an ordinary book sale's Facebook event, then died, leaving volunteers unaware that the sale was supposed to close.

Very little has been done to attempt to spruce the place up. The books are not organised in any way, sitting randomly on top of rows of piled boxes, which contained yet more books. Haphazardly interspersed with the books, sits the occasional chair, record collection, rack of clothing or display of crockery, all presumably for sale. National Radio plays quietly overhead and the lights are dim and orange. BOOK SALE has a sort of disorganised charm.

BOOK SALE is actually made up of six different 'stalls' each with different price structures. One of the stalls, though I am not sure which one, is run for charity. Some





of these stalls, the ones closest to the entrance, are priced like any secondhand bookshop, with prices averaging \$9-10. But the stalls further in, away from the door, are almost ludicrously cheap. The prices for these stalls are between \$1 and \$4, for books of exceptional quality. BOOK SALE does not accept eftpos.

The selection is varied, sometimes there is an abundance of excellence, others you can struggle to find a single book you want. BOOK SALE is a little like what I imagined lucky dips should be as a child, you could get absolutely nothing, you could get amazing things for almost no cost. Of course real lucky dips never worked like that. They were just identical innocuous pieces of shit, wrapped in shiny paper.

If you're a fan of rooting through boxes of unorganised, cheap and sometimes excellent books, then BOOK SALE is for you.

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**Dead Souls Bookshop**  
**401 Princes Street**  
**(moving to 393**  
**Princes Street)**  
**Ambience 9**  
**Pricing 5**  
**Selection 8.5**

Farther down Princes Street lies Dead Souls.

Though, according to their website, Dead Souls is named after the book by Nikolai Gogol, entering does feel a bit like descending into a pleasant underworld. A black frame around a white door and corridor, followed by steep steps down below street level. Going down the stairs was like descending into a gust of sweet smelling cloud. A delectable and pungent, yet not overpowering, odour wafted gracefully through the whole of the shop's underground lair. The shop was arrayed in a wonderfully confusing fashion, with labyrinthine corridors and rooms to be explored before reaching the inner chambers. The outer of these chambers were stuffed with genre fiction, while within the inner chamber literature and nonfiction

awaited. A long wooden table complimented the inner chamber, and comfortable chairs and interesting curiosities were dotted around the whole space. Behind a rope a printing press, used by the owner, dully reflected the warm subterranean light.

As I perused I was treated to an excellent selection, books I'd be lucky to find elsewhere were piled on top of one another in a glorious cornucopia. On closer inspection I noted that the books were arranged in only vague alphabetical order making it annoyingly difficult to easily search the shelves. The pricing was likewise a disappointment. The prices ranged from \$10 for a paperback in poor condition to much higher prices for average or good copies.

Unfortunately Dead Souls also seemed to specialise in those vintage pulp novels popular in the first half of the 20th century, generally regarded as the worst half of the century. Dust jackets from these books adorned the walls, featuring the manic faces of youths engaged in wholesome activities and masculine "heroes" beating down "savages". I don't have a problem with Dead Souls selling such books, but as decorations they were tasteless bordering on ugly, especially compared with the rest of the furnishings. The owner clearly thought they were artistic and to a point the dust jackets were tastefully arranged. They may even have appealed to someone, perhaps elderly, in whom they'd spell nostalgia for the good old days, back when homosexuality was illegal and it was socially acceptable to stereotype minorities. Ironically, these elderly people were probably residing in Hard to Find, Dead Souls not having a chair lift on their stairs.

Dead Souls is in the process of moving from their subterranean maze to an above ground space next door. I hope, in the transition, they manage to preserve the unique, secretive atmosphere they've created in their current space, or create something even more wonderful.



## LA CREPE

by Kirsten Garcia

If you love good vibes and yummy crepes you can find them both at the La Crepe stall at the Saturday Morning Farmers Market. Disclaimer: I have worked for Christophe and Marie flipping crepes at the market for more than a year and a half now, only a fraction of their almost 12 years at the market. I don't need to suck up to my bosses. I just want to share a piece of their story, how they make a life and a living from crepes.

From the beginning it was clear to see how much love and passion and they put into their business. They've become an iconic part of Dunedin and the stall is a reflection of the very essence of their character and nature; warm, colourful and French.

From humble beginnings, Christophe grew up in a small village in France and went on to study hospitality and patisserie. Marie also has worked in hospitality for a family business. Their holistic cooking philosophy of simple, quality ingredients is embedded into their work today. They met 25 years ago in the Caribbean, lived the island life in French Polynesia, then migrated to New Zealand. The family moved from Whangarei to Dunedin so Christophe could study occupational therapy at the Polytech. Marie was at home looking after their two toddlers. They needed more income to support themselves, hence the crepe stall was born.

Years later Christophe has moved on from occupational therapy, their two girls are now teenagers, and the stall still stands. Their eldest also works at the stall. It's very much a family affair which is part of what makes it unique and like it's straight from their home kitchen. Today their home has a purpose-built commercial kitchen just to prep for their Saturday gig.

Their stall is an experience, a performance of cooking, with ambient sounds coming from the



crowd and buskers. Being out in the open weather can be challenging at times. And there's something about connecting with the person preparing your food. Especially when they're a happy Frenchman: Christophe cracks eggs on crepes like it's a magic trick.

All ethics are considered, they use free range eggs and ham, sourced locally and use organic produce from the market or their own garden. They have classic fillings for the crepes like chocolate and butterscotch, as well as seasonal specials. There's always a jam of the day, a sweet

and a savoury option. You can try poached pears and custard, or beef bourguignon, or roasted pumpkin. Everything is homemade. They even have a gluten/wheat/dairy/egg free (but not free as Marie likes to say), vegan option too—the galette.

People who leave and return to Dunedin years later, remember their crepes. You'd think after more than a decade they might be sick of making and eating so many. Hence why they keep it a special weekend treat just at the market, and like a good wine they've only gotten better over time.



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## THE BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO MAKING YOUR MUSIC COLLECTION LESS HETERO:

by Millicent Lovelock



"Give Me One Reason"  
on New Beginning

Tracy Chapman

Everybody knows Tracy Chapman. Or, at least everybody should know Tracy Chapman. "Give Me One Reason" is a favourite of mine, my dad used to make mix tapes to listen to in the car and this song was on one of them. There is something sparing about this song, the guitars are tapy and dry, and if you listen closely you can hear how heavy the strings are. Chapman delivers her lyrics in reverb drenched declarative statements, her voice so warm and thick it hits you all over. And, though her music is enough, it's fun to think about Chapman dating writer Alice Walker (*The Color Purple*) in the 1990s. If you haven't given Chapman your time you should remedy that right away.



"Honey Jar"  
on Woman Dangerous

Doria Roberts

Roberts started her musical career in Philadelphia in 1996 and has since been a prolific touring musician and activist. "Honey Jar" was released in 2006, but has all the endearing qualities of a '90s hit. The digi-delayed guitars in the introduction are a real treat and things only get better when the acoustic guitar comes in over the top, crisp and warm. The vocal melody is so pop and so vibrant, especially in the chorus when Roberts repeats "sticky fingers in a, sticky fingers in a, in a honey jar" in a conspiratorial tone following huge, stabbing major rock chords. "Honey Jar" is a lesbian delight and though bright and bouncy, is far from cheesy or silly. "Honey Jar" is the perfect song to sing and dance along to in your kitchen on a sunny Saturday morning, preferably as you revel in all of the various and wonderful ways people can express themselves and their gender and sexual identities.



"Cardigan Sweater"  
on A Love Song to Finance

Jasmine Kennedy

Kennedy, a songwriter from Batley in the United Kingdom, released her first album when she was only 16 years old. Her earnest and plainspoken songs, however, show her as someone with an enviably steady and profound understanding of the world around her. Kennedy confides in her listener that she is "in love with the woman upstairs in the cardigan sweater," a woman who leaves her television on at night to keep her company, and listens to music too loudly. The climax of the song is a swell of brass and keys, a joyous release before the end of the story is revealed, you can almost hear Kennedy's smile as she sings, "I am in love with the woman in my cardigan sweater." "Cardigan Sweater" is a stunning song and Kennedy is a talented singer and lyricist, her work is well worth adding to your collection.

## THE WISDOM OF PSYCHOPATHS

Author: Kevin Dutton



Review: Lucy Hunter

Psychopaths look, smell, and sound like regular people, but they don't care about you any more than they care about the steak they ate for lunch. The good news is, not all psychopaths are serial killers. The bad news is, you've probably bumped into a psychopath today. Approximately one percent of people are clinically psychopathic, which means there are about 250 psychopaths on campus.

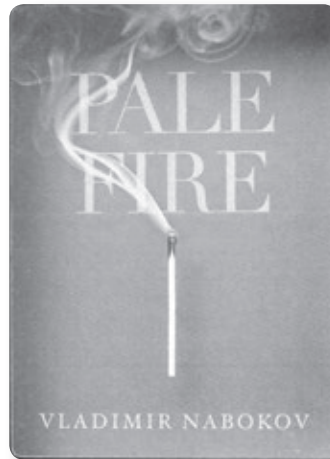
Kevin Dutton sees a bright side to this statistic.

- The person who would happily eat you could also be the one who saves you from a burning building, operates on your brain, or defends your country from invasion. They could also have a clearer mind than the most disciplined buddhist monk. To find out why, read this rip-snorting sterler of a popular science book.

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## PALE FIRE

Author: Vladimir Nabokov



Review: Monique Hodgkinson

The epic poem "Pale Fire" has been put into a book following the murder of its author, American poet John Shade. Accompanying the poem is a preface, extensive notes and commentaries by Shade's editor, Charles Kinbote. At least, when you first approach *Pale Fire* by Vladimir Nabokov, this is what the book seems to be. But in this dark and deceptive world, appearances can never quite be trusted.

After reading the novel for a few pages, something begins to feel strangely amiss. The annotations which initially seem eccentric, rapidly descend into the autobiographical, the unexpected and the fantastical. As a reader you quickly realise that the focus here isn't actually on the poem, but on the annotations provided by a possibly insane editor and madman. That is, unless Kinbote is actually telling the truth about the mysterious and vaguely familiar King of Zembla.

Described by critic William Boyd as "one of the most brilliant and extraordinary novels ever written", *Pale Fire* is an intricate and spectacular work of art. It is also one of the hardest novels to pin down — there is no one set storyline, no definitive characters, and no clear answers. It is simultaneously a murder mystery, a fantasy

story, a work of poetry, and a psychological study, in which readers are forced to puzzle their way along, trying to figure out exactly what they are dealing with.

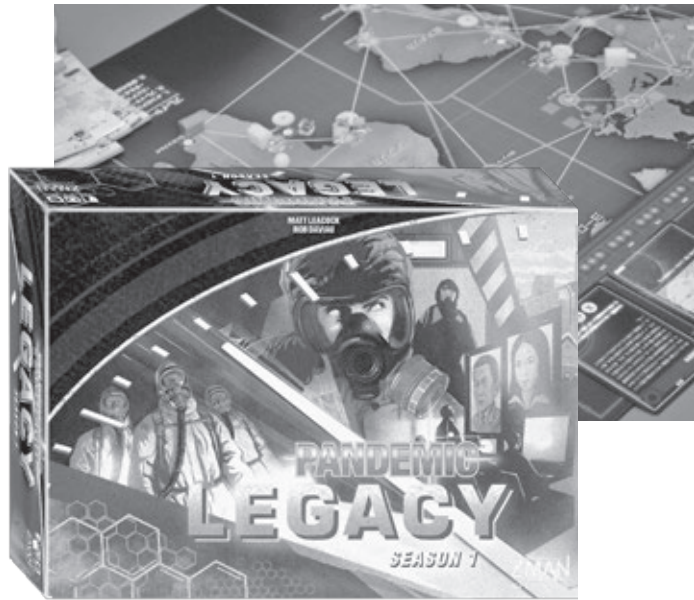
Vladimir Nabokov is commonly hailed as one of the most influential and skilled writers of the twentieth century. If you don't recognise his name then you'll probably recognise the title *Lolita*, his 1955 novel which sparked furious controversy and was ranked fourth in the list of the Modern Library 100 Best Novels. Like *Lolita*, *Pale Fire* intricately explores issues of psychological deterioration and unreliable narration, both captured with an exquisitely readable language and addictive imagery. Yet what is perhaps the most stand-out feature of this book is the ability of Nabokov to construct layer upon layer of delicate narrative with seamless skill. He convincingly jumps from writing a heartfelt, dark, and beautiful poem concerned with the death of a daughter and a waxwing slain, to the rambling and confused narrations of a deluded mind. Who should you believe? Whose narrative do you trust? And most intriguingly, who killed the poet John Shade? The answers are all there, if you take the time to look for them.



## PANDEMIC LEGACY: SEASON 1

Board Games | Designed by Rob Daviau & Matt Leacock, Published by Z-Man Games

Rating: A+  
Review: Campbell Calverley



Learning to play board games is usually a single-evening affair. You may spend an evening learning the rules, and every evening thereafter you will be developing your own strategy around those rules. What enables you to develop a strategy is the fact that the game's rules will never change. The only game that I have ever come across that subverts this is Pandemic Legacy, and as a result it is one of the most intense, engaging and enjoyable board games I have ever played.

Pandemic is a cooperative board game based around finding cures for diseases. Each player is part of a biomedical specialist team, and you work together to travel around the world, quelling the spread of diseases from city to city, and researching cures.

Pandemic Legacy changes things up by adding a campaign that is played over the course of 12–24 sessions—and given that the campaign can only be played once, I must not say anything about the plot at all. As the plot twists and turns, the rules of the game change with it. Your objectives change, your equipment changes, your characters and character classes change—characters can die, you will be instructed to tear up cards that are no longer necessary, and you will be placing game-changing stickers everywhere.

When I started playing the game with some friends, the contents of the box was enough to get me excited. The game comes with a deck of plot cards that are progressively turned over as the events of the story unfold. Additionally, the box contains a multi-page dossier with a series of panels, as well as eight numbered boxes, each of which are opened up on the game's instruction. There's such a delicious feeling of destruction that comes with opening, sticking, or tearing apart all of the game's components. But there is a palpable

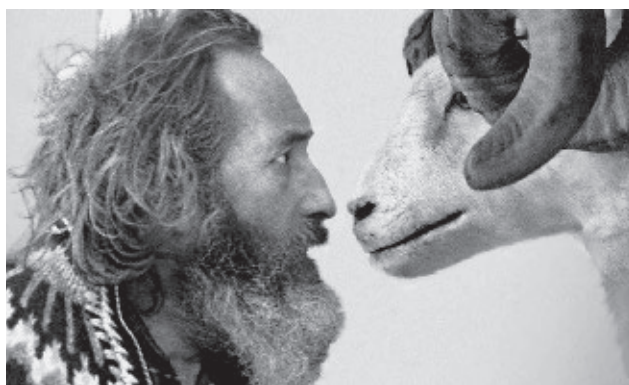
anticipation to see what is in the next box or panel, like receiving a Christmas present and only being allowed to open the wrapping by one inch every day for a week.

The plot unfolds incredibly satisfyingly, and at a very well-thought-out pace. Rules stay in place just long enough for you to get comfortable with them, before the rug is yanked out from under your feet when the next plot card is turned over and a key objective is destroyed or a new type of game-play token is introduced. Yet every rule change happens in sync with the game's narrative, and makes it feel like every decision you make has a real, lasting effect on the plot.

The one downside of Pandemic Legacy is the fact that, inevitably, it is finite. After you finish the campaign, the board will be riddled with stickers, rendered useless, and may as well be thrown in the bin. If by some miracle you somehow manage to remove all of the stickers, you will technically be able to use it to play regular games of Pandemic—but by then, you will be yearning for more of the Legacy storyline. And this is why the title of the game is exciting: Season 1, laying the groundwork for other seasons to come.

If you play the game with the same group of friends—and you have to, if all of you are to keep up with the plot of the game—then it becomes the board game equivalent of sitting down with peeps to watch the next episode of your favourite television show together. Even better than that, the version of the game that you play will be completely different from that of any other group.

Even if you only get a dozen gaming sessions out of it, it will be well worth your time for the in-jokes and stories you will be able to tell from it, whether they are of victory or of a cutting feeling of betrayal. Or you could spend the same money on a holiday, like a normal person.



## RAMS

Rating: A+

Director: Grímur Hákonarson

by Lisa Blakie

Rams tells the story about how sheep are pure and good, and incurable disease is evil and sucks.

Set in Iceland on a remote rural farming valley, we're introduced to Gummi, who lives and breathes the sustainable lifestyle, breeding sheep for the entirety of his life. His brother, who he has not spoken to for 40 years, lives right beside him and the two are in a bitter conflict – the origin of why is never revealed. The thing that eventually brings them together though, is their sheep.

The farmlands and sheep are tragically infected with scrapie, a disease that affects the nervous system of the animal and cannot be cured. Because of this, all of the sheep have to be killed and anything they have been near needs to be sterilised. The rest of the film is an emotional rollercoaster and getting into anymore more detail will spoil it.

Rams is so emotionally driven; I didn't cry but my heart felt heavy for the entire time. The stunning landscape and gorgeous wide shots of the valley, particularly in the winter, were enough to make me feel a weird sense of awe. The acting is phenomenal and you will absolutely be onside with Gummi and all his decision making because he just loves his sheep and that's all that matters. The closing scene in the film is also one of the best I have seen in a very long time and will stick with me forever.

This film received a 10 minute standing ovation at the Cannes film festival, and when I left it my soul felt replenished and something left me feeling fulfilled. In a movie season awash with remakes and sub par superhero movies, Rams is a refreshing change from the 'same old same old' being churned out by Hollywood.



## SUICIDE SQUAD

Rating: A-

Director: David Ayer

by Samuel Rillstone

Suicide Squad, directed by David Ayer, follows a group of supervillains from the DC Comics universe as they are captured and forced to save the world in return for shortened sentences. It boasts an all-star cast lead by Will Smith as Deadshot, Jared Leto as the Joker, Margot Robbie as Harley Quinn, Viola Davis as Amanda Waller, Joel Kinnaman as Rick Flag, Jai Courtney as Captain Boomerang, Cara Delevingne as the Enchantress, Adewale Akinnuoye-Agbaje as Killer Croc and Jay Hernandez as El Diablo.

All of those involved in this film give stellar performances, most notably Smith, Robbie and of course Leto. However, due to the size of the cast, not everyone gets as much screen time as they should. Smith is arguably given the most screen time, a likely result of the studio wanting his star power at the forefront of production.

What did bother me was the fact that two of the other characters that got the most attention were Rick Flag and Amanda Waller. Being two of the 'human' characters, it seemed folly to use them the most when you have a literal walking crocodile at your disposal. Another character heavily underused was Leto's Joker, with Leto saying that many of his scenes were cut from the theatrical release. It was a major letdown for me as the Joker is one of my favourite characters, and to see so little was a shame.

Despite this, Robbie brought the first live action version of Harley Quinn to life spectacularly (especially her relationship with the Joker), as did the rest of the cast with their respective characters. The action was epic and fun, with the stunts providing a look into each character's fighting style/abilities. The Squad's first mission isn't the best but the journey to the climax is still wild and entertaining, as all comic book movies about a bunch of insane villains should be. While not perfect, a second viewing beckons in order to view it without the shock factor following two years of hype.



## A PERFECT DAY

Rating: B-

Director: Fernando León de Aranoa



by Alex Campbell-Hunt

In *A Perfect Day*, Benicio Del Toro, Tim Robbins, Olga Kurylenko and Mélanie Thierry play four aid workers stationed in the Balkan Mountains, during a period of armed conflict. They are trying to retrieve a rotting corpse from a well, to prevent contamination of the local water supply. Something as simple as finding some rope proves to be almost impossible, as they encounter many obstacles that demonstrate just how fractured the societal infrastructure has become in the area.

So we have a great cast, scenic filming locations (which are actually in Spain), and an interesting story. But as the middling critical response indicates, there's something about the movie that doesn't fully hold together.

The tone is sort of all over the place. The movie addresses the seriousness and sadness of the situation it depicts, but this is at odds with scenes that try to up the "coolness" factor: having the characters whap on sunglasses and drive through the mountains to the strains of various 60s rock songs, as if we're watching 'CSI: Balkans' or something. Additionally, the tone is also comedic in places. I'm sure it isn't impossible for a movie to bring these diverse aspects together (*Three Kings* managed it), but here the mood feels a bit jumbled.

Initially, the script has a *Power Rangers*-like tendency to ascribe one sole defining characteristic to each of the characters: Del Toro is the level-headed one, Kurylenko is the by-the-book one, Robbins is the rebellious rock'n'roll guy, and Thierry is Anxious Spice. Fortunately, they all become more three-dimensional as the movie goes on. Del Toro in particular plays a cool protagonist, and since he often plays villains it's a nice change of pace to see him in the hero role.

The end of the movie is quite sudden and unexpected, but works really well. *Perfect Day* isn't my favourite of the film festival movies I've seen (so far that would have to be *Poi E: The Story Of Our Song*), but overall I'm glad I saw it.

## TOTAL RECALL (1990)

Rating: A

Director: Paul Verhoeven



by Lucy Hunter

The film opens with a Martian landscape, with two moons, and a stifling red sky. A man and woman hold each other's leather-gloved hands, and give each other romantic stares through the viewing windows of their spacesuits. Then the man trips, falls, smashes his helmet, and starts gasping for air. His eyes bulge and his tongue protrudes. The blood vessels in his face begin to burst and he clutches at his throat. Then he wakes up. It was all a dream!

Or was it? The futuristic world Douglas Quaid (Arnold Schwarzenegger) and his wife Lori (Sharon Stone) inhabit has a service called "Rekall" where people can go to get memories of vacations planted in their minds. Quaid asks for the personality and circumstances of his recurring dreams, including to meet the woman he sees there. But the procedure malfunctions, apparently because Quaid's memory has been previously wiped and rewritten. He escapes by killing four attackers, then, returning home with bloody hands, discovers his wife is an actor when she tries to kill him.

Quaid travels to Mars where the fantasies he voices at Rekall are all true. The setting, the girlfriend, the government conspiracy...but is he recovering his lost memories, or is he still at Rekall in his virtual reality?

We never find out what is real and what is not. What could be a lightweight science fiction thriller instead makes you question the reliability of memory and the perception of reality. Is Quaid really a secret agent uncovering the evil schemes of the government, or is he trapped in a paranoid delusion and destined to be lobotomised, as others before him have been?

As well as the existential crisis you are treated to the finest special effects of 1990. There are robot taxi drivers, a futuristic manicure, holograph tennis practise, and the famous three-breasted woman who elicits one of the most infamous lines in cinema: "Baby, you make me wish I had three hands!"

## 2016 OTAGO WILDLIFE PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBITION

Otago Museum  
9 June-16 October  
Free Entry

Review: Olivia Lynch

This exhibition showcases the talented work of the winners of the Otago Wildlife Photography competition and a selection of other incredible amateur Otago photographers. Divided into two age categories, 14-and-under and 15-and-over, this showcase gives insight into the phenomenal skills of Otago youth. Just a warning here, it may make you feel a little inadequate by comparison.

The exhibition opens with the animal section; quite sensibly too as nothing can draw you in quite like cute, wide-eyed creatures. This cunning curator, however, also hid the not-so-pleasant, if-one-was-in-a-doorway-I-would-rather-climb-out-a-window, and definitely-probably-trying-to-kill-me spiders around the first corner, providing me with quite a fright and I can only hope I wasn't the only one caught out by this trickery. In spite of the creepy crawly feeling that those particular images left me with I was awe struck by the amazing level of talent displayed on the walls. The photography was crisp and the action captured in such an undisturbed manner that I had to wonder if these animals were posing like the models they were.

Next it was on to Environmental Impact, which offered quite a juxtaposition with the somber subject matter while still remaining vibrantly shot. I wouldn't say this part of the exhibition was a disappointment, largely because one of the sassiest looking ducks from Queenstown makes its mark here, but it certainly appeared to be the weakest link.

Now let's talk about the plants. To be completely honest I wasn't expecting much from this part of the exhibition, plants are great but they don't exactly have the personality of animals. I am sure you can see where this is going but I have had to humbly swallow my words on this matter. The beauty of these photographs honestly needs to be seen to be believed.



Photo credit: Ruth Jeffery (top),  
Fergus McMullan

Seriously, even the funny looking ball of fuzz that is kiwifruit managed to photograph well.

I waited far longer than I should have to see this exhibition and I urge you not to make the same mistake. The stunning works on show can definitely offer a spark of happiness and a touch of humor in the midst of this bitter winter, and don't say I didn't warn you about the spiders!

Note: Critic would like to send our deepest sympathy to the friends and family of Riley Baker, the winner of this competition, who passed away last weekend.

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

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## LETTER OF THE WEEK:



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

To the *Critic* editor,

On Friday 12th August I was walking along Albany Street at about 8.30pm opposite the library. To my astonishment I was suddenly struck by a balloon full of urine. It soaked my legs and into my shoes. I felt enraged and yelled 'You filthy mongrels!' then proceeded to burst into tears.

I'm writing to *The Critic* because I believe this is an example of the type of infantilised masculinity present in Dunedin, but particularly on campus. In the moments I stood, wretched, on Albany my mind wandered to news I'd read earlier that day. That the OUSA polls voted against regulating costumes at the Hyde Street party. Both these incidents tell us something about the puerility of a segment of Otago University students. I venture this is a male childishness which is complex but also, symbolically—if not physically—violent.

University students are treated like children. Much of our promotion is pitched at parents who are told that campus will enclose their children in a continuation of the family unit. The domestic (the 'student streets' of Castle, Hyde etc) blurs with the institutional with the University's security wing patrolling private streets like a father-in-uniform checking on his wayward sons. Students are continually treated as unruly children—positioned in popular media as naughty folk devils, and chided by maternal figures such as the monstrous 'Carol' on the Sunday programme last year. I have students' mothers ringing me to demand extensions for their children as if I am high school teacher. At Tertiary Info Day waves of silent students pass me by as their parents do all the talking about—and choosing of—their child's study path.

In this context, it is no wonder the only mode students enact independence is through a crude type of adolescent rebellion. It's the type of sticking your tongue out and saying 'Fuck You!' in the form of dressing like a Nazi. Or calling the lecturer a 'feminist bitch' in that hallowed student feedback (this happened to me). A cheap thrill. I suggest this childish rebellion is funnelled through the most archaic of agitated archetypes: the boy's rage at his mother.

We have all these instances of the boy waving around his symbolic phallus to claim space on

campus: the jumped up rugby fan (present in the latest TV campaign promoting, of all things, a place called 'The Zoo') who demonstrates machismo through a jersey and a ball (and an association with one of the key sites of 'Kiwi' rape culture: rugby union); and the Hyde Street party 'animal' who demonstrates his rebellion through a slavish conformity to totalitarian signifiers (the Nazi uniform, the racist costume) and whose penis is displaced onto a beer bottle.

Young women have spoken out repeatedly—in *The Critic*, The ODT and in campus meetings (say, around the 'Safe and Accountable Otago' group) about incidents of male violence towards women at uni. There's lots of rightful outrage about. I was outraged on Friday night. But when I stood there, with piss soaking through my stockings I thought—why am I so surprised?

The infantilised boy raised by the University of course can only express his sense of masculinity in the most babyish of ways. This time the phallus though was literalised in the form of an abject index: piss. A balloon full of urine. Fuck Mummy. Fuck Women. I'll Show Them I'm Not Castrated. I'll Never Lose My Power.

Friends told me 'Hey call Campus Watch—they'll have footage'. I tweeted my rage and a journo got in touch. Chasing another story that pivots on the naughty boy culture. I decided not to contact the institution, however. Because, to me this is what those brutes (the zoo occupier; the party animal; ~ the one who throws waste at the other) desire. A big old telling off from Mummy and Daddy. A recognition of naughtiness which is written off as an aberration and suitably punished. This swift slap from authority simply maintains this infantilisation. What is required is not punitive (in many ways I disagree with regulating the Hyde Street costume code for the same reasons) but a process of disentangling this institution from the patriarchal family paradigm. University is where people go to grow up. Let's treat students like the adults they are and, I believe, they will rise to the occasion.

Rosemary Overell  
Lecturer, Media Film and Communication  
The University of Otago

## 2016 FAITH FESTIVAL ON CAMPUS!

Otago Students Interfaith Group Peace Gathering on campus, October 2013

OSIG is holding a Faith Festival again this year to help educate everyone about the different faith communities present at the University of Otago. We plan to have groups from the Buddhist, Baha'i, Muslim, Christian, Sai Baba, Quaker, Mormon, Sikh, Hare Krishna and other communities there. The Festival will promote unity between all of these communities.

There will be tours of the University Prayer and Meditation rooms every quarter-hour.

From 12-1pm there will be speakers from each of the faith groups present, and afterwards a Q&A session for the speakers.

For further information please contact George or Sam via [otagostudentsinterfaith@gmail.com](mailto:otagostudentsinterfaith@gmail.com)  
We hope to see you there!

Wednesday August 24th 10am-3pm  
Main Common Room  
University Union Building

## IT HAPPENED HERE

Staff and students of the Otago safe and accountable campus working group invite you to a free film screening of *IT HAPPENED HERE: STORIES OF SEXUAL ASSAULT ON CAMPUS* on August 24, 5.30pm, in Burns 7 to continue the conversation about changing the culture on campus, we're having.

"IT HAPPENED HERE is a feature-length documentary (76 minutes) about the alarming pervasiveness of sexual assault on US college campuses, the impact on the student, their family and institution, and the burgeoning movement of student survivors coming forth and taking action against their schools on campus and in federal court.

→ [ithappenedhere.org](http://ithappenedhere.org)

## THE DUNEDIN CITY COUNCIL SHOULD DECLARE DUNEDIN A TPP FREE ZONE

+Affirmative

by Rocky Balboa

Dunedin should not adopt the TPP for the same reasons the rest of New Zealand should not. While, in principle, it offers New Zealand a prosperous and bountiful future, its benefits, in fact, are vastly overshadowed by its costs: sovereign freedom and economic security.

The TPP poses an overt threat to the sovereignty of New Zealand. By delegating to trading industries, measures by which they can exert influence over our government, the freedom of New Zealanders becomes subject to the demands of foreign conglomerates. What's more is, as corporations transcend national boundaries, they have decreasing concern for the nations they bear down upon; and where our interests are called into opposition, corporations would take legal precedence over our government. This may involve the public's voice on one of New Zealand's fundamental values, such as the protection of the environment, being drowned out.

Our democratically elected representatives should be able to make decisions which benefit us without fear of intervention by those who have no invested interest in the wellbeing of New Zealand, save for our exports. To ensure a functional society, the TPP needs, at minimum, a framework to protect the interests of New Zealanders before it could be embraced.

The TPP will also impact local industries. An inability to place tariffs on imports will hamper New Zealand's ability to protect both small start-up businesses and the development of important national industries, which could fuel unemployment.

The TPP requires every participant to adhere to universal policies (particularly regarding intellectual property) and such a high standard of economic regulation will not be met easily by small businesses. Overhauling New Zealand's current adherence to international agreements will be expensive and complicated.

Free trade should be a right afforded to all. The TPP is a step away from an equitable and liberal international economic arena. It endangers our sovereignty and local business livelihood. It is a fatally flawed document that requires a great deal of review before being considered even remotely acceptable to New Zealand and its people.

—Negative

by The Godfather

The DCC recently moaned about central government's intention to limit their powers. For a Council who waste time voting on issues within central government's power, generating their own ideas on issues they govern over, like South Dunedin's poor infrastructure, might help to prove they have some use.

Unfortunately the left-wing are more inclined to stand for Council. These bright and affable lefties play second fiddle to professional politician types. The types who in social media are experts on absolutely everything, yet struggle to grasp substantive policy in their actual portfolios. Grant Robertson's obsession with hounding Judith Collins means issues like NZ's largest ever trade deal, lack a considered contribution from Labour.

No doubt a Councillor, probably Aaron Hawkins in his crusade against neo-liberalism, will suggest Dunedin become a TPP free zone. This is an MOU win-win, filling the void left by Labour's confused stance while the DCC urban late sipper's can delay grappling with housing or city planning.

If the DCC debates the TPP, they should, in all seriousness, consider how nations much poorer than New Zealand stand to benefit. In Vietnam, for example, a person's average income is only five percent of the average New Zealander's income. Studies indicate the TPP will lift many developing countries, like Vietnam, out of poverty. The average income per person in five of the countries is under half of the NZ average income. Why should individuals in poor nations be disadvantaged because Western Governments through import taxes provide artificial advantages (which the TPP helps eliminate) to their own companies?

Despite claiming to be enlightened about "white privilege," the NZ left have failed to articulate anything about how the TPP impacts the world's poorest. Barack Obama, Helen Clark, and Hillary Clinton know the far reaching benefits the TPP has for developing nations hence why they helped start negotiations.

Let's hope our all-knowing councillors, if given the chance, can at least try to consider how the TPP impacts less fortunate countries, and avoid simplistic "sovereignty" arguments, more suited to the vile Donald Trump's and Nigel Farrage's of the world.

The Otago University Debating Society meets every Tuesday at 6pm for social debating—new members are always welcome! Join our Facebook group for more information

## TRAVELLING?

by Isa Alchemist

I'm a terrible traveller. I have no sense of direction, and I escalate into pure terror at the mere thought of finding an airport gate. I once got lost in Nelson airport. But I am good at taking medicines with me. Particularly ones for diarrhoea. I have accumulated an impressive list of cities where there were calamitous events involving toilets.

Budapest. It had just opened its first McDonald's. Food grading and in-house toilets were not yet part of the Golden Arches offerings. Barely had I vacuumed up the last chip when there were ominous stirrings in the bowel area. We marched to the only public toilet in town, at the chief post office. A miserable few nights followed. And in Beijing there was a desperate hunt for a sit-down toilet when I (foolishly) refused to use the traditional crouch and push. I had visions of slipping back into a literal cesspit. The relief when we found a good old sit-down in the railway station. Then recently a horrific experience in a USA restaurant. Inexplicably, the toilet bowl didn't drain. I watched in horror as the water level rose, flowed onto the floor of the stall, and rapidly began to cover the feet of the other customers. Three very large guards pointed their even larger guns at me,

the suspected terrorist. Maybe it was my kiwi accent, or my total embarrassment, but I was allowed to leave.

So now I stock up on medicines when I travel. Essentials are anti-diarrhoeals. Loperamide is the funded option, it works within a few hours. For anti-nausea, the prescription medicine ondansetron is a wonderful thing. I can just dissolve it in my mouth and it has more chance of staying down without aggravating the gag reflex. Although I've rarely been afflicted with the vomiting bug. There was a disastrous episode in Samoa. We had come from an icy Dunedin winter to a balmy 32 degrees. I poured myself a glass of water from the tap, leading to violent vomiting, continuing until my stomach muscles ached and there was no more green bile or dribble left. Not leaving home without my ondansetron again! I also carry some electrolyte sachets, they taste nice, and are essential for rehydration and a quick recovery. Antihistamines, pain medicines (ibuprofen, paracetamol) and some betadine solution I can pick up from the pharmacy.

Depending of course on where you are going, malaria protection is essential. Malaria can be a debilitating and recurring illness. Doxycycline

tablets (prescription only) starting two days before entering the "zone" and continuing for two weeks after is the usual protection. Bizarrely, it comes with the warning to avoid the sun. The combination of sun and doxycycline causes very bad sunburn.

The emergence of the Zika virus has me packing an extra tube of insect repellent. Especially once I learnt that people can be "carriers" of the virus. The disease itself is fairly mild, but the repercussions to pregnancies are horrific. I find that taking thiamine (vitamin B1) gives me great protection from insect bites. It's a recognized phenomena. It doesn't seem to work for everyone, the "o" blood types for instance. But it's my magic wand. And cheap, a bottle of 100 tablets is usually under \$10.

The best mosquito protection is my friend. We joke she is the food of preference for the buzzy nuisances, if we take her along they ignore us. On a recent trip to Egypt, we were unscathed, but she emerged from the hut in Abu Simbel looking like a join the dots puzzle despite emptying an entire can of bug spray into her room. She is blood type "o", the odour of choice for mosquitoes (along with stale sweat).

Happy travels!



**Mandy Ma**

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



**Greg Andrews**

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



**Debbie Young**

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



**Sarah-Jane McGill**

Graduate of the Otago Pharmacy School



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## HUGS NOT DRUGS

Dear Ethel,

One of my flatmates has been doing a lot of drugs recently and I don't really like flatting with him anymore. I'm also really worried about him. He used to be really chill but not anymore. He's got these new 'friends' that spend heaps of time at our place and a couple of them are seriously scary. I don't feel safe when they're around. Plus I'm worried that if we ever got raided by the cops I could get done for drugs, even though I don't use. What can I do?

—Don't Arrest Me

The first thing to be aware of is that you would not be in any danger of being charged for possession or use just because you happen to live in the flat with someone who is using. However, that being said, if someone decides to stash some stuff in your room while you're not there, you would be implicated. So, make sure you keep your room (and vehicle) secure at all times! Obviously if there's a raid on the flat, you will be questioned, but if you're clean, there won't be further repercussions for you.

You might want to consider talking to your flatmate though, especially about how you feel when certain mates are around, or about how he is when he's using (but don't have that conversation when he's under the influence). You should be able to relax in your own flat. You might want to let him know that you are concerned for him, not just in terms of possible police charges but also how it might impact on future university studies should the University become aware of it.

In terms of your safety, this is paramount! You can call the police if you feel your safety is threatened. You may not want to do that because you don't want to drop your flatmate into any trouble, but please don't let that stop you from seeking help if you are in an unsafe situation. It is your flatmate's choice to do drugs, it is not yours and it should not limit your life experience.

We'd be happy to talk this through with you confidentially in person and we can also help if you decide that you'd rather be out of the flat altogether. Feel free to drop in and see an advocate at 5 Ethel B!

Whole lotta love,  
—Ethel xxx



## TO AVOID EXCESSIVE INDULGENCES\*

Married persons should adopt more generally the rule of sleeping in separate rooms, or at least in separate beds, as is the almost universal custom in Germany and Holland. This rule being adopted, several very important advantages would result in regard to health and comfort.

Opportunity makes importunity. For example, if pastries are where they will continually attract the attention of children, there is a want and request for them; but if out of sight they would only be thought of when natural hunger came. So, if married persons slept in different rooms the indulgences would only be specially thought of when there existed a natural, healthy appetite for the same, and as food is the more enjoyable from the longer interval of fasting; so here. In this way troublesome temptations are escaped and a rational temperance would be practised without inconvenience.

And it is well known, too, that if two persons, one sickly and the other healthy, occupy the same bed, one will become diseased without the sickly one becoming benefited. This is especially true when children sleep with old and feeble persons. Hence, it is seldom the case that both wife and husband are in perfect health, in all respects, at all times; at least one party would be saved from injury by sleeping alone.

When two people may sleep together advantageously—Two people may often occupy the same bed to the decided benefit of both. For instance, when one is by nature full of positive electricity or magnetism, while the other's body is negative. In this case there is an insensible and gradual interchange of vital currents. The excess of positive goes out to the negative body, and it in turn gives off its oversupply of negative to the positive body, and thus a normal and healthful condition is brought about.

This must be the explanation of the numerous instances where a weak and semi-invalid woman marries a man not considered unusually strong and both become healthier and able to endure far more than either could before marriage. Each gives the other without losing an essential part of themselves.

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

# tinderesting stories

A friend of mine moved to a new town and into a new flat. Jumped on tinder and matched with a bloke. Went to snap-chatting level and set up a date for the Saturday. She got smashed the Friday night and sent a risk-ay snap to him in the middle of the night... he opened it while in bed with her flatmate.

So my friend matched this guy on Tinder. Semi-attractive, and they started chatting, he seemed nice and normal so they went on a date. Everything went well so she saw him a few more times and of course one thing led to another and they sleep together. Only turns out he has a serious foot fetish, sucked and licked her feet, asked her do it to him and she ended up giving him a "foot job."

I actually ended up just putting my bank account number on my profile with the tagline "help a broke student out." I ended up getting just over \$300 in three weeks!

After struggling through a dinner date at Etrusco—struggling because my date turned out to have minimal english and I have minimal Spanish, I made my excuses and headed back to the car for a get away. No such luck though as my date was not giving up so soon. He walked me to my car & got in. He then regaled me with reasons why I shouldn't be so religious—he assumed that was my reason for not taking him home. Then after I repeatedly asked him to get out of my car he snatched the keys out of the ignition. I got out of the car & luckily there was a couple walking by across the road, so I loudly demanded he give the keys back & get out of my car before I called the cops.

Drove to Alexandra for one that sounded amazing. got there and he'd used a fake photo and was 20 years older and also was in the middle of some trade me deal out the back while he left me to my own devices in the kitchen. I simply reversed down the drive and luckily had a buddy to visit down the road. He texted to ask where I'd gone. Lol.



## VOTING

by David Clark

Australians deem it important enough to make it an offence if you don't vote. Across the ditch you get levied with a fine if you fail to cast a vote. I've often thought a reward to recognise the time and effort taken might be better—maybe a \$50 tax-credit? Even without these measures, New Zealand has a voter participation rate the envy of many larger democracies. Voting is habit-forming. Studies show those who start early, vote more often.

But voter turnout for the under 30 age group is lower than turnout in older groups. This mirrors trends overseas. We know, for example, that Brexit would never have happened if age groups had turned out in equal proportions in the UK.

Brexit and the Trump phenomenon are being seen by many political observers as a response to a general disaffection with mainstream politics. It is possible that our proportional electoral system (MMP) contributes to New Zealand's higher level of engagement and lower level of cynicism. Parliament is likely to be more representative when there are a variety of parties with wide-ranging views in the mix.

Having proper representation is important because Governments have a huge impact on our everyday lives.

The impact of central government is wider than many realise. Your representatives in Wellington decide how much tax you will pay, whether and where highways are built (and maintained), and whether hospitals, schools and Universities are adequately funded. Decisions made in parliament about the structure of the economy have a big effect on whether housing is affordable and whether you're likely to find a job in the area you're interested in. Central Governments decide when a country goes to war, who can consume what substances, and whether climate change is tackled. They even decide who has the right to marry.

Local Governments are responsible for some of the things most elemental to modern living: water, including wastewater, rubbish collection and pest control. They also set the 'tone' of the town you live in. Imagine Dunedin without the stadium, Moana Pool, the Museum, the revamped warehouse precinct or the Chinese Gardens. Local Government in Dunedin also grants the University a vast rates exemption so it can deliver more to students for less.

Decisions made by Governments have an effect on generations to come. I hope you will take up the challenge and be a voter in the coming council elections. Future students will thank you.



## LONGRIDGE SAUVIGNON BLANC WINE GOON

by Fred Flintstoned & Beerney Rubble

At 19 standards for only \$14.99 the Longridge Sauvignon blanc goon is a throwback to a better time, one of the last remaining outposts of the elusive sub-\$1 per standard benchmark of yesteryear.

It's a delightfully playful number, with notes of citrus, ethanol and regret lingering on the tongue. While the consistency of the drop can, and will vary from bag to bag, it's a remarkably smooth, dry drink that goes down considerably easier than many of its competitors. It pairs excellently with Budget Lemonade and V.

Undertaking a night on the goon is a very serious affair, with strict rules and regulations that must be adhered to. Firstly, you should kick off your night by giving the sack a good hearty slap. It's a helpful trick to inspire the courage to get the potentially rancid liquor down your throat. Secondly, if you truly love it, you have to name your goon! Get out a vivid and give it a personal touch. We opted to christen ours as "Looney Goons" and "George Bush did Goon/11".

Just as long as it is never served in a wine glass. Goon does not deserve a glass, it should be always consumed from plastic cups. If you ever end up in the horrible situation where you have a red wine goon on your hands, proper mixing is essential. A fun and delicious way to put your own spin on things is to grab a bag of frozen berries and whiz them up with your wine in a blender. We decided to step things up and mix our goons with Icebreaker, which makes for a dangerously potent combination.

44 ■ The trick to finishing a goon is playing drinking games so you don't have to actually taste it while sipping socially. That's a tricky balance though, as it carries with it the potential of an early fuckout. Consumption of Longridge goon will put you at a serious risk of turning into the party creep, pashing your flatmates, vomiting in public, and forgetting where you live. It's a high-risk/high-reward investment that can result in an absolutely frothing night, or leave you passed out in a pool of your own drool.

Dollars per standard: \$ 79

Overall Taste: 5/10

Froth Level: 9/10



### Cannabis activist stands

Cannabis activist sits.

Cannabis activist rolls over.

Cannabis activist performs tricks for your entertainment.

We can't disguise ourselves as chickens, but we could try smelling like them. Or at least have something that smells chickeny nearby.

Ah context, you are a fickle beast.

### More hedge art

Unfortunately.

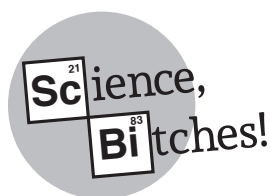
### Fewer Australians using the organ black market

This is a bit like saying "Fewer STDs in Hamilton". The problem lessening (merely theoretically in Hamilton's case) is somewhat overshadowed by the problem itself.

### 'There will be stuff that happens'

It's good to see the ODT is hedging their bets.

by Charlie O'mannin, Connor Sneddon



## WHAT HAPPENS TO THE BODY AFTER DEATH?

by Steve-O

Many will argue that after you die, your soul will leave your body and rise to some sort of heaven... Perhaps, but what does happen, scientifically at least, is that you will rot down into your simplest form and most likely become some worms breakfast, lunch and if you're over six foot perhaps dinner.

I won't lie to you, the following is pretty grim. If death isn't your cup of tea then I'd recommend not reading any further.

After you die, for whatever reason that may be, your body will immediately start to turn cold. The process is known as algor mortis or the death chill and each hour will see the body chill by around 0.83 degrees until it reaches room temperature.

Without the heart pumping the blood throughout the body it starts to pool and settle. This is known as rigor mortis and results in a stiffening of the body. This usually happens two to six hours after death.

Although you may sadly be dead, and hopefully someone, somewhere is mourning your departure from this world, small things inside your body will still be alive (such as skin cells). These live bacteria will then start to break down and decompose the body, mostly those little organisms inside the intestine. As these organisms then make their way to other organs, the body will then discolour, turning green, then purple and then black, also creating a horrid gas. This horrid gas will also cause the body to bloat, push the eyes out of their sockets and make the tongue swell. After a while the internal organs and tissues will start to liquify and the body will become so bloated that eventually it will burst, leaving the skeleton.

Unless mummified or preserved this will be your final act on Earth. However, cremation may change your outcomes....



## IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCEED...

Dear Sexcellent,

While I've had a lot of sex, I don't think I've ever had an orgasm (I'm a girl). What to do?

-From Seriously Frustrated

Get a vibrator. Boom, done.

But in all seriousness, orgasm can be elusive for those unfamiliar with their own or their partner's body. If you're struggling to achieve orgasm, the best way forward is to get familiar with your body on your own. Once you know how to get yourself there, it's a lot easier to instruct a partner exactly what needs to be done to get you off.

The easiest way to achieve female orgasm is through clitoral stimulus. To find the clitoris, you'll be looking towards the top of the labia. There's a wee bump which is the glans of the clitoris. It's similar to the head of the penis and twice as sensitive—in fact, the clitoris is what would develop into a penis had you been born biologically male. The rest of the clitoris is internal, and extends down towards the vaginal opening. It's this tissue that gets stimulated during sexual arousal and fills with blood becoming hard (again, similar to a penis!). Once the tissue is erect, the glans of the clitoris will emerge from behind the clitoral hood, prime for stimuli.

For women, orgasm can be dependent on the mood, setting, comfortability, and stimulus of the right bits on the right angles. Set yourself up in bed, read some erotica, watch some porn, or think about whatever gets you going, grab some lube and have some fun. If a vibrator is available, this will probably help. Focus on the clitoris, be gentle, and do what makes you feel good. Every person's anatomy is different and it may be easier for some and more difficult for others. Take your time and don't worry.

If you keep trying and have no luck at all, then I would suggest checking in with your doctor—there may be a medical reason behind your lack of orgasming fun.

And I can't stress this enough—have fun!

Love,

-S A



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](mailto: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.

his

## EDITOR'S NOTE

I'll have to admit, this week's *Critic* Blind Date was a bit of a balls up on my behalf... I would like to apologise to Jude—which I've now learnt, is not short for Judy—for setting him up with another straight guy...

After a quick Google, I've realised that I should probably have known that Jude was a male's name, given such public figures as Jude Law, and more famously, from biblical times; Jude Ass.

As for what happened for the rest of the night, I have no clue... I can only imagine that after a few too many whiskey sours, the boys ended up sharing a cab home...?

I'm sorry to disappoint, but you can imagine my laughter when I got a phone call from Jude at dinner. I'll be sure to check genders and preferences next week...



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## President's Column

The Executive elections are on the horizon and I think you should run. There are so many avenues at the University that offer different volunteer, community engagement and leadership opportunities – but the OUSA Executive is a unique way to learn and implement a range of skills while being the governor of an organisation that is run by students, to work for students.

No matter your background or degree, your people and project management skills will grow quickly, alongside skills in governance and strategic planning. You will be gifted with incredible mentors and professional development programmes to help you acquaint yourself with the role and the wider processes of the University. No matter your skill level before running, you will be well supported – a passion for student issues and wellbeing is all that is really critical.

Eligibility is pretty simple, you have to be a student in both the year you run, as well as the year you will

be in office (with the exception of the President position). All of the current Executive members are more than happy to talk to students about their roles and how they came to be on the Executive. Do get in touch with any of them if you're interested, or come along to our **Candidate Information Evening on Monday 22 August**. Keep an eye out for next week's column where I'll explain the other roles in a bit more detail.

The President role is a 40hr a week full-time position which involves project management, strategic planning, networking, spokesperson/media duties, carrying the mace at graduation – and a great deal more weird and wonderful things that keep you on your toes and always guessing.

Although there's a lot of meetings, emails and overseeing projects, more importantly, this job is what you make of it. There is a certain amount of freedom for creativity, so you can prioritise the objectives you think will make a difference in the lives of your fellow students. It goes without saying that

several things will arise during the year that require reprioritising, but you can dream big and create the changes you want to see happening around campus. Talk to some friends about what they might like to see, these ideas will help provide a solid foundation to campaign on the issues that mean something to students.

The President role has been the most challenging and rewarding one of my life so far. It is also one I never thought I would campaign for, or end up in because I didn't think I had a chance at success. There are limited leadership roles out there in the world, so not everyone has this opportunity, but anyone can run. And that is the absolute truth.

So school yourself on all things OUSA, ask me any and all questions about the roles – you never know unless you try, right?

Take care,

*Laura Harris*

**Laura Harris**

president@ousa.org.nz

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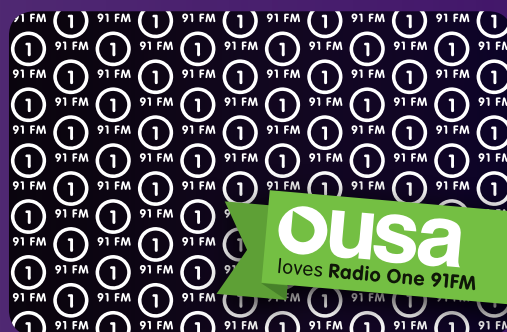
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Buy any six-inch meal deal & upgrade to a footlong meal deal for free\*

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\$7 house beer, wine and spirits from 8-11pm on Thursdays, \$15 roast of the day on Sundays

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