

Critic Est. 1925

03 October, 2016

ISSUE 25

YOUR 2016

CANDIDATES FOR MAYOR



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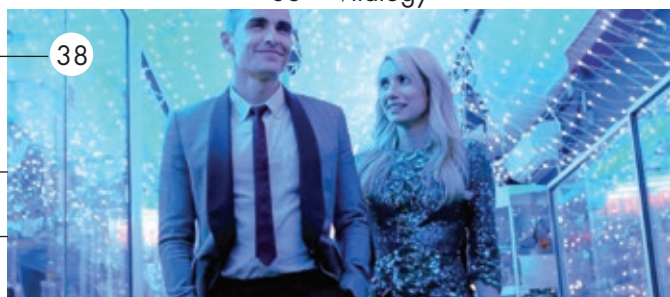
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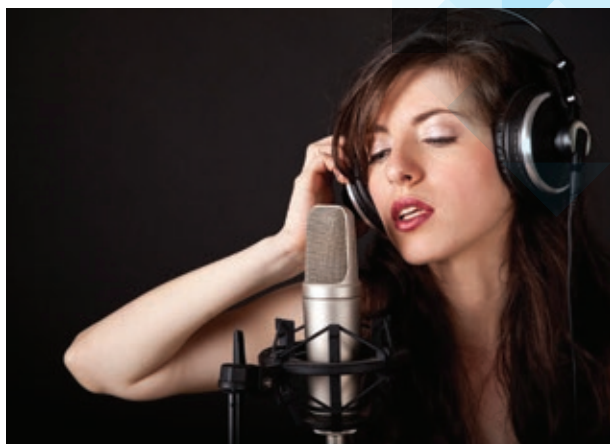
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Critic

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Bootleggers back in business?



Recently this past week, Vice Chancellor Harlene Hayne announced that the University of Otago had a serious problem of excessive drinking. She claimed that at the heart of the problem lay the proliferation of alcohol outlets in and around the North Dunedin campus.

The comments came in the wake of the announcement that the license for Super Liquor on Cumberland Street was under threat, with its application being opposed.

Dunedin's drinking culture is not brought upon by a proliferation of alcohol stores inside the student quarter. Its brought upon by having 30,000 young adults fresh out of home, all with the same mindset and new found freedom, living within a two kilometre radius.

The drinking culture at the University is no different to any other around the country, nor does it differ to any other town, be it a student town or not, for that matter. The only difference here at Otago is the nature of the campus. To think that students will stop drinking if you start to minimise the number of alcohol stores around the student campus is to undermine the motivation and hardworking nature of the student to get their hands on a couple of light

refreshments. Shutting down liquor stores will do nothing to quell the drinking culture both here at Otago or throughout the country. People will still drink, albeit travel just that little bit further to do so.

It's the same backwards thinking which has seen bars around town at risk of losing their licenses. Branson's bar, located in the middle of the town, is also under threat, due to the fact they had, would you believe it, an intoxicated bloke in their pub the night the All Blacks were in town.

Police say that these rules are in place to tackle alcohol related harm in the city, but doesn't it seem a little backwards to have these bars boot drunk punters out the door, leaving them usually pretty pissed off over the fact they've been axed, instead of maybe keeping them in house and looking after them?

I know it's not a pubs job to look after drunk customers, but to be at risk of losing your business because of such backwards thinking would have to be a serious kick in the teeth. Surely some sort of well thought out ideas can be brought to the table, instead of the same knee jerk reactions as the past.

Hugh Baird

Critic Editor

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A Candid Catchup

WITH COUNCIL CANDIDATES

by Joel MacManus

Voting in the 2016 DCC elections closes October 8, so be sure to get your vote in the mail by Wednesday (theres a post box in The Link). If you didn't get a form in the post, you can vote in person at the DCC offices on George St near the Octagon.

These endorsements are not meant as a definitive judgement on which candidates are student-friendly, nor are they meant as a slight or explicit rejection of those candidates whom are left out. Endorsements were given to those who most impressed us during the OUSA candidates forum and in a policy questionnaire which each candidate was asked to fill out. Credit was given not just for supporting student-friendly policies, but for providing detail and real proactive solutions rather than empty pandering. Not every candidate took part in the forum, nor did every candidate complete the questionnaire.



DAVE CULL

Dave Cull has been Mayor of Dunedin for the past 6 years, and during that time he has shown an absolute commitment to recognising and respecting student voices. The memorandum of understanding he signed 3 years ago with OUSA has given students access and a direct voice through one-on-one meetings, which multiple OUSA Presidents have reported to be productive and effective. His engagement with students over the Local Alcohol Policy in 2014 essentially saved Dunedin nightlife as we know it from, ditching draconian proposals which would have imposed a 1-way door policy after 1am and banned sales of shots after midnight.

This election he has proposed forward-thinking policies to address the glass problem in North D, entering into

agreements with liquor retailers to put more focus on supplying cans and plastic bottles, and has put forward plans for more extensive recycling facilities.

He deserves considerable credit for his environmental policies which saw him earn an A+ rating from Generation Zero, with a consistent aim towards a carbon neutral city. He has overseen the council divest from fossil fuel companies, introduce electric vehicles, and enter into the Compact of Mayors at the 2014 UN Climate Change Summit. Like almost every candidate running, he wants to see the DCC take over bus services from the Otago Regional Council, and has indicated that further discounts for students would be essential in promoting their use.

Dave Cull has not been a perfect

Mayor, and almost all of his contenders have criticised his inaction and unwillingness to go toe-to-toe with central government over Hospital funding decisions. Perhaps an activist leader would be better at shaking chains and getting noticed. But what Cull has done is engage in discussions with the Medical School, the DHB, and several government ministers, and in a way that does play to his strengths. He has always been better in personal situations than with a megaphone.

Dave Cull has proven experience, a real track record, and a consistent history of engaging with students in an open-minded way, which we believe makes him best qualified to retain his job as Mayor of Dunedin.

AARON HAWKINS

In many way Aaron Hawkins is the polar opposite of Dave Cull. He's young, he's vivacious, he's an activist. Less adept in the world of business and slightly less pragmatic than Cull, he is nonetheless a remarkably valuable voice for council and more connected to the student community than any sitting councillor.

When asked what they would do stay in touch with the student body, most candidates responded with half-hearted platitudes about "open door policy" or even worse "well, I'm on Facebook". Aaron, a former Radio 1 DJ and Critic columnist, recognised the need for the council to do more than open their door

to students, but to make a proactive effort to engage, saying "We get very little feedback from people under 30, particularly in our formal processes, and I don't think it is good enough to acknowledge that without doing things differently to address it".

Aaron clearly hails from the James Shaw/Russel Norman wing of the Green party; detail oriented, policy driven, and future-focused. He was the standout performer at the OUSA Mayoral forum (Cull was unable to attend), a clearly knowledgeable guy with 3 years of council experience and a talent for campaigning. He caught some backlash for his idea for a localised "Dunedin

Dollar", which perhaps shows he's a little green (no pun intended) on economic issues, but he managed to assuage most of those concerns with high quality and well thought out policy answers. He really comes alive when talking policy; becoming a Living Wage city, better and more energy efficient buses, a Housing WOF.

Aaron has an idealistic vision for Dunedin and the passion to see it through. He is an incredibly valuable voice on council and a strong candidate for mayor. Expect big things in his future.

BARRY TIMMINGS

Barry Timmings probably shot himself in the foot with his "I feel disabled as a white 46-year-old male accountant" comment, which is disappointing because he's actually an otherwise very strong candidate. While ill-conceived, his comments came from the right place and in context were actually a defense of a disabled candidate who had been told not to run. It was a gaffe born of political inexperience and a slight obliviousness to his own privilege, not malicious intent.

Barry is a teacher and consultant at Otago University for the Masters of Entrepreneurship, runs an accounting

firm, and was the Chairman of Tourism Dunedin. He's been campaigning rigorously in the student quarter, and anyone who has set foot on campus has surely been bombarded by his posters. He's partnered up with two young candidates, Hamish Fraser (20) and Josh Perry (24) for much of his electioneering, and has made a real effort to connect with youth on the issues. It's a refreshing change to see a balance of pragmatic business experience and commitment to campus. Too often the only candidates (in both national and local body politics) willing to put in serious effort to student engagement are those making broad,

socialist promises in the assumption that we are all extreme left wing voters.

Barry is a reliable guy, knows what he's doing, and understands student issues. It's a shame he isn't also running for council, because he would have been hugely effective.

For Mayor

For Mayor

■
08

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David Murray

The standout performer at the OUSA Council Candidates Forum. As the owner of a local healthcare provider he was well informed and passionate about Hospital issues, giving sharp and detailed analysis which impressed the medical students in the audience. He's currently completing an MBA which gave him an advantage with understanding campus issues, and was one of only five candidates who was able to name the OUSA President off the top of their head.



Carmen Houlahan

Stood out for her advocacy for the expansion of the Sexy Summer Jobs programme and other plans to retain students in Dunedin after graduation through work experience and further integration of local businesses with the university. Gave a strong answer related to developing startups, including a business hub to support working mums and dads—unfortunately the question was about environmental sustainability.



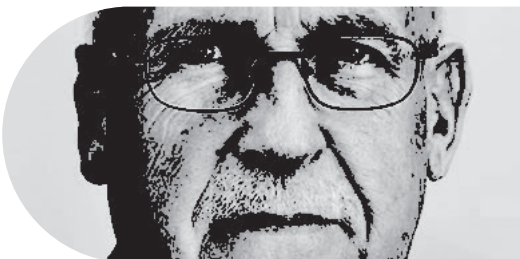
Steve Walker

Something of a local hero among community leaders, Steve has been Chairman of the Chalmers Community Board and involved in just about everything that makes Dunedin work. When asked what volunteer work he had been involved in, he rattled off a list so long that the moderator had to cut him off for time. Regularly drew applause not only from the audience, but his fellow candidates. Has been a vocal proponent of improved cycleways and public transport. Works his ass off, and is literally one of the most dedicated and caring people you will ever met.



Paul Gourlie

Paul was President of OUSA in 1978 and 1979, during which time he oversaw the building of the Clubs and Socs building. Since then he's been a constant presence on campus, working in the pastoral care of international students and new migrants. He's always poking around OUSA and CRITIC offices, keen for a chat and to give you his opinion on one matter or another. Definitely an eccentric dude, but absolutely smart and has student's best interests in his heart.



David Benson-Pope

David was the Minister for Social Development and the Environment under Helen Clark, and when asked to name his proudest accomplishment he pointed to his role in drafting the legislation which legalised Civil Unions in 2004. He's been shift on student issues in the past, calling Hyde Street "embarrassing" and "a bloody slum", and as recently as last year calling for the liquor ban to be extended to North D. However, he now insists he will not support a liquor ban unless advocated by the University and Police, and says he supports the current management of Hyde Street. We will need to hold him to account and ensure he keeps these promises, but he's just too damn qualified and good at what he does to not see that he retains his seat.

COUNCIL CANDIDATES

Ann Galloway

Ann is the Dunedin co-ordinator for the Service and Food Workers Union, which represents hundreds of students in part-time jobs around the city. She's grabbed headlines for standing up for poorly treated and underpaid workers in the aged care industry, and led campaigns for a living wage for council employees. She a fantastic advocate and a delightful person.



Scout Barbour-Evans

There should always be a healthy level of scepticism toward people in their early 20's running for top level positions. They often tend to be naive, egotists or crackpots. Scout is not. Scout absolutely proved themselves as well-read and well-spoken and was able to go toe-to-toe with every mayoral candidate. Scout particularly stood out for their fresh ideas for bus services (tap on-tap off, online top-up, night buses, electronic tracking). They're probably not ready for Mayor – which would require managing folks like David Benson-Pope, who even Helen Clark struggled to keep in line. But Scout is a brave, bright champion for students, and would be a connected and competent councillor.



Damien Newell

He's been known as the "Unofficial Mayor of Dunedin" for years thanks to his breakfast radio show on More FM and The Breeze. He's hyper-passionate and possesses a silky-smooth voice. Seemed to truly relish being challenged by questioners during the forum, and was extremely informed and opinionated on local issues. Probably the most consistent campaigner for the hospital upgrade in the media, and unafraid to use his profile to push important issues. An honest and reliable figure.



Christine Garey

Asked students to vote for a younger candidate first and rank her second, which was well-received by the forum audience. She answered just about every question by referencing the fact that her daughter is a student, which made her seem a little out of touch, but she did seem to genuinely care. Has been instrumental in pushing through cycleway projects across the city. She went to Salmond, but if you're willing to look past that she's a very good candidate.



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Paul Pope

We asked every candidate to tell us a funny or entertaining story from their uni days. Paul was the big winner with a great yarn about him and six of his mates spraying bottles of sparkling wine all across a packed Gardies Tavern in the 80's and managing to escape security. He runs several blogs on local issues and is very passionate about coastal management and environmental issues. Comes across a little raw and unprofessional, and bizarrely spells "G'day" and "Giddyay", but he wins our endorsement for having such great chat.



Dave Cull & Aaron Hawkins

Running for council as well as mayor

NOT WORTH YOUR VOTE



Andrew Whiley

A pretty standard right-wing candidate, solid credentials and decent experience. But he is a vocal supporter of a North Dunedin Liquor Ban, which puts him at odds with almost the entire student population.

NOT WORTH YOUR VOTE



Lee Vandervis

A climate change denier. At the OUSA forum he pointed to "long term patterns over the last 5 million years... we've had an ice age and we will have another", and has said he does not believe sea level rise is a serious issue. Regardless of your party affiliation or political leaning, his wilful ignorance of science should be rejected in the strongest possible terms, and should be considered absolutely disqualifying for any candidate in any political office.

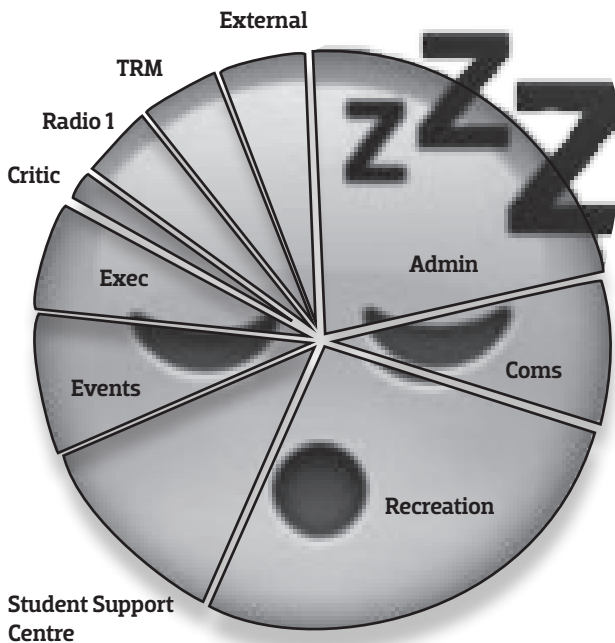
NOT WORTH YOUR VOTE

OUSA's 2017 Budget morbidly depressing

The budget looks like a series of percentage icons, abbreviations and dollar signs at the best of times, and, apart from one significant change, the 2017 budget is no more intriguing in comparison to any of the recent budgets.

That significant change comes in the form of an amendment to OUSA's Executive honoraria payments, which were previously paid by the Service Levy Agreement (SLA), i.e. the University. As a result of the change, they will be funded by OUSA themselves. Despite the banality of the change, the result is actually quite significant for the student interest. The executive can now lobby and protest on issues that the University disagrees with them on, without any fear of their pay being withheld or docked as a result of these actions. It is a win for the political autonomy of an association whose politics have recently been drained from within. Let's see if they use it.

By Joe Higham



Hayne's comments factually incorrect, after public opposition of liquor license

The Super Liquor store located on North Dunedin's Cumberland Street has had its liquor license renewal declined due to its location next to the BP service station as well as the level of harm in the student quarter that is related to alcohol.

In recent comments, Otago University Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne spoke of the proliferation of liquor stores in North Dunedin, saying the causal link between this proliferation and alcohol-related violence in North Dunedin has to be severed by impacting either. However, Independent Liquor general manager Mark Strachan said that Hayne's comment on proliferation was based on "a factual error", reassuring the ODT readership that only one new liquor license was granted over the preceding two year period, adding that one of those stores had closed since.

Hayne said in a statement given to Critic that the University is on "a clear mission to reduce alcohol related harm among tertiary students in our community where they live and learn" and "believe that there are too many liquor outlets in North Dunedin. I have previously stated that dealing with these issues in North Dunedin is like bailing out the Titanic with a thimble. I stand by this statement." She went on to categorically deny the "persistent myth" that the University has bought North Dunedin's pubs with the aim of closing them down. Of this, she said that "this was not the case" (*italics and underline was her emphasis*), instead proposing that "they were on the market because they were no longer viable as profitable businesses," with "a contributing factor to the situation the pubs found themselves in... [being] the increasing availability of cheaper alcohol from competing liquor outlets and supermarkets."

The University of Otago's Injury Prevention Research Unit (IPRU) conducted a study on student drinking, which found "that the more licensed premises located within one kilometre of students' homes the higher their consumption and incidence of problems," according to lead researcher, Dr Kypros Kypri. He noted that "universities and other groups have used the data as an evidence base for submission to councils and liquor licensing authorities in order to improve the environment around campuses."

Administrative Vice-President Jarred Griffiths, believes "the approach to alcohol around the University and the campus area really needs to be looked at."

"If we don't have on-license premises on campus and we don't have off-license premises on campus, we start getting into the territory of prohibition, and we must accept that it's a reality that students will always drink alcohol, and it would be much better having them in on-license premises than drinking in their flats."

By Liam Brown

Branson's becomes most recent target of liquor license opposition

Branson's hotel in Dunedin has become the latest local off-license to find itself in a battle in relation to alcohol licensing issues.

The hotel, located on the corner of St Andrew's Street and Great King Street, ran into problems on the night of the third All Blacks v Wales test match at Forsyth Barr. Police were concerned that patrons were too intoxicated, which Branson's licensee Les Scott denies.

Scott also noted that at a 21st birthday party a couple of people were seen jumping into the bar, having gained access to the smoking area after jumping over a fence. He said that when "police came in a couple of seconds later they found a 17 year old on the premise, which I believe was one of the people who jumped over the fence...[and now the police] are deciding to charge me with having an underage drinker on the premises, so that's hardly fair is it?"

Despite being in the industry for 27 years, this is the first time Les Scott has faced issues with being granted a renewal of a liquor license.

The opposition to Branson's liquor license renewal comes soon after South Dunedin cordial and alcohol distributor, West's Southern Liquor, had its liquor license renewal turned down, despite having been selling alcohol since 1906, and its cordial since as early as 1876.

Dunedin Mayor, Dave Cull, through a press release, expressed his disappointment in the decision, "to drive a small company out of business because it sells both cordial and alcohol in close proximity, when supermarkets do the same isn't logical. Indeed on that basis I personally provided a letter to ARLA supporting West's right to continue operating."

"The Government should be concerned about the unintended consequences this legislation has caused and what it means for similar small businesses."

Cull also mentioned that the DCC will pay West's legal costs in relation to this hearing as a result of them seeing it as a 'test case' on how the new law would apply; a law Cull described as "ridiculous."

By Joe Higham

Auckland mayoral forum reminds the rest of the country how Aucklanders really are

The Auckland Mayoral debate descended into chaos on Tuesday night as one candidate, Adam Holland, had painted his face brown and shouted the Arabic phrase "Allahu akbar", meaning God is Great, while two other candidates were on the verge of a fist-fight. Others looked on in both shock and dismay.

Holland, of Auckland's Legalise Cannabis party, posted the video online, referring to himself as "the candidate wearing a Muslim kaftan yelling into the microphone."

Holland subsequently apologised for his behaviour, stating he was "incredibly drunk" and was trying "to defuse the situation to some degree." On Facebook, he wrote "if the Auckland University Students Association (dropkicks), are offended - I don't care."

While Holland's antics were unfolding, mayoral candidate Alezix Heneti screamed "You pulled out. You don't deserve to be here" in relation to fellow candidate David Hay. Other candidates decided they had had enough at this point, and left the stage altogether.

Auckland University Students Association President Will Matthews told New Zealand Herald that he was shell-shocked and "it was entirely unexpected and outside of the behaviour we would expect from people who want to be mayor."

By Joe Higham

Losi Filipo & Wellington Rugby part ways

Wellington Rugby and Losi Filipo have come to a mutual understanding to part ways in the wake of a controversial assault case which saw Filipo discharged without conviction.

The move to terminate the contract came after an increase in pressure from the public, sponsors of the team and victims to drop Filipo.

Filipo was discharged without conviction last month in regards to an incident which took place last October where he assaulted Greg Morgan and his three friends. Morgan describes waiting for his sober driver, when from the other side of the road Filipo started yelling and screaming at the group, before chasing after them and assaulting them in the early hours of the morning.

Morgan, a builder, was subsequently unable to work for the following eight months due to his struggles with fatigue and headaches.

The public's outrage in the wake of the sentencing has been judicial, with many social media sites being inundated with comments from angry bystanders, demanding action from the NZRU and Wellington Rugby.

In a press release, Filipo said he recognised that his actions caused complications and hurt for his victims, and hoped the termination of his playing contract would go some way to demonstrating his remorse.

Wellington Rugby Chief Executive Steve Rodgers told media that the organisation was not aware of a lot of the information that had become aware to the public in the wake of the events.

Since the sentencing, the solicitor general has been called upon to review the sentencing by Judge Bruce Davidson and has determined that Police may in fact appeal on a point of law.

By Hugh Baird

The student candidate who dares to be Right-Wing

"40% of the population is under 30, yet not a single member of the council represents our demographic. It's time for a student voice". Hamish Fraser, a 20 year old Law and PoliSci student wants to be that voice. He's running for Council this year as an unapologetically young candidate, with a well-funded and fantastically organised campaign.

Fraser says he initially decided to run at the urging of his mother, and has been planning his campaign since early March of this year. He's self-funded a \$10,000 budget from his own savings, which has bought an excessive amount of posters around the University campus. He describes the campaign as "stressful as hell", and reports that he has faced a surprising amount of backlash and heckling. While out campaigning, he describes several encounters with older voters who made "belittling" comments, as well as online criticism from "left-wingers" which he says "is nothing more than cyberbullying".

Barry Timmings, a Mayoral candidate who has been campaigning with Fraser says he has received "absolutely no backlash" from anyone in response to his candidacy, even from those who may disagree with him. He says he is personally aware of sitting councillors attempting to dissuade other candidates in their 20's from standing, which he describes as "Bullshit, total bullshit... the University is a hive, the students may change every year, but it's an institution which remains. It represents a chunk of the city that doesn't have the voice it needs".

Hamish Fraser lists one of his key policies as an independent council—he is running as an independent and believes political parties should stay out of local body politics. However, that doesn't mean he is non-partisan, with attendants at a recent National Party fundraiser reporting that he was introduced by Attorney-General Chris Finlayson as "one of our own" and went on to give a speech criticizing "too many Labour and Greenies on the council". When asked, Fraser doubled down on the statement, saying "I do think there are too many Green party and Green-aligned candidates on the council, and they don't represent the city... I would encourage more right-wing candidates to stand".

Fraser's performance at the OUSA candidates forum was shaky at best. While certainly coming across as one of the most polished (and well dressed) candidates, he got stuck on policy and was unable to offer anything to separate himself from the other candidates apart from repeating "I'm a student".

Regardless of how the election turns out, Fraser insists he is committed to a future in politics and "absolutely, without a doubt" will run again in 2019. **By Joel MacManus**

Don Brash's Hobson's Pledge campaign seeks equality for all New Zealanders

A new campaign launched by, among others, former National Party leader Don Brash, is seeking to lobby politicians to end New Zealand's separatism and preferential treatment of Maori.

The campaign, called Hobson's Pledge, is named after Captain William Hobson, who was New Zealand's first governor-general, and upon signing the Treaty of Waitangi, declared: "He iwi tahi tatou", which translates to English as, "we are now one people."

Their website outlines their plan to "remove all reference to consultation with any ethnic group from the proposed changes to the Resource Management Act; hold a referendum on scrapping Maori electorates; and drop the proposal to grant tribal trusts special powers to control the allocation of water."

The group declared their reasons for beginning the campaign is that they found no reference to racial preference in the Treaty of Waitangi, that legal equality of citizens is a cornerstone of democracy, and that race-based privilege creates opportunities for corruption, resentment, and unrest.

Additionally, the statement: "We are not in any sense anti-Maori" appears on their website several times.

By Joe Higham

Trump and Clinton clash in most watched televised US presidential debate ever

Eighty four million Americans tuned in last week for the first US presidential debate between former Secretary of State, Hillary Clinton, and New York businessman, Donald Trump. Despite a civilised well-mannered start to the debate particularly by an out-of-character Trump, Clinton soon crawled her way under the 'billionaire's' orange skin, mainly by staying calm.

Jobs

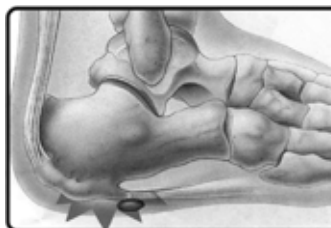
The first topic of debate situated the candidates in their respective blue and red corners with Clinton coming out swinging first with a left jab arguing that more jobs will ultimately come from small business, whereas Trump rebutted with a right jab (slap) that reducing taxes from 30 percent to 15 percent for small and large businesses will generate better business and more jobs through trickle-down economics because apparently that had nothing to do with the global financial crisis of 2008.

A bit of Bernie Sanders showed through in her tax plans for the wealthy and restoring the middle-class. However, Trump was quick to point out that her flip-flopping on economic policies such as the free trade agreements, NAFTA and TPP, likens her to a manikin, dressing in whatever political ideology is fashionable at the time.

Bringing jobs back to the US was Trump's primary concern in this round. Bernie piped up from the Twittersphere pointing out his overt hypocrisy, "if Trump is concerned about companies going abroad maybe he should move his plants out of Bangladesh where workers are paid 30 cents an hour."

By Cameron Meads

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Cultural warfare

Trust between communities and law enforcement was Clinton's main ingredient for criminal justice reform. Whereas Trump used this ingredient as well, while also adding a splash of better law and order and a pinch of gun control, not really defining a coherent policy position.

Trump, using Clinton as a scapegoat, argued that the African-American community has repeatedly been let down by politicians. Mr Trump has a point, and Hillary's record is in fact more-or-less an exhibition of pandering to popular societal thought. However, in what turned out to be a common theme of the night, Trump seemed to point the finger at Hillary for every bad decision made by politicians ever, something which, even for the anti-Clinton Bernie Bot that I am, was an illogical and simply invalid claim.

National (in)security

The final round of debate was titled 'Securing America', and the first issue that moderator Lester Holt (crikey, had he been there the whole time?) brought up was cyber security. Clinton argued that the alleged cyber attacks by Russia on the DNC were disgraceful, but of course the content within those leaks were of no concern for her.

Trump argued that ISIS wouldn't exist if the withdrawal of US troops from Iraq had been conducted better under President Obama and then-Secretary of State Hillary Clinton – "Clinton could've defeated ISIS by not creating them in the first place."

Clinton kept calm, saying that the orchestration of the US troops pull-out was put in place by George W. Bush, not President Obama, and was demanded by the Iraqi government. Clinton said Trump's "secret plan on ISIS means he has no plan." To which Trump responded with "wrong, wrong, wrong" while scrunching his face up in true Trump fashion.

Clinton without a doubt won the fight over the centre on a points system basis, but it was by no means a knockout. Trump should have pursued debates around the DNC hack which would've put Clinton back on the defensive. Hillary for all her flaws, was extremely well prepared for the debate and refused to stoop down to Trump's level after she put him there – a tactic which ultimately won her the debate.

While the Labour movement has an existential crisis, what about the worker and the radical?

The Labour movement in the UK and its former colonies has transformed dramatically in the past century and has slipped into an identity crisis after gazing back at the neoliberal experiments of the past four decades and, pondering Key's eight years and Corbyn's idealism, asking "what have we become and where are we going?"

As our local MP, David Clark, made clear last week, the NZ Labour Party has been behind the "big ideas" of free education, the 40 hour week, state housing, the minimum wage, the nuclear-free policy, et cetera.

For the cynics, the disillusioned or the radicals, Labour provides no substantial alternative to conservatism. Both are cut from the same cloth. Cultural theorist, Stuart Hall, says that the neoliberal project initiated by Thatcher, Reagan and the fourth Labour government in New Zealand, is "not likely to be reversed by a mere rotation of the electoral wheel of fortune."

An excess of laissez faire, the erosion of the

state, an obsession with free trade – all mythologised as the 'natural and correct' progression of humanity's liberal project – have irreversibly transformed the rationalities and the perception of how we do politics (mere management). The radical finds little comfort in the different aesthetics of management that Labour and the Tories offer. Don't get me wrong, the worker and the union still play a significant role in the Labour parties, if not in New Zealand, then in the United Kingdom. Many view Jeremy Corbyn's accession as the start of a post-Blair era for Labour, something Labour activists here in New Zealand are keen to tap into.

However, as the Labour parliamentary party has its existential crisis, workers are more vulnerable to low-pay and underemployment and union membership is dropping. There's no longer a working-class consciousness to tap into.

While the Labour movement repeatedly looks to the past to figure out what it is and after a search for consolation in the parliamentary

system, the radical looks elsewhere. "I don't think Corbyn represents anything other than a dead end," local union activist, Malcolm Dean says.

"I'm not interested in reclaiming or reinvigorating these parties in the slightest, or forming a new true workers' party, or anything like that. The way forward is through working class self-activity, direct action across union boundaries, inside the workplace and in other sites of struggle around our reproduction as workers – housing, the benefits regime, childcare, transport, et cetera."

Maybe the issues for the working class must now find their battleground again outside of the parliamentary system, outside of the "electoral wheel of fortune." What of Corbyn? His idealism will probably run into the brick wall that is managerial governance in this new politico-economic reality, but it can still find a place in the realm of on-the-ground everyday activism, solidifying there.

By George Elliott

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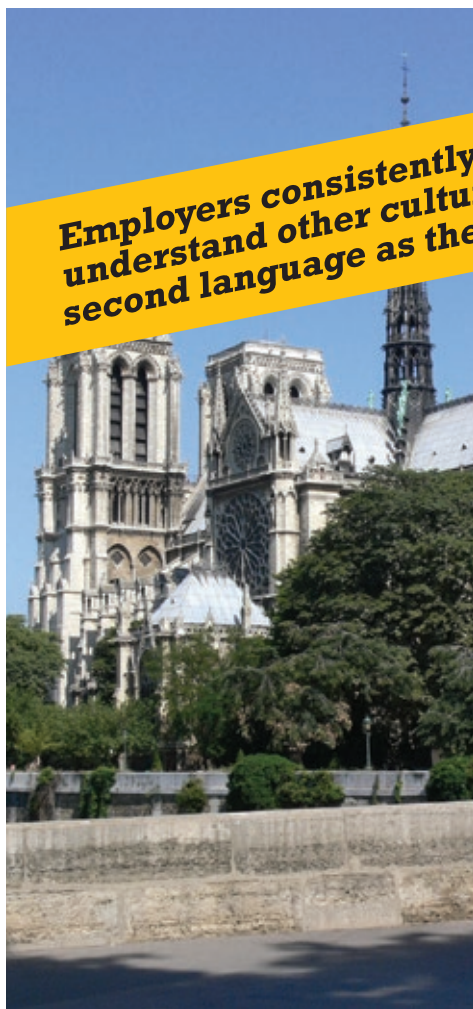
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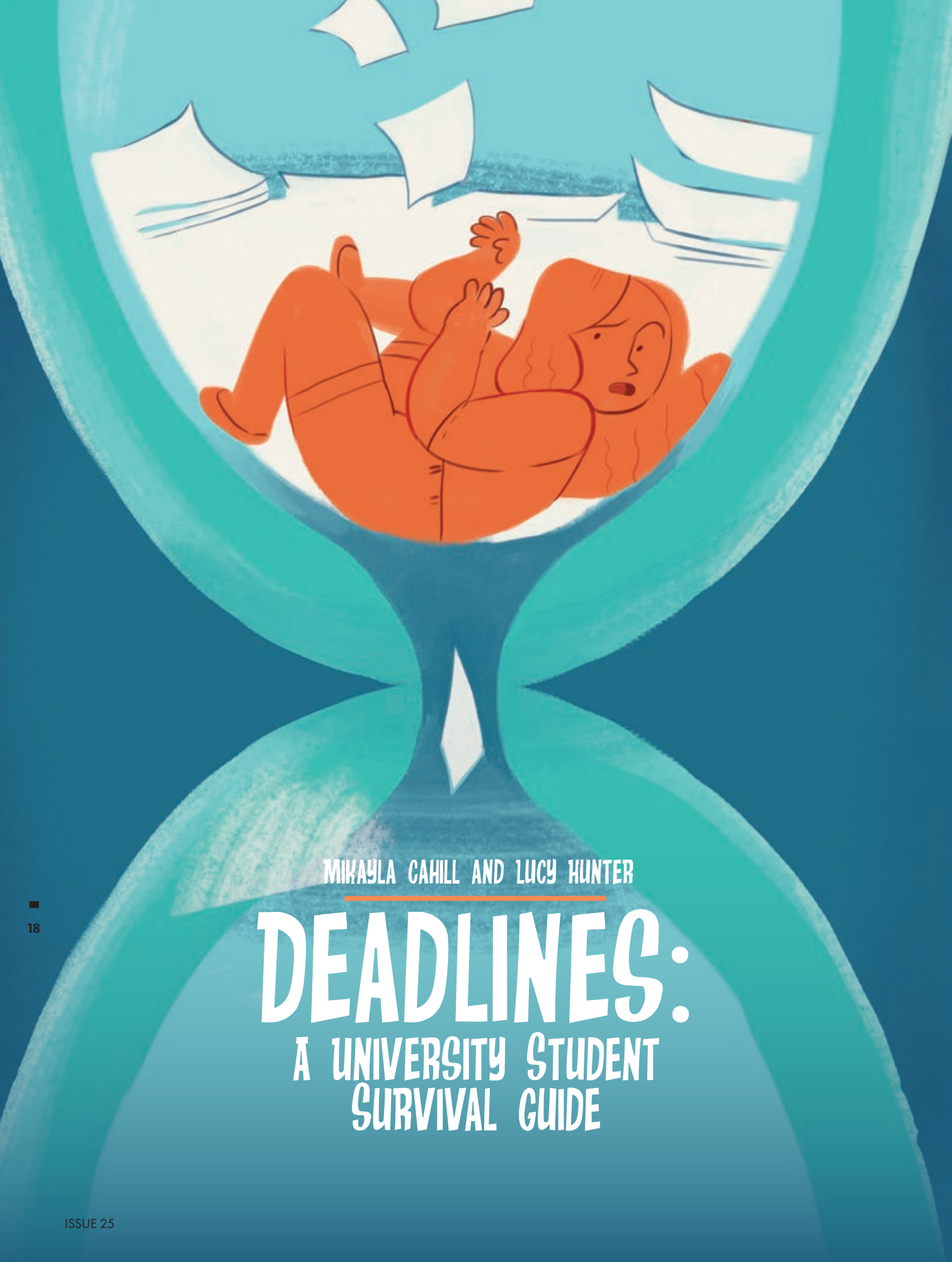
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MIKAYLA CAHILL AND LUCY HUNTER

DEADLINES:

A UNIVERSITY STUDENT
SURVIVAL GUIDE

LOVE DEADLINES. I LOVE THE WHOOSHING NOISE THEY MAKE AS they go by," said the late Douglas Adams, author of *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. Unfortunately you are probably not yet a beloved author with forgiving publishers. You are likely a student, you have assignments to do, and you have to get them in on time.

So, study and assignments are taking up a lot of the time you could be using to buy socks from BlueQ, download the latest episode of *Broad City*, or pop out to that street party all your friends say they are going to but aren't actually there when you turn up. Deadlines are a bitch but they are all a part of life, which unfortunately we cannot avoid. It's easy to procrastinate on doing things when we feel we have a lot of time left to do them, until suddenly the time is gone and it's the eleventh hour, and you are thrown into a chaos fuelled panic.

Someone once said that humans could achieve great things if they put up with slight discomfort, but we will go to huge lengths to avoid slight discomfort. But don't worry too much – procrastinating could mean the absence of something more sinister. According to psychiatrist and author Kevin Dutton, psychopaths do not procrastinate! He believes this is one thing that can help psychopaths be some of the most assertive and optimistic leaders and/or members of our society. Amy Crawford interviewed Kevin Dutton for the *Smithsonian* magazine saying that these psychopathic characteristics – mental toughness, functioning well under pressure, assertiveness and positive thinking aren't "just important in the business arena, but also in everyday life." Although these traits all appear to be positive things, they are none the less traits of a psychopath. So the next time someone tells you off for procrastinating, you can feel smug in the assumption that while you are clearly not a psychopath, they very well may be.

Suzy Lane, a third year student at Otago University, shared their story of procrastination: "I was doing this paper in second year, *Contemporary American Literature*. At the time it sounded really cool ... until I realised that I actually had to like, read all of these books and write about them, a lot. I had to read *The Crying of Lot 49* by Thomas Pynchon. Wow what an acid trip that book was, it was so hard to read, and made absolutely no sense to me whatsoever. I stopped reading it, and just kept putting off the essay about it. One time I cleaned my entire kitchen from top to bottom including behind the fridge, under the oven and mopping the ceiling, just to avoid starting the research on this god damned book. Then, two days later I

handed in a half-assed, too short mess I called an essay. I was so scared handing it in, I honestly, whole heartedly believed I was going to flunk it -- and I received 50%! I literally on just scraped through, but hey, it was a pass and that's all I needed, so it was a success right?"

Suzy's story is an example of how to procrastinate productively. Sure, their final mark wasn't great, but hey, at least the kitchen is clean! And that's great! When else would they have gotten around to cleaning the freakin' ceiling? The same goes for if you do something fun with a friend, cook some nice food, go for a walk, call your mum, draw a picture, practise an instrument, or read a good book. You may not be closer to finishing your assignment, but you have done something that has improved your life a little bit. The fulfillment you get from productive procrastination can give you an extra boost toward doing the actual task, while wasting time on facebook or binging TV shows will only make you feel sad and incompetent.

Many writers have commented on what some call the art of procrastination, and how it affects us. Margaret Mitchel, author of *Gone with the Wind* once said that "I can't think about that right now. If I do, I'll go crazy. I'll think about that tomorrow." Procrastination can be a way to allow the brain to relax and mull things over subconsciously without pressure to perform.

Creative ideas can't always be forced, but you can do amazing things under pressure. Have you ever written an essay in an exam in like thirty minutes and thought "wow, that was actually pretty freakin good"? That's because you didn't have time to dither around wondering what to do. You had to ignore the voice saying "are you sure about that?" and just plough into it.

James Tregonning has incredible time management skills when it comes to assignments. He wrote 400 words of his dissertation every day for months for goodness sake. We asked him for advice and he said "I thought that was going to be a pointed "Hurry the fuck up with your article" (that too, James, that too). I guess the thing is I don't procrastinate things I like doing but I'm a huuuuge procrastinator for stuff I don't want to do. If I don't want to do it, I'll usually just pretend it doesn't exist haha. I procrastinate cleaning and dishes haha basically all the boring important things." So he just loves assignments? Vomit! But then he said, "Okay, here's something: external pressure is your best friend. I do a blog with a friend, and if I don't stay up to date, she tells me off."

SURE, THEIR FINAL
MARK WASN'T
GREAT, BUT HEY, AT
LEAST THE KITCHEN
IS CLEAN! AND
THAT'S GREAT!

On the other end of the scale are chronic procrastinators. An anonymous source told us: "Once I had something due in that afternoon and was taking a break in the library. A stranger came up to me and asked me to help him with his assignment. English wasn't his first language, he wasn't very fluent, and he was having to write an essay for a compulsory paper. He had plagiarised his friend's assignment and needed help making it look original. I spent two hours sitting with him rewording his paragraphs and sentences: plagiarising for a stranger so I didn't have to do my own work."

If you want to work out the likelihood that you will procrastinate on any given task, Canadian professor Piers Steel has worked out a formula for it (presumably while he was meant to be doing something important, like curing cancer). The formula is $U=EV/ID$. U is the utility, or your desire to complete the task. E is the expectation of success, V is the value of completing it, I is the task's immediacy, and D is your sensitivity to delay. Take Jim Courgy's stats assignment that "has no relevance, that you have to grind your way through, incredible boring." Jim's confidence in completing the task is low, we'll say 2, because he's going to have to learn what to do as he works through it. The value he holds in completing it is also low, a 3, because although he has to do it for his degree, he doesn't see its relevance to his life. The task's immediacy won't kick in until right before the due date, and he's been known to write assignments in 50 minutes, so that's a 1. Jim's sensitivity to delay in this task is high, 10, because he'd rather be doing "anything, looking at something that I actually like." Do the maths: $2 \times 3 / 1 \times 10 =$ a desirability of 0.6. If instead Jim were to watch X-Factor highlights on Youtube, his confidence in doing that would be 100, the value to him 100, relevance to his life 100, and his sensitivity to delay around 1, so $100 \times 100 / 100 \times 1 = 100$, meaning he is 166 times more likely to watch X-Factor highlights than do his stats assignment (although he knows enough stats to help us do this equation).

Unfortunately for students, the tool we have to do most of our work on: the computer, is also home to the most distracting thing in the entire universe: the internet. Coupled with the most distractible organ in the human body, the brain, you are fucked. You need to find ways to stop yourself going down clickholes instead of doing your work. Apps like SelfControl and Freedom can help you limit your time on problem websites. Beware -

once you have set them on a timer to block your favourite and most time-wasting page, there is no way you can reverse the block. You'll have to wait it out and maybe even do some Uni work in the meantime.

Why do we put things off and stress ourselves out when logically it would make more sense to work methodically and frequently rather than chaotically and at the last minute? The Oregon State University says there are six reasons for why students in particular choose to procrastinate starting their assignments. They list the reasons from the student's point of view – I don't know how, this stuff is boring, I don't feel like it, I can't do it, and you can't make me. The sixth is the fear of doing so well that you won't be able to top it next time. These issues with authority, skill deficits, and lack of comprehension reveal the fear involved in completing assignments and handing them in. Whether it be a fear of failure or a fear of success and not meeting future expectations of you, these are big influencers in the way we choose to approach our deadlines.

Procrastination could be something that is learned rather than an innate trait, according to Dr. Joseph Ferrari, associate professor of Psychology at De Paul University in Chicago. Within the family milieu, procrastination is not learned through behaviour of the parent that the child picks up, but as a form of rebellion against an authoritarian and/or controlling parent. Dr. Ferrari also says that there are three "flavours" of procrastination. Flavour one: The aroused procrastinator. Despite the overtly sexual name this procrastinator is a thrill seeker, and adrenaline junky who consistently waits until the last minute to feel the infamous rush of euphoria you get pulling an all-nighter trying to get things done on time. Flavour two: the avoider. This person avoids the task out of fear, lack of self-confidence and a consistent fear of judgement from others. Although the fear often arises out of fear of failure / success the fear of what people think of them is what stops them from starting the assignment as "they would rather have others think they lack effort than ability." Flavour three: the undecided. This is the person who either refuses to make a choice, or is unable to make a choice. The process of making a choice means you have a reason to get started. Choosing not to make one, or refusing to make one ultimately "absolves procrastinators of responsibility for the outcome of events." These "flavours" demonstrate the difference between

procrastinating and being lazy. Procrastination is not relaxing or pleasant. The task you are putting off is probably important to you and often on your mind.

You can, of course, get extensions on your assignments, but they shouldn't be taken advantage of. If you ask for too many extensions, you may not be granted one when you actually need it for a serious reason. If, however, you have started to work on and write up the assignment and just need that little bit extra to make up to your own standards of acceptable then do not be afraid to ask for an extension. Your teachers want to see you succeed and they will try their hardest to help you do well.

You know the feeling of leaving an assignment too late. You're doomed. This is the end. How did you manage to corner yourself into this situation? The only thing you can do now is sit down, open your computer and get it done hoping that you've done enough to slide on by. You're going to have to stay up all night. Because your body has a natural clock that associates darkness with being tired, you'll probably feel like imbibing some caffeine. Unfortunately doing this will aid in you crashing and waking up to "b!kbfk!r!bf bf eb kjhg" typed consecutively over three pages because you passed out on your keyboard. Persevere through the initial phases of feeling tired, and then a few hours later when you begin to actually drift off, hype yourself back up with a medium strength coffee and stay focused and calm.

To help avoid procrastination, break your tasks into tiny pieces. For example, instead of thinking OMG I have a 5,000 essays to write and it's impossible, just sit down, find and bookmark three good sources, write three sentences, go back and read a source, highlight useful bits, etc. Doing even small amounts of work early will be very helpful in the future. Remember that the task won't get any easier in the future, only more stressful. Doing ANY of your school work is better than doing nothing. If you feel like doing one task more than another, doing it is better than not doing it. If you feel yourself procrastinating, do something that will make you feel better, not worse.

So if you've had one too many nights falling asleep and waking up with your keyboard imprinted on your face, try and change your habits of approaching study / assignments by understanding how procrastination works and how you can prevent it – without becoming a psychopath.



DRAW ME NAKED: being a nude model

Louise Lin

THE RHYTHMIC RUSTLE OF CHARCOAL ON PAPER SOOTHES me into a semi meditative state. In the background, Passenger croons – “when you can’t get what you love, you learn to love the things that stop you dreaming”. I fix my stare at a mirror which reflects a student’s easel – a blurry charcoal me is gradually emerging. If I roll my eyes sideways a little I can see the other students at work – scribble, glance, frown at the paper, eyes back to the easel, scribble. One student gets a paper towel and scrubs off her sketch in frustration, starts again.

When I took this course as a student three years ago, I relished in the freedom to gawp unashamedly at another person’s body. Fat rolls are fun to draw. So are muscles. Some people have dimples above their bums, did you know that? All my life I’ve been taught to avert my gaze – it’s rude to stare, you know – that was a hard lesson for me to learn. I think it’s plausible enough that we humans are intrinsically interested in other humans (including their bodies), considering that we are social animals who like to interact with other humans.

Figure modelling. Sounds like your worst nightmare, doesn’t it? That one where you go to school and– oh look you’re naked. Everyone’s laughing at you. But why is being naked such a terrifying situation? Who decided that nudity was in the ‘wrong’ category?

Historically, nudity has held a wide variety of meanings. In Ancient Greece, nudity was linked to the concept of aesthetics, the beauty of the body. What constitutes nudity also varies. In many cultures, including pre WWII Japan, bare breasts are considered publicly acceptable. For some indigenous South Americans, simply covering the foreskin of the penis is considered dressed. In our culture, nudity is usually associated with sex, and is not socially acceptable except in certain spaces, like the life drawing classroom.

On my first day of life modelling, I did not wake up expecting the day to end with me standing naked in a roomful of strangers. It was just an ordinary day. Uni in the morning, a social event in the evening. I received a call

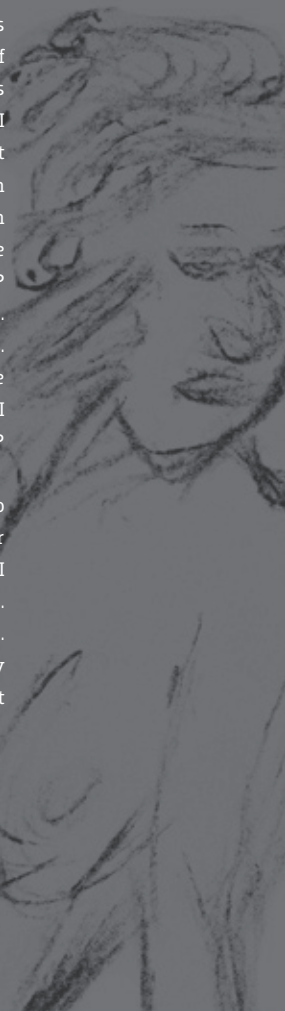
around 3pm. “Hey! It’s Helen from the art school here, can you come in tonight? My regular has called in sick.”

Unexpected, but ok. I’d signed up to be on the modelling list a year or so back, but nothing had come of it. I’d almost forgotten about it. I cancel my social event, and at 5.50pm I am standing outside the doors of the art school.

Helen gives me a sheet to get changed into (normally models bring a robe). I tie the sheet around me with a double granny knot – the only knot I know. I’m trying to go for the elegant Grecian toga look but the knot in the side of my neck looks like a goitre. Never mind. I’m worried that the sheet might fall off if I tie it any less securely. It takes me a few seconds to realise the lack of logic in my thought process.

I scan the room anxiously, trying to keep my mind occupied while I wait for the class to begin. The room’s warm. There’s about 8–10 students. A fairly even mix of genders. The odd black–clothes–and–beret. Two Otago Girls uniforms. Good to see the youth educating themselves. I perch nervously on the corner of the model’s sofa. It doesn’t really support my weight, but I don’t want to draw attention to myself by getting up again. I practise sitting still. I’m freaking out. I look at the clock. Two minutes to go. One minute to go. 6pm. What happens now? Where’s Helen? Talking to someone. What do I do? Do I just – strip? 6:02. Helen finally comes to the front of the class. Introductions. Roll call. That takes me back to high school. I stand beside her, trying to look professional, wondering – when should I take my clothes off? Now? How about now? Not yet? Now? Helen gives a nod. Oh. Right. Now.

I tug anxiously at that damn knot. Why did I tie it so fucking tight? Finally it’s off and the sheet drops to the floor and I immediately plunge into some dramatic pose where I don’t have to look at anyone, and I freeze. One minute poses. After a bit my side’s getting sore I start counting in lots of 8. at 10 lots of 8 I am mentally glaring at Helen in despair my side is killing me. How long does a minute take? Am I just counting really fast? “Oh sorry” she says eventually, “I



as the model, a taboo-breaker, I have power, I am unpredictable

forgot to set the alarm". That's alright. I forgive you Helen. I stretch out my aching side and my stretch becomes my second pose – another minute. It's not so bad this time. Third pose – how about a back arch? That'd show my ribcage, which would be interesting to draw.

At break time, I realise – as the model, a taboo-breaker, I have power, I am unpredictable. The students don't look me in the eye. How would I interact with me, if I were a student? I don't fit into any normal social role. We know how to act toward the supermarket-checkout clerk, toward the guy we meet at a party, toward our teachers, toward our peers. How do we act toward our figure-drawing models?

There is a lady who is apologising to me as I look at her sketches. "This isn't how you looked in my head, this isn't how I perceive you, you look much better, it's my drawing skills, it's not you" and I reassure her that of course I wasn't offended, I understand about the limitations of the hand. As I look over her shoulder, I recognise a face. That moustache. I've seen it before. "I know you!" I say. He looks

at me, startled. "City of literature meeting!" I cry, triumphant in this act of recall. We chat about the writer's walk plaques in the Octagon, the importance of celebrating writers, and isn't it sad that no one remembers the Otago Literary Review anymore. And it's nice. Social conventions: restored.

After the break I shed my sheet again. It's easy this time. Fifteen minute poses. I wham into something droopy and cool – hands cupped over my head, legs apart, facing the floor, classic 'despair' pose. Helen looks at me, dubious. "Can you hold that for fifteen minutes?" "Sure" I go. "Why don't we start with a seated pose first" she says. I'm secretly slightly relieved. I ask if I can flop over the chair and she says no better not, and I sit down normally, leaning on my arms, to listen to her talk and she says that'll do. What a boring pose. Whatever. So I sit and they draw. My thoughts wander. I think about the boys in my life. My arm hurts. I try really hard to keep thinking about the boys in my life. It's no good, my arm hurts. My right tricep is shaking, in fact. How do I stop this pain without appearing to move? I kind of take my weight into my torso and legs more,





hoping no-one notices the change in position. Who cares if they do. Well, now my calf hurts. My neck is stiff. This was a relaxed position when I started too. I imagine in horror how I would be feeling ten minutes into 'despair'.

Next is the one-hour pose. I have an idea. I flop onto the couch in a sleeping position; I'll get paid to have a nap. Marvellous. It doesn't work out that way, of course. There's a bright light shining straight into my eyes. An hour is a long time when you can't move. I listen to Passenger. I think about what to do tomorrow. I watch the students work. Their flickering stares are vaguely disquieting, like lights that go randomly on and off. I stop looking at the students. I roll my eyes sideways to sneak a glance at the clock. Ow. That hurts my eyeballs. Thirty minutes to go. I try to think of more things to think about. What should I do next year? I squint to make funny shapes behind my eyelids, playing with the light. My skin feels nice. The music's changed. I'm bored. Helen's talking to a student about something. Twenty-six minutes to go. My right arm's gone dead. I try to nap. Deep breaths. I'm still awake.

Eighteen minutes to go.

When people go on about how objectification of bodies is a bad thing, what they really mean is that sexual objectification is a bad thing. After all, being a figure drawing model is the purest form of objectification - I could have been a bowl of fruit for the same drawing purpose. But as these eyes flicked to my body and back, I felt no loss of personhood. My body is an object, after all, and currently it's being used as one. However, constant sexual objectification is both annoying and harmful. When it's a hot day, or when you go swimming, you'd like to be able to wear little clothing without it being understood as a sexual gesture.

The life drawing studio is one of the few socially sanctioned spaces I've encountered where nudity does not represent sex or shame. As a student, it's a space where you can observe and draw the human form without being shamed for 'perving'. As a model, it's a space where you can be comfortable and present in your body. Your body is who you are, and it's nice to not be ashamed of yourself.

THE VILLAGE AT THE END OF THE WORLD

Jean Balchin

In ancient Celtic carvings, on dappled rocks where moss has not yet crept, one may read of the primordial myth of Creation; a tale of Oran Mór, or The Great Melody. This haunting, mighty melody – the very breath of a long-forgotten god – sang Creation into existence, hewing mountains out of stone, coaxing forests out of the rich earth and hauling islands from the ocean's depths. As I stood there on the prow of our little boat, watching black cliffs rise from the sea, I could hear this music in the cries of the gannets and in the roar of the waves.



**"See here,"
chuckled the
captain as he
watched our
contorted faces,
"here's a tale to
really stir your
bellies!"**

Out in the North Atlantic exist a collection of wild islands, rising in jagged ranks off the northwest coast of Scotland. Leaving my cosy cottage on Lewis, I set off across miles of ocean to the splintery archipelago of St Kilda, abandoned over a century ago. Here, the weather is a fickle, flighty mistress, cloaking the islands in mist and rain one minute, and melting into calm seas and beatific sunshine the next. For thousands of years, humans have fought to survive out here, seemingly on sheer determination, sea-water, and salted puffin flesh. Little stone dwellings are all that remain now of these hardy people; the wind, rain, and waves have worn away everything else. These crumbling remains, like the ruins of Babel, conjure up the memory of the farmers, shepherds and fisherfolk who determinedly created a home for themselves on the edge of the world.

"See here," chuckled the captain as he watched our contorted faces, "here's a tale to really stir your bellies!" Prying my frozen fingers from the railing, I tottered over to the ladder, and carefully climbed down into the dinghy. Long ago, two rival families – the MacDonalds and the MacLeods – both laid claim to Hirta, the largest island of St Kilda. After a great deal of squabbling, it was agreed that a boat race would take place and the islands would be awarded to the crew that first laid a hand on Hirta. As the boats drew nearer to shore, the MacDonalds overtook the MacLeods, jeering and laughing at their rivals. Not to be outdone, a MacLeod hatched a plan. He cut off one of his hands, and with his remaining hand, he threw it onto the land. Thankfully we didn't have to part with any limbs upon landing – only our dignity as we floundered and scrambled our way onto the sand.

Village Bay is a gloriously green basin, fringed with white sand and dotted with abandoned houses. These old homes, with their gaping

doorways and fractured walls now housed weeds, wildflowers and sheep. They were shells of their former selves; like headstones in an old cemetery, they stood as memorials to those who had lived, breathed and died under their roofs. Small slates sat in empty fireplaces or on doorsteps, marked with the names of those who were the last to leave. It felt odd to be standing in a crumbling cottage that had once been the home of an island family.

One house beckoned to me. Its slate informed me that this sad little swelling was the former home of Lady Grange, the wife of a Jacobite sympathiser. Lady Grange had been exiled to this island when her husband became fearful that she might spill his secrets. The poor woman felt perpetually out of sorts here on St Kilda, which she described as a "wile neasty, stinking poor isle." Boswell and Johnson discussed the matter of Lady Grange during their 1773 tour of the Hebrides. Johnson believed that if "M'Leod would let it be known that he had such a place for naughty ladies, he might make it a very profitable island." I had a sudden vision of a wild band of shady ladies-cum-harlots scampering all over the island amongst the bewildered sheep.

On a hill, through large sheepfolds, were the curious little "cleaiteans" that decorated the hillside. These dome-shaped structures are constructed of flat boulders with a cap of turf on the top, and were used for storing peat, grains, nets, preserved meat and hay. I crawled into one, and peered through a chink in the wall at all the other tourists, striding around the island with their cameras and lunchboxes. Bile rose in my stomach when I realised this particular cleaitean was also inhabited by the decaying, bloated corpse of a long-dead sheep. I scrambled out of there immediately and sat down next to a nice friendly-looking alive sheep.

shady ladies- cum-harlots scampered all over the island amongst the bewildered sheep

"Where is the land which has neither arms, money, care, physic, politics, nor taxes? That land is St Kilda." So wrote Lachlan McLean, a missionary from the island of Tyree in 1838. Virtually ignored by the mainlanders (who were too busy fighting petty battles and squabbling over crowns), the St Kildans were left to develop their own form of society. A form of communism emerged wherein decisions affecting the whole community were made in a collective manner. Work was assigned on the basis of individual skill, and there was no such concept as 'private property' – excepting the beds and cottages one slept in. Every morning, a daily 'parliament' met in the street after prayers. Here, all the adult males decided on the day's activities. There was no leader to this meeting, and as you might expect, vigorous arguments often ensued. According to one islander, "discussion frequently spread discord, but never in recorded history were feuds so bitter as to bring about a permanent division in the community". If only the same could be said about Westminster.

Before steam ships, motorised ferries and airplanes, the only means of making the journey

from Harris to St Kilda was by open boat. This often required several days and nights of rowing across the open ocean. While I relished the isolation, I couldn't imagine taking such a voyage in autumn or winter. After the Battle of Culloden in 1746, it was rumored that Bonnie Prince Charlie and a few of his Jacobite pals had escaped to St Kilda. An expedition was duly launched, and a number of British soldiers were ferried ashore to Village Bay, where they were greeted by a deserted village and the odd stray sheep. The St Kildans, fearing pirates, had hidden themselves away in caves on the western side of the island. When the wary natives were eventually persuaded to come down, the soldiers discovered that the islanders knew nothing about the Bonnie Prince – nor had they heard of King George II!

Even into the late nineteenth century, the islanders communicated with the world by lighting a bonfire on the summit of Conachair and hoping a passing ship might see it, or by using the 'St Kilda mailboat'. This was the invention of John Sands, a visitor to the island in the 1880s. During Sands' stay, a ship called

the Peti Dubrovacki ran aground in Village Bay. The captain and eight of the crew were saved, virtually seconds before the boat was dashed to pieces on the rocks. Romance bloomed between one of the Austrian sailors and a St Kildan lass, although neither understood the language of the other. After around five weeks, supplies were running perilously low. Sands retrieved a lifebuoy from the hapless Peti Dubrovacki and attached a message to it, before flinging it back into the ocean. Nine days later, it washed up in Birsay, Orkney, and a rescue was arranged, much to the chagrin of the two lovers, who tearfully bade farewell to each other with many sighs and kisses. Hereafter, the St Kildans would fashion a piece of wood into the shape of a boat, attach it to a sheepskin bladder, and place in it a small bottle or tin containing a message. These little boats were launched when the wind came from the north-west, and for the most part, successfully found their way to the west coast of Scotland – or, less conveniently, Norway.

Gone are the days of these little bladder-boats, bobbing happily from St Kilda to the mainland. As the nineteenth century drew to a close, there was a gradual increase in the type and frequency of contact with the world at large. Eventually the continual gawking of tourists and passing cruise ships, coupled with tales of the easy mainland lifestyle began to wear down the islanders. A plan for the evacuation was devised remarkably quickly. Sheep belonging to the islanders was sold, and the proceeds used to offset the costs of transporting the people and their belongings. On August 29, 1930, as the first blush of dawn bloomed on the horizon, the islanders readied themselves for departure. The calm and sparkling sea lay beckoning, as the sun warmed the impassive cliffs of Oiseval. It must have seemed paradise to the islanders as they farewelled their home, heading out into the great unknown, the mainland of hunger and haste. Ever respectful of tradition, the islanders left an open Bible and a small pile of oats in each house, before locking the doors and boarding the Harebell. Surely there were tears as the island faded into the ocean. The umbilical cord between

man and island stretched and finally snapped as the faint outline of St Kilda dissolved into the sunshine.

Eighty-five years later, it was my turn to depart. As our boat pulled away from St Kilda, I turned and gazed out over the open miles of seawater. David passed me a mug of black coffee; I remember being rather flattered by the writing on the mug, which read "Captain." In the distance, I could see a number of black masses rising out of the ocean, like giant standing stones. As we sped towards these monstrous towers, David told us that they – Stac an Armin and Stac Lee – were the highest sea stacs in Britain, at 191m and 165m respectively. And there they were; granite Behemoths rising from the grey water, circled by flocks of gannets overhead. How strange to think that something so seemingly dark and sterile could foster life. Here, on the precipitous, almost sheer cliffs, islanders shinnied, grasping at lazy puffins and gannet eggs, living in caves for weeks on end in order to provide their families with food throughout winter.

I craned my head upwards. I couldn't imagine surviving on such a bleak cliff face, in the middle of the ocean. Yet, in 1727, an outbreak of smallpox on Hirta meant no one could collect three men and eight boys who'd been left on Stac an Armin a few days earlier. These hardy souls survived here for nine months, braving the winter in their godforsaken cave, huddling together for warmth and living solely on gannet flesh and fresh water. The Steward arrived from the mainland the following spring and rescued them; thankfully, all were safe and sound.

I left feeling that my presence on St Kilda had caused the place to lose some of its mystery. Fifty years ago, when it lay virtually forgotten, there were no day trips, or cruise ships – no inquisitive, seasick mainlanders scouring the island for suitable photography sites or a trace of the old islanders. Even as the mainland came into sight, I stayed on the deck, clinging to the rails. A rainbow broke through the mist. St Kilda would always remain a bastion of the old way of living; a safe haven for sheep, gannets, and the odd solitary soul.





CLAS240 The Classical World in the Movies



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LETTER OF THE WEEK:



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

Dear Critic,

Congratulations to Hugh and to the rest of the 2017 Executive. I'm looking forward to next year's OUSA Beach Volleyball tournament. Congratulations too to OUSA members for posting a higher voter turn-out than their more-political-than-thou peers at VUWSA. Suck it, Wellington.

I'm disappointed, though, with the monochrome look of the results. Every contested position won by a white person? Come on, Otago. This is a long-standing issue now, sort it out.

Yours,

An angry white guy who voted for Hashmat

NOTICE:

OUSA Annual General Meeting
5 October, 1pm
Main Common Room
(opposite the Food court)

Come and discuss the budget for the forthcoming year and enjoy a sausage sizzle with our lovely Executive Officers

Response to Apex Predator Article:

Hi,

I would like to firstly thank Laura Starling for her comprehensive article on cats in NZ.

What is worrying is the response from SPCA. Under no circumstances do I want to hear that something is hopeless. What I mean is I do not want to hear experts and leaders claiming that anything is "unmanageable". Can you imagine if that was the reaction and attitude we took in relation to climate change?

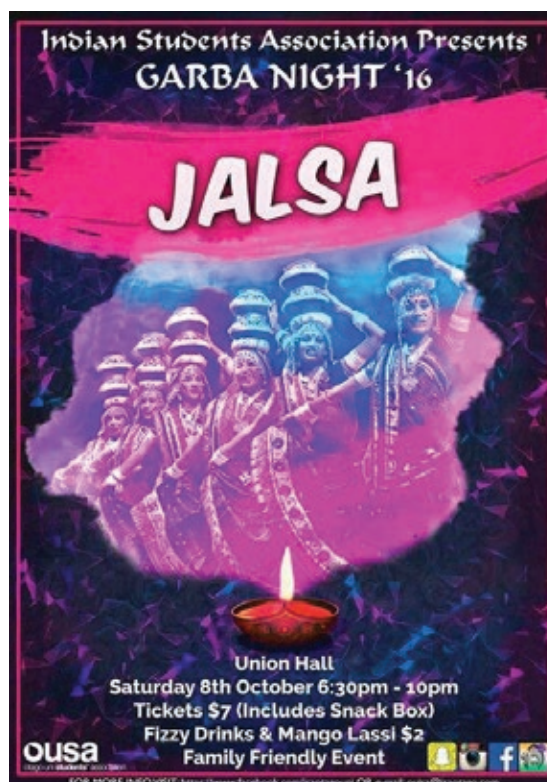
I believe Beattie has missed the mark in stating that they would be "wasting funding" if they try to do management control measures such as, Trap, Neuter and Return. Considering smaller, Cat Protection society and Animal Rescue Network have done amazing work already, TNR, fostering, rehoming and helping out little old ladies in managing their cat colonies all through

volunteers and fundraising. What is SPCA doing? Has SPCA even spoken to the kind people of Dunedin that look after these colony cats? I think not, by the suggestion that people would have problems with ownership and responsibility. The issue is that no responsibility is just as bad as saying or doing nothing at all.

The question I would like to ask is what exactly do SPCA spend their money on? if TNR is not an activity they believe can reduce cat issues in Dunedin?. Sorry, my bad, SPCA are working on a National Cat Management Strategy Group *hands go up in the air*. Yawn! looking forward to hearing about the results of that. Instead of pissing in the pockets of government groups how about helping out your community SPCA?

Regards,

Saviour-and-home-to-two-rescue-cats



THE UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO IS RIGHT TO REDUCE FUNDING TO THE ARTS

+Affirmative

by Little Bo Peep

There's a reason why the joke about unemployed BA graduates exists... some areas of the humanities are becoming redundant in the context of what knowledge and skills humanity need heading into the future – especially with the increasing development of STEM (science, technology, engineering and maths) courses to absorb relevant areas of the humanities into their framework.

We need to recognise that there is increasing need for graduates of commerce and science, and stagnant or decreasing demand for graduates from the likes of performing arts or art history. The employability of arts degrees is heavily derived from the value of the fundamental skills it instills; such as critical thinking and empathy. This is because in a modern context, what employers extract the most value from is the application of humanitarian thought to STEM fields (for example, the ethical critique of genetic engineering technologies or the sociological/cultural perspectives on resource management and climate change). Regardless, the science is the thrust and the arts are ceasing to stand on their own.

Furthermore, such skills can often be taught in a much more direct way within STEM courses, through earlier education and increased engagement with online resources and forums. To some extent, they are even inherent in human nature. While some subjects such as politics, linguistics/language and education arguably have much deeper value, reducing funding to the arts benefits students in those subjects as well as STEM students.

Firstly, this money can be allocated towards science departments, allowing them to improve their facilities and educate more people. It only seems fair that the amount of funding allocated to each department is proportionate to the number of students enrolled. The arts students that remain can be assured that, as the courses available are streamlined to only include the best, they will be getting an education that is both engaging and increases their likelihood of employment upon completing their degree. Furthermore, a smaller arts programme means less students entering the degree 'just because', reducing competition in an already oversaturated market.

In reality, it is better to do a small number of things well than do many poorly. With the number of arts students enrolling at Otago falling and the increasing demand for STEM courses, the university should realize that what it does well, and what will provide people with long term security, is the best option.

—Negative

by Mary Mary Quite Contrary

Arts subjects are hugely undervalued, and whole enrolment numbers have been dropping... but this in no way means that Arts graduates are not needed in society. Without politicians, educators and performers the world would be both dull and dysfunctional. It's practically impossible to separate human society and its evolution from the arts and the key roles that they have played in pushing society and humanity forward. From ancient vases and sculptures that told the stories and history of past civilisations, to Picasso's revolutionary, unorthodox painting that altered the way that the self was perceived and portrayed in art. The Arts as a field are inexplicably linked to the face and progression of society. It would be an injustice to limit our society's ability to pass on and advance that knowledge further, and it would also be impractical for the university to cut funding to the arts.

Though STEM may offer more promising job prospects, there are qualities that the arts engender that still valuable, just less tangible. Subjects that make up the arts like philosophy and performing arts present the world in a varying way and often contrasts with the way the world works in a more conceptual, abstract manner. The representation of human identity is not necessarily something that can be explained or quantified by scientific theory.

What universities need to recognise is that they aren't simply businesses that pump graduates out, but a place where lots of people have the best experiences of their lives and learn about themselves. Nor do they actively encourage or incentivise people to pursue the arts. Providing arts courses allow people to immerse themselves in something they're passionate about, and that isn't something Otago can place a dollar value on. Further, passionate students are often more productive and more successful than students who enroll in a course simply because of the often false promise of a job at the end. Reducing funding to arts programmes inevitably means firing lecturers and reducing opportunities that might have enabled and inspired people not only to learn but also to hypothesise new ideas about humanity. The arts allow us the opportunity to understand the society we live in. We should be encouraging more people to study them. We need people with fresh ideas and communication skills to bring our society's way of thinking into the future.



David Clark

In my role as an MP, my preferred Presidential Candidate is the one the United States public elects. I believe in the value of democracy.

For reasons of electoral mathematics, I believe the winner can only be Hillary Clinton. Demographic changes over time have stacked the odds against any Republican Presidential candidate winning, regardless of their merits.

The US Electoral College system places a disproportionate amount of influence on swing states for the final electoral outcome. Over time, those 'swing states' have become more and more Democrat, without an offsetting swing to the Republican Party elsewhere. As things currently stand, in order for a Republican to win, a Democratic Candidate would have to perform extraordinarily poorly.

On demographics alone, even the previous Republican President George W. Bush shouldn't have taken the White House. His success, it is said, owes a great deal to the poor performance of his opponent. Since that time, demographic trends have continued to shift in favour of the Democrats.

Political alignment between parties in different countries is never perfect. My own values, and those of my party align most naturally with the Democrats. I like Hillary Clinton's ease with people

of different races, ages, genders and creeds.

Donald Trump's dislike for those who are different to him does not sit comfortably with me. There are parallels in New Zealand. Trump's rhetoric reminds me of Don Brash's infamous Orewa speech and the ugly Kiwi vs Iwi billboard campaign produced by the National Party in 2005. Not all of National's members are so extreme, but the National Party has long enjoyed its sister-party relationship with the Republicans. Indeed, the blogger Whale Oil is reported to have derived his 'dirty politics' from Republican Tea Party contacts.

Unfortunately, numerous junk polls (or polls that are poorly described) paint the current US presidential race as a close-run thing. It is certainly one way to sell newspapers! Popular opinion of the leading candidates Hillary Clinton and Donald Trump is not so far apart, but when likely Electoral College results are projected, the race immediately looks one-sided.

Of course, Republicans could win if they succeeded in broadening their appeal and managed to grow support amongst ethnic minorities, women and young people. At this stage, in this race, that looks unlikely.

WHO IS THE PREFERABLE U.S. PRESIDENT AND WHY?



Michael Woodhouse

Like many others I have keenly followed the fascinating spectacle that is the 2016 United States Presidential election. It has taken many twists and turns that commentators did not see coming. However, the circus that is the primary and now Presidential campaign has sadly taken away from the key facts and issues America is facing. It's hard to pick the real policies from the media frenzy around Mexican walls, health scares and Mrs Trump's modelling shots.

It's not appropriate for a member of a foreign Government to say who should be elected President. We would rightly be pretty scathing if the shoe was on the other foot and an American politician was offering a view on who should lead New Zealand. That choice is absolutely a matter for the American people. Both main candidates are pitching their attributes and attacking the shortcomings of the other. Politics in America does appear to have a much sharper attack strategy. Whether that is ultimately effective or simply leads to more voters being turned off politics is a question presently being debated by political commentators. I favour the view that it is indeed turning voters off and it is bad for democracy in the long run.

I'm surprised that Trump has made it this far. The reflections on why that is will go on for years. He

has portrayed himself as anti-establishment but that is contestable. Clinton has more political experience but that includes some negative issues along the way herself (such as the handling of her classified emails!). It is noteworthy that both candidates are heading for the dubious distinction of having the lowest approval ratings of any candidates for office in America's history.

Campaigning in the 21st century is also undergoing massive change and I watch with interest how polling, message management and fundraising are all evolving through this campaign.

America needs a leader who is able to find solutions to domestic social and financial challenges while focusing on complicated global issues including trade, the movement of people and terrorism, while at the same time providing calm and measured leadership. The first woman President? An anti-establishment self-styled master negotiator that builds walls not bridges? The answer will be a matter for the American people but will have massive implications for the world. I for one will be glued to the TV on November 9.



It looks like this week the ODT has joined a cult. Blood was reportedly seen running from underneath the door of the editor's office, accompanied by ghoulish chanting.

All power to the hungry ones who fly above 'the common rhythm'

Sometimes the ODT seems obsessed with overly dramatizing its content.

Milton set to lose bank: 'step back to Dark Ages'

Please, as if Milton's reached the Dark Ages yet. They're still pumped they got the wheel.

The ODT then interviewed the only person in Milton who knew any adjectives.

That will be just horrendous . . . it will be dreadful

As if they realised their Milton story was too stimulating for their readership, the ODT quickly returned to sleep inducing form.

Wool prices drop slightly

And finally, nothing beats the ODT's signature combination of poor grammar and racism.

A DUNEDIN school was taken over by Chinese for the first time yesterday — but only for the day.

by Charlie O'Mannin & Connor Seddon



NOT FOR COMMENT

Dear Sexcellent,

My boyfriend has been making comments about my body that make me uncomfortable. He says I need to attend the gym more, and will make jokes about my weight – sometimes around other people too. I'm not even overweight. How can I address this issue without seeming silly or superficial?

–From Insecurity

Dear Insecurity,

I'm sorry you are going through this right now. This isn't a superficial issue. Your boyfriend is being a dick.

People often feel it is appropriate to comment on other people's bodies, even when it has nothing to do with them. This is especially true for women, where men often feel entitled to their bodies. Whether you are skinny, fat, short, tall, whatever gender and ethnicity, no one is in control of your body but you. Whatever anyone says, you can deny or accept it – you are in charge. NO ONE ever has the right to make you feel ANYTHING about your body. Your body is the one thing you truly own in the world, and however you choose to express yourself through that body is entirely up to you.

In terms of addressing the issue in your relationship, you have every right to be angry, frustrated or upset with him. He is making you uncomfortable because he is violating your autonomy and making you feel as though your body is less than what it is. I would suggest sitting down with him and explaining clearly that you are not comfortable with those kinds of comments. He may just be making jokes, or doesn't realise how he is impacting you. You should express to him just how insecure he is making you feel. If he really cares for you, then he should likely back off.

However, if it is incredibly important to him that you do attend a gym, or lose weight, then you need to consider if this is someone you actually want to be with. If this behaviour isn't going to stop, then are you going to change according to his comments, or are you going to move on to find someone who respects your body and your agency more? You should always be loving yourself, regardless of the shape of your body or who you are with.

I hope this helps at least a little,

love

–S A



OUR LANDLORDS AN ASS

Dear Ethel,

Our landlord is blaming us for damaging the carpet and telling us we need to pay \$2,500 for new carpet or we won't get our bond back at the end of the year. Can he do that? We have contributed a couple of little stains to the carpet but it was already shit when we moved in and it certainly doesn't look much worse. I don't see why we should have to pay for an entirely new carpet.

Stainley.

Hi Stainley,

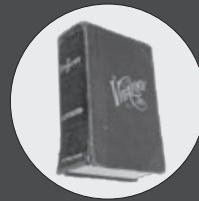
There are some pretty dodgy landlords around there, that's for sure! You are quite right. If you haven't damaged the carpet to the extent that it needs replacing, it is unreasonable for the landlord to charge you for new carpet. That's called 'betterment' and landlords aren't supposed to do it. They can only charge you a reasonable cost to repair or replace something of similar condition. If the carpet was manky when you moved in, maybe just a professional spot clean of those couple of stains is all you need.

According to the Residential Tenancies Act, properties need to be left in a 'reasonable' state, which is of course a very subjective term, but doesn't mean they need to be cleaned to a professional standard. This is where it is quite useful if you took photographs when you moved in and filled that property condition report out accurately. If you have, there's the evidence you need to disagree with the landlord if they're pulling a fast one.

Don't be harassed into signing the bond form if you disagree with it and NEVER sign a blank bond form! If you do, you can say goodbye to your chances of getting your bond back. If you can't agree with the landlord about what bond should be returned, ring the agency that holds bond money on 0800 737 666, give them your details, and tell them you want the bond held in dispute.

Please drop in and have a chat to one of the friendly advocates at OUSA Student Support, 5 Ethel B. They can help you work out the best way to get what you are owed back at the end of the tenancy and are expert at helping resolve any other tenancy issues. They'll even have a chat to the landlord on your behalf if that makes life easier for you

Whole lotta love,
-Ethel xox



CIGARETTES & TOBACCO ARE RUINING MILLIONS OF YOUNG MEN & BOYS*

This week I have heard grave rumours about young men at Otago University indulging in tobacco inhalation, be it by cigarette or pipe. Be warned, fellows, that any advantage you see in this habit is a delusion. If your companion goes to take in smoke, tell him this:

Cigarettes and tobacco in young men and boys will develop the passions, soften and weaken the bones, and greatly injure the brain and nervous system.

Many boys have erroneously conceived the idea that to "puff" a cigar or cigarette, or to chew a quid of tobacco, is manly-is genteel. Yet, if they did but know in what contempt such a course is held by the thoughtful and considerate, there would never be a repetition of it.

Tobacco destroys health, imperils social standing, extinguishes the affections. Besides it produces consumption, feeds dyspepsia, cherishes nervous diseases and palpitation of the heart, excites liver complaint, creates cancers, encourages headache, engenders weak eye, invites disease and promotes softening of the brain. Its foul perfumes invade every rail-road coach, street car and omnibus-line; contaminate hotels, boarding-houses and private apartments; its stench invades the family and social circle, and nauseates the mother, sickens the wife and insults the daughter; it extinguishes the affections of the doting lover, offends the young bride and disgusts the young maiden. It weakens the digestion, perverts the taste and leads to intemperance. It creates an offensive breath, repulsive mouth and soiled linen. It impairs the voice, furrows the cheek and sallows the complexion. And last, but not least, it makes angry mothers and scolding wives.

*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.

"THE MOON"

—HEX



Wellington band Hex have released a new single ahead of their upcoming New Zealand tour. Hex are all about heavy metal riffs and beautiful vocal decoration, and "The Moon" is no exception. The blending of the two vocal parts is at times angelic, the backing vocals wide and cavernous, the lead dry and deliberate. "The Moon" has a creeping feel to it, it is almost sparse in its composition and the stadium-esque drums at times feel like the focal point of the piece as powerhouse Liz Mathews artfully complements the driving guitars. GG and Kiki Van Newtown are masters of melody and this song is at once dangerously hypnotic and attention grabbing. Hex are as powerful live as they are on tape and this tour is not to be missed. Catch Hex in Dunedin on October 14th at the Crown Hotel with support from Womb (Wellington) and Astro Children (Dunedin), free with your Radio One card.



I THINK YOU THINK TOO MUCH OF ME

—EDEN

Review: William Sharp

Those of you who are searching for a deep and emotional musical venture will become enthralled by this new star in the indie-pop scene. Jonathon Ng, known since early 2015 as EDEN (previously the Eden Project) has shone his deep blue hues across the indie pop scene through his new EP album: *I Think You Think too much of Me*. Though only recently released, this album has received considerable acclaim and popularity; attracting the attention of our Lorde, who praised his single 'Sex' over Facebook. This Irishman's appeal relies heavily upon the sad honesty he so consistently expresses. Yet while this adds depth to his artistry and to this EP especially; it can also be a point of criticism.

Musically, EDEN displays talent in his new EP. Coming from a background of Electronic Dance Music, Ng has gained proficiency in the synthesis of electronic sounds. The alternative electro-pop crossover he creates in his tracks 'Sex' and 'Drugs' provides a deep dark toned resonance that I thoroughly enjoy. However, analysis of the music itself over its instrumentation fails to provoke the same appeal. Frequent use of two-step beat rhythms accompanied by equally divisible musical phrasing does not tell a new story in contemporary pop. Unfortunately, in the

grand equation of music, good instrumentation alone does not always equal a good song.

It's not that EDEN is bad at writing music; he simply is not writing anything new. The weight of Ng's honesty risks drawing emphasis away from the music itself. Ng wants to tell a story of sadness; a fact reinforced by the contrast he creates between his sparsely edited vocals against his proficiently edited instrumentation. However, he needs to be careful that whilst doing this he does not fall into storytelling over songwriting.

I Think You Think too Much of Me works well as an introductory album to EDEN as an artist. It clearly expresses his musical auteur through the mood consistency he maintains in each track. The EP therefore functions effectively as a whole and allows the listener to easily identify the artist in every song. His explorations of unique timbres add colourful flares to this melancholy consistency, yet, being held back by standard pop rhythms, EDEN fails to provide the wow factor of something completely new and original. If you want to explore EDEN's artistry, this EP is a great place to start and if you hear something you like, I would highly suggest sticking with him; as Jonathon Ng has a long way to go yet.

NERVE

Rating: B

Director: Ariel Schulman, Henry Joost



Review: Laura Starling

If you were invited to play a game where strangers were invited to watch and film you complete dares decided by them, in order for you to win money, would you choose to be a watcher, or a player?

Vee Delmonico (Emma Roberts) is the awkward high school photographer, with a crush on the jock, too scared to speak to even speak to him. She's afraid to even tell her mother that she's applied and been accepted into a university across the country that will foster her artistic endeavours.

That is, until her best friend Sydney (Emily Meade), the popular and confident cheerleader, criticises Vee for her timidity. Fueled by a moment of anger, Vee signs up to the app, Nerve, as a player. She's given her first dare: kiss a stranger. This is how she meets Ian (Dave Franco). She sees Ian reading her favourite book, so picks him for a smooch. It quickly becomes apparent that Ian is another player, and after being dared to join each other, the two ride off into the city on the back of his motorbike.

What follows is a series of confidence building, fun and entertaining dares to watch. Vee is having a great time with Ian, making money and gaining millions of watchers by the minute. However, it's obvious that there's something amiss with the game, as dares steadily escalate and get riskier. Vee's friend, Tommy (Miles Heizer) mentions early on that he uses 'dark web' frequently and that the game is connected to this notorious part of the internet. At the film progresses, Nerve is quickly revealed to have the potential to be illegal and even deadly.

The first half of Nerve is where all the fun is at. There's a few moments which seriously had me squirming, but mostly because I'm scared of heights. The second half, and the climax, is a bit of a let down. It's not just because the film is predictable, it's more because it doesn't go far enough with the topic it's trying to tackle. That said, this is totally a fun teen thriller, and I definitely recommend at least the first half. Kudos to the creators for making a movie about an app that wasn't 100 percent cringe (maybe only 95%).

FREE STATE OF JONES

Rating: B-

Director: Gary Ross



Review: Max Olson

Being a history student and massive Matthew McConaughey fan, I thought I would take myself to see the new Gary Ross film, Free State of Jones. Set in Mississippi during the latter half of the American Civil War (1863–1865), the film is based on the true story of Newton Knight, a poor, white, Mississippi farmer. He deserts the confederacy and starts a rebellion movement consisting of other deserters and runaway slaves. Originally hiding out in the swamplands of Jones County, Mississippi, Knight and his rebellion gain enough traction to challenge confederacy rule in the state.

The movie itself gives a brief insight into the horrors of the American civil war, but aside from a few minor battle scenes, is definitely not over-indulgent in violence and military conflict. It focuses more on the attitudes that were present both towards deserters and towards African Americans during the period, neither of which were favorable to say the least.

Although it is always a tough task to summarise and give an appropriate depiction of the injustice suffered by African Americans throughout the history of the United States, I could not help but feel that Ross did not shed enough light on the reality of race conflicts of the period. I could also not avoid the feeling that the film somewhat rushed through the intense racial struggles and violence that followed the emancipation of African Americans.

As the lead Matthew McConaughey gives a powerful performance that seems to encapsulate the liberal, strong-willed nature that Newton Knight possessed. Though I don't expect Free State of Jones to gain McConaughey or Ross any nominations of major significance, I would still recommend watching the film, as it tells one of the more fascinating true stories of the American Civil War.



PETE'S DRAGON

Rating: B+

Director: David Lowery

Review: Lisa Blakie

Pete's Dragon is a wonderfully wholesome story that made me cry in the first five minutes. The film is a remake of the 1977 musical that I haven't seen, but I'm sure this 2016 reimagining of Pete's Dragon is much better. It follows a young boy Pete and his adventures in the forest with his friend Elliot who is (can you guess?) a dragon!!!

Things turn a little chaotic when Pete sees other humans in the forest, they spot him and try to re-immers him back into suburban living, despite Pete having spent his whole life living in forest isolation with Elliot. Shenanigans ensue and eventually Elliot gets captured by the baddies, but is then released again and everything is great. The moral of the story is basically "man, men always just ruin everything??" This theme is repeatedly shown through the over-deforestation to the unethical capturing and even the sexist comments uttered when the boiz are hunting, making these characters really boring and within the classic selfish villain trope.

The plot is predictable but this film left me feeling the same way I felt when seeing Cinderella (2015) for the first time. It's wildly predictable and you know where every single scene is going, but it's not in boring in any way and the magic and subtle beauty is captured perfectly. This was also filmed in New Zealand throughout both the North and South island so you might recognise some of the locations and perhaps even spot your house!

Oakes Fegley, who plays Pete, does a sensational job. I have no idea how he can so convincingly convey emotion when interacting with a dragon who isn't even there. While beautiful and well acted, Pete's Dragon is still very predictable and the "bad guys" were really cliché and boring, ultimately bringing the film as a whole down.



DON'T BREATHE

Rating: B

Directors: Fede Alvarez

Review: Alex Campbell-Hunt

There was a lot of buzz about this being the best American horror movie in decades, or some such. Personally I wouldn't go that far; however, a lot of the film was very effective.

The quick summary of Don't Breathe is that it's like a darker version of Home Alone, in which you're sort-of rooting for the robbers. The robbers are Rocky (Jane Levy), Alex (Dylan Minnette) and Money (Daniel Zovatto), three delinquents who break into various houses, hoping to steal enough money to leave Detroit and move to California. They hear of a potential robbery that could set them up for good: 300 grand belonging to a blind war veteran named Norman (Stephen Lang). They break into his dump of a house in a run-down deserted part of the city, and things don't go smoothly. Norman turns out to be a bit of a psycho, as well as a skilled fighting machine with acute hearing and a house full of weapons.

The premise is really clever, in that it isn't clear-cut who the "good guys" are, and there are multiple plot twists that shake things up. Rocky and Alex are engaging characters (Money is really just the obligatory hothead), and Norman is an interesting villain. The first half of the movie is extremely suspenseful, and well crafted: the slow camera movement, strange angles, score and sound design all create an uneasy feeling.

The second half is less effective. The suspense gives way to grisly visceral scares, and the whole moral-grey-areas aspect of the story seems to drop out of play, leaving us with a generic running-away-from-a-bad-guy narrative. There came a point where I stopped being on the edge of my seat, and instead kept thinking about Home Alone and the home-invasion scene from Matilda; then thinking how great it'd be if they cast JK Simmons as Norman and had him basically play the same character he played in Whiplash; then punning about how Norman was getting some "come-uppance" (which will make sense once you've seen the relevant scene). In short, I stopped being fully invested a good 20-30 minutes before the movie ended. However, the first half was extremely good.

INSIDE

PC | Developed & Published by Playdead
Rating: A



Review: Laura Rose Starling

I was 17 when I played Limbo for the first time. I remember sitting on the floor in front of the TV at my friend's house, eagerly playing this beautiful and creepy puzzle game. Since then, I have replayed the game multiple times. I was told that I would like INSIDE, but had not looked up or read anything about it. I went into it without knowing that it was essentially the spiritual successor to Limbo. When I was playing, there was a total "oh!" moment, as I realised that it must be from the same developers.

As INSIDE begins, you are a young boy running through the forest. There are car loads of people chasing you. Men with torches and aggressive Dobermans will run you down given the chance. You end up on a farm, and spot some dead animals around. The animals have strange worms sticking out of them, then they come to life and chase after you. You progress further, and begin to see loitering zombies. They don't attack you, but they're definitely reanimated corpses. There's no dialogue, no text or anything. You're launched right into the game with no explanation as to why they are chasing you, but you should probably run.

At its core, INSIDE is a sidescrolling platforming game. You can only move to the left or the right: right is forward, left is back, and the only

logical step to make is to keep progressing forward. Everything about the gameplay is natural and intuitive. It's easy to work out how to control the boy on the screen, and – much like Limbo – the game flows steadily and becomes more difficult as you continue. It introduces new gameplay mechanics, it teaches how they work in an easy setting, and then ups the ante each time you use them. It makes the gameplay harder, but it isn't burdensome, and it fits with the schematic of the game. INSIDE is mostly a puzzle game, with each area introducing a different form of puzzle based on what you've already been taught in the game. The only part I didn't like was when you had already figured out how to progress through a puzzle, but had to keep redoing it due to not getting the timing perfect. You are supposed to feel helpless – just like the main character – but if you know how to progress but can't because you mess up a little, it's all the more frustrating.

The world building in INSIDE is excellent. The tension is real. You're just a child, running, unsure about where you're coming from or why. You're very weak and fragile, and will usually die in a single hit. When something is chasing you, it's awful and tense. If you have to time running through a series of obstacles perfectly, it churns

your stomach. Towards the end of INSIDE the gameplay and narrative escalates very suddenly, and things get very weird very quickly. It's intense, and I felt myself sitting forward, getting more agitated and urgent as I progressed.

The animation is fluid, and there are no loading times anywhere. When you're completing a puzzle, the game must be loading the next sequence, as the transitions are completely seamless. The game is only around four hours long, but to have the level of detail that it does as well as no loading times is impressive. The length of the game is good; it's not padded out or artificially extended just for the sake of having a longer game. Nothing is superfluous or unnecessary, and you are given just enough information to keep you interested without making things too heavy.

Without any spoilers, this game did make me feel quite sad by the time I got to the end. I'm not sure that I actually liked how it finished up – but that's probably a personal preference more than anything else. INSIDE is a creepy, eerie, tension-filled game. It's definitely one of the best games that I've played this year – and it definitely lives up to its predecessor, Limbo.

WHY DO WE NEED ...SOCIAL MEDIA/NETWORKS?

By Anthony Marris

This question has constantly plagued me. I have always maintained that I have no need for a social media/network (sm/n) account of any form. I firmly believe, in the spirit of 15th century Dutch scholar Erasmus, that in this new land of complete observation, the person without any links to sm/n reigns supreme.

Sm/n come in a variety of forms. From Tumblr to Youtube, Flickr to Facebook, Cheezburger to FML, the sites predominantly rely on user generated content to inform others. There is school of thought known as the Uses and Gratification Theory which has seen a re-emergence in popularity with the development of sm/n sites. In sum, it believes that users are active consumers and tries to understand why and how people use all media content, what they search for, and their level of engagement. Sm/n are used for socialising, entertainment, self-gratification, information seeking, and to simply vent. A small sample of the vast types of sm/n is illustrated by "Conversation Prism", an image developed by digital analyst and anthropologist Brian Solis (and JESS3). Despite my own personal disinterest in joining sm/n sites, I am a fan of sites like Cheezburger and I Waste So Much Time, and understand on some level the need for sites like

Not Always Right and FML. They offer more information on, and new interpretations of, the banality of life.

I believe the single biggest social issue we face associated with sm/n is cyber bullying. It is the virus with no cure. One example is cat-fishing, a problem that is both humorous (if you are not involved,) and tragic (if you fall victim to it). I struggle to understand how people can believe the flattering comments and embrace the attention from random strangers, but then again all five of my friends believe I was built in a robotics lab. Faye Mishna et al (2011) looked into the effects of cyberbullying on intermediate aged students. The paper makes for interesting reading, and highlights what many of us have known – cyber bullying is easy to do, many engaged do not feel it is real bullying, and where-as a bully used to harass you at school, but when you went home it was safe, nowadays there is no off switch and the bullying continues through social media/networks in the safety of the family home under the parents noses.

One finding from Mishna et al that surprised me is that children are hesitant to open up about the bullying because of the lack of proof. Apps like Snapchat delete the material as soon as it

TL;DR—Social media/networks can provide hours of entertainment, and years of torment

is viewed. Also, friends share passwords, and we have all seen the juvenile "I am gay" posts on Facebook that many do to their friends when they leave their accounts open. To some it is funny, but it is still a form of cyber bullying.

Aside from cyberbullying, a troublesome issue is the abundance of personal information available from sm/n sites. Care should be taken for three reasons. Future employers comb through sm/n to gauge their potential hires; global security forces (aka spy agencies) can easily comb through the information and find you, known associates, and basically anything else they want to; and lastly, the greatest future threat you might not have considered is your children. While many of you think "Who cares, I have nothing to hide", then ask yourself this...what happens if your child comes across a questionable image of you? What is your reply when they ask, "Well if you did it (and here is the proof), then why can't I?"

Sm/n are able to join those separated by vast distance with a few simple keystrokes and a common idea. The comfort offered by anonymity and distance provides a shield for bullies. Just be aware that what you post (or those images you send) may be used against you.

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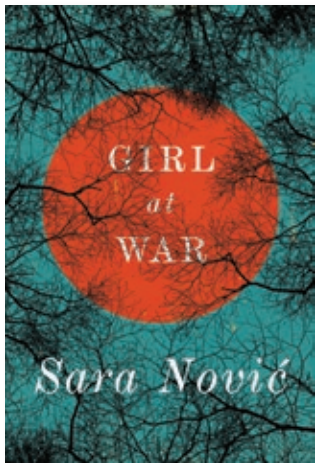


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GIRL AT WAR

Author: Sara Novic



Review: Hayleigh Clarkson

When you grow up surrounded by war, how do you continue through life once the war is over? This question hangs over Ana in her adult years. She grew up in Zagreb and spent her youth, the development years, calling the war-torn country of Croatia her home. Now in America, Ana struggles with her past and feels the need to face her demons back in Croatia.

The novel is split into different parts, swinging between memories of Ana as a child in the war and Ana now, re-visiting her home and facing the trauma she left behind. It is a powerful novel, one where the brutality of war is not dulled down and you are thrown into the conflict and forced to deal with it alongside Ana.

The author of *Girl at War*, Sara Novic, writes with an unashamed purity that leaves no feeling untouched. We, on the outside, would believe that growing up in a city at war would be horrifying for the children – and we would be right.

However, Novic delves into that innocence that only children possess and we get snippets of excitement with air raids and frustration and stubbornness when the children fight over who can ride the bike that generates power for the shelter. We feel sad for the children who understand far too much about the war, playing the role of adults when the power goes out or when the water needs to be collected. Then Novic really gets into the cruelty and absolute disregard for human life, ending part one with a haunting, violent and abrupt event that sets an undertone for the rest of the novel. Fast-forward ten years to when Ana arrives back in Croatia and we have a twenty-year old woman who doesn't feel a connection to the America she was sent to as a child, nor the Croatia post-war which feels alien. She manages to find her old friend Luka, and together they help her to move forward and find some peace with her life and somewhere to call home.

I really enjoyed this novel, although I did find some of the war scenes quite confronting and difficult to read. However, this should not be taken as a negative. It is these confronting scenes that make the novel far more incredible and raw than anything I've ever read. While these scenes took me out of my comfort zone, I don't see any harm in being shown a life that is real and incredibly foreign to my own childhood. It is one of those novels that should be read in a book club; there is so much to talk about and remember that it is impossible not to want to share it with anyone who will listen. I highly recommend you add this to your to-be-read pile for summer.

THE SANDMAN


Author: Neil Gaiman





Review: Laura Starling

If you've ever been curious about graphic novels but aren't interested in the superheroes or serialised never-ending issues of comics, I would highly recommend Neil Gaiman's *The Sandman*. It tells the story of Dream of the seven Endless, essentially the god of dream world. The other Endless include Destruction, Despair, Desire, Destiny, Delirium (who was once Delight), and Death – all anthropomorphic personifications of human experience. Gaiman uses mythology, literature, history and popular culture to tell an incredibly compelling story. Each volume tells its own tale, with some containing short stories all set in the same universe, but it all still contributes to the broader overarching narrative of the series. The ten volumes are deep, heavy, funny (at times) and very intelligent.

43



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GRAMMARS

Dunedin Public Art Gallery
Open until 13 November



Review: Monique Hodgkinson

What do a greyscale hand poised mid-click, a brick wall, and large concrete arches laid on a gallery floor all have in common? When I entered this exhibition I had absolutely no clue.

But apparently Visiting Artist Blaine Western did, the guy who curated Grammars, one of the latest shows at the DPAG. Western compiled works by a range of artists around the central themes of methodology and genealogy found in the complex nature of everyday objects. The door to the space has been cheerfully removed from its hinges and repositioned alongside the entranceway, immediately suggesting that a central concern of Grammars would be the re-interpretation of architectural structures. The exhibition itself is filled with metal piping, concrete arches, and a series of black and white photographs capturing human hands,

architecture, buildings, and textures from our industrial world.

Despite entering the gallery with one eyebrow raised I slowly began to understand what Western was up to. In pairing these images and objects together an elegant and subtle series of formal associations began to form. Each item presented in this exhibition, whether it be a brick wall or a series of concrete arches, contains its own intricate system of method and structure which went into its construction. And each of these systems are echoed endlessly in the structures which parallel it; the cross-hatched lines of the central construction filling up the room can also be found in the bottom quarter of a photographed church building, their lines further echoed in the edges of modern buildings. The hands which clutch at raw building materials

remind viewers that even these concrete and inanimate constructions are intrinsically linked with human planning, human building, human design and life. The same methodologies are applied again and again to the concrete jungle in which we wile away our lives, yet with every repetition there is always difference, always an element of history and mystery.

Overall, I was unexpectedly impressed with Grammars. When I think of my favourite artworks, brick walls and concrete slabs don't generally spring to mind, but to be frank Western has curated one of my personal fave DPAG shows to date. Subtle, intimate, beautiful — this is one of the few exhibitions I'll be returning to a second time.



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

GNOCCHI

by Kirsten Garcia

Viva la Pasta. If you want to expand your pasta dishes beyond the 95 cent budget spirals, give this a go. Gnocchi, pronounced knock-e, are little potato pillows. They're a great way to use up leftover mashed potatoes. The most time consuming part of this was rolling and cutting the dough. You can freeze the dough and get it out when you want it.

I did a fair bit of research for the best way to make gnocchi. Firstly, you want to start off by using the right kind of potato for a light fluffy texture. Opt for the "starchy" kind like Agria which are good mashed.

It's important to cook pasta right to al dente but the most exciting part for me is always what's coating the pasta. Today I've opted for a creamy basil pesto sauce.

Serves 4-5

Prep time 1 hour 30 mins

Gnocchi

(1kg) 4-5 Agria Potatoes, peeled
1 cup of white flour + more for rolling
1 egg
Salt and pepper to taste
Pinch of nutmeg

Creamy Basil Pesto Sauce

200g of basil pesto (buy premade or make your own with olive oil, garlic, pine nuts, parmesan and fresh basil)
1 tablespoon of Olive oil
1/2 cup Cream or more depending on how creamy you like it
Salt and pepper to taste

To make:

1. Boil potatoes for 25 minutes until tender but firm.
2. Drain and mash with a potato masher, transfer to a large bowl.
3. In a separate bowl, beat egg and salt, pepper and nutmeg together
4. Make a well in mashed potato and add egg and flour. Knead with your hands, just enough to combine the mixture. Spend no more than 3 minutes doing this as you don't want to overwork the dough.
5. On a floured surface, roll dough into long "snakes" about 1.5 cm thick
6. Chop snakes into 2 cm pieces
7. Place into a boiling pot of salted water, cook in small batches leaving room for the gnocchi to rise to the top so they don't stick together. Once it has risen to the top and floating, scoop it out. Set aside in a large bowl, repeat until all pieces are cooked.

Pasta Sauce

1. Heat oil on a low heat
2. Add basil pesto. Stir.
3. Add cream and stir to combine the with the pesto. Season with salt and pepper if required.
4. Turn off heat once cream and pesto are combined
5. Pour pasta sauce onto cooked gnocchi, mix to coat each piece.
6. You can also add chicken or shrimp to the pasta sauce by cooking them in the oil before adding the pesto.
7. I chucked in some sundried tomatoes, olives and spinach at the end when I made it.





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Critic's infamous blind-date column brings you weekly shutdowns, hilariously mis-matched pairs, and the occasional hookup



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

hers

JESSIE

his

BUZZ

Somehow, I got roped into going on a blind date. My flatmates convinced me it would be a good idea, and sent off an email to *Critic* for me. After frantically getting ready after work on Thursday evening, I showed up about 15 minutes late, and was directed by the staff over towards a young "gentleman" sitting by the window. I knew him.

After spending most of the week worried about the misogynists, creeps and drunks I could potentially be paired with, this guy was a dream. He was a friend of my friends, I knew he was a decent sort and we had about 100 things in common. The initial awkwardness ebbed away quickly after we enthusiastically discussed all things TV, movies, books, and popular culture in general over some spirits and fries. Eventually, I revealed the deep dark secret that I had never seen any of the Toy Story movies. Both alarmed and disgusted at this revelation, he insisted that this had to be rectified – and invited me back to his flat to finally be enlightened.

We thanked the Dog with Two Tails staff (who seemed really surprised? Do other blind-daters not do this??) and split a taxi to his humble abode. It was a total boys flat, messy, gross, empty bottles of spirits lining the walls, but I wasn't worried. We actually did watch Toy Story, which was great, then spent the rest of the night making out, etc, and talking. No sleep was had, and at 7 am I awkwardly departed saying "this was, uuhhhh, fun" and ran away to go get ready for work (sorry boss).

Friday night I received a text asking if I wanted to hang out again, and ended up spending the entire weekend with this guy. I've now seen all the Toy Story films. On Sunday he suggested we watch Beauty and the Beast – no joke. He's perfect.

Thanks Critic, for introducing me to a fellow disney enthusiast, and forcing me to hang out and hook up with a guy I may not have considered otherwise. Cheers to Dog with Two Tails as well, for the decent feed and sweet drinks.

A friend of mine suggested I try the *Critic* Blind Date, and I refused. After more of his goddam nagging, I came around. I figured "hey, why not, may as well get a couple of free drinks and a meal." I turned up (sober, even!), awkwardly introduced myself to the bartender and sat down, quietly sipping my cider and playing Pokemon while I waited for my date. She turned up only a few minutes after me, and we made uncomfortable eye contact as we realised we had mutual friends (that's code for 'met drunk at a party or two').

Luckily, we seemed to hit the interest jackpot, both being giant dorks and being passionate about pointless pop-culture bullshit. However, amidst a hearty meal and fine jazz, I discovered over the course of our chats that she had in fact never seen any of the Toy Story movies. Obviously this is fucking heresy, and I made sure she knew that this was not acceptable for a #90skid. After a couple more drinks/dutch courage I decided to blurt out "alright, this is done, let's go to my place and watch Toy Story." I was mostly genuine.

We took a horrendously silent taxi back to my shithole of a student flat, had a few more drinks, and left the judging stares of my flatmates to go and watch Toy Story (not a euphemism). We stayed up all night, watched the entire glorious trilogy, got a little sexy and she eventually stumbled out of my presence at 7am, rambling on about sleep deprivation and work. And then I slept for a year.

So it actually went shockingly smoothly, as luckily she wasn't cooler than me. We've even caught up again since, and might keep it up... who knew a Critic Blind Date could actually be more than drunken debauchery?! So cheers to Critic and Dog With Two Tails for a pretty sweet opportunity, not to mention good food and drinks for a couple of starving students.

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President's Column

Sometimes writing this column is hard. I want to be inspirational and engaging, but occasionally I'm short on ideas that are directly relevant to my role. I guess that goes to say that I would make an abysmal YouTuber.

But as I try to write this, my wonderful cat is sitting on my keyboard glaring indignantly at the hands typing these words, hands I think she believes would be better served petting her. Which reminds me of a Critic article from last year about the secret lives of prohibited flat pets. I was surprised at the array of different animals flats had managed to smuggle into their homes and kept hidden during flat inspections, as well as curious about the custody of those animals come years end.

Don't worry, I have permission to live with my Russian Blue Delphi (pictured at left), this isn't a public confession. Pets are wonderful, many of us don't have the liberty to have animals in our flats while at university, and have had to farewell those at our family homes, but that doesn't need to negate them being in our lives! OUSA has long since run the Kitten Cuddle room-established by 2014 OUSA president Ruby Sycamore-Smith, and expanded last year under the administrative prowess of

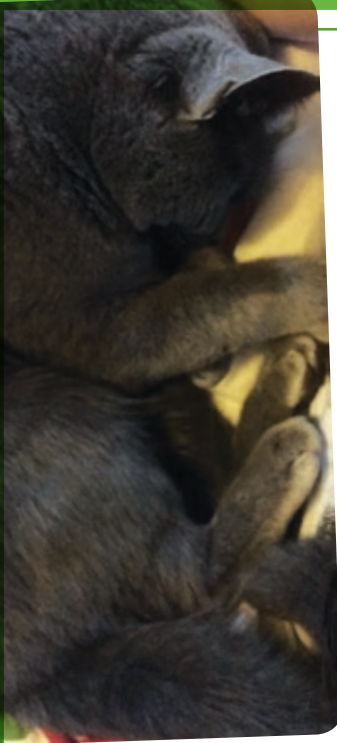
Campaigns Officer Alice Sowry. Every Wednesday at the Clubs and Societies Building there are small animals in the Jonsey dance room for your happiness. Apparently it's currently low on kittens because we're out of kitten season (who knew there was such a thing), so there will be minimal kittens, but bunnies, dogs and other animals to entertain and delight you. Also don't forget to keep an eagle eye out for signup sheets to Cuddle Fix being brought to even more colleges this semester, by the ever amazing Bayden Harris.

If you're still feeling void of small animal affection, the SPCA could always do with volunteers and are happy for you to just go along to pet all the animals.

I hope you're all doing really well and are enjoying what is left of the year. Did you see that there's a new Pottermore quiz out? I got a Goshawk. Send me what your patronus is at president@ousa.org.nz and the first one in I'll shout a Poppa's pizza for being cool enough to read all the way to the end of this column (ooh giveaways, maybe the Youtuber in me exists after all).

Take care,

Laura Harris - president@ousa.org.nz



2017 OUSA Executive

Here is 8/10 of your new exec! Congrats team.

Back row left to right: Danielle Pope (Welfare), Eden Lati (Campaigns), Caitlin Barlow-Groome (Recreation), Max Chan (International)

Front row: James Heath (Colleges), Hugh Baird (President), Bryn Jenkins (Education) and Cody Kirby (Finance).

Absent: William Guy (Admin VP) & Lucy Northwood (Post Grad)

OUSA Student General Meeting this week!

Head to the **Main Common Room**, at **1pm on Wednesday** for a chat to the exec about cash and get a **free sausage from the BBQ!**

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