

Critic^{Est. 1925}

ISSUE 01 27 FEB 2017



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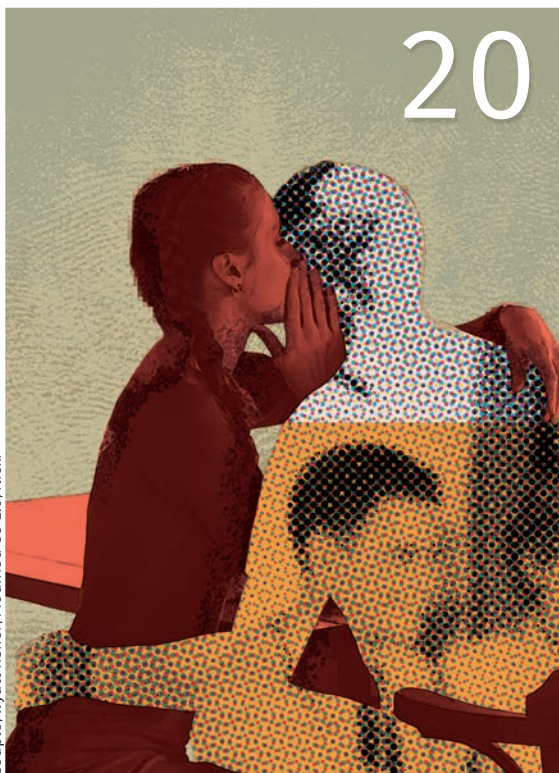
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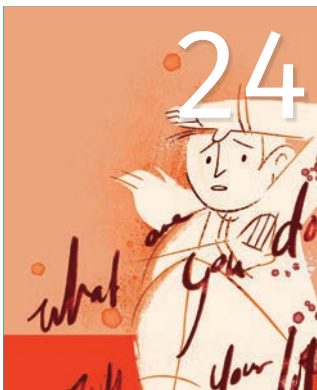
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Couple/wyatt fisher/Modified CC-2.0/flickr

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Hey Sugar Sugar

Would you pretend to be someone's girlfriend for money?

By Louise Lin p20

Careers Advice for the Approaching Apocalypse

A short story on the horror of questions about the future

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All Aboard the Big Fucking Rocket to Mars

Like it or not, we may be Martians soon

By Chelle Fitzgerald p28

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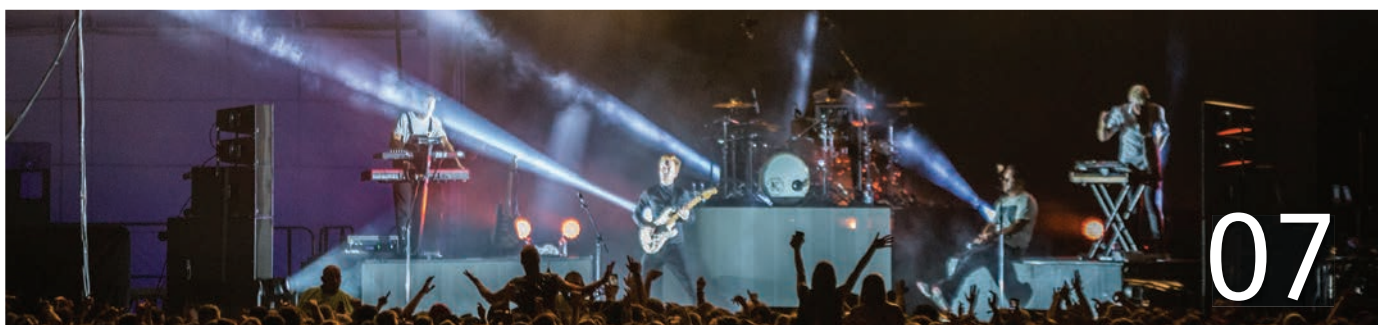
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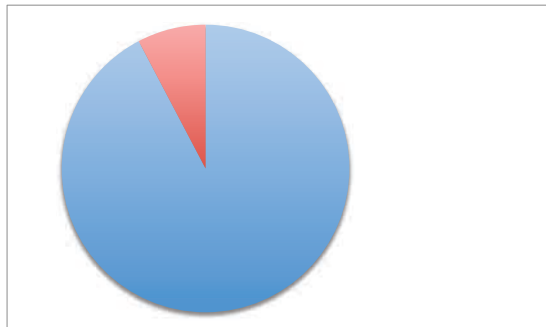
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Boys, boys, boys, boys, or boys at Ori



Welcome to a new year of Critic magazine! We are excited to start the year with a new team of contributors.

I hope you all managed to keep your togas securely fastened and your wristbands firmly in place. However, I felt disappointed when I saw that out of the 26 paid musicians in the big O-Week events, 24 are men. Add the rugby and cricket and you basically get a choice of boys, boys, boys, boys, or boys.

Orientation is a unique event catering to people who have just become adults, have left home and are discovering new interests, meeting new friends, and working out what they want to do with their lives. Nearly all-male lineups suggest male musicians are inherently more skilled, cool, imaginative, popular, marketable, entertaining, and worthy of our attention than musicians of other genders. For the last six years Orientation has featured almost entirely male artists.

The Events team does a wonderful job at putting together huge events. I know it is a staggering task to get O-Week together. Survey results on Orientation give overwhelmingly positive feedback and the audiences at the events are around 50 percent female.

Organisers of large events in our country have little choice in the big international

acts they book as they rely on promoters to bring them to New Zealand. There are generally more touring male artists than female. However, most of the musicians at O Week are from Dunedin or New Zealand, so this problem shouldn't extend to them.

Gender imbalance is present in the international music industry and is likely to continue for some time. OUSA has an opportunity to stand out in support of women and people of other genders in an inherently sexist industry.

One of OUSA's four core values is inclusivity. From the Organisational Plan (2012): "If a member doesn't feel included in aspects of University life we will act to rectify that [...] It also has an element of flexibility to show we are able to adapt to the changing social movements." It would be wonderful to see OUSA Events' lineups reflecting this core value by being at the forefront of positive social change, rather than sticking to the status quo. Events Manager Dan Hendra declined to comment on the absence of women at O-Week.

To all first-years, regardless of gender, go and start a band. If you don't want to do that, start painting, or join a sports team, or write some poetry: do anything creative and fulfilling. It might be one of the most fun things you'll ever do. Don't leave it for the boys.

Lucy Hunter
Critic Editor

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Critic is a member of the Aotearoa Student Press Association (ASPA).

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Press Council: people with a complaint against a magazine should first complain in writing to the Editor and then, if not satisfied with the response, complain to the Press Council. Complaints should be addressed to the Secretary, PO Box 10-879 The Terrace, Wellington.

PURE NATURAL ENERGY



MADE WITH
6 NATURAL INGREDIENTS
NOTHING ARTIFICIAL

0-Week '17 Highlights

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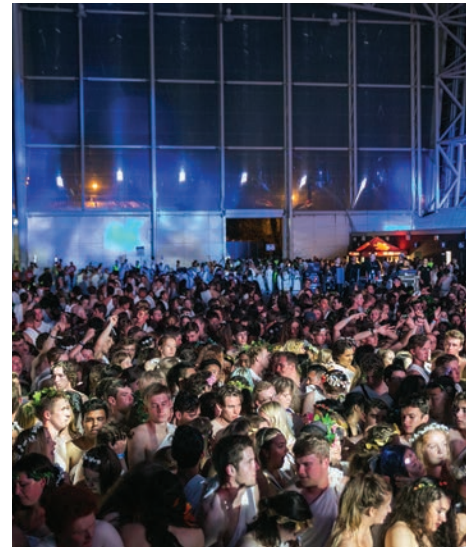


Left: The Shambles,
DJ Woody

Below: Arma del Amor,
be-toga'd crowd



Below: foamy
toga times, Arma
del Amor, Sweet
Mix Kids



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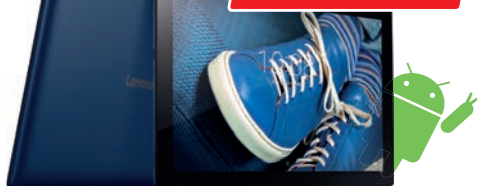
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UNI NEWS

DCC and Uni Begin New Initiative to Clean up North Dunedin's Streets

By Anna Linton

A collaborative recycling initiative between the Dunedin City Council and Campus Watch, overseen by the Proctor, will mark an overhaul in how glass and rubbish are dealt with in North Dunedin.

Street cleaning, extra blue glass recycling bins and skips in North Dunedin, every Friday of February and then every month through the academic year, are being introduced

to keep the student quarter safer and cleaner.

Campus Watch will be personally visiting student flats around North Dunedin during February and March, in particular those where glass and mess is clearly visible.

In previous years, flats received pamphlets to inform students about recycling, but these were not well-received and resulted in little action.

The new initiative is aimed at ensuring students are aware of the city's recycling policies and expectations, and are able to dispose of glass, cans and plastics in an environmentally sound way (rather than in the gutters of Leith Street).

The University believes that broken glass is "an issue that affects the wider community". They say that the "information we have had from Dunedin Hospital's accident and emergency department over the years" forced them to introduce the new measures.

A university spokesperson told Critic that currently "average fines of \$150 are given out for students seen smashing bottles, and if malicious, such as throwing bottles at others, they will see the Vice-Chancellor, who has a wide range of consequences at her disposal including, for repeat offenders, exclusion from the University."

OUSA President Hugh Baird said, "We're all over the moon with the steps that are being taken. Obviously it's a huge focus for our exec team this year. No one likes stepping on glass and it's an absolute pain in the ass to get out."

President of Students for Environmental Action, Claudia Palmer, argues that students have an obligation to be concerned about environmental issues, and are under an onus to act. She says, "We can talk about the complacency of the older generations [and their inability] to act on issues like climate change and sustainability, but here they are making an effort with recycling, so it should be embraced".

Campus Watch also have a large supply of free blue glass recycling bins available, should any flat need another. Students can call in the Campus Watch office to collect one.

NATIONAL NEWS

Dotcom Loses High Court Extradition Battle, Vows to Fight On

By Joe Higham

Last week, New Zealand's High Court ruled in favour of extraditing Kim Dotcom and his co-accused to the United States over their roles in the now-defunct file-sharing business Megaupload.

The United States of America are seeking to have Dotcom (and the three other co-accused) extradited on thirteen charges, including allegations of conspiracy to commit racketeering, copyright infringement, money laundering, and wire fraud, among others.

The High Court found that, although Dotcom had not committed an



Kim Dotcom/Robert O'Neill/CC-BY-4.0

offence under New Zealand copyright law, he should nevertheless still face extradition. The High Court press release said that: "conspiracy

to commit copyright infringement amounts to a conspiracy to defraud and is therefore is an extradition offence listed in the US-NZ Treaty."

Dotcom's legal team stated that: "Parliament made a clear and deliberate decision not to criminalise this type of alleged conduct by internet service providers, making them not responsible for the acts of their users. For the Court to then permit the same conduct to be categorised as a type of fraud in our view disrupts Parliament's clear intent." They spoke of their extreme disappointment at the decision but also noted "we are far from defeated."

Dotcom will now take the case to the Court of Appeal. Ron Mansfield, a barrister who is part of Dotcom's legal team, is "confident that this last point [Court of Appeal], which would prevent extradition in this complex and unprecedented legal case, will be resolved in Kim's favour in a manner consistent with Parliament's intent, international law and, importantly

one might think, the United States' own law."

At the outset of this issue, the New Zealand police, acting on a US Federal prosecutor's request, famously raided Dotcom's \$30 million Auckland mansion on 20 January 2012. The High Court subsequently deemed that the warrants they relied upon were 'invalid' and that the FBI taking some of Dotcom's data offshore was an illegal act.

Shortly after last week's judgement was delivered, Dotcom tweeted: "I never lived there. I never travelled there. I had no company there. But all I worked for now belongs to the U.S."

LOCAL NEWS

Little Visits Cadbury Factory in Show of Solidarity with Workforce

By Joe Higham

Mondelez International, the company that owns Cadbury, have stated their intention to end their manufacturing operations at the company's Dunedin factory.

The closure of the Dunedin factory means the loss of 362 jobs, the first phase of which Mondelez have outlined will begin later this year, while 100 employees will remain with the business until early 2018.

"This is a heart-breaking decision for the employees and their families. The impact of this choice will have tidal waves of consequence, which will be deeply felt by the local community," Sam Huggard, Council of Trade Unions Secretary, said.

Although Mondelez has stated that the expense of manufacturing chocolate in Dunedin is the main reason for shifting their manufacturing premises to Australia, Andrew Little, while addressing the media last Monday from outside the factory, said he saw the move as "classic global corporate behaviour", going on to describe it as "simply greedy".

Amanda Banfield, Mondelez's Area Vice-President for Australia, New Zealand and Japan, explained that: "The company's proposal is the result of extensive consideration of the issues affecting local production. We operate in an increasingly competitive industry and the factory's distance from its main market, low volume and complex product portfolio, make it an expensive place to manufacture our products."

Little joked that the "distance across the Tasman has not changed" in the more than 80 years since Cadbury laid its roots down in



Cadbury buildings, Dunedin, NZ/Benchill/CC-BY-SA-3.0

Dunedin, reiterating that they "just want more profit".

Mondelez have told staff not to speak with the media about their redundancy. Little called this move an "unlawful gagging of the workforce", going on to say that: "nobody can be prevented from talking to anybody about how they feel about the experience."

Although the manufacturing plant is closing, Mondelez International will retain their tourist attraction, Cadbury World, which attracts approximately 110,000 visitors a year.

UNI NEWS

Lift Your Game, Baird

By Lucy Hunter

OUSA Student President Hugh Baird got stuck in a lift in an Auckland hotel when on a presidential trip earlier this month. He was in a lift with five German people who, he says, were talking to each other in German. He is "sure they were talking about him." They were stuck in the lift for half an hour. It was 25 degrees outside, and much hotter inside. When asked what he did for half an hour Baird says, "I played on my phone and awkwardly listened to them speaking German".

The people were released from their prison when someone realised they could simply prise the doors open and walk out. "We felt pretty stupid", admitted Baird.

This was not Baird's first time getting stuck in an elevator – he was stuck another time for an hour and a half. "It was our fault," says Baird. "Don't ever jump in an elevator. It stops automatically."



Hugh makes it through

EXECRABLE

Unusual Positivity Overcomes OUSA Executive

By Joe Higham

2016 OUSA Campaigns Officer, Sean Gamble began the meeting by speaking about the Local Body Elections student engagement report. The aim of enrolling 5,000 students to vote was "bold" according to the report, and various experimental methods were employed to achieve the goal. For example, 2,000 letters were sent to addresses south of Albany Street, all containing language "emphasising the legal obligation to be correctly enrolled...and the potential fine you can incur if you fail to be correctly enrolled"; the other "focussed more on the potential for students to win prizes for handing their enrolment forms into the OUSA main

desk." When it came to assessing the effectiveness of the methods, Gamble admitted "we did not record where letters had been received from or how many were received in total, which was a large mistake on my part." Despite this, the fact that 22% of respondents received a letter "appears to match up with how many letters were sent." Praise was given from Admin VP William Guy on behalf of the other executive members, as well as from many other interested parties, such as Professor Janine Hayward and also the New Zealand Union of Student's Associations. After thanking Gamble himself, President Hugh Baird then turned the discussion to choosing a charity in which the money raised as a result of the 2017 Capping Show will be given to. In the last three years the OUSA have chosen Rape Crisis, the Otago branch of the Cancer Society NZ, and most recently the Dunedin branch of St John. Baird proposed suicide prevention charity Life Matters because of the importance of mental wellbeing,

with Colleges Officer James Heath commenting that this would be "in line with student wellbeing as the purpose" of OUSA's charitable contributions. No official decision has been made yet, though Baird stated that a decision was "needed soon." The executive then approved the affiliations of the Bangladeshi Students' Association, the Southern Youth Choir, and the Dunedin Underwater Hockey Club. Lastly, Postgraduate Officer Lucy Northwood said she had been asked to join the National Council of Women (NCW), a group based in Wellington who strive to make New Zealand a gender equal society, in either an individual role or as an OUSA representative. William Guy asked whether she would report back to the executive, to which Northwood said she "could do if I'm on there as an OUSA representative." She also noted that this could be an opportunity to establish a permanent OUSA position on the council. A motion was then passed to support Northwood in an official OUSA role on the NCW.

DAVID CLARK

Speaking to Trump: How Should New Zealand Approach Conversations with the Leader of the Free World?



Donald Trump signs Executive Orders to advance the construction of the Keystone XL & Dakota Access pipelines.

Many people were surprised by the outcome of the US Presidential Election last November. Along with others (including most pollsters in the US) I expected Hillary Clinton to win.

Having had the privilege of spending time in the US, I can vouch that our countries are firm friends. New Zealand and the US differ in

important aspects, but we share common history, and a belief in democracy and freedom of speech. I expect our relationship to continue to be of the highest importance. And it is precisely this close relationship that gives us both the privilege and the responsibility to speak frankly with our friend when challenges arise.

Since the election, we have seen some concerning things coming from the Trump administration. Inflammatory rhetoric and discriminatory decisions based on race or religion don't reflect my values, and I don't think they represent the values of New Zealanders either. As a country, we are fair, principled and welcoming to people, no matter their background. As a city, Dunedin has welcomed refugees with open arms. I'm proud of our inclusivity and compassion.

Building walls and banning travel based on religious denomination jars with our values. So does the rejection of objective journalism, 'alternative facts', abandonment of diplomacy, and the abject denial of climate change. Alongside a visceral anti-intellectualism, the rejection of evidence as a critical ingredient in policy-making appears de rigueur in the new administration.

New Zealand needs to stand up and speak out against what Donald Trump is doing. We have always had proudly independent foreign policy. We've taken strong positions in the past, like going nuclear free and declining to send soldiers to Iraq. In those situations we stuck to our principles yet succeeded in maintaining our relationship with the US, because we saw in each other an underlying confluence of values. We have both been outwardly focused and liberal democracies.

That's why I've been disappointed with Bill English's response to Trump. He hasn't advanced the values I know that New Zealanders strongly stand for. We have a new Prime Minister, but he does not seem prepared to lead on the world stage.

Any conversation with the US needs to be clear —New Zealand will not be complicit in hateful and discriminatory policy. It's as simple as that.

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UNI NEWS

Bottle Smashing Down, Number of People Being Dicks Remains the Same

By Joel McManus

Egg throwing, couch burning and bottle smashing continue to be problematic at Otago despite progress, according to the 2016 Vice-Chancellors Report on Discipline. Last year a total of 483 students were sent to the proctor's office, with 21 being referred on to the vice-chancellor. The number of referrals was a sharp increase from previous years, though this was largely due to a concerted effort to respond aggressively to bottle smashing. In 2016, several bottle smashers received sentences of 40-50 hours community service.

Overall, the number of couch fires and bottle smashers saw a continued and sharp decline on previous years, while the total number of incidents the Proctor dealt with remained steady. A total of 70 couch fires were reported in 2016, continuing a five year downward trend from a high of 258 in 2011. The effort to crack down on bottle smashing has also seen success, with just 41 cases compared to 93 in 2011.

Among the more serious offenders were a second year student who was excluded for one semester for

being involved in a fire starting incident, then hiding from Campus Watch and later refusing to identify his accomplices. Another student was excluded for a semester for attempting to stop firefighters from extinguishing a couch fire. The longest exclusion was for a first year student who was arrested by the police for making an intimate visual recording of another student. The student received an exclusion for the full 2017 academic year.

The annual report noted the success of the Hyde Street Keg Party, recognising it as a "well organised and supervised event that drew little adverse media attention". The number of police at the event were cut in half with "no discernible effect".

Overall, the Proctor's office saw a total of 483 offenders, the most common reason being for drunk and disorderly behaviour. A disappointing 37 people were involved with thefts on campus or from other students, but overall alcohol and drug offences made up a small number. Eleven students were referred for possession of cannabis, and just four for breach of a liquor regulation. Not a single student was brought to the proctor's attention for breaching an Under 18 liquor ban or using a fake ID.

UNI NEWS

Human Rights Tribunal involved in \$18k payout to student association president

By Joel McManus

An \$18,000 compensation payment was awarded to a university student union's president after her vice-president leaked a letter to the student magazine that he had earlier delivered to her on behalf of the wider student union.

According to the Privacy Commissioner, the "union's president lodged a complaint with the Office of the Privacy Commissioner after excerpts of a written warning given to her by the union's vice-president on behalf of its

executive appeared in the magazine."

The Commissioner noted that the vice-president leaked the letter as a result of an "ongoing dysfunctional relationship" with the president, so much so that he allegedly "poured coffee on the complainant, sent her more than 150 emails a week and attempted to remove property from her office."

In addition, the president "suffered from anxiety, headaches and panic attacks" as a result. She "had to go on

anti-anxiety prescription medication to manage these symptoms," and as a result the commissioner "formed the opinion that these outcomes met the threshold for significant humiliation, loss of dignity and injury to feelings."

Because the union were unable to settle the dispute internally, the case was referred to the Director of Human Rights Tribunal, who represented the president in legal action against the vice-president.

The student magazine, being part of the 'news media', is exempt from punishment under the Privacy Act when carrying out actions related to its news activities.

In addition to the Human Rights Tribunal award of \$18,000, they also ordered the vice-president to undertake training on the Privacy Act.

Despite contacting several student associations, Critic was unable to find out which student association it was.

WORLD WATCH

Wales

A builder in Swansea will be buying a lotto ticket after he mistimed pulling the trigger on a nail gun and sent a nail flying into his groin, just centimetres from his penis. The 22-year-old man experienced the injury while working on a site just outside of Swansea. Doctors said that if the nail had been any closer to the man's penis it would have gone straight through his femoral artery.

by Jack Trevella

Iceland

Iceland's President Guðni Th. Jóhannesson claimed he was "fundamentally opposed" to pineapple on pizzas, and said he would ban the pizza topping. However, last Tuesday the popular President rescinded his comments, claiming "I do not have the power to make laws which forbid people to put pineapples on their pizza".

Maryland, USA

Adolf Hitler's personal phone has been sold for \$243,000 to an unidentified buyer at an auction in Maryland. The phone, engraved with both a swastika and Hitler's name, was described by the seller as "Hitler's mobile device of destruction".

India

A 17-year-old Indian boy woke up just before his own funeral was set to take place. Kumar Marewad was bitten by a dog last month, and was left in a critical condition. His family later turned his life support off, and by all accounts it appeared he was dead. However, the boy opened his eyes just two kilometres from where the funeral was being held and began to hyperventilate.

FIVE TO FIVE

- 1 Who is your 2017 OUSA President?
- 2 What month of 2017 is the General Election in?
- 3 What event did you enjoy most in O-Week?
- 4 If you could have one superpower what would it be?
- 5 If you had to be trapped in one university building for the rest of your life, which one would it be?



Badsha

- 1 Don't know
- 2 July/August 2017
- 3 Everything
- 4 Control of my mind
- 5 Union Hall



Antoinette

- 1 ?
- 2 ?
- 3 Meeting new people
- 4 To fly
- 5 Library



George

- 1 I don't know, think it's a female
- 2 September
- 3 Warm sunny weather, good vibes
- 4 Interdimensional travel
- 5 Marama Hall



Marina

- 1 Me
- 2 March?
- 3 Not being able to get a car park
- 4 Timetravel
- 5 The link



Hugh

- 1 Some unfortunate looking bugger
- 2 September
- 3 The late nights and early mornings
- 4 Invisibility
- 5 Commerce - Best degree, best building, best people. Imagine all the accounts you could read

POST FACT WORLD

We have all realised that the truth doesn't matter anymore, so here's some facts we 'discovered' last night. Tell all your friends.

You know how you get itchy in random places on your body for no reason? That's because you have to scratch every part of your body once a week to maintain good skin health.

If you own a lanyard, you can print off your own VIP pass to any event on your home computer and you will be let in.

If you never cut yourself, you keep the same blood for your entire adult life.

When you get to level seven of breatharianism (totally not a cult), the air tastes like bacon hamburger. Imagine breathing in a hamburger; it would be awesome.

When you use an eraser, the bits you rub off join back together at night and become earthworms. It works the same the other way round.

Dogs are baby bears. When they start to mature a special branch of the government fakes their death.

All of the most tech-savvy people in Silicon Valley own a purple iPod shuffle.

The secret code is PurPleWH1sperSOS. Don't say it backwards three times in a mirror; you'll look like an idiot.

ODT WATCH

by Charlie O'Mannin

ODT Watch is back for 2017 because, unfortunately, so is the ODT.

Puns are like opioids; you start using only occasionally with a quality product, but fast you sink into addiction and squalor.

Prime show of sheer skills

The article was about the prime minister shearing a sheep. That's right, in a five word headline the ODT has managed to include not one, but two insults to the art of wordplay. Consider this an intervention.

This week the police yet again demonstrate their unique investigative genius.

Police raid temple in search for monk

Unfortunately, the ODT doesn't seem to be able to tell the difference between monks and wizards.

You shall not pass ... Thai police block Buddhist monks

Or are the police Gandalf and the monks Balrogs? The reference thickens.

Street trial deemed success despite plastic sheep

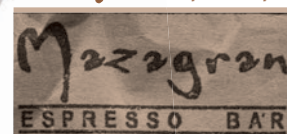
Damn those plastic sheep, always trying to sabotage major street trials.

And finally, this week the ODT have discovered a novel new use for sound.

Sound used to get attention



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NATIONAL

Will Parliament Lose its Resident Bow Tie Aficionado??

by George Elliott

The Green Party announced last week that it won't be standing a candidate in the Ohariu electorate this year. The move improves the chances that Labour Party candidate, Greg O'Connor, ousts United Future's Peter Dunne. Since the announcement, the Greens and Labour have repeatedly tried to play down what really does look like a deal. "It's not a deal," Labour leader Andrew Little said, rather, it's an "electoral accommodation" and there's no quid pro quo on his part.

Green Party co-leader James Shaw won't even clearly and openly encourage the electorate's Green voters to vote for O'Connor. In a press release last week James Shaw said: "I think New Zealanders will understand that, in an MMP environment, it makes perfect sense for us to not stand a candidate in Ohariu." No matter the language and despite the sensitivities of 'the messaging', the non-deal deal is an effective and pragmatic move for the two opposition parties, who signed a memorandum of understanding last year promising to find areas of cooperation and communicate on important policy.

As Shaw rightly stated last week, "Ohariu has a significant impact on the makeup of Parliament." Indeed, the only reason Dunne, the resident bow tie aficionado, centrist and Internal Affairs minister, is in parliament, let alone the government, is because 13,569 people in this affluent North Wellington electorate voted for him. Dunne, who split from Labour in 1994 to form and join a bunch of centrist parties, has been the United Future MP for Ohariu since the 2008 election, when John Key became Prime Minister. Since then, Dunne has been a support partner to the National-led government, giving them (along with the ACT and Maori party seats) a safe 63 seat majority, enough votes to comfortably pass legislation - even when the Maori Party is in revolt.

This could all change. In the 2014 election, Dunne won by a 710 majority over Labour's Virginia Andersen and the Green's candidate, Tane Woodley, got 2,764 votes. If most of the electorate's Green voters cast a tactical vote for Labour's candidate, then Dunne is gone.

However, there is a catch. Labour's Greg O'Connor, the former president of the NZ Police Association, doesn't exactly match up with the Greens ideologically. Metiria Turei reminded her Twitter followers: "Greg O'Connor is not our candidate [sic]." Newstalk ZB's Barry Soper referred to O'Connor as the "loquacious, former defender of anything the cops ever got up to". When it comes to law and order, O'Connor has been labelled a social conservative and appeared to support arming police in 2010 and in 2014, when he said, "I believe the time has come to arm every frontline officer". Responding, Shaw encouraged Ohariu's Greens to "question him about those statements."

There's another catch too, and it could be what saves Dunne. In the 2014 election, National's local candidate, Brett Hudson, won 6,120 votes. If Ohariu's National voters make a concerted effort to save Dunne then the maths from three years ago dictates he holds on. That kind of uniform tactical voting would need a

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nudge in the right direction by local pro-National community leaders, but, coupled with the unattractiveness of O'Connor to those leaning left, a little nudge could be all that's needed. Either way, it's evident that Ohariu will be one of the popcorn electorates to watch on 23 September.

INTERNATIONAL

It's France's Turn At This Populist Nationalism Thing

by George Elliott

We're all probably feeling a bit electioned out. The American presidential election was exhausting for everyone, even for observers behind computer screens in faraway lands. Regardless, the onslaught continues; the American political system is already gearing up for the midterm elections next year; in New Zealand

the National Front is stealing the Left's traditional voter base

we're preparing for our own election spectacle in September; and in France, one of the West's most established and influential states, another controversial figure, Marine Le Pen, looks set to win the presidential election in April.

Le Pen is the leader of France's National Front, a right-wing populist and nationalist party founded in 1972. Since succeeding her staunch father, Jean-Marie Le Pen, in 2011, Le Pen has managed to bring the party back from the fringes and present the party as a realistic alternative to the two main parties of the French system, the Republicans and the Socialists, by toning down the racism and sexism that the party openly displayed during her father's tenure. The party adopted broad populist policies not too different to those of the mainstream right in France, including promises to limit immigration.

While the Republicans continue to cater to the right-of-centre middle-classes, Le Pen and the National Front have become the voice for the disillusioned 'working families' who are sick of seeing their jobs stolen by "wild and anarchic" globalisation. In the process, the National Front is stealing the Left's traditional voter base – an all too familiar phenomenon. And so, the National Front has managed to enter the mainstream, while still retaining its nationalist rhetoric of preserving the "native French identity" from erosion by aliens with 'backwards' beliefs.

Le Pen has championed the United Kingdom's vote to leave the European Union and the election of Donald Trump as historic moments in building a new world order. She's promised to hold a similar referendum to leave the EU to the UK within six months of taking office. Setting off more alarm bells for the liberal Western

order, Le Pen has been severely critical of NATO's hegemony in the northern hemisphere and has repeatedly praised Russian president Vladimir Putin, even going as far as to claim that the 2014 annexation of Crimea was not illegal or even a real annexation.

Recent opinion polls have her anywhere from 25-27 percent, while the Republicans and Socialists trail behind at around 17 and 14 percent respectively. However, France's system involves a second round of voting, which may stop Le Pen. If no candidate wins a majority in April, a run-off election between the top two candidates is held in May. In current hypothetical match-ups, opinion polling has Le Pen losing to her opponents by upwards of 13 percent. Things can change rapidly, though, and Wikileaks has been busy in France releasing documents that dirty the Republican candidate, Francois Fillon, irreparably damaging his credibility. Whatever the outcome, globally we're experiencing a monumental shift when former fringe parties like the National Front challenge the status quo.



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SUPERRUGBY



Swannndri



HIGHLANDERS

RUGBY

Super Rugby Preview

With the Scarfies back in town, the main event of Orientation Week gets ever closer: the Highlanders taking on the Chiefs at The Forsyth Barr.

As a student at Otago, you're obliged to get behind the blue and gold, making yourself part of the 'Landers Army'. With a promising season ahead, here are some tips to either make you some coin at the TAB or just to make you seem more knowledgeable to your mates.

By Charlie Hantler



1 WAISAKE NAHOLO TO BE THE TOP TRY-SCORER IN THE COMPETITION

The local favourite, "Wai-sake Na-ho-lo", loves crossing the chalk more than Fekitoa loves a selfie. Top scorer in the 2015 season as the Highlanders reached the promised land with 12 tries, then backing that up with 9 last season; Waisake is a real candidate for white-line fever. Look for the man with the most famous chant in world rugby to be on the end of plenty of outrageous backline moves from the Highlanders this season.

2 BEAUDEN BARRETT TO BE THE TOP POINTS-SCORER

Barrett reached levels last year that New Zealand hasn't seen from a man in the number 10 jersey since Dan Carter was in his prime. Directing a lethal Hurricanes backline to a trophy-hoist, Barrett finished with 223 points, well clear of next-best Damian McKenzie on 199. Having lured his brother, Jordie, north from Canterbury, the Hurricanes are looming as a serious contender this season. Barrett is their talisman, and with critics vocal about his goal-kicking issues last season, expect him to respond the only way he knows – in style.

3 THE JAPANESE SUNWOLVES TO CAUSE AN UPSET OR TWO

After last year's rough induction into Super Rugby, the Sunwolves will be hoping to move onwards and upwards this season. Led by Otago's beloved and adopted Fumiaki Tanaka, expect the men from Japan to come out hissing. They'll be looking for early blood in Round Two, when they take on the woeful Southern Kings in Singapore. Pencil 4 March in for their first win.

4 CHARLIE NGATAI TO CALL IT QUITS

Concussion is a major issue in professional sports, and it is more prominent in rugby than almost any other sport. Ngatai has had major issues with concussion in recent years, having failed to play a game since May 2016, and already appears likely to spend most of this season on the sideline as a result. It would send a strong signal about the issue of concussion to the rugby community all around New Zealand if Ngatai did take a step away from the game.

5 THE JOHANNESBURG LIONS TO HAVE A REPEAT PERFORMANCE

The men from South Africa were sensational last season, and left the Landers Army licking our wounds after giving us a serious hiding in the playoffs. They make up the bulk of the South African national team, and are a strong bet to go to the semi-finals or final again, having an easy South African conference to make it out of.

6 THE BLUES TO MAKE THE PLAYOFFS

As is clear from the new format, four New Zealand teams can make the playoffs. Hence there is the same debate each year over which team will miss out. My money's on the Crusaders this year. With the Highlanders, Chiefs and Hurricanes as strong as ever, this ignites the traditional Canterbury-Auckland rivalry. Sonny-Bill will be integral for the improving Blues, and they'll make the next step forward under Tana Umaga this season.

7 'SOPS' TO EARN BIG MINUTES IN THE BLACK JERSEY

With Aaron Cruden heading overseas at the end of this season, 'Shag' Hansen will likely stick to the same tune he always has in rewarding loyalty. Lima will ride the pine behind Barrett this season, and is likely to see plenty of time closing out games. Hansen will likely continue to shift Barrett to fullback late in the piece, and this will aid Sopoaga's development.

8 AT LEAST ONE SUPER RUGBY TEAM TO BEAT THE BRITISH & IRISH LIONS

The tour of the Lions is the centrepiece of this year's rugby, and they will come up against all of the NZ Super franchises. They will be coming off their long domestic season, and as they gear up for the big dance against the boys in black, there may well be some upsets on offer. Look for at least one of the franchises to knock them off.

HEY SUGAR SUGAR

Amy's love doesn't cost a thing,
but her company does.
Louise Lin talked to a Sugar Baby
about what it's like to be paid to
be somebody's girlfriend.



Content warning: this story contains descriptions of sexual assault

She's just your regular student. You've passed her on campus, sat next to her in class, but Amelia Raymer* leads a secret double life. When uni is done for the day, she ditches puffer jacket and leggings, and dons the lipstick, dress, and heels of Amy the Sugar Baby. Amy eats at the nicest restaurants in town. She flies around New Zealand, staying at 4-star hotels. She can be your ideal date, your ideal girlfriend, your ideal lover, for a price.

As I settle into a squashy beanbag in her room, Amelia starts telling me about her latest date. "Eric was an interesting one. He had a secret code in his profile, and one day I was bored, and I cracked it." She opens up his Seeking Arrangement profile to show me. "Genuine, seeking clever student, between 18-36, definite reward for those clever enough to read between the lines and go further than most ... Congrats Amy".

"Nice, you made it to his profile page," I say.

"Yeah," she says. "I was the first one to figure it out. Weird huh?"

"So what was the prize you got?" I ask.

"Well", she replies, "it was his phone number, so the right to meet up with him, I guess?"

Not all her dates are so quirky. Mostly they are pretty run of the mill, two people sitting down over coffee to get to know one another. Just a regular date, except she's getting paid for her company. I ask her how she brings up payment. "I try to be subtle about it," she says. "It can be very blunt and I think it's gonna come across as rude to some people... what I said to Eric worked quite well. I said 'I really want to kiss you right

now but I don't know where you're at and I don't know what we should do about money, so you need to let me know' and he was like 'oh yeah we haven't talked about that, what kind of amount do you want?' And I was like '\$400 would be really great', and he said, 'I think I like you a little bit so I'm gonna give you \$800' and that was for a date, a dinner and a movie."

"Genuine, seeking clever student, between 18-36, definite reward for those clever enough to read between the lines and go further than most."

According to the Seeking Arrangement blog, the relationship between a Sugar Baby and her Sugar Daddy is a genuine romantic relationship, with "funds as an added benefit of dating a generous man". The website then goes on to insist that "just because a relationship doesn't follow the traditional rules of courtship, doesn't mean it isn't valid". This rhetoric sounds

delightfully idealistic. Amy, however, has a different perspective. "We are legitimately escorts, the site just puts a pretty name on it, even if we're not having sex. Realistically, you're renting me ... men are seeking relationships, that's an illusion."

Last summer, Amy travelled around the major cities of New Zealand, visiting Sugar Daddies. It wasn't a good trip, and she's come back exhausted and disillusioned. "All the guys in Auckland were so pouty when I insisted on using condoms. Such assholes. One of them turned me around so I couldn't see, and just pulled [the condom] off, and did it anyways, and I didn't notice. It was so shit, you don't even realise, I sleep with many people, I can't do this, it's so rude to me. And the worst part was the night before I'd forgotten to take my pill for six hours, [which is] not too big a deal, but I was like 'it's fine he's gonna use a condom so I don't have to worry 'bout it', but he didn't and now I fucking I have to take a pregnancy test next week." I'm listening to this, feeling shocked and outraged. "Do they not realise how big of a deal it is to get pregnant?" I exclaim. "I know," says Amy, "especially by some 40 year old man, are you kidding me."

A far cry from what she thought it would be like when she first began. She found out about Sugar Babying from an online newscast. "I was stoked, I was expecting them to be these generous men who outlined their expectations." Her recent experiences have made her consider quitting. "It's great, but it's definitely not a stress I need in my life while I'm studying."

Because Sugar Babying is not managed by an agency or by law (it's not a 'job' per se, merely two people who have reached an 'understanding'), there is very little accountability. Often both parties use fake

"I think I like you a little bit so I'm gonna give you \$800."

names and their only method of contact is the website and a cellphone number. Amy tells me about another Auckland date: "I had explicitly said at the beginning 'we had agreed on an amount', but I was trying to be nice, 'I'm not gonna bring it up [again]', and we were waiting for an Uber to arrive, and he was talking ... and he hadn't paid me yet, the Uber's on it's way, so I was like we gotta talk about this somehow, and just ask him, maybe he's forgotten, but he kept talking, and I couldn't butt into the conversation. He was, like, aggressively chatting, and then the Uber pulled up and he kind of pushed me into the car and we drove away ... that was oppressive, cos I was still kinda convinced that he had somehow forgotten." She laughs.

"I gotta figure out a way for them to pay me first cos they can't just do what they want. When Dave didn't use a condom, I couldn't say 'use a condom or I'm leaving' because he hadn't paid me yet and if I left all the hours I'd put into it wouldn't be worth it ... in the moment I was like 'shit I am stuck right now he has all the control'". She's discussed this issue with one of her Sugar Daddies. They've talked about setting up some sort of club "like swinger clubs, except for singles, and you pay the girls."

"Isn't that like an escort agency?" I ask.

Realistically, you're renting me.

"That's the thing" she says, "I'm sure someone has thought of that already."

"I wonder if there are any escort agencies in Dunedin you could work for."

"All the ones I've looked into seem to be regular brothels. I think a brothel would be worse, eight hours of men who see you as meat."

While the pay seems high, the emotional labour involved in Sugar Babying far outstrips that of a normal job. Dates often last a whole day and through the night, and that entire time is spent "acting and being nice to them and making them feel good." Furthermore, the work hours are far longer than they first appear. Creating a profile, setting up dates, organising makeup and clothes takes a lot of work. "Even just texting people you have to think what they want and how they want you to respond, it's time consuming, a lot of effort."

Since a lot of Sugar Daddies insist on monogamy, it's a job that can really impact your romantic and sexual life. One of Amy's Arrangements includes the agreement that she can only date men from the site. "He gets to see all the girls he wants, how's that for an equal relationship" says Amy. "I get to fuck 40 year olds for money, thanks, that does a lot for me."

"I used to encourage people to do it. Now I'm like, you really need to be a strong kind of person to do it. I was expecting to be able to put up a barrier, [have it] become this role you play ... but [you can't] it's who you actually are ... [the rejection] is like how rejection usually is."

She describes her strategies for staying strong. "I've started a journal, and driving by myself is good, it gives me my own space. On my way home [from Auckland], I was just sobbing in my car, like 'Fuck you! Fuck you for being so selfish, I'm still a person, I'm not just a toy for you to play with' ... It was good to let it out."

Through double dates and threesomes, Amy has met many other Sugar Babies around New Zealand. They share stories: who pays well, who to avoid. "This camaraderie forms," she tells me. "There's this mutual understanding, 'Ok, so we both don't really like this guy, but we're both pretending, that's cool.'"

Sugar babying has been an avenue for Amy to explore her sexuality. From going on so many dates, she's been exposed to many different kinds of sex, and as a result, has a far clearer idea of what she's into and not into. It has also helped Amy achieve her goals financially. "I paid my tuition last week, woo! All I need to do is get my living expenses for the year, in eight weeks I'll have enough rent. I'll get a proper job after that."

Amy's got a new sugar daddy in the works. He has a fetish to cater for; he wants to pay Amy to dress up and act the naughty nurse, both parties anonymous. "Bizarre as this seems, this is one of the most promising Sugar Daddies I've found. He's upfront, he knows what he wants, he's been clear about money and condoms." A dream arrangement indeed ■

CAREERS ADVICE FOR THE APPROACHING APOCALYPSE



BY MEL ANSELL

The house has the forcefully pleasant smell of an open home. Particularly, I imagine, one occurring after a graphic murder. Yes, you read about it in the newspapers and rubberneck at it from the street, but we have had the carpets professionally cleaned so there's nothing to see here. This insight comes to me as I am standing awkwardly in the throng of mingling adults. They seem unruffled by the cleanliness of the dust-free surfaces. The plump cream couches, with their pinstriped upholstery and petite footstools, are apparently fine to sit on, even for people like me, by which I mean people who came to this tasteful, hor d'oeuvre laden party wearing a hoodie. None of the coiffed, sweated guests' behaviour acknowledges that a house this clean must be hiding something sinister. I stare deeply into the burgundy carpet; hoping that my desire not to be talked to radiates out of me in an anti-middle-ager force field. I use the time to list all the excuses I could have used not to come to this wine and cheese party with my family. It turns out that this particular event is nothing like the last wine and cheese I attended, in which large hunks of edam were thrown joyfully across the room as the communal goon circled. However, when the event is thrown by friends of your grandmother, you really hope that it will not devolve into a room full of topless people pashing.

"My, you've grown since I last saw you." This statement enters my ear from the left. I do not turn my head immediately towards the source of the sound, revelling in the last few free seconds before needing to make sustained eye contact with my Great Aunt Maude. The last time Auntie Maude saw me was three months ago, when I had endured her commentary of the entirety of Grandma's favourite movie: *Gone With The Wind*. In case you haven't had the pleasure, *Gone With The Wind* is four hours long and abundant with seriously outdated social conventions. This, if I remember correctly, was something Maude

supported loudly and with gusto. If there is any truth to the fact that I had grown since last seeing her, it was outwards, on a steady diet of bakery goods. Maude had got off to a poor start, but nevertheless, now I had to look into her unobservant eyes unless I wished to appear rude. I prepare an unconvincing smile and turn. She goes in for the kill.

VISIONS OF THE PAST FLICKER IN MY EYES AS A POWERPOINT PRESENTATION OF LIFELONG INDECISION.

"And what are you going to do after you graduate?" The force of the question causes severe whiplash. My eyeballs roll back into my head. I am unaware that I have fallen on the ground, for I have ceased to exist anywhere but in my memories. Visions of the past flicker in my eyes as a powerpoint presentation of lifelong indecision. I am five and claim I want to be the Queen. When informed that this has been ruled out by my lineage, I, along with deciding that New Zealand should be a republic, also profess my desire to be a 'stay-at-home Mum'. A few years later, I rule out the Mum part, having just been informed where babies come from. Later, the stay-at-home part will be the dream, but first I want to be an actress. I pursue drama classes from ten years onwards, but it becomes

apparent that I am not even fit for Shortland St. So I delegate myself to a future position behind the camera; a wildlife documentary maker, as I desire to emulate the Wild Thornberries. Next, I want to open a hairdressing salon. Grand Designs, and that smooth bastard Kevin McCloud, persuade me that I want to be an architect. An English teacher promotes writing to me as a career, promising I will be able to scrape together enough to live on. That is a short lived dream; neuroscience seems so much more lucrative. It is only half-way into the first year of university that I begin to dread the question.

I come to. There is a slight ringing in my ears. Aunt Maude blinks. I appear to be standing upright again, which is confusing because the question floored me. I clear my throat, as it had been making a vague gargling noise. A circle of voluminous gray hair senses my weakness

A CIRCLE OF VOLUMINOUS GRAY HAIR SENSES MY WEAKNESS AND DESCENDS ON ME.

and descends on me. "Have you considered postgraduate study?" asks a man in an argyle sweatshirt, coming at me unexpectedly from the right. Meanwhile, Aunt Maude is pummelling me from the left with an anecdote about her granddaughter studying at Cambridge who is "just like me". A low blow is delivered by a pug-like granny I know only as 'Doris', who chimes

in asking if I have a boyfriend yet. Two dad-like, Kathmandu khaki-clads offer up their sons, before peppering me with comments on how long it was going to take me to pay off my student loan. The swarm leans in menacingly toward me. I perform a well-practiced dive-roll in the direction of the nearest exit. The gang of vultures flap after me, fangs beginning to protrude from their false gums. "Excuse me," I stammer, avoiding the hands which grab at my hair, "Got a headache." I bowl out the door, knocking over pot plants as I sprint towards the road.

Thankfully, a bus pulls up just as I hit the road. I am followed outside by an entourage of raving gold-card holders. Aunt Maude leads front and centre, foaming at the mouth. She grabs me by the hoodie, attempting to pull me towards her with a cry of "Come by next week, I'll introduce you to my nephew, he works in advertising!" I leap onto the bus. My pursuers press their faces to windscreen, but seem to be allergic to entering public transport. As the bus peels away from the curb, they are still yelling. "Loans!" "Jobs!" "What do you want to do with your life?!" I sit uneasily on the slightly crusty seat decorated with neon squiggles and hope to never encounter Aunt Maude and her gang again.

Arriving back home, it appears that a party is in full swing. Someone is getting reacquainted with their dinner in the glass recycling bin by the front door. A friend throws an empty Diesel can at my head by way of greeting. In another room, a window can be heard shattering, followed by shouts of elation. This is home. Tension bleeds from my shoulders and I slump on the couch as someone passes me a red cup filled with a mystery liquid. I throw it back, putting my feet up. A game of slap cup is being played in one corner of the room, but the rules now seem to involve spilling as much liquid as is humanly possible on the other players. Much of the rest of the room is involved in rabid dancing, which includes a form of the conga line previously unknown to me. Hands that should be resting on shoulders appear to be cupping buttocks; creating one long

snake of consensual groping. I am in my happy place, gently picking foam out of the couch.

Then I hear it, at first just a faint buzzing from the kitchen, like distant helicopters, then closer, closer. "Yeah, I guess an A isn't too bad, I was just a little disappointed after I put in all that work you know." "Don't worry about it, you'll probably get a first anyway." The voices alight on the couch beside me, twittering about the finer details of the assessment. One admits they could have put a few more hours into section three. Another wants a beefy scholarship. A third looks forward to having a real job so they can buy a house. An office is proposed, and the number of framed degrees on its walls contemplated. All at once, synchronous as a musical number, the group turns to me. "What are you studying?" One chirps. "Where do you see that taking you?" Croons another. "Isn't that difficult to get a job in?" The whole group cries together, beginning to drool a little. I scoot away down the hall. They come after me, and though I lose them in the crowd, I hear them clicking their fingers menacingly as they search. I hide behind a group of people seemingly engaged in a dance routine. While resembling an '80s aerobics video, there is something ominous about the scene. Performing a disturbingly well synchronised disco finger move, the group chants "C's get degrees!" They transition gracefully into a excellently timed pelvic thrust, punctuated with the crowing of "C's get degrees!" A tricky, well-executed circular jig comes directly on the back of the thrust, accompanied by the wild cry "C's GET DEGREES!"

The finger-snapping academics find me and, although they yell that they only want to know my grade-point-average, they look as though they might eat me. The Cs sweep me off my feet and hungrily nibble at my clothes and toes. The middle-agers swarm over the fence. A chant is started, at first whispered: "What are you...? What are you...?" Then louder, louder, until I feel my head will explode from the sheer volume of noise. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH YOUR LIFE?" I black out.

"HAPPY?" I ASK. IT FELT LIKE AN AGE SINCE I'D HEARD THE WORD.

When I awoke, I was in a dark room on a mattress on the floor. There were shouts to be heard, but they sounded far away. A figure hunched over a bench in the corner, illuminated by candles. I heard a soft scraping noise, and the person hummed a little tune in time with it. The room, though otherwise unadorned, was lined to its high ceiling with shelves. Each of these shelves was bursting with hundreds of carved wooden animals, so realistic I expected to see one breathe. The figure approached me. It was an old woman, and in the light of the candle she held I felt I knew her face. On the end of her nose perched glasses held together with a bandaid. She wore what had clearly once been a very office-appropriate blouse and pant-suit, but had been embroidered with strange flowers and altered for comfort. "Fought 'em off you with a few choice words, my girl" she said. "Ooh they didn't like it when I asked them what they were passionate about, aye. I told the sods that lots of money wouldn't make them happy, sent their eyes fair spinning in their heads. Finished them with a sly word on not needing to know what you want to do just yet. That'll show em." It was my high school career counsellor. "I whisked you up here to safety. They're still fighting away down there though." "What do you do up here?" I queried. "Oh, I found after a while that the one thing that made me happy was carving small animals out of wood. It makes me happier than anything else in the world." "Happy?" I ask. It felt like an age since I'd heard the word. "What a strange concept." ■



All aboard the **Big Fucking Rocket** to Mars!

Chelle Fitzgerald

You may not have given any serious thought to whether or not you would choose to leave our planet, but one day, humans may have to.

Our best option in the foreseeable future is to live on Mars, though nearly every aspect of the planet and the journey it would take to get you there is hostile to the human body and mind.

Within our lifetime, Mars will play host to its first set of human footprints – turning a section of human history into an entry-level science fiction plot. The grim fact stands that one day we will be snuffed out by a flip in the magnetic field, the rise of artificial superintelligence, climate change, a simple asteroid, or just gobbled up by the sun – and Earth will no longer be a viable home. Due to this reality, we humans have two choices; become an interplanetary species or suffer inevitable species extinction here on Earth.

So why Mars? At first glance, it seems like a pretty shitty place to move if you're from Earth.

Mars's atmosphere is 96 percent carbon dioxide, with small amounts of other unbreathable shit. Temperatures can plummet to -153 degrees Celsius, so if you can imagine being naked and wet after a cold shower in the middle of winter in Antarctica, you're still not even in the ballpark of how it would feel on the surface of Mars (hint: you'd be dead mate).

Mars is about half the size of Earth with 24.6 hour days, which is ideal for humans and plants to adapt to. Mars's gravity is a third of the gravity of Earth (so, fortunately, launching a craft from Mars would take far less energy than from Earth). The atmospheric pressure is too low to hold a stable body of water in place – meaning Mars cannot sustain surface oceans.

Despite all of this, Mars is still considered to be just within our sun's habitable zone. Also known as the 'Goldilocks Zone', this is the range of distances from the sun that a planet can sustain liquid water with enough atmospheric pressure to keep it on the surface, a definition that arose from the notion that water is necessary for all life to flourish. Mars still scrapes in because it once had oceans and could have them again in the right conditions.

There is a metric buttload of ice at the poles; if it melted, it would cover Mars's surface with water about 10-12m deep. Melting this ice would release trapped carbon dioxide and water vapour, which would beef up the

atmosphere, trapping more heat from the sun, leading to a runaway greenhouse effect that would make Mars lush and habitable, with oceans once more. Until such time, we could live in cool little volcanic tunnels underground, using skateboards to cruise through the tunnels, while we terraform the planet.

Thankfully, some of the world's best minds are engaged in getting all this goddamn crazy futuristic shit to work. There are myriad issues with transporting humans to Mars and sustaining a population upon arrival, and all of them are pretty damn arduous to overcome.

The human body does not cope well in low gravity, making a five-month trip to the Red Planet a sharp assault on one's physical health. When in zero gravity for extended periods of time, blood rises to pool in the head, exerting pressure on the eyeballs and brain, sometimes rendering the traveller with cerebral and/or visual impairment (and the mother of all puffy faces).

Also, without gravity to provide physical resistance muscles atrophy severely. Unless the traveller can maintain a vigorous exercise regime while in space, they could find that they touch down on Mars, step off the craft and immediately break their legs. This isn't helped by the fact that on average you lose one percent of your bone mass for every month you are in space – a condition endowed with the creepy name "spaceflight osteopenia".

Provided you do make it to Mars with your vision, brain, bones, and functional muscle tissue, you're still in the harshest environment known to man. Freezing temperatures, dust that can rip through your lungs like glass shards, and radiation from solar flares and cosmic rays (high-energy particles travelling across the galaxy at lightspeed), which can damage brain cells and DNA, are but a few of the environmental joys of your new home.

Let's say you have secure protection from the elements – there is also the jarring psychological impact of seeing nothing but red, rocky, dusty desert all day. Astronauts

We humans have two choices; become an interplanetary species, or suffer inevitable species extinction here on Earth.

who have spent time on the International Space Station have reported levels of mental deterioration due to not having access to the natural greenery that humans are accustomed to.

So, assuming our minds and bodies can overcome the limitations of prolonged space travel, how are we even going to get humans up to Mars, let alone keep life going once we are there?

The first half of that question is being impressively answered by Elon Musk, the founder of SpaceX (he's also responsible for Tesla electric cars, the Tesla Gigafactory, and Paypal). In 2016 Musk publicly unveiled his vision to take one million people (his estimate of how many people it will take to successfully establish a human colony) to Mars, beginning in 2024 – and he ultimately wants to do this for under USD\$200,000 per seat. Currently, the cost per seat would be around USD\$10.

He plans to bring down that cost with SpaceX's Big Fucking Rocket and reusable launch system. Previously named the Mars Colonial Transporter/Interplanetary Transport

Rockets are often comprised of several smaller rockets, called stages, which provide more oomph and altitude for the craft, before detaching individually (the Big Fucking Rocket will probably be a two-stage rocket, with a gargantuan first stage and a second stage that includes the craft itself).

SpaceX also uses these tests to address how we are going to land a craft on Mars's thin-ass atmosphere. The atmosphere is too thin to help slow the craft yet thick enough to cause overheating; meaning that using parachutes for such a heavy craft is out. The heaviest thing ever landed on Mars is the one tonne Curiosity Rover (which heart-wrenchingly sings itself 'Happy Birthday' alone every year on 5 August), and NASA had to use a combination of chutes, retrorockets and a dangling sky crane to accomplish this.

In order to establish a colony, we're going to need resources to the tune of energy, water, oxygen, shelter and fuel. Obviously, the more resources we can score from Mars itself, the better: to save hauling stuff from Earth. Currently, there is a lot of research going into how we can optimize the resources already available on Mars.

You lose one percent of your bone mass for every month you are in space.

If you were to vertically stack the Richardson Building three times, or the University Clocktower four, they'd be almost the same height as the Big Fucking Rocket.



Food and shelter are the least problematic initial resources to manage. We can easily bring up food and equipment for growing crops. Plants are currently being tested here on Earth in soil chemically similar to Martian soil, which contains phosphorus, nitrogen, potassium and iron, which are all vital for plants to grow. A bit of tweaking of Martian soil to give it more nitrogen and water would really get the job done nicely, but I'm sure there's also a bunch of Mark Watneys out there testing it out with potatoes and excrement. In the meantime, there's always freeze-dried food until the crops are ready.

With regards to shelter, you couldn't get much cooler than what some scientists have proposed: living in lava tubes. Motherfucking lava tubes. These are tunnel caves naturally sculpted from hardened lava after the molten rock has flowed through, which on Mars are theorised to be larger than the ones here on Earth, which kind of makes sense when you consider that the largest volcano (and mountain) in the solar system, Olympus Mons, is on Mars. Because these lava tubes are surrounded by metres of solid rock, they would offer protection from cosmic rays and solar radiation - things that the surface can't protect you from without an atmosphere or magnetic field.

Energy could be provided by any combination of nuclear, solar or portable. NASA has been developing a fission reaction system (not to be confused with a nuclear fusion reaction, which is what the sun does constantly) for use on Mars. Buried under the Martian surface, the reactor would be surrounded by a radiation shield and could provide constant power.

A nuclear battery could offer the colony portable power (which it already does for the spacecraft) - this is a radioisotope thermoelectric generator that converts heat into electricity and lasts a heck of a long time, which is great as long as you have lots of plutonium available to make them (but we don't, which is why Doc Brown had to pull a fast one on the Libyans to get some for the Delorean).

A more attractive option is solar energy, however it would only be viable as a secondary source to nuclear fission due to the difficulty of garnering sunlight on Mars. Not only is Mars further from the sun than Earth,

Plants are currently being tested here on Earth in soil chemically similar to Martian soil.

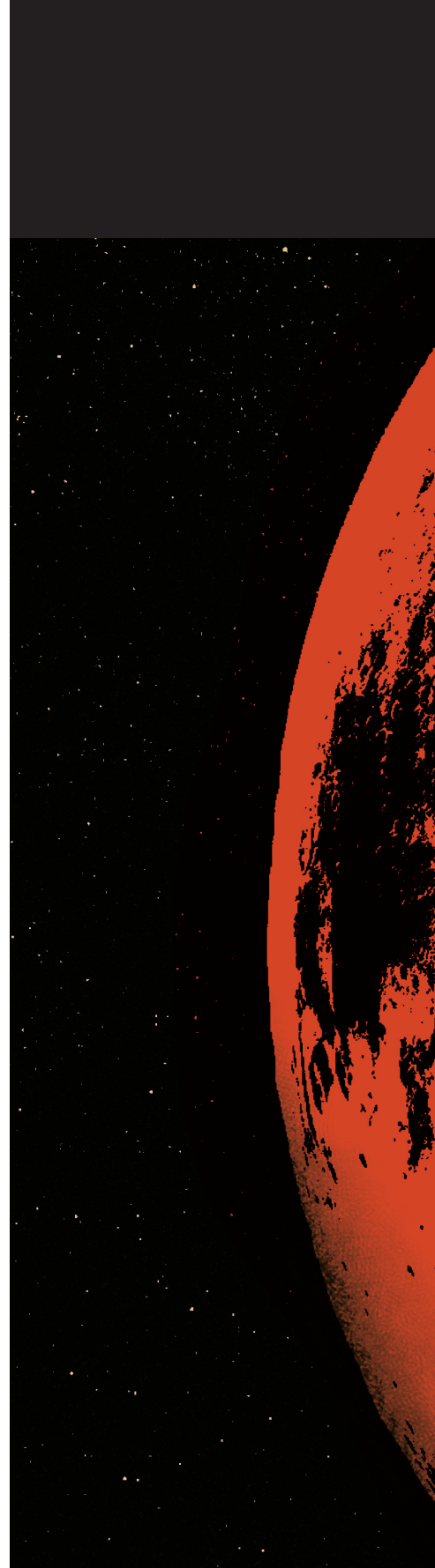
also much of the incoming solar rays would be blocked by the huge dust storms that frequent the surface of the planet.

Further in the future, however, after terraforming creates an atmosphere and oceans, solar and other renewable energy sources, such as wind and tidal power, could take centre stage.

Obviously, water and oxygen are the two most important resources humans will need on Mars. Water could come from a few different sources: by melting the ice at the poles, from the huge hidden glaciers that the Mars Reconnaissance Orbiter's ground-penetrating radar has discovered, or even frozen water extracted from the soil and microwaved.

Beds made from the mineral zeolite could extract moisture from the air and then be microwaved to release water vapour, which could then be stored as ice. Theoretically there are a number of ways in which atmospheric carbon dioxide gas could be turned into oxygen or used to make fuel for spacecraft leaving Mars. For instance, a combination of carbon dioxide and engineered bacterium could create methane for fuel, and water from which to extract oxygen.

These necessities look like they will eventually be met by our ever-developing technology, as Dr. Ian "Jeff Goldblum" Malcolm stated so sexily back in 1993: "life finds a way". If we can figure out how to supply ourselves with energy, water, food, air and shelter on Mars, it's inevitable that we will one day denounce the evils of truth and love and extend our reach to the stars above ■



FILM

The Great Wall

Director:
Zhang Yimou

Reviewer:
Brandon Johnstone

★★★★★

The Great Wall is a Chinese-US co-production, marketed heavily to Western audiences as an intense, gritty action film. About ten minutes into the film it becomes pretty clear that this is a bold-faced lie. Set during the gunpowder-fueled Song Dynasty, Matt Damon and Pedro Pascal star as greedy foreigners searching for a great weapon in China, when they meet a young military commander played by Chinese actress Jing Tian. She warns them of a violent horde of dog-like monsters called 'Tao Tie', which routinely assault the Great Wall as punishment for a past Emperor's greed, or something. Willem Dafoe is also here and he nervously looks around some corners a bunch.

Then everything goes insane, and it becomes very clear that this is not a Western-directed film, given the very un-American structure and dialogue. Early in the film the monster-horde

attacks China's Great Wall for the first time; groups of women leap off the wall and skewer the monsters dragoon-style while war drums pound, troops in Power Ranger-coloured armour hack and slash for their life and our confused white boys do their darndest to impress the untrusting military, the ironically named Nameless Order.

The Great Wall is terrible in a lot of ways, like the dialogue, which feels like it's from a poorly translated Eastern video game. It's predictable, and in the end it's just dumb fun. However, that fun has an abundance of heart – full of overblown ridiculous action and colourful costumes. Not to give anything away, The Great Wall offers a surprisingly touching third act, deftly sidestepping 'white hero' and romantic interest clichés. There's no true subversion of these tropes, no life-changing epiphanies to be had, but it's very charming if you have a taste for cheesy action and unintentionally hysterical characters. If we're lucky, this is only the first in a wealth of joint

efforts between Eastern and Western blockbuster film creators.

**TV SERIES**

Crazyhead

Created by:
Howard Overman

Reviewer:
Ceri Giddens

★★★★★

Bright and raunchy, Crazyhead is Britain's latest addition to the urban fantasy genre. It stars Cara Theobald as Amy, a mousy twenty-something bowling alley worker who is also a 'seer' of demons, and Susan Wokoma as the larger-than-life personality Raquel: a demon hunter delighted to find a friend with powers like her own. The two young women, whose personalities clash instantly, are thrown together into trouble as they exorcise flatmates, hide bodies in the woods, and stumble headlong into a demonic plot that threatens to doom humanity.

Written by Misfits creator Howard Overman, Crazyhead sells itself as a modern and diverse supernatural drama in the vein of Buffy. Crazyhead benefits from never doubting itself; the oft-goofy villains or awkward gags are delivered with sincerity. The same can be said for

the characters; the main two were created by Overman as a direct response to the lack of powerful women in the genre. The actresses praise the depiction as something outside of 'two-dimensional woman kicks ass', as Theobald and Wokoma's characters display emotional fortitude and earnesty so often overlooked in monster-of-the-week paranormal fiction. However undercutting this message is Amy's coworker and friend, Jake. His entire storyline seems to be 'follow Amy around and make her incredibly uncomfortable'. Amy's ability to see demons has isolated her. Jake is one of her only friends, presumably because he believes he has a chance with her. When she runs to him for help, he makes passes at her, which the show frames as jokes. Ostensible comedy is about the extent of his character's depth, but so often this comes in strangely homophobic or sexist quips. I was convinced that this Awful Friendzoned Baby would be condemned for being a creep, yet the last episode comes and goes and nothing happens.

Visually, Crazyhead is slick and compelling. Special credit goes to the opening credits sequence for setting a striking tone that carries through the rest of the episode (plus, Gin Wigmore sings the theme, which is neat).

While they have their flaws, Crazyhead and its diverse and compelling cast are a fun little jaunt through a tale of female friendship and family, while kicking vaguely-fascist-looking demon butt.



FILM

Lion

Director:
Garth Davis

Reviewer:
Florence Dean

★★★★★

An emotional rollercoaster well worth the ride. Garth Davis did a stellar job directing his first feature film, the cinematic adaptation of Saroo Brierly's autobiography 'A Long Way Home'.

This uplifting true story follows the adorable 5-year-old Saroo (Sunny Pawar), from the Indian town Khandwa, who ends up on a train that carries him far away from his family. Saroo ends up at an orphanage in Calcutta, and is adopted by Australian parents; played by Nicole Kidman and this dude who looks like an Australian version of Sean Bean. 25 years into his chirpy life in Australia, Saroo (now Dev Patel) begins to fray at the edges, yearning to reconnect with his Indian family to let them know that he is alive and well. Viewers follow his anguish as he struggles with the desire to locate them, and the need to maintain cherished relationships in his Australian life. Will

he be able to find his wonderful mother and picturesque bro, using nothing but Google Maps and old memories? I big-time recommend that you swagger over to the movies and find out.

'Lion' is utterly captivating. I always knew that I would love it because Dev Patel is my baby boy, whose long-haired lanky ways make me blush for days, but even if you aren't obsessed with demigod Dev, you are bound to enjoy this film. Along with an extraordinary plot, the greatness of 'Lion' comes down to its ability to inspire viewers' emotions. Bring tissues amigos. Devastating close ups of young Saroo's raw screams for his brother as the train clickity-clacks him away are embedded in my memory. The delightfully silly scenes, empty of dialogue, in which we follow older Saroo's relationship bloom with Lucy (Rooney Mara) could not be warmer. Waves of loss, sadness, fear, drive, hope and love are all experienced along with excellent directing, acting, cinematography and well-matched music.

Despite being an unbelievable story, 'Lion' explores the tragedy and beauty of humanity in all its forms, creating something we can all relate to.



Kushana Bush *Life* 2014 (detail) Gouache and pencil on paper Private Collection, Wellington ▶

ART

DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY

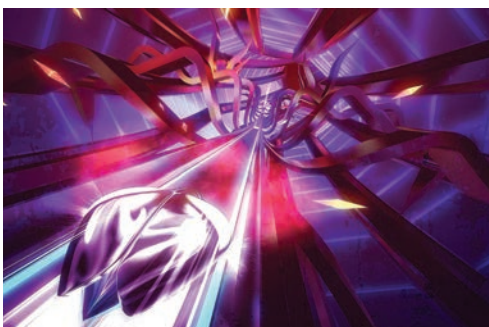
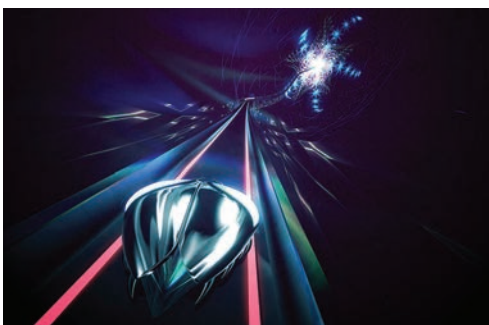
FREE admission + www.dunedin.art.museum



KUSHANA BUSH: THE BURNING HOURS

GAMES

Thumper



Developed &
Published by
Drool

PC

★★★★★

Review by Campbell Calverley

Rhythm games are usually defined by musical melodies. With the Hero games, whether they are of the Guitar, DJ or Band variety, you are tasked with recreating a specified popular song, with the effect of getting to feel like you are on stage with one of your musical idols. Even in the case of the Stepmania or Dance Dance Revolution games, the intention is to make you feel like a skilled performer.

In the case of Thumper, the intention is a bit more abstract. This is a rhythm game in which you are a large metallic beetle riding along a single rail through space. The goal is simply to reach the end of each of the game's nine levels, detonating lights, grinding along corners, jumping over spikes and breaking through barriers along the way. You bear no resemblance to anything in reality, and the game embraces this in a couple of ways.

Thumper touts itself as a "rhythm violence" game, which sounds self-indulgent, but it's actually understandable. Everything in the game has been designed to feel impactful and heavy. You

turn corners by smashing into them, you get extra points by detonating lights in a particular pattern, and you are constantly avoiding lasers and obstacles that can absolutely destroy your beetle. You have one line of defence, your metal wings. You can make one mistake, after which your wings will burst. If you get hit after your metal wings have been smashed off, you dramatically explode and restart at the last checkpoint. Furthermore, rather than have any melody, the game's music is primarily drum-focused: difficulty is determined by its tempo and beat patterns. As you glide along the rail, all of the explosions that you cause feed back into the percussion. It's impossible not to feel your heart rate rising.

Far more interestingly, Thumper's aesthetic is almost that of cosmic horror. Your resilient bug and the rail it rides on are made of shining metal, but you are constantly diving through an endless, shapeshifting abyss. As the game progresses, the viciously pounding drums are combined with searing strings, distorted human screams, and a haunting piccolo that dances chromatically during

the game's few eerily quiet moments. These quiet moments come as a welcome respite in the middle of the levels, but their calmness is offset by what look like fractal spider legs that grip and weave around the rail.

Additionally—and this is uncommon for a rhythm game—each level contains three bosses that scale in difficulty. The first two are usually some kind of geometric shape, but can also look like giant sea creatures. However, the final boss of every level is always a giant, distorted, mummified, shrieking human face. It is the same final boss every time, but it gets increasingly grotesque and disturbing as the game goes on, until in the last level it is utterly unrecognisable as anything human. Seriously, for a rhythm game, Thumper is stressful.

Thumper has garnered a reputation among gamers as being absurdly difficult. Having managed to get through the first seven and a half levels, but unable to go any further, I can attest to this. Thumper is fair and well-structured in how it teaches its mechanics, and even has a fairly-graduated difficulty curve, but the last two levels are just ridiculous. You can look up videos of the last level to get a feel for the lightning-fast reflexes that are needed just to survive, let alone get a decent score.

If that wasn't enough, the most difficult challenge of the game is self-imposed. Beyond just completing the levels in one piece, the game gives you a letter grade based on how well your run of a particular level was. An A-rating is not enough; the challenge is to get the elusive, golden, perfect S-rating. This means that you are not permitted to make any mistakes at all, or you will wear away your R key by hitting it to quickly restart from the last checkpoint.

Thumper is a true challenge. If it isn't making you sweat profusely or tear out your hair in frustration, it tests your ability to stay calm under a surprisingly intense pressure. For a rhythm game, that's impressive.

Warning: Do not try to play this game in a moving car. The combination can very easily induce nausea. My friend and I found this out the hard way.

BOOKS

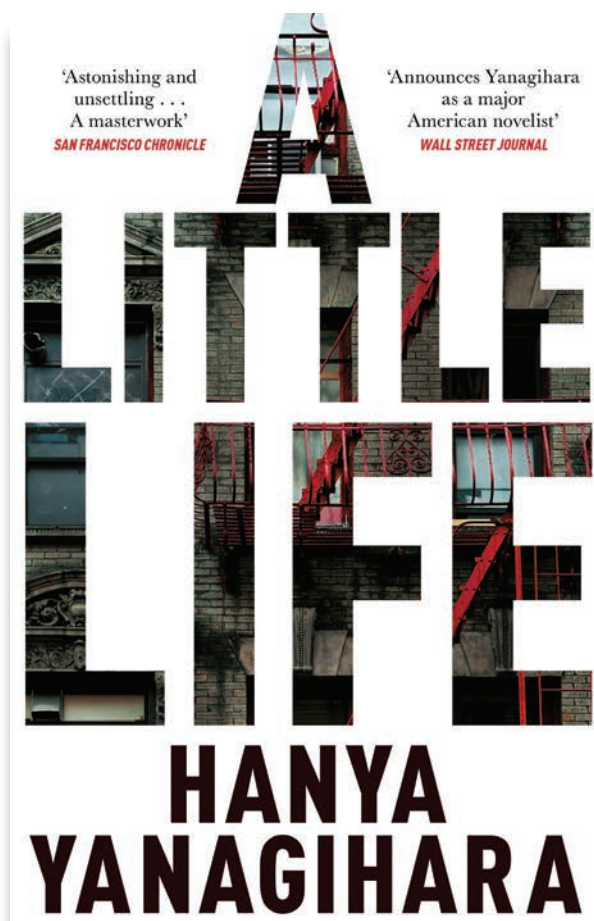
A Little Life

by Hanya Yanagihara

Review by Jessica Thompson Carr

Rating: 10/10

“... things get broken, and sometimes they get repaired, and in most cases, you realize that no matter what gets damaged, life rearranges itself to compensate for your loss, sometimes wonderfully.”



Very few books make me cry out loud. Internally, sure, a few have broken my heart, and safe to say I am no longer a whole person after a childhood of *Charlotte's Web* and every last book in an epic series, but I don't remember the last time I actually wept into my pillow mid-read... more than once. More than 700 pages long, don't let its length and difficult content put you off, *A Little Life* by Hanya Yanagihara knocked me down and I haven't gotten back up since. I am recommending it to everyone I know; the checkout chicks in the supermarket, lads pumping iron in the gym, a guy on the street, strangers at parties, all shall know, all must know, regardless of first impressions, that this is a book you **HAVE** to read, no matter how much it hurts. It is a coming of age story following four diverse friends living in New York city: Malcolm, a struggling down to earth architect, JB, a cocky controversial painter of Haitian descent, Willem, a handsome actor with a heart of gold, and, most importantly, the little life we follow, Jude, a self deprecating, troubled litigator who will linger in your heart until you die.

In the beginning of the story, things seem pretty normal, the characters, having known each other since high school, lead social lives, attending parties and art galleries, are all cultured and have in-depth discussions about current issues. Reading on, you become aware that something truly horrific has happened in Jude's past, rendering him slightly crippled, emotionally disturbed and, in a way, addicted to self-harm. Decades pass around the

affairs, losses, tough breaks and big breaks of this group of friends, but it turns out each person's biggest challenge is Jude. Suffering from an unspeakable past of sexual abuse and violence, he is a wounded man, visibly scarred and traumatised, and every time you think it can't get any worse for dear Jude, Yanagihara just piles it on. Not exactly a beach read.

While the doom and gloom may not be selling it, there are happy parts. In fact there's an entire section titled the Happy Years. And it's beautiful. Through their struggles with success, the reader observes intense character development and the overwhelming tenderness of Jude and Willem's relationship. I became extremely attached to Jude, following his little life from youth to old age. Fair warning; there are graphic descriptions of abuse, and the end holds little hope, triggering a great depression of weeping, but as soon as I dried that final tear, and popped a few blocks of chocolate, I realised that I had never read a book like this before, which is a rare and wonderful thing. Through the twisted darkness and disturbing cruelty there is beauty in the writing, the flaws of each character and the denouement in which we discover what happens to Jude and the people who love him.

On the whole, an exhausting book, but in the most satisfying way possible, and though it will rip you up inside, this masterpiece is worth the effort. I admire its ability to trigger conversation around homosexuality and self-harm amongst anyone who reads it. Read it and weep.

MUSIC

Issue #1—Introducing
the Music Editors

By Bianca Prujean
& Reg Norris



SIDE A:



SIDE B:

Welcome to the first 2017 issue of the music section. Your previous music editor, accomplished writer and journalist, songwriter of New Zealand's most beloved band, and voice of a generation: Millie Lovelock, has vacated her post at Critic. Big shoes to fill...

Who am I? I am a qualified medical terminologist who failed both English and Music. I play the most uncool instrument in the world, the synthesizer, in a band that has been described as "cringe" and falls under the genre "wave-wave", which means nothing at all. On the upside, when I was 11 I did dress as Kris Kross, specifically Kris, so I feel I am qualified to be your music editor.

Goals for this year:

- Cram in lots of music related interviews, reviews, and news.
- Have an update on the whereabouts of Frank Ocean.
- Discuss the absence of live music venues in Dunedin.
- Ask the hard questions, like "Who's headlining your Spotify playlist?" and "Have you ever seen David Bowie's face on your morning toast?"
- ~~Bail out around wintertime when ideas run dry~~
- Write Issue One of the music section for 2017 ✓

My musical highlight of the year thus far: seeing The Futurians play on the bad side of the tracks, in our industrial wasteland. Does this gig signal the rebirth of the house party? Can the venue-void be filled? How can these events become more inclusive? When will more students go to gigs? When are Six60 playing at your flat?

We've got plenty of issues ahead to address these questions, so charge your Dr. Dre headphones, and tune in each week to the latest from Critic's music section.

Bianca.

"What's that sight in the night? Looks like a UFO!"

The late 1980s. I was 9.

"Look at those lights. Shining in my EYEEEEES!"

Inspired by an evening of listening to Guns N' Roses and AC/DC, I unpacked everything I wanted in a song, and embarked on my maiden voyage into the world of musical composition. A pillow, torn from my single bed, served as percussion. On the pillow I punched out a rolling beat. A series of dulled drum rolls announced the closure of each passage. Searing guitar lines burst from my lips.

The first verse came easy, but the rousing chorus never arrived.

For a long time my poor family were held hostage, forced to hold a battery powered torch on my writhing body as I mimed the entirety of Def Leppard's Hysteria under its dim light. I swayed to and fro on a stage fashioned from a ply board, a cricket bat slung low at my hips. Hysteria was the first album I fell in love with; it became my first music purchase. I bought the album from my father after an unsupervised attempt to use the turntable failed. The record had a deep arcing scratch across side one. I didn't care.

For years music served me as novel entertainment. Michael Jackson's 'Dangerous' ruined everything. I became obsessed, wandering around our dead end street with a zombie stagger, 'Thriller' blaring through my Walkman's headphones.

My relationship with music changed when I discovered independent radio and second hand music stores. I found that music existed beyond the greasy mitts of ABC TV's early Saturday morning top 50 countdown.

That was the mid '90s.

It's now 2017.

Now there's so much music. Too much. Trash, grit and butts.

But I am the other Critic music reviewer.

My name is Reg.

ART

OM MANI PADME HUM

by Tiffany Singh

Review by Monique Hodgkinson

My first glimpse of this work was an unexpected one: while chatting with a friend in Nova. I was thoroughly preoccupied with my cappuccino and not ready to be introduced to my new favourite contemporary art piece, but there it was, unavoidable —OM MANI PADME HUM by Tiffany Singh, towering above us on the 'Big Wall' space of the Dunedin Public Art Gallery. Hundreds of pastel-coloured, shimmering ribbons stretched from ceiling to floor, looking like a mix between the prettiest piece of art I'd ever seen and an exploded preteen Tumblr blog. Beautiful and begging a closer look.

OM MANI is monumental, each ribbon printed with the Tibetan Buddhist mantra of the work's title and tied around a bell near the base of the piece. The golden lettering subtly reflects the lighting from the gallery in a spectrum of iridescent illumination. These ribbons are far removed from those of the Buddhist temples they're inspired by, their presence in the white-walled gallery seems to suggest an adaptation, a modernised version of traditional culture for present-day consumers of art.

And traditional culture is really what Singh is exploring here. Across her piece she drew on as varied a range of influences as: the shades of pastel in OM MANI, Eastern and Western spiritual beliefs, ancient cultures and Jungian psychology. In the piece, her partnership with rural communities in developing countries is signified through the rustic fair trade bells, which hang in contrast to the pristine fabric of the ribbons. The significance of the bells expands further, referencing the numerous Buddhist rituals and offerings in which bells are used. These references are supported by the colour palette, which might remind you of a candy store but really signifies the Terra Chakra, a grounding flow of energy, which is believed to connect us to the energies of the earth. Add to this mix the prayer mantra of OM MANI PADME HUM, symbolising the search for enlightenment in compassion, love and wisdom, and what we have is a window into an ancient cultural and spiritual practice, which extends far beyond the walls of the Dunedin Public Art Gallery. A recording of this mantra being sung allows viewers to enter the work on an audio level as well, adding an important dimension to our experience of Singh's art.



This work is impeccably timed with its messages of cultural acceptance, compassion and understanding. We're living in a mad time and it's important to recognise artists making statements of this kind and to celebrate them. And it's comforting, too, to know that, despite all the chaos, we have places like the Dunedin Public Art Gallery's 'Big Wall', which has formed a small spot of rainbow pastel fair-trade culture in a wider world of conflict.

OM MANI PADME HUM
is at the Dunedin Public Art
Gallery until 31 March, 2017

Dunedin Public Art Gallery
is open 10am-5pm daily.
Admission is free

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A Notice From the Proctor

The Dunedin Botanic Garden is New Zealand's first botanic garden and holds the status of six star Garden of International Significance.

This is something staff in the gardens worked very hard to achieve and are very proud of. They dearly want to retain the classification.

Later this year the grading will be reviewed.

Partying in the Botanic Gardens causes issues like rubbish, broken glass and damage to plants. It creates a health risk to garden staff when attendees urinate in garden beds.

Consideration of others is what is needed here.

'Harmless fun' is not the case here. The actions of students do have consequences both financially for the gardens, for the clean up, but also reputationally.

Free Women's Self-Defence Classes

Taught by an accredited member of The Women's Self Defence Network — Wāhine Toa

Gain greater self-confidence and more options for dealing with a range of situations, from attacks by strangers to pressure and abuse from people we know. Based on research and experience about what works, this programme provides a fun, supportive space for learning and practicing simple techniques—mental, verbal and physical—which anyone can use, no matter how big or little they are, for staying safe and empowered. All women of all abilities (15yrs+), including transgender/takatāpui, warmly welcome, no experience needed.

When: Saturday April 1st 10:30am - 5:30pm or May 6th, 10:30am - 5:30pm

Where: OUSA Clubs and Socs, Evison Lounge.

To register contact:

Bell Murphy

Email: selfdefencegrrrl@gmail.com

Mobile: 0226389885

<http://www.empoweredandsafe.co.nz/>

God Of Love Talks On Campus This Week—All Welcome

12pm-2pm each day in the Main Common Room, University Union Building.

Monday 27 Feb- Ravi Zacharias - God of Love; Looking for Absolutes in a World of Relativism.

Tuesday 28 Feb- Michael Ramsden - God of Love; God of Judgement?

Wednesday 1 March- Dan Patterson - God of Love; Religion of Violence?

Thursday 2 March- Michael Ramsden - God of Love; World of Suffering?

Plus: Thursday 7pm at North Ground (Alhambra Union)- Ravi Zacharias- God of Love, Now What?

All talks will be about 40 minutes long, followed by a Q&A session.

Further information :

<http://ravizachariasdunedinvisit.weebly.com/>

LETTER OF THE WEEK

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POSTGRAD



Interloan Guilt

by Cameron Coombe
Dept. of Theology & Religion

Over the course of completing my Masters I saw no need to read everything. If I picked the three most recognised sources on a topic, threw in an obscure

reference where I could make one (this guy writing for this non-peer-reviewed undergraduate pre-Internet USSR journal says this, but he's wrong), I knew I could convince my readers (ha!) that I had at least read everything I needed to. This strategy was perhaps a result of the wisdom of my honours dissertation supervisor, who routinely incited me to read deeply before broadly.

As a PhD student things have changed. The world is yours, oyster. If I so desired I could spend a month reading for a single footnote, before gnawing myself to sleep on the eve of my next meeting with my supervisor. I am endeavouring to avoid that. Not here, not now. I have noticed though that, despite the fantastic range of resources we have available through the library's physical collections and online subscriptions, these resources have not been enough to satiate my doctoral designs for reading. Every extra citation, "cf.," and "pace," the latter, cognate to the English word peace, being a passively aggressive nice way to disagree with that kid from the USSR, will give the pages of that final draft on that fateful day that little extra shiny.

I have since become well acquainted with the world of Interloans, a wonderfully ecumenical enterprise in which pretty much all the books, articles, chapters and theses I need for my project

can, eventually, become available to me. As Emily Dickinson once wrote, "I dwell in possibility." But Interloans is not a faceless, nameless system, as I had somewhat hoped. Sometimes I see the receipts behind the fancy bookmarks that come with them

"Sometimes I shrink a little at what my two hours reading has cost the library"

and I shrink a little at what my two hours reading has cost the library (don't worry, it's often more than two hours). Also, sometimes I receive a book only to find within twenty minutes that it does not relate at all to what I'm after (so I hold onto it for a week for fear of being interrogated). For those who love reading, and know how to deal with guilt, Interloans is the system for you.

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SCIENCE

Can memories be passed on through DNA? Enter Epigenetics.

by Shivam Kalhan

How weird would it be if we could relive or access our ancestors' lives? Or would that just be insanely awesome. For those of you that would find it weird, meet the game series Assassin's Creed. This game revolves around the main character reliving the lives of his ancestors. He can do this because their memories are stored in his DNA, which has been passed down the generations in his genes.

This is a very sci-fi idea since memories are stored in the brain, not DNA. For example, when cramming on the night before the exam (or a few minutes prior), while going through the lecture slides (for the first time), we can memorise because

certain connections between our brain cells are strengthened. Memories are not stored in one part of the brain, but rather through connections between different parts.

Here is where the idea of Assassin's Creed touches more on science than science fiction. A study published in Nature was able to show that memories are able to be passed on through to the next generation. The researchers trained mice to fear the smell of cherry blossom. Surprisingly, the offspring of these mice also feared the smell from birth, without ever being exposed to it. The mice had inherited the fear memory of their parents.

But how? Through epigenetic changes—a process that is as cool as it sounds. It is when there are changes to which of our genes are expressed without any changes to the genes themselves. For example, when painting, you possess all the colours but can choose which colours are expressed on the painting. Similarly, you inherit all the genes and epigenetics chooses which genes are expressed. In the mice, through epigenetics, the DNA of the genes responsible for sensing the smell of cherry blossom was over-activated due to the fear association and this was passed on to the next generation.

This study was the first step in showing that some of our memories, particularly fear based



memories, can be passed down through generations. Understanding epigenetics may help us better understand and treat phobias and other conditions. In the future, it may be possible to turn off genes that cause certain diseases or even turn on genes that make us smarter. Imagination is our only limit.

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CRITIC BOOZE REVIEWS*

Canterbury Cream



by Swilliam Shakesbeer

Understanding the appeal of Canterbury Cream means knowing a little bit about the New Zealand

tax code. You see, the Excise Tax, which applies to all alcohol sold in this country, varies greatly based on the alcohol percentage. The tax per litre of pure alcohol on spirits is \$51, and for Beer is \$28, but for drinks between 9-14%, this tax is drastically lower, which helps to protect the New Zealand wine industry. Canterbury Cream, of course, caught onto this and took full advantage of the tax code to allow themselves to dominate the market with a significantly worse, but significantly cheaper, version of Baileys, thus allowing middle-aged housewives and attendees at church brunches everywhere to get fucked up on a budget.

Canterbury Cream is a wonderful drink for all times of day; you can mix it in your morning coffee to get you going, put it in a protein shake to drink during your lecture, sip it as a cheeky dessert to help you get over your food coma and into your alcohol coma. Considering its high dairy and sugar content, it's not too unhealthy either, coming in at 140 calories per standard, less than most RTD's.

I have memories of stealing this stuff from my parents' liquor cabinet when I was little. Not because I wanted the alcohol, but because it's freaking delicious. Highly recommended for those

back-to-back bender nights when you're struggling to get anything down, Canterbury Cream is like the best boyfriend you could ask for: sweet, gentle, always making you feel better about yourself, and making every other girl in the room jealous. Everyone always forgets that Canterbury Cream is a legitimate party option, so don't be afraid to chug it on a night out, just be prepared for people to constantly ask you for some.

Taste: Like a warm embrace

Pairs Well With: More
Canterbury Cream

Froth Level: 8/10
(provided you can handle
your lactose)

*2016 ASPA Award Winning
Best Column

ECONOMICS EVERYWHERE

Monopoly:
A History

by Danni Pintacasi

Personally, I have never made it to the end of a single game of Monopoly, despite its subtitle being "The Fast-Dealing Property Trading Game." The evolution of the boardgame is entrenched in irony.

In the late 1800s, Elizabeth Magie developed a game that would later evolve into Monopoly. Magie

called it "The Landlord's Game" and used it as a tool to teach the concepts of economist Henry George. George proposed a "single tax system" where the only tax that the government collects is on land-owners. Unlike other taxes, taxes on land ownership would not create any economic inefficiencies, or situations where resources aren't used to their greatest potential. George suggested redistributing the income from the single tax to other parts of the economy, like labour and investment, eliminated the need for taxes in these areas. George believed this system would work to reduce inequality as a land value tax would mainly target the wealthy landowners, while keeping tenants protected.

There were two modes of play in the Landlord's Game: anti-monopolist and monopolist. In the monopolist mode, players aimed to amass all the wealth in the game and by doing so, bankrupting other players out of play. In contrast, the anti-monopolist mode rewards everybody during wealth creation, mirroring the benefits of the single tax policy. It was Magie's hope that players of the game would conclude that the anti-monopolist structure overall reaped a better outcome for society.

In the early 1900s, economics students began to modify the rules. The monopolist rules became

more popular and widespread. Eventually the game was more widely known as "Monopoly." Soon student knock-offs of the game were springing up everywhere, despite Magie's patent on the game.

Then enter Charles Darrow. He lost his job during the 1929 stock market crash and ended up working odd jobs during the Great Depression. Shortly after learning about the game, Darrow began work on developing his own version with similar rules but ditching the anti-monopolist mode. He copyrighted the game in 1933, despite Magie having a patent on the Landlord's Game since 1904.

Darrow became the first millionaire game-designer. After extraordinary sales during the Christmas of 1934, Darrow sold Monopoly to Parker Brothers and became recognised as the inventor of the game.

What began as a tool to teach the weaknesses of our capitalist system ended up exemplifying capitalist values. Now, Magie's intentions are lost to history.

ETHEL & HYDE

Some kind of bottom dwelling scum loving slug must have lived in the flat I just moved into, cos it is gross. I only saw pictures of it online before I moved in and it looked great. Now I see it in reality it is smaller, dirtier and older than I was expecting. There is hair in the shower drain and pubes on the floor of the bathroom, the kitchen is filthy, including the oven which has crumbs and some kind of yellow liquid on it. I can't live like this. Nobody should have to live like this.

Disclaimer: Student Support advises you to take Ethel's advice.

Send your questions to:
ethelandhyde@ousa.org.nz



Ethel says:

Oh dear! I hope you have taken photos of all that filth, those might come in handy if you can't sort things out in the short term. The condition the flat is in when you move in is the landlord's responsibility. If you can't go look at the place yourself, send someone to look for you, because once you have signed up you are committed. The landlord must 'provide and maintain the premises in a reasonable condition', which includes it being clean and tidy when you move in. You are entitled to complain if it is not.

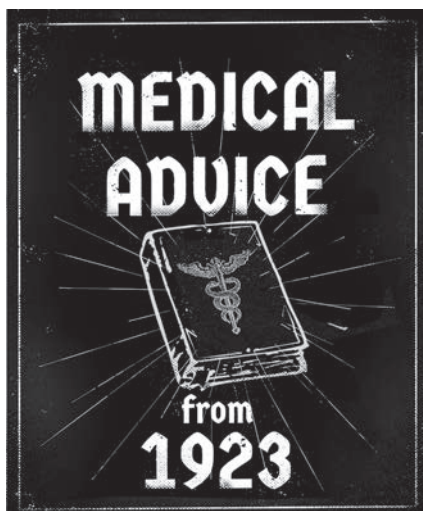
Email the property manager, asking for a cleaner to come through the property. Stay professional-sounding in your tone, avoiding emotive words like "disgusting". If the landlord won't act you can take it further. Both the Tenancy Services and Student Support Centre can advise you about next steps.



Hyde says:

WTF! Glove up and gather those pubes with as much gunk as possible from the drain and place it in a plastic bag. Leave the bag in a sunny window for at least two days of sun, which could take a couple of weeks in Dunners, this should help the mix to coagulate into a sticky, stinky bundle of stench. You now have an essential ingredient for baking double chocolate muffins to give to your landlord. Make sure to leave them on their doorstep with a card saying 'Thanks for being a great landlord, from last year's tenants'.

Sit back and relax in your cleaner house, knowing that the bottom dwelling, scum loving slugs and their landlord can share in the bounty of their year together.

VITALOLOGY

*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.

Brain-fever*

Young men and women embarking on their education must study, but excessive bookishness will lead to a fever of the brain that will incapacitate the nerves and leave the young person unable to participate in society. Watch for symptoms of brain-fever in your companions in your homestays and in lecture theatres.

The disease is often occasioned by night-watching, especially when joined with hard study. It may likewise proceed from hard-drinking, anger, grief, or anxiety. It is often occasioned by the bleeding piles in men, the customary discharges in women, etc.

The symptoms which usually precede brain-fever are pain in the head, redness of the eyes, a violent flushing of the face, disturbed sleep or a total want of it, a great dryness of the skin, costiveness, a retention of the urine, a small dropping of blood from the nose, singing in the ears and extreme sensibility of the nervous system. The pulse, indeed, is often weak, irregular, and trembling, but sometimes

it is hard and contracted. A remarkable quickness of hearing is a common symptom of the disease, as is a great throbbing or pulsation of the arteries in the neck and temples. Others include a constant trembling and startling of the tendons, a suppression of urine, a total want of sleep, a constant spitting, a grinding of the teeth, free perspiration, a copious discharge of blood from the nose, and a plentiful discharge of urine which lets fall a copious sediment. Sometimes the disease is carried off by a looseness, and in women, by an excessive flow of the menses.

In the early stages of this disease, the diet should be light; nothing more than gruel, rice, and at most toast, cracker, and milk-and-water. If convulsions occur during the early stage, showering the head with a small stream of cold water, not continued too long, holding the head over a tub, and putting the lower extremities into warm water, will often relieve the symptoms.

The room must be cool, free from noise, and kept dark. Callers and visitors, no matter how kind their intentions and desires may be, must positively be kept out of the sick room. Their presence always makes the disease worse.

THE HELL HOLE

CASTLE STREET CANNIBAL

by Jessica Thompson Carr

There is not a more ideal place for a killer to roam than Castle Street, so they told us. I believe it. Ever since that evening the Marsh was evacuated one evening because of a 'suspicious figure' wandering the Botans. We thought they meant a gunman.

Of course, the flat doors are always open, the windows so old they swing aside despite their locks. The students are young and fat and stupid, always wandering and tripping over.

The first incident, people believed was just a rumour. A girl had left her window open so her boyfriend could come over without waking her, and had thought nothing of it when she heard a figure scuffle in and drop to her floor. Then when he got into her bed she noticed all sorts of things were wrong: the coldness, the ratty sleeves that wrapped around her body, the hissing of unfamiliar breath and the smell, a burning smell, a filthy harbour smell. There was nothing she could do, but choke and scream, as the killer ripped into her neck and face. When they found her body she had been chewed. White pieces of skull gleamed from her bloody cheeks and her nose was completely gone.

The next incident was more recent and involved an audience so I know that people are wary now. A man decided to break into the Botans to go for a blaze on the bridge. Some kids from Logan Park observed him from up the hill. The kids explained how he lay back and seemed to be sleeping when a man, crouched on all fours, scuttled over and bit the stoner in the neck with such force and confidence that blood jetted across the killer's own face. None of the kids could say a thing about his features, only that he moved fast and was strong enough to drag the body into the bushes with his own mouth.

He seems to have developed a taste for scarfie blood. A few students have complained to Campus Watch about a creature crawling past the side of their flats or staring through their windows as they slept. Campus Watch won't act; they know what he likes and won't risk getting in the way.

Every night I lock my door.

Every night I hear it rattle.



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Cookin' up Love

Melania

During this date, not only was I battling with the fact my masters report is due next week, I was plagued with the dilemma of whether or not to reveal that I'm a freak in the sheets. I'd need a fair bit of convincing, seeing as I turned up stone cold sober. Lads love a challenge right? Valentine's Day, what a treat. I watched other couples wander into town, questioned my own sanity, then jumped on the bandwagon.

As I got closer to the Cook, I saw, in the distance, a seemingly handsome man jump out of his mate's car and head inside. Maybe I'll be in luck. Getting closer still, I passed the car that was stopped at the lights and smiled at the two dudes inside. They grinned back – it must have been him!

Upon arriving at the booth, I see my prayers for tall, dark and handsome have been answered. He rose to greet me with a kiss on the cheek and I noticed his tā moko peeking out from under his shirt. Critic, you provided. I learn that my date is about to start post-grad after a gap year and a three-year undergrad. Phew, he isn't too young! I reluctantly admit I'm at the start of my sixth year, he doesn't seem fazed by this at all and in fact later proclaims he thinks can teach me a thing or two.

The conversation over dinner and drinks was polite and pretty standard covering topics like our interests, family and travels. Nothing life changing or deep. After dinner and our third drink, the atmosphere in the booth heated up. We decided to head into town to continue the fun.

We got to town and it was pretty quiet, but that didn't bother us. Sitting outside Mac's Bar we shared a Valentine's Day kiss over our bright pink cocktails. Much to my delight my date was a great pash. Gets me every time.

After necking another cocktail, we walked back to his and finished the night with a chat to the flatmate, a cheeky dry hump and a spoon. Just what this old gal needed. In the morning, I declined a ride to my car and took one last stride of pride through the streets of North Dunedin.

Donald

In the infinite wisdom that comes from spending hours scrolling memes instead of spending time with a bae on Valentine's Day, I decided to chuck my name in the fray for the Critic Blind Date when they asked for a guy who's into gals. Sounded like a bit of me, next thing I know I'm sitting in The Cook fresher than a 17 year old just setting up at Arana. In walks a nice looking girl wearing a pretty buzzy dress that was apparently bought in my beloved Thailand. The chat started as per usual with the "what do you study? Any hobbies? Where are you from?" I wanna say it flowed like 3 Speight's in a funnel on a hot Sundee but I'd say due to both of us leaning on the sober side earlier on, it took a while to get things going. But after a meal of salmon which I savoured seeing as I'll never be able to afford that again, we got into it. I decided to hit a couply bitch cocktails which went down like your mates recently divorced Mum on her GP. Eventually we packed up and moved on to Mac's, welcomed by the bro who hooked us up with a few V Day cocktails. These were a treat with the date, would recommend ordering a Gummy Bear cocktail for those of you wishing to get intimate with a date. After a few cheeky hook ups at Brew Bar, we made our way home arm in arm to mine and into the bedroom. Unfortunately this is where things went further South than the last US Presidential election. In trying excessively hard to not be forceful or pushy or whatever, I asked if she wanted to stay, got a yes, but she accepted the offer of cuddles, so when my hands started to wander, a bit of tom-foolery was as far as things got. Apologies to those hoping for a 50 Shades side story but trust me, you're not as disappointed as I was. The next morning she left and honestly I have no clue if I'll ever see or hear from her again. No love lost nor found on V Day for this chap, but cheers Critic for a nice night with a lovely lass.

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President's Column

Hey team,

Welcome back to Otago after what I'm sure was a long, warm and enjoyable break. I hope you all made the most of the Orientation Week festivities and I have absolutely no doubts that you are feeling a little low on chips at the start of this week.

I'd just like to begin by thanking, and congratulating all those who made O Week the week that it was. From the countless numbers of volunteers who worked around the clock to keep things ticking over and to ensure the safety of everyone throughout the week, to the hardworking staff all over the show who have been working for a long time previous to this last week to put together the final product, and of course all the students for making the week what it is.

However, although Orientation is over that doesn't mean that the events don't keep rolling on. Thursday will see Tinie

Tempah playing in the Union Hall with Marshmello set to play next Thursday. For those who are keen to soak up the sun with the potential for a few cold ones, there's also some test match cricket between the Caps and South Africa set to begin next Wednesday and carrying on throughout the weekend.

So although Orientation may have just come to close, fear not. The events team here at OUSA are working around the clock to ensure that you have plenty of events to keep you as busy as a one legged man in an ass kicking contest.

Enjoy your first week and happy studying!

H B Baird

Hugo Baird - president@ousa.org.nz

Thanks to everyone involved in the epicness that was Planet Ori '17! Special shout out to the team and all the OUSA volunteers involved in making the week come together.



The party doesn't have to stop!

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