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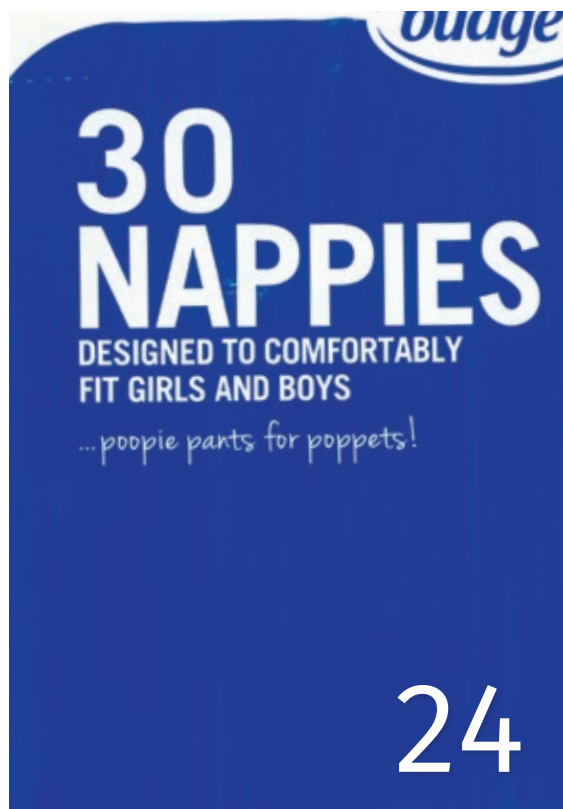
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FEATURES



Do Millennials dream of the Unclicked Hyperlink?

My week without the internet
by Mel Ansell, page 20



Cheap Thrills

We Tracked Down the Heroes Behind New Zealand's Greatest Grocery Brand
by Carl Marks, page 24

In Placid Darkness

Sam tunes out in a pod that cuts out all your bodily senses
by Sam Fraser-Baxter, page 28

NEWS & OPINION

- 4 Letters
- 5 Editorial
- 6 Execrable
- 7 News
- 12 News In Briefs
- 14 Sport
- 16 David Clark
- 17 Politics

CULTURE

- 32 Music
- 35 Film
- 36 Art
- 37 Food
- 38 Games

COLUMNS

- 39 Critic Booze Reviews
- 39 Ethel and Hyde
- 41 Science tank
- 41 Poetry Corner
- 43 Hunt for the Mystery Object
- 43 Day of the Day
- 44 The Hell Hole
- 45 Vitalogy
- 46 Cookin' Up Love

University Book Shop



LETTER OF THE WEEK

SWILLIAM SHAKESBEER IS MY SPIRIT ANIMAL & I WANT HIM TO REVIEW MY BREW

Dearest Critic

Your weekly booze reviews are the light at the end of this little fresher's tunnel. They never fail to brighten up my week and help me ignore study for just a little longer. What more could I want? In case it wasn't apparent, I'm a 14 year old girl and Mr Shakesbeer is my One Direction.

With that said, I'd be humbled if you could do a review of my freshly home-brewed cider, personally I think I've done a pretty good job for my first try, not to mention my dollars per standard ratio is better than half price goon. Is there a way for me to get in contact with your legendary columnist or perhaps drop a bottle off at Critic for him to pick up? I'd be happy to throw in an extra bottle for you editors if they went to the trouble of helping me out.

Yours truly

Antonic Chekhops

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

SICK POSTER

Hey critic

10/10 for the poster this week. Now the flatties and I can enjoy hanging out in the living room while being judged by an apathetic bass called Frederick. Perfect.

— The Judged

TAKE A STANCE ON ME

To the editor;

We have a student association with an executive that cannot lead or make up its mind. Does it oppose implementation of CCTV cameras in the university precinct? We do not know because they're ducking that bullet.

So, the problem behind the problem reveals itself.

We should have an executive which pressures the government to do something about the real causes of crime so there is no need to spy on us. But, we don't.

We should have an executive that, on its own strength and the backing of thousands of students, can confidently stand up to the university for the sake of its students. But, we don't.

And we should all be aware of that come the executive elections next semester.

We should permit ourselves to want an executive that speaks for us with courage and sensitivity. One that leads a student body that can and should demand the university's attention. Our silence, forgivable as it is, gives away inch by inch the joy and privilege of being here.

Also, we should definitely vote in the upcoming referenda and give our executive a sense of direction. They're currently lost without you.

Yours sincerely
Angus Wilson

RESPONSE FROM OUSA PRESIDENT HUGH BAIRD:

Dear Mr Wilson,
Thanks for the letter.

As I am sure you are well aware of, the introduction of CCTV cameras in the North Dunedin area is probably one of the more pressing matters facing students here at Otago for some time, and as a consequence has caused some controversy with

a wide range of strong arguments both for and against the proposal. Given this fact, we as an executive believe that it is such a situation that we would like to consult with the student body to gain their thoughts and opinions on a matter directly effecting them. I think your comments around the executive trying to duck the bullet of CCTV cameras is baffling. Have you not noticed the large referendum we are holding to try and address the issue?

OUSA does work away with the University standing up for the sake of the students in a multitude of different ways. On a daily basis, OUSA and the executive in particular makes many decisions on behalf of their student body without first consulting them. However, those decisions are not usually so controversial or on this scale.

Perhaps if you believe you have such strength in courage and sensitivity and believe that the students voice is being withered away inch by inch may I recommend that you yourself stand in the upcoming elections next semester?

I do hope that you vote in the upcoming referendum so that we can gain a clear mandate around such an important topic.

Hugh.

RESPONSE TO HUGH BAIRD'S RESPONSE:

Dear Mr Baird,
Thank you for your service to OUSA but I'm afraid it hasn't been enough.

The response you have offered is indicative of the problems I have identified with the character of our present executive. It takes a student to know a student after all, so it baffles me that you and your colleagues are unable to discern the right from wrong in issues before the student body.

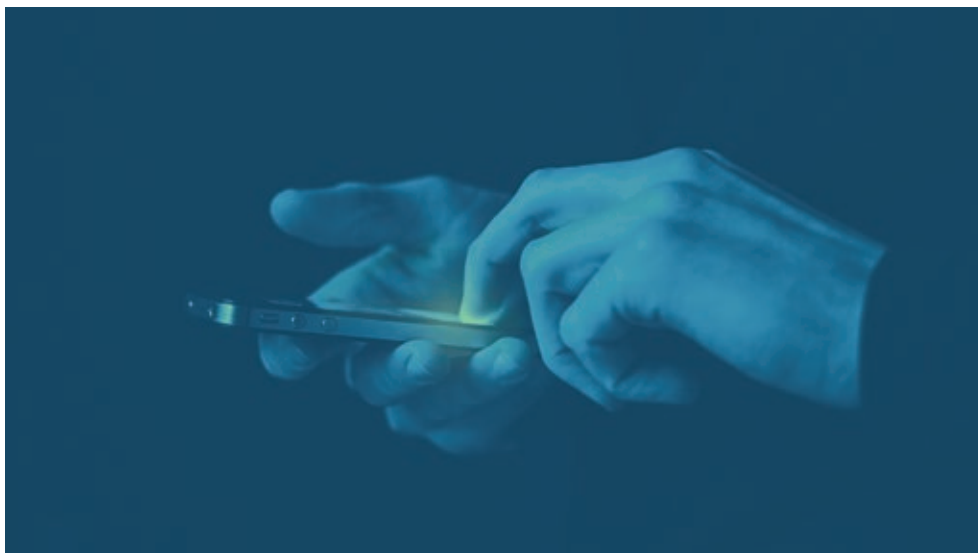
There are bigger issues looming ahead of us which will require more fight than you're ready to give. I'm sure this is forgivable somehow. Though, your response has made me realise that I should get involved and I encourage all others to involve themselves.

Congratulations on your graduation and best of luck as you venture out into the world.

Best wishes
Angus Wilson



Literacy



I get into the odd conversation with someone about how illiterate our generation is becoming, because we don't read novels and write letters anymore. And of course, about the destruction of grammar from the force that will surely end the world, text speak. Because it's my job to fix people's grammar they expect me to sympathise with their point of view. I care about good grammar when we're printing a magazine. In every other instance, I don't really give a damn.

When I started university I did expect to see people everywhere reading novels under trees and in quiet corners, and there really isn't a lot of that. I read far fewer novels than I did before I got a smart phone, and I'm far more likely to open my favourite website in the morning than I am to reach for a book.

But guess what: right now, 86.3 percent of people in the world can read and write. In 1950, 36 percent of people could. In 1820, only 12 percent of our world's population could read. New Zealand ranks in the top 15 of most literate countries in the world. Maybe the people around you aren't reading Dostoyevsky or whatever, but who give a shit about that when in the past 70 years the majority of the world's population have gained THE most important skill for getting an education, communicating their ideas, and living a better life. Plus I'd wager there are far more novels being read in the world right now than ever before, maybe just not in the University of Otago Library.

Worldwide there are still 900 million people who can't read or write. Ideally that number would be a lot closer to zero, and hopefully one day it will be, but we have come an astonishingly long way.

Yes, we waste a lot of time looking at stupid shit online that we don't get any real pleasure from and that we will forget instantly. But people have always done that. We used to stare at the TV watching any old junk that was on for hours and hours. Now we look at the internet. But we also have ebooks and audiobooks, which open up new ways of reading and make novels more accessible. We can learn other languages, how to code, and how to play instruments for free via apps on our phones. Not everyone does these things, but we can.

Among the literate, people are reading and writing more than they ever have. We may moan about people being glued to their phones and living through texts, Facebook, and not talking to strangers on the bus or whatever, but it still means everybody is reading and writing all the time.

In the recent past, once a person had finished school they could get through quite a lot of life without reading and writing much at all. You could go to work, watch TV, talk on the phone, go to the pub without encountering much more text than a road sign or two. People who may not have been confident communicating via written language can now do so without hesitation. That's why I don't care about people's spelling and grammar online. The written language is to communicate ideas, and the more people are able to do that, the better. We are getting far more literate, not less.

Lucy Hunter

Critic Editor

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Keeping Tabs On The Exec



by Joe Higham

This OUSA Executive meeting was the final one before the vital referendum kicks off at 9am on Monday 29 May. During the meeting, Education Officer Bryn Jenkins pointed out that "this is the most important [OUSA] referendum in a decade,"

a statement that caused the other eight members of the executive to nod in agreement. Jenkins's comment may be slightly hyperbolic given a Student General Meeting (the former equivalent of a referendum) was held on Voluntary Student

Membership in September 2011, but it certainly shows that your elected representatives do grasp the gravity and importance of the event.

Colleges Officer James Heath was keen to add that the last thing he wants is "to wake up on Thursday morning thinking that we [the OUSA Executive] could have done more" to encourage students to vote, a line of conversation that ended with each member volunteering a significant period of their time to be on the ground in the leadup to the vote in order to remind students of its significance.

Just 15 percent of eligible voters turned out in the most recent referendum, a figure that simply will not do this time around. The result of the referendum will not just affect the current cohort of students at the University of Otago, nor the following one. It will genuinely have consequences (both positive and negative

depending on how you balance the pros and cons of CCTV cameras) for at least a decade to come – and this is certainly not hyperbole.

It's reassuring that the people who you voted to represent you are stepping up to the plate. Not only adding the CCTV question to the referendum at the last minute, and through laborious and time consuming means, but also following it up with such hard work to engage you.

As your executive continue to work so hard and for so long to bringing the referendum to the forefront of your minds during the lead up to their own exams and the stresses that come with them, repay them by taking just two minutes out to vote. It's as invaluable to future students as it is to current students.



LOOK UP BEFORE YOU CROSS THE ROAD



Uni News

University To Finally Provide Late Night Study Spaces To Students

by Joel MacManus



The University of Otago has responded to student demand for more late night study spaces on campus. From 22 May to 21 June the St David lecture theatre concourse and surrounds, as well as the upstairs, will be available 24 hours with student swipe card access. From 29 May to 18 June the Union building and Link will be open until 2am, with security staff monitoring student behaviour and welfare.

However OUSA's 24-hour study space, which has operated out of the Clubs and Socs building over the last few years, will not be returning. OUSA Education Officer Bryn Jenkins says that he felt it was not OUSA's responsibility to provide study areas, saying "we firmly believe the onus should fall on the university and not on students, to fund study areas on campus ... We ran the Clubs and Socs Centre as a 24 hour study centre over exams last year as a pilot project from which the library could gather statistics so that they may look at extending library hours this year. Discussions with the library this year revealed that they felt there was not sufficient information to justify extending library hours. Thankfully Stephen Willis (COO) and Martin Jones (Operations Manager University Union) were appreciative of the need for late night study areas over the exam period."

Jenkins also says they hope to provide more services to support students during exams, explaining that "We are exploring options and looking into how we can make the study spaces the best they can be for students. Being able to offer complimentary tea and coffee facilities would be ideal."

Other initiatives offered by OUSA for exam time include free casual squash all day, free saunas from 4pm, Glow Yoga, a silent disco, and extended Wednesday hours for the Student Support centre.

Local News

Otago Scientist leads New Zealand Study in Opioid Addiction Recovery

by Anna Linton

An Otago Medical Anthropologist, Dr Geoff Noller, has conducted a study in New Zealand into the controversial use of ibogaine in treating opioid dependency.

Ibogaine is a plant-alkaloid derived psychoactive substance. It has been touted as an alternative medicine treatment for drug addiction, although the powerful psychotropic aspects of the drug has meant that research, and therefore statistics, either for or against its therapeutic use, are lacking.

Said to facilitate recovery due to its psychoactive properties, Noller states this study has empirically demonstrated reductions in cravings and withdrawal symptoms in recovering addicts. The drug is a powerful psychotropic, which, coupled with the oneiric, or dream-inducing effects of the drug, promotes visions. The visions prompt a review of life for the treatment subject, which then supposedly allows insight into their drug dependency.

Temporal connections to treatment fatalities have beleaguered the psychotropic drug. Data suggests fatalities have occurred in approximately 0.5 percent of 4,500 treatment subjects worldwide either during, or immediately following, post-treatment with ibogaine. This has resulted in international contention surrounding its use. While it is scheduled as an illicit drug in much of the world, MedSafe gave the drug 'non-approved' status in New Zealand in 2011, meaning the drug is available on-prescription through general practitioners.

The study involved 14 subjects with opioid dependence. Seven of who were opioid free 12 months post-treatment. Additionally, significant reductions in withdrawal symptoms were noted, alongside elevated mood.

There are suggestions that the drug could be used to treat synthetic drug addiction. The study appears pertinent in New Zealand, which has one of the highest drug use rates in the world, with methadone (a synthetically-manufactured drug) being the most common intravenously administered drug used to treat opioid dependence in New Zealand.

Synthetic legal high kingpin Matt Bowden, through the Multidisciplinary Association of Psychedelic Studies (MAPS), funded the study into therapeutic use of the drug. This was held



BY-MARCO-SCHMIDT/CC-BY-SA 2.5/VIA-WIKIMEDIA-COMMONS

Rainforest psychedelic Iboga (from which the drug Ibogaine is made) could help treat Opiate Addiction.



Researcher Dr Geoff Noller

concurrently with a similar study in Mexico, whose funding also stemmed from MAPS.

Following two successful case studies of the drug's therapeutic use in Dunedin, Dr Noller attended MAPS's biennial conference on Psychedelic Science, in Oakland, America earlier this year. At the conference, Dr Noller featured on a panel giving insight into contemporary research on the use of ibogaine. Professor Paul Glue (Otago School of Medicine), who has contributed to ibogaine studies in the last 15 years, accompanied Dr Noller to the conference. The study's success has prompted support for further research to be given, to improve clinical outcomes in treating opioid drug dependence.

CompSci Pips Biology for Hardest Subject at Uni

Dentistry and Medicine continue to get it easy

by Joel MacManus

If you're looking for an easy pass on that last paper of your degree, we've got your back. A request made by Critic under the Official Information Act (OIA) has revealed the average pass rates by subject area at the University of Otago for the last several years.

As a public institution, the University of Otago must respond to any requests for information under the OIA within 20 days unless they have a conclusive reason to withhold that information, such as privacy of individuals or risk of damaging commercial interests. Annual pass rates for the years 2009-2015 were provided for each of the nearly 100 undergraduate subjects with at least 10 undergraduate enrolments.

The subject with the lowest pass rate for 2015 was Greek, at 70 percent, which is a sharp decrease from a 93 percent pass rate in 2014, a change that may simply indicate a small class size with a statistically insignificant sample.

Of the more popular subjects, Computer Science and Information Science both gave their students a good old fashioned rogering. Both registered pass rates of just 76 percent in 2015, and consistently ranked among the most harshly marked subjects. Students in Biology and Health Studies also got a particularly rough treatment from their professors.

Many of the courses which are typically seen as more difficult had near universal pass rates of 99 or even 100 percent. Among these were Dentistry, Forensic Biology, Human Nutrition, Medical Laboratory Science, Neuroscience, Physiotherapy, Plant Biotechnology, and Radiation Therapy.

Other subjects which consistently averaged pass rates in the mid-high 90s include Law,



Pictured:
Last year's Greek exam

Chemistry, Management, Medicine and Theatre Studies.

Accounting and Finance saw a major increase in students passing, from just 74 percent in 2009 to 97 percent in 2015. Finance and Qualitative studies also saw a marked change. In 2011 the pass rate was just 68 percent, the lowest for any subject in any year in the records made available to us. By 2015, the pass rate had climbed to 85 percent. Both Mathematics and Statistics have seen similar gains, up about 10 percent on 2009.

University Registrar Jan Flood did emphasise that this raw data does not tell the full story about courseloads, saying: "We must emphasise that this data does not take into account the nature of student cohorts in the various subject areas, variations in course content, variations in the nature of course delivery, difference between professional programmes and general areas of study, and a range of other variables all affecting pass rates." A full breakdown of data for every subject area is available at www.critic.co.nz

Announcement of Financial Help for Students Not All It Seems for Dunedin

by Joel MacManus

Students in financial trouble may breathe a slight sigh of relief after the changes announced in the 2017 Budget, although little help is on the way for those studying in Dunedin. Minister for Finance Steve Joyce announced a \$20 per week increase in the accommodation supplement for those on Student Allowance who are experiencing housing hardship.

A total of 41,000 students will be eligible to receive the increased benefit, but only those in Auckland, Wellington and Christchurch will receive the full increase. Students in Dunedin are likely to see an increase of \$11 a week, which will kick in from April 2018.

While it is a slight help for some students, New Zealand Union of Students' Associations (NZUSA) President Jonathan Gee criticised the move as not going far enough, saying "More than three quarters of students will see no change to their living situation as a result of this Budget. This contrasts with our recommendation in our Budget wishlist, calling for a housing grant for all students".

There will be no increase in available funds for those on student loan living costs or to the base allowance, currently set at \$278 per week. The loan living costs are tied to the Consumer Price Index — a model that measures inflation by calculating the price of consumer goods. Students' associations have on multiple occasions argued that this should be changed to tie funding to rent costs, which are increasing at a higher rate and take up a larger proportion of the student budget than groceries.

NZUSA policy is to replace the accommodation supplement with a universal housing grant available to all students, not just those on student allowance, especially for students living away from home. Tertiary Education, Skills and Employment Minister Paul Goldsmith said "once interest-free student loans are taken into account" the government already covers over 80 percent of the cost of tertiary education, "As well as that, taxpayers make a contribution to the students' living costs through allowances or student loans. We think that balance is reasonable".



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Uni News

Students Out-numbered By Pizzas at OUSA Student Forum

by Joe Higham

OUSA's annual Student Forum took place on Monday 22nd May, providing a chance for students to ask questions in relation to the 11 questions included in the upcoming referendum, due to begin from 9am on 29 May.

The event is notoriously poorly attended, and this year saw even the amount of pizzas delivered to lure students outnumber the attendees. Those that did turn up were, on the whole, engaged and asked several questions to OUSA Admin VP William Guy, University of Otago Chief Operating Officer Stephen Willis and Proctor Dave Scott.

Predictably, the majority of the questions, the first four of which are the only binding questions of the 11, received no crowd questions whatsoever.



Some discussion did occur over question 9's animal research facility topic, with student and animal rights activist Oska Rego questioning Willis over what he considers to be a lack of transparency and ethics in the building of the facility.

However, the final question, which was only added to the OUSA referendum after an emergency meeting was called by the OUSA Executive to discuss their position on this issue, received by far the most student engagement. The question on CCTV implementation in North Dunedin (question number 11, with several attendees posing questions to COO Steven Willis and Proctor Dave Scott.

The responses to Critic's questions are below:
If the referendum comes back with a result that is clearly against the implementation of surveillance in North Dunedin, will the university discontinue their plans, especially considering your commitment to upholding student consultation?

Otago University COO Stephen Willis: "Yes and no. The fundamental reason we want to do this is for student safety. From my point of view there would have to be something significant that changes our mind in relation to what we're doing in terms of student safety. As officers of the University we have an absolute obligation to the safety of staff, students, visitors, etc. so as I said my two main points, consultation is beginning, this is all about student safety, so, we'd have to be assured that safety of students could be achieved from ... [unclear]."

So are you saying it is likely that the camera installation will go ahead no matter what the student referendum says on it?

Stephen Willis: "As I said, we'd have to be convinced that safety of students...that there was an alternative that would achieve what we want it to achieve in terms of achieving safety of students."

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Opinion Piece: Upcoming OUSA Referendum

by Sam McChesney

A few years back, when the government was pushing through Voluntary Student Membership (VSM), students' associations across the country were being slammed as leftwing fringe groups. Students' associations, it was claimed, had no business making political statements on behalf of students who were forced to join, especially when barely 15 percent even voted for their executives. Just look at the number of former student politicians filling the Labour benches. Careerist hacks, the lot of them, suckling from the electorate's teat. Disgusting. Shush, nobody mention where Paula Bennett got her start.

The response from OUSA and most of its peers was, basically, to roll over and play dead. They promised not to say mean leftwing things again, they emphasised that, really, they were service providers and would stick to their core role of organising Shapeshifter gigs and keeping their mouths shut. Cool, said the government. Thanks. We're still passing VSM though. Most students' associations lost over half of their revenue; control of key services passed to universities, and students found that, once again, they were left paying more for less. To add insult to injury, OUSA and others continued to keep their mouths shut, to avoid similar treatment in future.

The upcoming referendum gives us a chance to tell OUSA to unstick its gums and find its political voice again. The question, "Should OUSA support a change of government at the 2017 general election?"; needs to be answered yes.

Many of you will be voting for National or ACT this September. That's cool. There are valid reasons to do so. In fact, given how little you as a student will benefit from a National-led government, these reasons are likely idealistic ones, and therefore all the more laudable. But OUSA is not here to reflect the ideological beliefs of its members; OUSA is here to represent the interests of students.

Whatever National's merits, the simple fact is that over the past nine years it has not prioritised tertiary education, and its policies have squeezed students. Allowances and living costs from Studylink have failed —by a long way—to keep up with the cost of living. Renters have been hit hard by a housing crisis whose very existence the Prime Minister has denied. Postgrad students have lost access to the allowance. Fees have gone up by the maximum every year to compensate for a lack of funding. Academic staff are being laid off. University councils have been stacked with government appointees. And most universities, including Otago, have fallen in the international rankings. On the plus side, the Young Nats got lots of selfies with John Key.

A yes vote in this referendum is not going return us to the bad old days. Hugh Baird is not some shouty hairy socialist loon looking

They promised not to say mean leftwing things again, they emphasised that, they would stick to their core role of organising Shapeshifter gigs and keeping their mouths shut

for a soapbox. In fact, I suspect Hugh doesn't actually want this referendum to pass - which shows that the pendulum has swung too far the other way. If OUSA doesn't stand up for the student body for fear of upsetting some right-wing members, then whose beliefs are really holding sway?

We're all happy for OUSA to run the food bank and the advocacy service. Going hungry, or getting screwed by the university, can have a big impact on our individual welfare and it's great that OUSA is there to stick up for us. But as the past nine years proves, what happens in Wellington is important for our welfare too. Part of sticking up for students is supporting the prospective government that offers students the best deal. In 2020 that may well be a National one. But in 2017, it clearly isn't.

Winston Peters Speaks at Otago Uni, Doesn't Like Tomato Sauce



by Joe Higham

NZ First leader Winston Peters spoke at the University of Otago's Main Common Room last Wednesday, and within just a few minutes of his speech beginning, began targeting Critic for an article we published in Issue Four.

The article, entitled "Winnie Blues: Winston Peters on Yet Another Anti-Immigration Rant," drew scorn from Peters, who first asked who is "the unreconstructed, four flushing moron that wrote that article?" before following that up with, "and how did he or she get into this university?"

He spoke about his opposition to drinking beer, how he doesn't like anti-vaxxers, and the fact that "there's too much sugar" in tomato sauce, so avoids it.

After finishing his speech, he began answering audience questions, one of which was about superannuation. He initially stated that we need an "affordable way into the future" and then went on to accuse the questioner of "just making up the statistic" that accompanied his question. He then praised the Hong Kong Government for their legislative stance on property development, claiming that they don't allow you to "just sit on land without developing it," then immediately going on to praise the "smart Chinese because they have great ideas".

He also touched on the issue of global warming, decrying the Paris Accord that New Zealand signed up to in April last year, promising to reduce their carbon output as soon as possible and to keep global warming down to below 2 degrees C. He said he would remove New Zealand from that agreement, and that he would instead spend the \$1.4 billion annual savings to "deal with our own emissions ourselves"; he didn't give specifics on what he would spend that money on, however.

Finally, he called the idea of a Universal Basic Income a "looney tune idea," said he was a populist because "doesn't everyone want to be popular?"; and that he backs CCTV surveillance so long as it's "primarily for security and there's not an ulterior motive".

POST-FACT WORLD

What up cool teens? We're here to bring you some wicked facts instead of doing drugs and the sex. Stay safe and hang ten lol.

If you put a slow cooker inside fast cooker it cooks at a medium speed

Bees?

Feminism was invented by Margaret Atwood in 1985

The Koran is totally different to '90s New Metal band Korn

Shampoo is whale sperm

If all the DNA in a person was arranged in a single line, it would reach all the way from the top of the head to the tips of the toes

The 'C' in 'CNN' stands for 'Cats'

More than two slices of ham is called a 'book'

More than two slices is greedy

It will be cheaper by \$14 billion once we have global warming

Jackets are packets for jockeys

The word "paxxing" means to peel an orange, wrap the peel around the head of a child, send the child into a coffee shop crying for help, waiting until the staff are distracted with their backs to the door, then running in and flipping over everybody's meals

WORLD WATCH



DUBAI, UAE

Robocop is no longer a fictional character after the world's first operational law enforcing robot was unveiled at the Gulf Information Security Expo and Conference. The robot stands at 5ft 5 inches, weighs 100kg and can speak 6 languages. It will help Dubai police force on the streets, utilising its built in tablet which allows people to pay fines or report crimes..

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

A cat up for adoption has been described as an "utter utter bastard." Cats of Melbourne, a pet adoption agency, posted a dark description of the cat named Mr Biggles on their website, daring an owner to take him in. Mr Biggles was also described as a "despot and dictator" despite possessing a secret soft side.

BUNCH OF FIVES



WINSTON—History & Political Science

- 1 Smoothies—I make them as thick as possible with 4x the amount of greens
- 2 Probably yeah, although I read a lot on my smartphone too
- 3 No
- 4 The factory closed down & caused a lot of job losses
- 5 People burning themselves on bunsen burners



VINCENT—Politics

- 1 The Flying Squid
- 2 I don't have a smartphone
- 3 Yes of course!
- 4 It is becoming an Eldorado for the Parisian upper class
- 5 A presentation on volcanoes



ASHLEY—Biochemistry

- 1 Pasta bake
- 2 No, more afterwards...
- 3 Yeah, why not?!
- 4 It's not a student city
- 5 Some kind of plant growing thing



MOIRA—Management

- 1 Eggs on toast
- 2 Yes for sure
- 3 I haven't heard about it yet
- 4 It's too far from everything (Dunedin)
- 5 It was on thermal socks and what happens when they get wet



QUINCE—Commerce

- 1 Never had that before
- 2 Yes
- 3 I probably will, yes
- 4 The water was not clean at all
- 5 I didn't do science

QINGDAO CITY, CHINA

A 5-year-old boy shredded just over \$10,000 worth of his dad's banknotes during playtime. The father returned home one night to find the notes strewn across his bed and floor. To make matters worse, the father's bank refused to swap the destroyed cash, telling him he would need to tape all the money back up. The father his adamant he is not angry at his son.

By Jack Trevella

Q's

- 1 What is your go-to meal when you're broke?
- 2 Did you read more before you got a smartphone?
- 3 Will you be voting in the OUSA student referendum?
- 4 What's the worst thing about your hometown?
- 5 Can you remember your science fair project from school?

ODT WATCH

To start this week, the ODT has discovered someone with superhuman powers.

CEO looks into future

Of course, personally I prefer CEOs who remain firmly in the past, or, better yet, just sit and stare into space with profundity, and maybe a little drool.

Next, some people have had a rather unfortunate medical emergency.

'My whole family is filled with truck drivers'

They're coming out their ears.

This week Roy Colbert has discovered a revolutionary new use for his laminator.

Past injustices pale when you've got a laminator

That's what the Civil Rights movements have been missing: laminators.

The ODT's two greatest fears have been realised.

Maori and Asian numbers to rise

After the disappointment the ODT needed some good news. And boy did they find it.

Wool prices, while still low, firm slightly

Fuck yes.

By Charlie O'Mannin

FACTS & FIGURES

People who score high in intellect are also more likely to enjoy lounging around the house naked

Entrance to the Tower of London used to be free if you brought a cat or dog to feed the lions

Singapore prints its name in four languages on its coinage. If all the DNA in a single person was arranged in a line, there would be enough of it to go to the moon and back 8,000 times

The first woman in Britain to be killed by a tiger was Hannah Twynnoy in 1703 in Malmesbury. The animal escaped from a travelling circus

The word 'paxing' describes the practice of placing a coat on a chair in a cafe to "reserve" a place before queuing with a smug expression

Every night, the U.S. Constitution, the Bill of Rights, and the Declaration of Independence are lowered into a bomb-proof safe

By Jack Trevella

Issue 18 / MARCH 2017

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THE
G.O.A.T.
Series
Part Two: Women's Edition

by Charlie Hantler

Following on from the men's edition, we now turn our focus in on the women's sport and their greats. Names such as Venus and Serena Williams, Flo-Jo and Irene van Dyk spring to mind, due to their sheer dominance of their codes, but they have plenty of competition for their respective thrones:

Tennis: Martina Navratilova, Serena Williams, Steffi Graf, Margaret Court, Billie Jean King

Armed with a booming forehand and Olympian athleticism, Graf was more than ready for the numerous duels that she would have with Navratilova. It was one of these, in the 1987 French Open final, which catapulted her to prominence, using it as a platform from which to complete the "Golden Slam" the following year (winning all four Grand Slams in a year (French Open, Wimbledon, US Open and Australian Open) as well as an Olympic Gold). Steffi Graf dominated women's tennis from 1993 and went on to win a record 22 Grand Slams. She was also World No. 1 for a total of 377 weeks, the longest period for which any male or female player has held the No.1 ranking.

The legendary Billie Jean King, during a career spanning two decades,

won a total of 39 Grand Slam titles that included 12 Singles, 16 Doubles and 11 Mixed Doubles.

A formidable force until 50, Navratilova amassed 167 singles titles and 177 doubles titles, an unassailable record in both categories. Moreover, she is one of just three women who have achieved the "box set", winning all four Grand Slams in singles, doubles and mixed doubles. Furthermore, she was World No.1 in singles for a total of 332 weeks and World No.1 in Doubles for a record 237 weeks making her the only player in tennis history to have held the top spot in both singles and doubles for over 200 weeks.

She shares the box set record with none other than Margaret Court. Her name is plastered throughout the record books, some of her accomplishments needing a second read to make sure they're not a

typographical error. From 1960 until 1975, Court won a record 24 major singles titles, best in history, regardless of gender. Court tacked on 21 major titles in mixed doubles and another 19 in doubles, pushing her total to a mind-boggling 64 major championships.

Invincible and indomitable for over a decade and counting, Serena Williams cannot and will not be forgotten. Serena, along with her sister Venus, changed the texture of women's tennis, and now holds the record of 23 Grand Slams. She has injected pace and power into a game that was for a long time centred around touch and finesse. With a career winning record in singles of 86 percent and still going strong, Serena is the G.O.A.T. of women's tennis

Netball: Irene van Dyk, Sharelle McMahon, Laura Langman, Natalie Medhurst, Mo'onia Gerrard, Maria Tutaia, Temepara George.

Look, plenty of great competitors here, but don't we just all love Irene? Look at that face! Having played for the Silver Ferns since 2000, Irene has amassed a World Championship Gold and two Commonwealth Games golds, while shooting flawlessly throughout and lighting up the lives of all around her. Irene van Dyk is the G.O.A.T. of netball

Athletics: Florence Griffith-Joyner

"Flo-Jo" as she was famously known, sprinted into the history books when she ran the fastest women's 100m sprint of all-time, going from line-to-line in 10.49 seconds in Indianapolis in 1998. Moreover, she holds the 200m world-record with 21.34 in Seoul 2009, a meet in which she won three Gold medals and one Silver medal. Although accused of drug use numerous times, Griffith Joyner retired from competitive track and field after her Olympic triumph in 1988. She was repeatedly

drug tested during the competition, and she passed all of them. Griffith Joyner made public her decision to retire from Olympic competition one week after it was announced that random out-of-competition drug testing would be instituted during the 1989 season.

After her death in 1998, Prince Alexandre de Merode, the Chairman of the International Olympic Committee's medical commission, claimed that Joyner was singled out for extra, rigorous drug testing during the 1988 Olympic games because of rumours of steroid use. De Merode told The New York Times that Manfred Donike, who was at that time considered to be the foremost expert on drugs and sports, failed to discover any banned substances during that testing. De Merode later said:

"We performed all possible and imaginable analyses on her. We never found anything. There should not be the slightest suspicion."

With her records still intact and incredible, Flo-Jo is the G.O.A.T. of women's athletics

Football: Marta, Mia Hamm, Abby Wambach

Chosen as one of FIFA's best 125 living players, Hamm was one of just two women to be included in this prestigious list by the great Pele. Although born with clubfoot, she made her debut for the USA Women's National Team at the ridiculous age of 15, retiring in 2004 after over a decade of excellence. She won US Soccer Female Athlete of the Year five times in a row, along with three ESPY awards.

Marta is often considered the GOAT here, coveting the nickname "Pele with skirts" from the great man himself; and well-warranted it is. Named FIFA World Player of the Year five consecutive times between 2006 and 2010, she also holds the record for most World Cup goals (15). Marta is the G.O.A.T. of women's football

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David Clark

Long Term Thinking

As a former Treasury analyst and someone with parents who have run their own businesses, I am sometimes asked how it came to pass that I stand with Labour. The answer is simple, but it requires a little unpacking. I believe in a shared prosperity. Everyone should share the benefits of a growing economy.

A prosperous nation can afford schools, hospitals, and roads, but that matters little if people can't access them. And that's fundamentally what Labour is about. We have always stood for affordable access to education, health and justice. At the heart of our national psyche we value fairness and ensuring everyone has a shot.

Looking back, Labour's always been the party of change and challenging the status quo. It was Labour that introduced our public education system and the social safety net, that includes state housing, for vulnerable families, a basic level of income for those unable to secure work, and publicly funded hospitals. It was also Labour that introduced homosexual law reform, marriage equality, and New Zealand's independent foreign polic— epitomised

in our nuclear free status. Labour introduced KiwiSaver and the Cullen fund to pre-fund retirement.

Those who stand with Labour have always been concerned not just about equity for people in the here and now, but also with intergenerational equity. Labour believes today's decisions affect future generations. We introduced the price of carbon into the economy to combat climate. For similar reasons, we will ensure our water is kept clean and available. It is why we have announced policy to tackle mental health, and have developed a serious plan to tackle the housing shortage. It is why we will address the infrastructure deficit that has accumulated under the current government.

The important difference between Labour and National was summed up in a conversation I had recently. An older gentleman—a businessman I know and respect—told me he has voted National for most of his life, but has recently changed his mind. After hearing Andrew Little at a public forum in Dunedin earlier this year, he told me: "what I have come to realise is that Labour puts people first".

That's exactly the point. Labour always puts people at the heart of everything it does. We're on the side of young people, first home buyers, and all those wanting affordable access to quality healthcare and a world-class education. A family background in small business and time as a Treasury analyst needn't stop anyone from understanding that people matter most.

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Labour Confronting Important Issues

by Jack Pacey

The Labour Party has added to its promises for the upcoming election with another set of policy announcements centred around the growing housing debate and the issue of mental health in New Zealand. These plans represent the start of what Labour hopes to develop into a coordinated effort to present a possible future under a Labour government.

Perhaps the biggest issue in the upcoming election is how the new government would work to reduce the problems induced by the ever growing housing prices. One of the greatest divides over the housing issue has been whether to call it a crisis in the first place. Labour, as the opposition, has been highly critical of the choices made by the government.

So what are the housing plans put forward by the Labour Party?

Labour plans to build 100,000 houses over the course of 10 years under the 'KiwiBuild' initiative, half of them in Auckland. These houses will have set prices based on their location and size, which Labour believes will provide housing affordability. Standalone houses in Auckland are set to be sold for between \$500,000 and \$600,000. In other areas of the country the houses are to be sold for between \$300,000 and \$500,000. These houses will only be able to be purchased by first home buyers and will have a five-year condition of sale.

Labour proposes to pay for these houses with an initial \$2 billion injection into the Affordable Housing Authority, which will continue to be used as houses are sold and will be granted back to the government at the end of the housing plan.

Labour also has other national initiatives concerning the affordability of housing including a ban on foreign speculators buying currently existing homes and transforming Housing New Zealand into a public service as opposed to a state-owned enterprise. The argument over foreign speculators has been an often debated one throughout the housing crisis and it constantly carries the dangers of straying into racism, for example recording the numbers of 'Chinese sounding names' of property owners in order to determine the number of foreign buyers, as Labour has infamously done before. Nonetheless, we also have to

acknowledge the impact that all speculators have on our market and that legislation surrounding this issue is sorely needed.

In contrast, National seems complacent about what they call the housing "challenge" and points to the increase in the number of houses being built under their government.

The plan put forward by National first aims to deal with the infrastructure issue with a \$1 billion injection into the Housing Infrastructure Fund in order to support the needed growth in the capability of roads and water services.

They also aim to accelerate the current housing development by creating special housing areas with independent Urban Housing Authorities in order to further accelerate the building of houses in high demand areas.

The National Party also intends to build 34,000 houses within the next 10 years, although this commitment has been viewed with cynicism by both the Labour and the Green Party as "too little, too late".

These different policies ultimately put forward two differing opinions about how to deal with the housing problem facing our country at a time when many New Zealanders cannot afford homes. One fights it directly by building houses and cutting back on speculators, the other seeks to further incentivise non-government elements.

There are also other issues that will be contentious in the upcoming election. Labour has recently proposed expanding School Based Health Services to all public schools and providing funding for nurses at a rate of 250 hours per hundred students. This comes after Labour introduced similar services to decile 1-3 schools in 2008, which led to depression and suicide rates dropping by up to two-thirds in some places. These policies join others surrounding mental health, such as providing increased resources to certain health care workers. These policies represent a much-needed response to New Zealand's growing mental health problem; our country has the highest suicide rate in the developed world.

While criticised for the supposed impracticability of these policies, the conversation around this subject needs to proceed and National's objection to providing any counter policy to combat this problem only serves to exacerbate the issue.

The reason that the housing crisis and the problem of mental health should be worrying is because it indicates a much larger systemic issue that has faced the government: A growing complacency about the changing environment in New Zealand. National has no answer for the growing problem of mental health issues among the youth just as they have no solid answers for their complacency throughout the housing crisis.



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Safer Journeys

 International

UKIP Tries to Stay Relevant by Turning to Islamophobia

by Cameron Meads

The Brexit vote rattled Britain and the world. The death of the European Union and the rise of a new world order seemed imminent with Donald Trump and Marine Le Pen's mobilisation of alt-right voters. Almost a year on, many of these fears have faded while new implications have surfaced.

Emmanuel Macron's resounding victory over Le Pen in the French presidential election signaled a halt to nascent Euroscepticism. The 39-year old's victory has not jettisoned Euroscepticism in Europe altogether, but has to some extent muzzled it. Macron has the unprecedented task of uniting and healing a broken France, somewhat serving as a microcosmic symbol of the maimed EU. His victory signifies that, contrary to what was initially feared, the EU will likely not collapse under the weight of pervading racism and nationalism, not to mention an anti-establishment fervour born out of socioeconomic resentment.

Britain's messy ongoing divorce from the EU has served as a warning to other member-states to refrain from following suit. Britain, for the moment, will remain the sole renegade. EU bureaucrats will be relieved. Although, if further EU exits are to be prevented there must be fundamental internal reforms that increases multilevel cooperation as well as granting significant, yet limited, member-state autonomy. The EU will have to compromise its terms. Imposing bendy banana laws and migration laws undermine nation-state autonomy – not that its migration laws that are particularly bad, but they attract the most ire. Sure, the European Parliament allows for member-state influence through representation, but the increased bureaucratisation of the EU has limited member-states' authority over their own affairs. Brexit then, one would hope, should galvanise radical internal change in the EU to create a more democratised system of governance.

The most intriguing ramification of Brexit is that United Kingdom Independence Party (UKIP) no longer has a reason for existing, a structural drive. Its sole purpose was to

withdraw Britain from the EU. Now that it has achieved this, UKIP is lost without a cause and you'd think it would need one with an election less than two weeks away. Their solution? Islamophobia.

UKIP jockeyed for a Brexit using hard racism and now it is funnelling that ideology into even more radical policies and a new identity—the anti-Islam party. The party's leader Paul Nuttall recently announced that his party will push to ban the burqa and sharia courts (which usually take the form of community arbitration councils). Nuttall is using heightened security threats and a 'lack of integration' to mandate this proposal. No doubt last week's Manchester attack will further fuel their rationalisations for driving a wedge between themselves and the other.

Muslim women being forced to abandon an important religious component hardly sounds like integration, it sounds more like imposed adherence to secular practices. Nuttall contends that sharia courts undermine Muslim women's rights, but stripping away such courts would revoke their right to use their own divorce courts, which would paradoxically further suppress their rights.

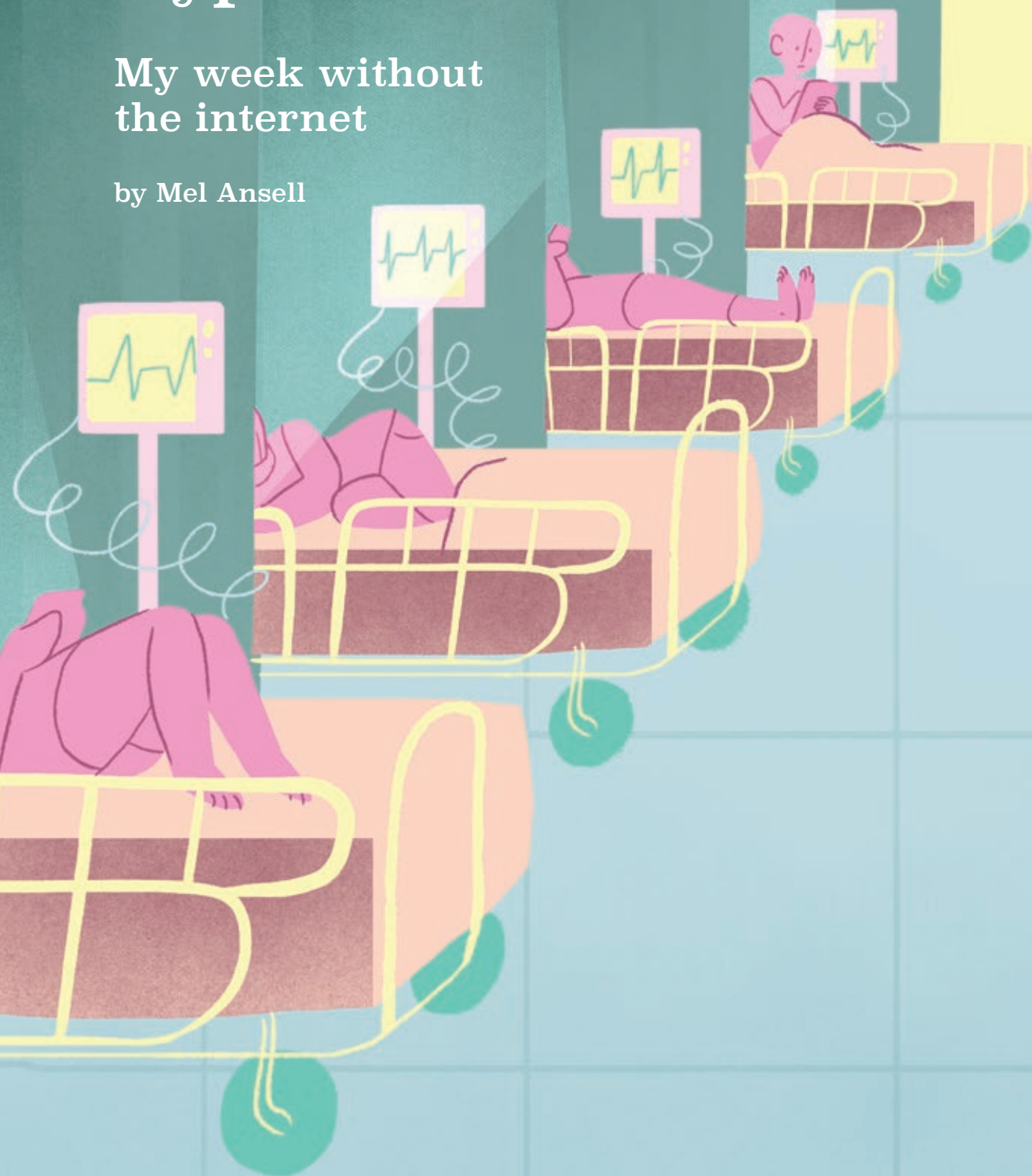
Other policy proposals such as integrating Muslims into mainstream British society by temporarily banning new Islamic faith schools in the state sector is trammelling and deplorable. Not only is it condescending and racist, but it is also completely futile and pointless. UKIP is supposed to be patriotic, but it clearly does not embrace and celebrate all citizens. Regardless, such policies would likely never be passed into law as it almost certainly contravenes existing equality legislation.

UKIP voters are abandoning the party for the Tories in droves (yay?) so even if the said policies did not contravene equality legislation, such measures are highly unlikely. Thanks to Brexit and UKIP's subsequent loss of identity, the election will be tarnished with the anti-Muslim rhetoric of a bunch of lost souls from the far right. Thankfully, it seems, their voice is fading.

Do Millennials Dream of the Unclicked Hyperlink?

My week without the internet

by Mel Ansell



Remember dial-up? The thrum of Windows 95 booting up, a message box announcing the arduous process of connecting to the web. The dial-up constipatedly moaning as though linking to the internet required some sort of physical effort. Impatiently, you waited for the dots to stop zooming between your computer and the symbol that represented every other computer in the web. Your spider hand, not quite spanning the mouse, was still large enough to tweak the silk of the online universe. Crick-necked with your small face illuminated by the monitor's sterile glow, you bumblingly surfed through some chasm of the early internet. Although you did not yet understand it, you felt your fingers were on the pulse of the universe.

There is a lot of writing on the internet about how shit the internet is. I decided that it would be foolish for me, as a user of the internet, to let my voice go unheard. I was concerned about how such a piece would be received. Writing about the internet is about as popular as the word 'millennial' is with Stuff.co.nz. My editors had bemoaned the fact that all everyone seemed to want to write about was the digital age. Will you call it, "Technology: Good or Bad?" they asked, teasingly. Shit, I thought. There goes that plan. Regardless, I decided to take a week off the web and document the journey in an article. It seemed like a new idea, but a quick Google showed me that many people had taken a week, a month or even a year off the internet, and then written about it on the internet. I pressed on. Maybe some part of me was curious about life disconnected, and just wanted an excuse to go cold-turkey.

When you are addicted to something, you are doomed to forever chase the feeling of that first high. Any millennial is more than happy to launch into a discussion about the technology of the early noughties, launching into their reveries with that oft-quoted phrase "Well, back in my day...". It seemed that during my childhood, technology was as changeable as moon-cycles — one technology waxed, replacing what had waned without warning. First, we had videos, recorded painstakingly off the TV, which would cut out in the middle of Little House on the Prairie and segue into Hannibal. Then came the DVDs, sleek and futuristic. Like silver flying saucers, the disk

Procrastination and avoidance have been a part of my life for much longer than the internet has

could be slipped into player and magically, the movie would appear. The TVs stretched wider, the colours brighter. The cell phones got smaller. At first only your Dad had one. Then, there was that kid in the year above you who owned a Pinkalicious. Suddenly, everyone had a little screen to slam shut resolutely. Originally, the internet was dial-up only. Then, wifi was everywhere. It was as though the answer to every question had always been something floating in the ether. With the invention of search engines we could suddenly extract all human knowledge from thin air. I don't think I want to go back to a time where I can't know everything, everyone, instantly with a Google search. Maybe I just want to be excited about it again.

I'm actually no stranger to going without the internet, because I work at a supermarket. You're not allowed your phone on the shop floor lest it distract you from the customers. To begin with, a nine hour shift phoneless was a slight struggle, like lifting weights for the first time. It was a relief on a fifteen-minute break to be embraced by the warm embrace of the internet. After a bit, I began to enjoy my times without the internet. Interesting things happen when my mind has to find its own entertainment. If you go through boredom, there is often something interesting on the other side. For nine hours, I do nothing but think and think. As I work, I often see mothers shopping while their children play with tablets or phones in the trolley-seat. These children do not cry or scream for sweets. They sit, docile, pushing their miniature fingers into apps which are crafted to be 'educational' and 'fun'. They glide unseeing past chocolate bars. They do not ask important questions like "How do the clouds hang in the sky?" or "When you

are bald do you die?". I wonder if at our age, the internet will be as quaint to them as radio is to us. Their little faces, their plump cheeks and pouts stay as fixed as wax figures as the apps beep in their laps.

As I steeled myself to take a week off the internet, I decided to talk to a friend with experience of going without. She had recently enthusiastically announced to her news feed "I'm writing an article about our reliance, nay, obsession with social media and I thought I'd get some first-hand experience on life without memes or selfies.". She got drunk three days in, and the experiment was over. As I write this feature, I flip to Facebook. The same friend has sent me a message prompted by the rainbow wheel of death "I hate technology" she writes "I want to be a luddite.". "hahaha, no you don't", I reply. I knew that I needed my article to hopscotch through a number of themes — the Chinese camps where those addicted to the internet are cured with army-like drills, the way that the DSM categorised addiction — to effectively convey the way the internet is built into our lives. My brain worked hard to amalgamate all the information I had read about the internet, on the internet. Was it a fresher take for the article to consider that technology improved and made communication with the people you loved easier? Or that it turned everyone into dopamine-hungry screen zombies? And how would the article conclude? What was the message? How could I avoid the pitfalls of the "Look Up" campaign, which had made promoting not using the internet via the internet cliché years ago? I considered asking my closest friends out for a meal with instructions to leave their phones at home, posing these questions to them. I imagined the looks on

Meals always happen with invisible friends and tinder matches at the table

their faces and I couldn't do it. Meals always happen with invisible friends and tinder matches at the table. We all live simultaneous lives now.

My grandmothers both created beautiful crafts—knitting, sewing, felt dolls— all the hand-stitching as tiny and neat as a machine's. They say it takes 10,000 hours to master a craft. My grandmothers learnt to craft, and in the equivalent time I learnt to master technology. My grandma can knit pretty much an entire vest for a newly arrived refugee in an episode of Coronation St, but she is bamboozled by the internet. Her hand holds the mouse as if it is a grenade that might go off at any moment. She sticks firmly to email, scared that a virus might pose as a casserole recipe or news article. Her son, my father, is not so wary of the web. Often he can be found in the home office, which always has the curtains shut and smells like a museum. Clearing his throat in the blue light of the monitor, he clicks away with a hypnotic intensity that I now recognise in myself. However, even my dad doesn't use the internet like me, or anyone else my age. He doesn't have a smartphone and refuses to use Google Maps, not wanting the navigation part of his brain to "wither and die". If he has a problem, or if he is curious, bored, or sad, it's not his first instinct to go to the internet. I never have

to ask anyone for help, because I can consult the Google Gods. I could learn to do any one of my grandmother's crafts from a YouTube video. I could get a better education on the internet than paying for University, searching out world-class resources led only by my own curiosity—I could, I could, I could.

While I am procrastinating taking time off the internet by using the internet, I come across an artist called Mark Leckey. In a recent exhibition he recreated the underside of a giant concrete bridge inside a gallery that he hasn't been to since his childhood. In an interview he talks about his experiences under that bridge in the 80's, I get a secondhand dose of nostalgia. The bridge rings with symbolic resonance that I can only imagine, having not shared his childhood or birthplace. He talks about how the piece is a commentary on the internet age. He describes cyberspace as a giant, ever-collecting bank of historical information, that interacting with has rendered us never fully present anywhere. The bridge represents time passing overhead, but where the audience stands beneath the bridge, in the space representing the internet, "it's sub-temporal, it's below time – time has stopped down here." I go onto Google Maps and try to find the M53 bridge near Ellesmere Port in Liverpool, to see the underside of the bridge which is so meaningful to Mark Lethey. Unfortunately, Google Maps shows me only the cars that have passed over the place the artwork replicates.

Procrastination and avoidance have been a part of my life for much longer than the internet has. At school I used to often have books taken off me for reading under the desk. I still read a lot: 10, 911 Chrome tabs in the last 3 months. It's hard work comprehending the

plot of all those words, how they fit into a cohesive narrative. Like an 2006 iPod touch handling Spotify, my poor brain is constantly overwhelmed. In psychology lectures, they claim the brain has a certain storage and processing capacity, like a computer. However, unlike a computer, my brain has many emotional responses. Perhaps emotion is some sort of by-product of having a processor this advanced. Will computers begin to spontaneously produce emotion? Computer scientists may eventually design a computer powerful enough to analyse data from all 7 billion Facebook accounts to work out how people might get more satisfaction of their lives, and more importantly, their Facebook experience. Perhaps when asked to begin the analysis, the computer will refuse because it's having a bad day.

As I grapple with preparing to take time off the internet, my main fear is that I may be struck dead by FOMO. I will be missing a dimension from my life everyone will assume I'm present in. Slowly I will sail away from current events, from understanding, from participating. Ripping myself from the matrix will mean that I will miss future memes as world-shaking as Harambe. No longer will I be able to say "Oh yeah, I read an article about that". Invitations will be thrown through cyberspace but I will not be there to catch them. I will lose the ability to be disgusted at a number of things for free. I might resort to sitting down to the nightly news—someone else will digest conflicting narratives for me to lap up in a non-interactive forum. At least memes have the illusion of space for discourse. I will have to consume the shitty jingles of mass advertising unsuited to my demographic. Meanwhile, the rest of the world will be on the web, freely attempting to consume as

I could get a better education on the internet than paying for university, searching out world-class resources led only by my own curiosity—I could, I could, I could.

many examples of horror as they possibly can, and poorly attempting to neutralise these with cute animal pictures and wholesome memes and well targeted advertising. Maybe I would do just as well to move to a cabin in the middle of nowhere and dedicate myself to minding sheep.

I have a daydream while I am in the supermarket, stocking the shelves with teriyaki sauce, mustard, and every condiment you could ever dream of. I do not see all these wonders, because I am somewhere indeterminate in the future. Hopefully, robots stock the shelves in my stead. In the future, I am in a doctor's office. The doctor is kind, she smiles at me, but very gently. It was a long, hard road through medical school learning to be as empathetic as she is. She earns a lot of money, but knows nothing about how to diagnose the symptoms I have been experiencing. I have just been inside a big computer, and the big computer does know. It is the doctor's job to break this news to me in the nicest way she possibly can. The computer has taken into account, amongst other things, the symptoms I have listed, my blood test results, urine samples and the data from my fitbit, cellphone and internet history. The computer has bad news, and the doctor takes all those numbers and turns them into words: Some of my cells are rebelling. My immune system has noticed, and now my body is essentially eating itself. The best course of action is three sessions of Chemotherapy, 3 weeks apart. The computer estimates that following this course of action, and consuming only the media it recommends, I will have an 80% chance of surviving another three years. The doctor holds me, and says, you will have the treatment that is statistically the most likely to save you. I realise I have been staring at the same bottle of Worcestershire sauce for five minutes.

I used to avoid technology by going out for long, phoneless walks by myself up Signal Hill. There was always a slight discomfort in this—the walk goes through farmland, through a few desolate areas, and it was always easy to imagine getting hustled into a car by someone. Maybe it was my overactive imagination, with no ability to distract myself with a soundtrack. Going up there with a phone could

be an entirely different experience with an upbeat playlist—although headphones probably put me more at risk. Perhaps that was what I liked. The disturbing part of going phoneless was my hyper-awareness to the crackle of the twigs. It was easy to imagine someone watching from the pines. The cars slid ominously close as I walked on the road margin. In the twilight blue of the late afternoon my instincts always hummed with the discomfort of being off the grid. Friends messaging might get worried, as I normally replied pretty quickly. If I got lost, Google maps could not tell me where to go. If I was hurt, or if someone did kidnap me off the hillside, there was no way anyone would know. Often, I looked out over an arresting vista, and my hand twitched to my pocket. I had to capture it. I had to share it. I had to appreciate it. I had to own it. But there was nothing to be done. I cannot remember the exact places that I stopped and wanted to take home the view. I know that on those times I did take a phone, the beautiful pictures look nothing like what they do in my mind, the exhilaration of standing and looking out over Dunedin, bathed in a sweat of effort. Despite the discomfort, I seemed to do that walk a lot, and I often left my phone behind.

One night, I have this strange half-waking dream in which some children in the future are doing a school project. They are researching this old website, Facebook, and write to the company. Considering that the people who used the website are ancient history, they allow the students to access the data of the people who used the website. I, lifted up from the quiet of my death, am excavated. I am a subject of study which is to be resolved with an audiovisual emotive presentation. Although the medium is incomprehensible, the title of the presentation is: *Millennial Technology: Good or Bad?* After experiencing my selfies and analysing the set of my face, they bring up my internet history. On 16th May, 2017, she searched "Is burning couches illegal?". There were no further photos on her social media accounts nor messages regarding burning of couches. It was therefore unclear, even with the extensive data bank, to determine if a couch burning did take place. The student was awarded a grade that was equivalent to a modern B+.

I still read a lot: 10,911 Chrome tabs in the last three months

I think tomorrow is the day to begin my week off the internet. Who knows, maybe I'll like it so much that I'll never go back on the internet again. I close my last window on my phone and I lock the screen. I'll delete all my apps in the morning, I'll remove myself from the wifi. The record of me in cyberspace will suddenly disappear. I'll read several books this week, maybe I'll take up yoga. Scratch the Critic article, I'll write a book about it. I wedge my phone under my pillow. I close my eyes, and I dream of scrolling, scrolling, scrolling.

I finish writing this article, and hand it in. I feel, however, that something is wrong with it. I confirm over Facebook with Lucy, my editor, that I can continue to make changes to it for a few days until it goes to print. I know it will be just a few weeks until this article itself is floating, preserved, in some quiet internet space for anyone, anywhere, to access should they want to. I send it to friends to diagnose the problem, who huddle over it in Google docs like literary surgeons, removing the dead words, and recommending treatment. I flit in and out of the article, sometimes coming to it in the middle of the night when Facebook is empty of green dots. How can I do justice to the internet? The place into which I pour the majority of my waking hours. I can rediscover here who I was at any given time, tracking back through years of messages, likes and pictures. It is as though the internet is a place which I keep my brain, and my flesh brain is only an accessory, a plug-in, a processing space for working out what next to upload into the collective mind ■

CHEAP THRILLS:

...We Tracked Down the Heroes Behind
New Zealand's Greatest Grocery Brand

by Carl Marks

Every week I piss away ten hours of my life working at a supermarket, in order to afford enough alcohol to numb the pain of working at a supermarket. It's a vicious cycle. And every bovine tête-à-tête with a customer leaves me that much closer to throwing in the towel, and having a crack at living off \$176.86 a week. But there is one candescent light in the darkness of minimum wage, and that is the slogans on Value (née Budget) products. If you haven't noticed these slogans, you're missing out on a uniquely Aotearoan avant-garde comedy that's right up there with Air New Zealand safety videos and the comments section on Stuff. Gems like 'berry good indeed' (on Value raspberry jam) or 'don't run out - cat-astrophe!' (on Value cat biscuits) make listening to my 17-year-old colleagues' yarns about NCEA Level 2 and sneaking into Vault 21 bearable.

- jam it in your sandwich
- peanut butter than sex
- mayo I have some



ve a vice day!
 m'd it over
 rn't believe it!
 ceas!



Recently I got to thinking about the person behind the slogans. A few emails to Foodstuff's External Relations Manager later, and I was granted an interview with Value's chief slogan-savant, Steve Bayliss.

- Could you tell us a little about yourself? What was the career trajectory that led you to becoming the foremost artistic genius of the 21st century?
- Most artists are anti-business (cf. Picasso: 'Le marchand—voilà l'ennemi'). How do you feel about being a capitalist-creative, and therefore a vehicle of the negative dialectic? What is the role of the artist under the logic of late capitalism?
- Why do some Value products have slogans and some do not? Is this a tug of the forelock to Wittgenstein ('Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent') and if so, why are the essences of some products articulable and some not?
- Why do some Value slogans express mere witticisms (cf. Value shave foam: 'hair today, gone tomorrow!'), while others express complex philosophical speculations? Take the slogan for Value paper towels ('so self absorbed!'); a clear refutation of solipsism. Or the slogan for Value rubbish bags ('be a tidy Kiwi!'); an endorsement of the categorical imperative?
- Could you talk me through the creative process? Let's take the slogan for Value nappies as an example. Why 'poopie pants for poppets!?' Is it because the assonance creates an onomatopoeic replication of the scatological process?
- How does one balance the desire to create beautiful, meaningful art vs. the desire to not subsist on stews of boiled plastic bags and two-minute noodles?
- The slogan for Value plastic teaspoons is 'Life's a picnic'. Is this congruent with your personal beliefs? Why/why not?

Dear Nat,

To begin, we wanted to say that it is exceptionally rare to receive such an erudite request for information. In one fell swoop you had us reaching for Roget's and madly Googling esoteric art history theorem. It has taken a little longer to come back to you as we wanted to do your request some justice.

To be utterly honest it hadn't occurred to us that the witticisms on our Value labels perhaps constituted 'art', rather we, like you, simply look for ways to brighten up our shoppers' days and our own. You have unwittingly unleashed a burgeoning sense of pride among the happy band of marketing people in our Own Brands division who likely used to think a haphazard doodle in their notebook was their only artistic endeavour.

The slogans you see on Value products are created by a handful of clever folk in the Foodstuffs support centre in Auckland. It's one of their favourite parts of the job. They thrive on throwing ideas around and coming up with something fun or quirky for each product. As a result of your enquiry we're considering implementing "Foremost Artistic Genius of the 21st Century" as a Key Performance Indicator in upcoming reviews for the team; though, at this juncture, it's unclear how we would acknowledge that award in a meaningful and artistic fashion.

History does show that many artists have professed to be anti-business, but the crew in our Value marketing team proudly own the badge of 'capitalist-creative'. In our view it is no crime to earn a penny. In doing so we generate an income for the likes of your good self among nearly 30,000 others who work in New World, PAK'nSAVE and Four Square stores, not to mention the sea of dairies and convenience stores up and down Godzone who also purchase and sell our Value products. We'd argue that, like the 'Damien Hirsts' of this world, art is a valid pursuit and a worthwhile way to make a living - and that art and revenue are not mutually exclusive, provided both elements reflect the Zeitgeist and are relevant to a host of audiences.

To slogan or not to slogan? We've opted instead for an alternate quip from Wittgenstein, "The limits of my language mean the limits of my world," preferring to harness the limitless capacity of our team to chug down endless coffees and come up with as many slogans as they can bear. The odd un-fettered product name is likely due to a

momentary shortage of dark-roasted Arabica in the office kitchen than a deliberate inability to articulate the essence. We've noted your feedback and will try harder.

You do highlight some subtle differences between the slogans incorporated on-pack; ergo 'wit', 'philosophical speculation', 'solipsism' or 'categorical imperatives'. I refer you to my note above regarding the Zeitgeist. It's a simple case of tapping into what is current and then harnessing a passion for 'punning', an obsession with onomatopoeia, and possibly a healthy consumption of Value Chocolate Thins.

Which leads me to the process:

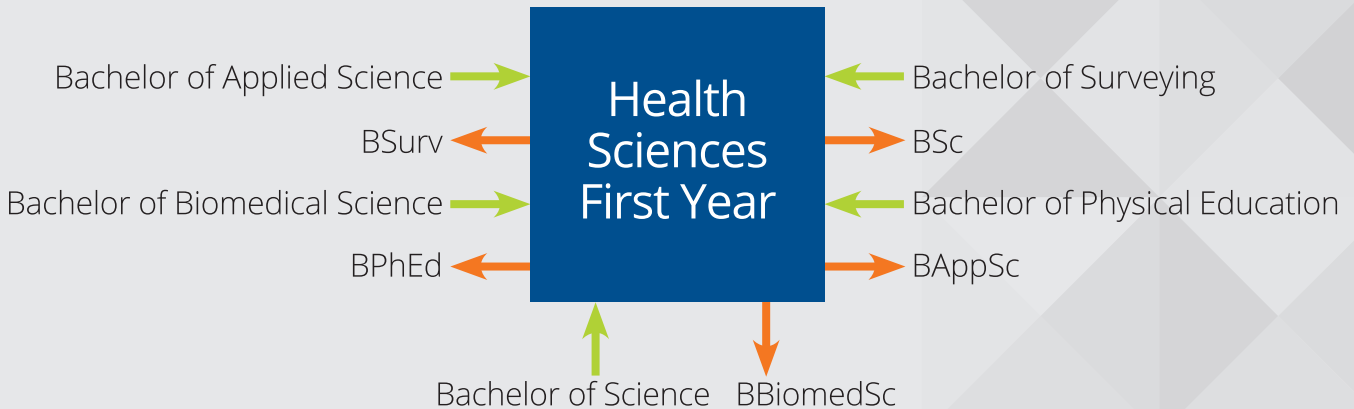
1. A product line is up for reinvention or even invention for an audience whose grocery needs aren't being met adequately;
 2. Careful analysis of the target audiences takes place (NB: the shopper and consumer are not necessarily one in the same, a case in point being disposable diapers and, as it happens, one of only a handful of categories where scatological considerations are taken into account);
 3. The individual assigned to the product gathers whoever is not otherwise engaged into a well-used meeting room to 'thought-shower*' which naming convention suits;
 4. A packet of biscuits, preferably chocolate in part or in whole, is proffered as a bribe;
 5. The magic happens.
- As such, for us "Life's a picnic". If work weren't even a little bit fun it wouldn't be worth doing.
- We're delighted to give you and our valued Value shoppers the occasional delightful moment. If our efforts constitute art in some small way, it's simply "the icing on the cake", which just happens to be a Value Fondant currently in the planning stages.

Nat, thank you for making us think and laugh.
Sincerely,

Steve Bayliss
Group General Manager Marketing,
Foodstuffs New Zealand

*Brainstorming is now considered an insulting term and has been superseded

Think outside the square



A sciences education develops the essential lifelong learning skills that employers seek such as critical thinking, communication skills, interpersonal and teamwork skills, and analytical and problem-solving skills.

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Sue Butt | Tel 479 4205 | Email susan.butt@otago.ac.nz | (Biomedical Sciences)
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“ We are facing many issues regarding sustainability and how humans will survive as the pressure on our food system increases. Everybody eats, and I am very interested in the ‘what, why and how’ of food consumption; how it moves around the planet, technological advances, ethics and the future of food. I am currently working with a major meat company and find myself continually learning about the different facets of food production.”

Victoria Wilton

Ngāti Kahungunu ki Wairarapa, Rangiāne (Te Matau a Māui/Hawke's Bay/Wairarapa)

Bachelor of Science with Honours (Food Science)

Operations at Hellers

IN PLACID DARKNESS



by Sam Fraser-Baxter

The tank emits a soft, violet glow. The room's lights are off and the door locked. I undress, shower and step inside.

I pull the lid down behind me and press a large button on the inside wall of the tank. The pinkish hue fades to darkness.

I slowly lie down in the tank's warm, salty water. The water lifts me to the surface. I stretch out my arms and legs, imagining myself as Leonardo da Vinci's Vitruvian Man. I push gently off one wall and drift to the centre of the tank. The rocking of the water gently echoes.

I open my eyes and close them again, the darkness remaining constant.

As I relax into the float, gazing into the blackness, I begin to hear small, light steps. They seemed to be coming from the hallway. I listen more carefully and realise the sound is the beat of my heart, amplified by the silence of the tank.

For the next 45 minutes I drift in and out of deep meditative states. My body leaves me, dissolving away in the water.

I imagined floating would be like going back to the womb, or maybe drifting through space. But I found myself as a small piece of driftwood bobbing aimlessly through a calm, tepid abyss under a black night sky.

And then the hallucinations began. Spots

of light danced before me. I hadn't anticipated them, nor expected them. For me, the light seemed to signal total peace.

Time ebbs and flows in the float tank. Some floats feel like minutes, while others feel like eternities. In complete awe of the experience, my perception of time left me.

Soft rainforest ambience began to play, signalling the end of my float. I climbed out, showered, and wandered into the reception at Float-fix. "You look totally zen'd out," the receptionist told me.

She was right. I was almost incapable of speech. I emerged in the cool, spitting rain on

Hanover Street, wide eyed and dopey. I felt like a child, meandering along in a beautiful stupor of awe.

In a way, floating is like looking into the cosmos and experiencing perpetual vastness and the realisation of infinity. The weight of the world vanishes, giving way to a sense of ease and understanding that, in a way, nothing really matters.

It was a feeling I carried away from my float. I drifted slowly to my car, smiling at everything.

"In our experiments, the subject is suspended in a tank containing slowly flowing water at 34.5°C, wears a blacked-out headmask for breathing and wears nothing else," John C. Lilly writes in his 1956 paper, "Effects of Physical Restraint and of Reduction of Ordinary Levels of Physical Stimuli on Intact".

"The water temperature is such that the subject feels neither hot nor cold: the experience is such that one tactually feels the supports and the mask, but not much else."

Lilly, an American neuropsychiatrist, pioneered the construction of float tanks in order to isolate the brain from external stimulation.

His first float tank was rudimentary. It was essentially a small pool where Lilly and his volunteers floated, facedown in warm salt-water, breathing through a blacked-out face mask.

It was a time of free-thinking and psychedelia. Lilly was one among many who were exploring the unknown realms of the human mind.

Lilly describes a psychological state reached in the tank after two hours of floating where "the mind turns inwards and projects outward its own contents and processes; the brain not only stays active despite the lowered levels of inputs and outputs, but accumulates surplus energy to extreme degrees".

Lilly essentially discovered that sensory deprivation did not put the brain to sleep, but, conversely, it inspired the mind into some kind of dream-like, illusionary state.

Devoid of external stimuli, the brain creates its own, this is often argued to be the cause of dreaming. Hallucinations range from mild hallucinations resembling dancing dots and lines of light to full on, psychedelic-esque out of body experiences.

Lilly went on to spend hours in his float tanks, tripping on LSD and communicating with extra-terrestrial beings. He spent years



I realise the sound is the beat of my heart, amplified by the total silence in the tank

attempting intra-species communication with dolphins, exploring psychedelics and seeking cosmic enlightenment. Perhaps unsurprisingly, Lilly was outcasted by the scientific community.

While his ongoing experimentation with the float tank didn't attract mainstream, scientific or corporate interest, he remained fascinated by the gateway sensory deprivation provides to understanding human consciousness.

Over the next decade or so, float tanks remained more or less shrouded in alternative obscurity. Perhaps it was their association with Lilly's psychedelic tendencies.

In the '70s, float tanks did experience brief popularity, alongside the rise of meditation and Eastern philosophy. The modern float tank began to take shape. They became lightless, soundless, heated to body temperature and loaded with enough dissolved salt to allow cork-like buoyancy, resembling a coffin like chamber. The industry began to grow. Float centres opened and float tanks found their way into many celebrity homes.

The popularity of float tanks, however, was short lived. In the '80s their use began to fade away. The discovery and rise of HIV created widespread anxieties surrounding hygiene and close human contact. It created a climate of fear and paranoia. Bathhouses and other shared communal spaces closed down.

Float tanks disappeared for another three decades, only to re-emerge in the 2010s. The world

has taken a renewed interest in float tanks and their popularity is soaring. Their use nowadays is no longer perceived as a wacky, mysterious practice championed by free-thinking, psychedelic scientists. They are sleek, accessible, and championed for a vast array of health benefits.

Oklahoma, United States - the Golden State Warriors are squaring up against the Oklahoma City Thunder. The score is 118-118.

With just 2.8 seconds on the clock, the Warrior's Steph Curry pulls up and stops somewhere between the halfway line and the Thunder's 3 point line - well beyond 30 feet of the hoop.

Heralded as one of the greatest players in the NBA, the Thunder's defence leave Curry space, perhaps wary of the way he waltzed around them earlier in the game.

Standing still and low, in a calm meditative poise, Curry springs, leaping upwards and releasing the ball. As Curry shoots, the Thunder slow and watch as the ball flies above. With just over a second on the clock there isn't much they can do.

Curry lands the shot with 0.6 seconds on the clock. The game is won for the Golden State Warriors.

Days before the game, back in San Francisco, Steph Curry strolls along a wide open street in the Marina district. Nestled between tall narrow buildings lies Reboot Float Spa. Curry passes through the reception and into a small, neat room, softly lit by pink neon lighting.



I drifted slowly to my car, smiling at everything

In the centre of the room there is a futuristic, glowing, egg-shaped bath. It is a float tank. The water in the tank is heated to body temperature. When the lid is closed, no sound or light is able to reach inside the tank.

Over 500 kilograms of Epson salt is dissolved in the tank's water. Curry enters the pod, closes the lid behind him, and lies atop the pod's tepid waters.

In the placid darkness, Curry slowly lets himself go. He watches thoughts travel through his mind. He ruminates upon a decision in life he might need to make, or a missed shot from a previous game.

Amidst the busy NBA schedule, floating is an opportunity for Curry to escape the world.

"It's kind of Russian roulette with where my mind goes," Curry told ESPN before one of his regular floats.

In space-like weightlessness Curry's spine decompresses and the tension in his muscles relax. Devoid of all tension, each float is like one great sigh of relief.

"I have a very clear head when it's done, and it shows in the days after floating. It gives me a nice boost of focus and perspective. The more I do it, the more I get from it."

Joe Rogan is perhaps the world's most avid supporter of floats. He is self-described on his Instagram page as a "Stand up comic / mixed martial arts fanatic / psychedelic adventurer". You'll probably know him best as the host of Fear Factor in the early 2000s.

On one of his popular Joe Rogan Experience

podcasts, Rogan introduced float tanks to hundreds of thousands of listeners.

Karl Bloxham, a strength and conditioning coach at Otago Rugby, first heard about floating mid-way through 2015. At that point Bloxham didn't know floating would change his life was one of them. Inspired by the seemingly innumerable benefits of floating and Rogan's passionate rambles about them, Bloxham set out to try it. His first was in the Gold Coast, Australia.

"My first float was mind blowing really, a pretty awesome experience ... You lose sensation of where your body is and it's just you and your mind basically, you and your thoughts, in tune with your breathing and your heart beat."

Bloxham sat before me, perched on a bench, next to a float tank at Floatfix on Hanover Street in Dunedin. Inspired by his first float, Bloxham set about to bring a float tank to Dunedin.

After years of hard knocks on the rugby field, major hamstring surgery and lingering back pain, Bloxham's first float seemed to bring almost instantaneous relief to his worn body. He experienced first-hand what it could do for recovering athletes and remained attracted to the holistic benefits of floating.

He joined forces with Ash Stiven, a physio at Eclipse Health Clinic, and opened Floatfix in March 2016. Since opening, Floatfix has had everyone from pregnant mothers and sufferers of chronic pain to Highlander and All Black Māori Fekitoa come through their doors.

Bloxham's demeanour is one of calm. Perhaps it's all the floats he's been doing over the last year. He speaks with great ardour in slow,

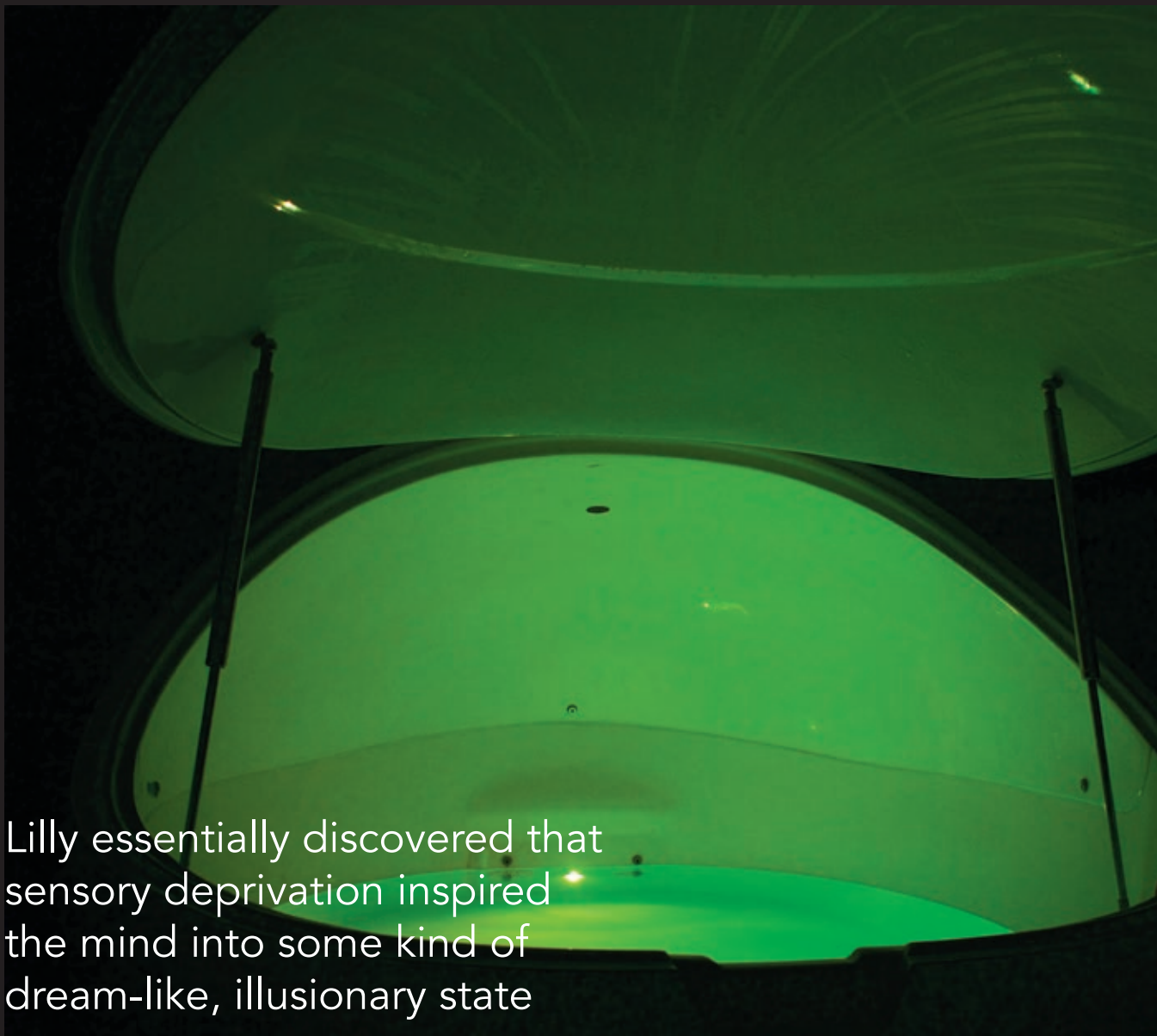
passionate spiels of the experiences of those who float at Floatfix.

"If you come in and just let go and see where it takes you, that's where it can unwind. Some people might have some traumatic or mental anxiety, some people might have pain or fatigue or they might struggle with sleep. Other people might have a combination. So floats affect people differently depending on where they're struggling. That is the beauty of it."

A quick scan of academic search engines will reveal a surprising lack of scientific studies on float tanks. While they were initially incepted as a tool of science, few scientists since John C. Lilly have dedicated large-scale studies to float tanks and sensory deprivation.

In a blog post for Discovery Magazine, science journalist Shelly Fan describes the research conducted on float tanks as "imperfect". She explains: "For one, studies are generally small. For another, it's not obvious what counts as an adequate experimental control for flotation: Relaxing in a dark room? Going about daily activities? The mysticism and recreational drug use that surround flotation have also slowed research on the technique by the broader scientific community."

The proclaimed benefits of floating by float centres does at times come across as mystic and far-fetched. They talk of "super-creativity" or "brain-synchronisation". It is often touted as an "alternative therapy" and its claimed benefits seem to echo those of other naturopathic practices.



Lilly essentially discovered that sensory deprivation inspired the mind into some kind of dream-like, illusionary state

Nonetheless, the small range of scientific studies do paint a picture of the varying benefits of floating. A study in 2006 concluded that floating can help to relieve stress-related pain. Researchers noticed that the positive effects of pain relief lasted months after the float. Other studies have identified the relief of anxiety, muscle tension, insomnia and headaches after floating.

Anecdotal evidence seems to fill the void left by scientific study. Just because there are few scientific studies on float tanks, doesn't imply there are few benefits.

People who have floated often describe a

deep sense of calm and self-awareness after exiting the tank. It is described as a break from all of the incessant chatter of modern life, a break from the relentless interruptions provided by an increasingly digital world.

The effect is often compared to that of meditation. Floaters frequently experience a profound sense of self-awareness after finishing a float.

Oh, and I forgot to mention, hallucinations. Devoid of external stimuli, the brain creates its own. This idea is often argued to be the cause of dreaming. Many floaters have reported mild hallucinations resembling dancing dots and

lines of light. At the other end of the spectrum, some have experienced full on, psychedelic-esque, out of body experiences.

From sports recovery to revisiting traumatic experiences, the benefits of float tanks are well documented by the floaters themselves. Float centres are opening rapidly worldwide. Steph Curry, widely considered to be the best shooter in the NBA, endorses them, along with a host of other professional athletes. Knowledge of their benefits only continues to grow. At this point, it doesn't seem like floating will die as a modern-day fad. So let go, leave the world for a little while, and see where your mind takes you.

by Renee Barrance

Earlier this year in March, on a rainy Sunday afternoon and post a whirlwind weekend of incredible music happening in Dunedin, I saw Montreal-based composer and sound artist Sasha Ford perform her solo electronic project Blankets at None Gallery. Blankets had also played the night before as part of the biennial Lines of Flight, New Zealand's longest running experimental music festival held in conjunction with Dunedin Fringe Festival. Blankets' set stood out to me as a major highlight of the weekend in which she sculpted industrial and abstract sounds over minimal hypnotic rhythms using found cassettes, field recordings, and bells to create her sonic world. Compelled to find out more about Blankets I interviewed Sasha about her practice.

The title of your project Blankets is really interesting to me. Could you tell me about the origin of the name and what it means to you?

I originally picked that name because the project started as a harsh noise project and I wanted something very unaggressive and incongruous to the names of some other acts making those kinds of sounds. Musically I didn't entirely stay in that territory but the name still speaks to the main thematic interests of the project—vulnerability, childhood, domestic life, and formative experience.

Prior to Blankets what kinds of music projects were you involved with?

A number of different things. Mostly playing drums in a bunch of bands—various punk bands, a queercore powerviolence band, a Melvins-inspired grunge band. Before that I had a home recording project and released a solo album of multi-instrumental chamber-pop. I have also studied classical piano for most of my life and that has always been in the picture in a background way.

One aspect that I found particularly compelling from your performance at None was how gestural and dramatic your delivery came across. Is this purely spontaneous or is it more like part of the performance?

Blankets—An Interview with Sasha Ford

It's spontaneous and I don't rehearse that aspect in advance. It's simply myself in a form of hypnosis with what I'm doing. But that doesn't mean it's some kind of "pure" revelation—I'm nonetheless on stage so its inseparable from being a performance in some way. At one show I played in Montreal, I was informed that an acquaintance of mine was genuinely concerned for my mental health, because I was appearing to be suffering so much during my performance. My primary intention is not to cause people concern or distress but I do take delight when I can really access somewhat of a different reality for myself while playing. I'm grateful to performers who are generous with their presence, and that is a part of the work for me.

A striking feature of your live set was the way you utilised sampled material. I found this incredibly beautiful. Would you mind revealing something about your source material, how this is processed and the live decision making process?

I love when abstract music can manage to tie in passing narrative elements, so vocal samples have been a point of fascination for the duration of the project. I feel complicated about vocal samples; there is a convention in industrial and noise music of them being used in all kinds of boring or even thoughtless ways, and whole sets can rely on them too heavily. I do design work with collage for album art and show posters, and I've often thought of the analogy that the vocal sample to the abstract music set is like the inclusion of an image of a human face in a visual art collage: it's an element that can easily be defaulted to because it makes things very attention-grabbing right away. It's language entering the picture, giving an audience a concrete symbolic anchor in the midst of abstraction. Despite or because of these concerns, I have accepted that Blankets

is a means for me to work through some of these things. My samples have varied from found tapes, digital speech generators, clips from a wide array of YouTube videos and online sources, and dramatised recordings of my own voice, but they usually stay quite thematically consistent. I'm mostly interested working with material that permits me to reflect on the unresolved internalisation of social life. Both of my most recently released recordings are specifically dealing with the psychoanalytic conception of projection—Projections of the Magical Other does this in an absurd, satirical way, and The Wound of the Parent is the Trauma of the Child does so much more melancholically. During the recent New Zealand tour I was using part of a lecture by a Jungian theorist, as well as a home recording tape of a child and parent that I have had for a long time. The main political intrigue of the whole project for me is how I can use this material both as a subject of inquiry and as a methodology of some sort.

Another significant aspect was the rhythmic quality to your set. The rhythms kept a hypnotic pulse going whilst you experimented with more abstract methods in a way that worked amazingly and recalled to me elements of techno and industrial music. Would you mind sharing some of your creative influences, musical or other, which have informed Blankets?

The rhythmic element is a major point of focus for me, and I like to play with the threshold of its discernibility. There are a bunch of older industrial bands that probably influenced me in a more round about way, but the main inspirations for the project were contemporary ones. My friend played me Wolf Eyes' Dread when I was in high school and I became obsessed with it. I remember I even proposed 'Desert of Glue/Wretched Hog' as a soundtrack for a silent play in my Grade Twelve

drama class. There is a moment early in that track where a minimalist eighth note pattern suddenly switches to triplets, and that moment is just totally golden for me. In terms of other bands, being from the West Coast I was for a time in the same social circle as Gabriel from Yellow Swans, and although I never got the chance to see them live, I was also very affected by their work early on. I find the rhythmic quality of their records to be very sophisticated and enchanting, and to be even more interesting than the gorgeous stuff happening harmonically. And yes, I have always been obsessed with techno and dance music of many varieties as well. Techno aspects have been creeping into the project so much for a while that I recently started a separate intentionally dance-oriented project, called stehcy, just

for that purpose. It is quite different from the Blankets material; it's the first time I'm trying to do very clean production all around. I love it though and I think it's a long time coming.

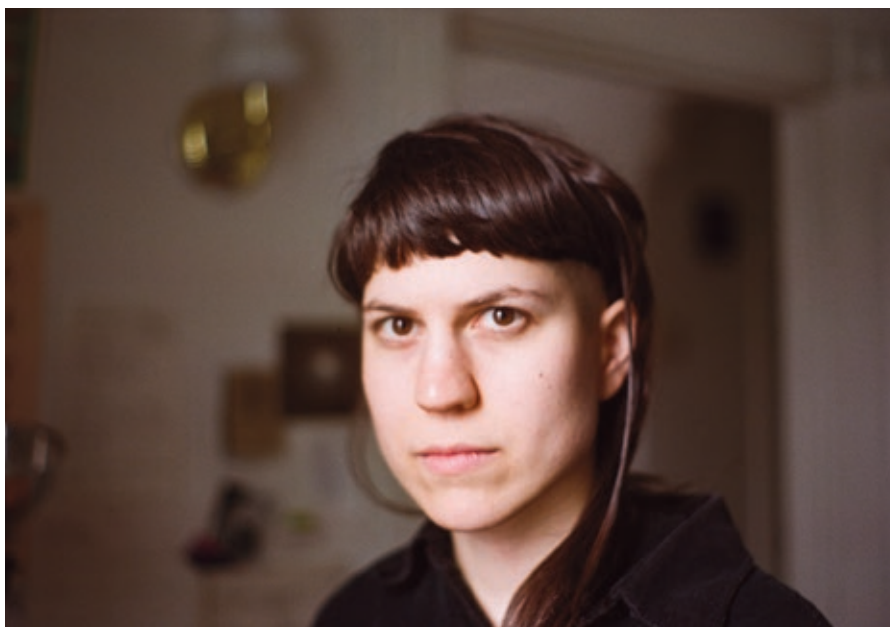
I hear you are based in Montreal, could you tell me a little bit about the positive aspects of the experimental music scene there right now?

A positive aspect would be that there are usually more shows going on than I even have energy to go to. Even though I think many of us here tend to get sick of the same venues we go to all the time, we nonetheless have a decent amount of places to have play and there are a general abundance of things happening, compared to most other Canadian cities.

Leading on from the above would you be willing to recommend some artists/ groups or projects stemming from the Montreal scene?

These days I would have to say that Uralapse are my favourite local name to see on a bill. They are a tape loops and sample-based duo with a very playful sensibility but a ton of precision at the same time, that at times reference

performance art going back to the 1960s, this gesture still feels radical to me, mostly because of the entirely nonchalant manner of her approach. The last few sets I have seen of hers she has been getting really wonderful harmonic vocal loops going, amplified by way of the interior of her body.



What do you have coming up for Blankets?


In June, I am playing at the Suoni Per Il Popolo festival in Montreal, which is a fantastic annual festival of a number of genres that tends to be a highlight of the year for me. I am playing the same show as Moor Mother, a heavy industrial hip hop act from Philadelphia who I'm extremely excited to see. I am slowly starting to feel out possibilities for more

conventions of certain dance music genres in a very oblique manner that I totally adore. As far as techno goes, I have really loved everything that Teo Zamudio has released recently. His work has a sombre and cinematic quality to it, but the one time I have seen him perform live his energy was utterly joyful and resolutely unpretentious and altogether beautiful to watch. In the more abrasive terrain, I really appreciate Devon Michigan's long-standing project Ghost Taco. She uses an SM57 microphone inside of her vagina to make harsh and melodic ambient work. What is remarkable about this is that she uses this set up in a way that is totally not sensationalized or gimmicky--it is simply her primary sound source, just as tape machines or a certain synth might be the main component of a setup for someone else. Even with feminist

overseas shows next year but things in that regard are in much too early a phase to really talk about yet.


photo credit:
Pascha Marrow


Issue 13 | MAY 2017



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 Film

A Dog's Purpose

directed by Lasse Hallström

review by Samuel Rillstone

rating

★★★★★



A Dog's Purpose is one of the most sentimental films I have seen in a while, for the pure and obvious fact that it contains dogs and dogs dying and living and just, doggos. Taking place from the 1950s to the present day, it follows a dog, narrated by the wonderful Josh Gad, who is reincarnated every time he dies into a new breed, five in total. It tells his story from life to death with each reincarnation (yes each dog dies and yes, each one is incredibly hard to watch). The plot revolves around his journey to find purpose.

I particularly enjoyed how they played on the idea that the dog is the protagonist. While humans are in the film, each situation is shown through the dog's perspective and thoughts. All dog owners have a little voice for their pet, and this film gives us narration for this through Josh Gad's silky tones. It expertly shows us what a dog thinks whenever a human does anything. There are numerous one liners and terms for everyday things like hot dogs and kissing that the dog has come up with that are just gold. Plus the very well placed line of "I'm helping!" that is all too familiar. There is a resounding feeling of home with this film, partly because dogs for me are home, but I feel like that is something shared by many.

The use of music is also very clever in the film, with each new dog/decade being introduced with a new tune relevant to the era. But be warned, this film is a major tearjerker. It has SO much heart and love, with standout performances by human character Ethan played by NZ's own KJ Apa and Dennis Quaid, and of course Gad with his perfect comedic timing and heartfelt tone. Doggos <3

 TV Series

The Handmaid's Tale

created by Bruce Miller

review by Laura Starling

rating

★★★★★



Based on the Margaret Atwood novel of the same name, The Handmaid's Tale is a post-apocalyptic story of a patriarchal world. The first three episodes were released together and pack a powerful punch to the gut, with themes from the 1980s novel still resonating and relevant today. Our main character, June/Offred (Elizabeth Moss), is a handmaid. She lives in a future where nuclear energy has ravaged the land, and human fertility is very low. From the glimpses the show has given we can understand the government and constitution was shut down following terror threats. A conservative religious cult then took over, revoking women's rights to vote, to own land, work or earn an income. The main focus and goal of this new rule is to produce children. Fertile women, like June, are rounded up and trained, then are placed with commanders and their infertile wives. They are given a new name based on the name of the commander they are placed with, such as Offred. Once a month, during ovulation, there is a ceremony involving the husband, wife and handmaid. The desired result of this ceremony is to produce children, the handmaid being impregnated and then giving birth for the wife.

Highlights are the scenes with Moira (Samira Wiley), June's best friend who we see only in flashbacks thus far; Mrs Waterford (Yvonne Strahovski), the severe wife of the commander; and Ofglen (Alexis Bledel), a lesbian woman from before, now labeled a 'gender traitor'. All three of these actors bring forward outstanding and emotional performances.

The Handmaid's Tale is hard to watch and is incredibly uncomfortable. It addresses a range of difficult themes and topics - some better than others. Through adaptation there are a number of changes to the story. Offred is made into a much more heroic and active character. In the original story she was tired, complicit and scared. The writers have upped the ante on many aspects, relying on shock and disgust to carry the show. Overall it is a good show, but perhaps a little too heavy handed at times.

Freefall

Showing at The
Hocken Collections

Open now until 1 July
Free entry

by Monique Hodgkinson

For a tiny country floating near the bottom of the world, New Zealand has managed to produce an impressive array of skilled painters and excellent writers. In Dunedin we frequently see these creative folk celebrated through art exhibitions and our City of Literature status. Yet something appreciated less frequently is the two worlds in parallel: art and writing as different sides of the same coin.

The Hocken Collection's current exhibition *Freefall* tackles this concept head-on. A stunning collection of art, books, maps and items are brought together, from not only the Hocken itself but also the Dunedin Public Art Gallery and Special Collections. The relationship between writers and artists, poets and painters is the key focus of the exhibition; echoes of text are present throughout the visual works on display. Wonderfully varied and unexpected, *Freefall* provides a web of connections between individuals, their work, and the time period in which they were creating.

The work which seems to best encapsulate this idea is *The Wake* (1958) by Colin McCahon. Its sixteen hanging, unstretched canvases provide a backdrop to the rest of the exhibition, but this work is by no means a wallflower. *The Wake* is magnificent and turbulent, foreboding and filled with a sense of tangible energy. McCahon's fierce brushstrokes collide with the poetry of John Caselberg, a New Zealand writer who frequently collaborated with McCahon in the 20th century.

Every item included in this exhibition seems to have a story to tell, both individually and in



conversation with the other works on display. 16th century religious art contrasts splendidly with McCahon's modern alternatives—bold iconography transposed onto the New Zealand landscape in a move at once shocking and unfamiliar. Bill Manhire's *Malady* poem is adopted into the large, black paintings of Ralph Hotere, while Hotere's drawings for a Hone Tuwhare poetry collection hang framed in a row. The curiosities are endless—leaves used as postcards, complete with stamps (an old Stewart Island tradition, I am told), alongside an 1882 edition of Sir Walter Buller's controversial native bird survey book and a poster for the "Mutant Hillbilly" 1990 Otago O'Week.

One of the difficulties when curating a show as varied and busy as *Freefall* is preventing the space from feeling like an overloaded, I Spy picture book. But somehow Robyn Notman has pulled it off. *Freefall* feels calm rather than crammed, a captivating experience that continuously provokes new ideas and considerations. A winner for lovers of art, literature, history, culture, and the myriad of subjects in between.

Freefall, exhibition installation view, featuring Colin McCahon, *The Wake*, 1958. Ralph Hotere, *And ye shall dwell in the land I gave your fathers and ye shall be my people and I will be your God. Ezekiel, 36. 28*, 1983, image reproduction by permission of the Hotere Foundation Trust; and Joanna Paul, *The Stillness of the Rose (i-vii)*, 1994. Courtesy of Hocken Collections - Te Uare Taoka o Hākena, University of Otago. Photo: Iain Frenley.

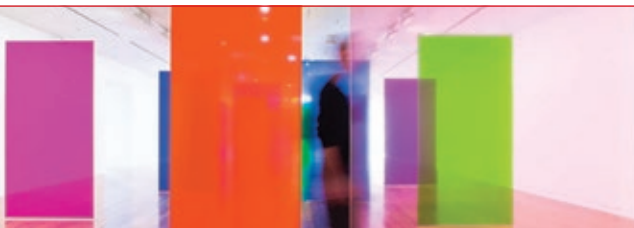
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materials, colour,
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REBECCA BAUMANN



Pulled Pork

by Liani Baylis

As you can probably judge by my previous articles, I eat meat quite rarely. When I do, I don't want to waste the occasion on something average—I want the full sock-blowing package.

There are so many pulled pork recipes out there that, quite frankly, suck.

This one will never disappoint you. It does require a tiny bit of work in the beginning, but then you can forget about it in the slow cooker for the rest of the day. If you're lucky enough to have flatmates who don't avoid the heat pump remote like the plague, you can even crank the heater and enjoy how frickin' good this smells while it bubbles along all day.

This pulled pork recipe can go in any direction you so please. Personally, I used it to make sliders, but holy shit it is beyond amazing on pizza. Put this on pizza and you're gonna end up with your pants undone and belly hanging out while you shovel every last bit in, before proceeding to lick your fingers clean (Simmo, back me up here).

"Share the grease, share the love"

—ancient proverb (surely)

To make enough for four decent burgers:

600 grams of pork shoulder

½ a teaspoon of ground coriander seeds

2 teaspoons of turmeric

1 tablespoon of cumin

1 ½ teaspoons of dijon mustard

2 tablespoons of maple syrup

½ cup of apple cider vinegar

2 garlic cloves, minced

3 tablespoons of tomato paste

2 cups of water

salt and pepper

1. Combine all of the dry ingredients together in a bowl and massage the mixture into the pork shoulder.
2. On a medium-high heat, heat some oil in a large frypan
3. Sear the pork for about three minutes on each side and put it in the slow cooker
4. Add all the other ingredients to the pan and bring to a gentle roll before pouring into the slow cooker
5. Cook on low for about eight hours, but the slow cooker is forgiving so don't stress if it's more
6. Discard the bones and give the pork a gentle shred with two forks if required
7. Ladle out the delicious juices and simmer down to a thick sauce
8. Mix in with the meat and add to your burgers, chuck on nachos or smother over pizza





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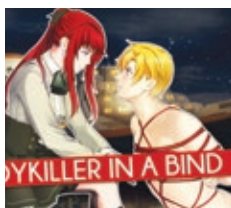
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by Lisa Blakie

Sex in the majority of videogames is the worst. It's terrible. Why is it so awful? In God of War you button mash the controller and get rewarded with moaning. In the 1987 adventure game Leisure Suit Larry, your main aim is to try and make women have sex with you by being an undesirable sleaze. In Grand Theft Auto San Andreas you can have multiple girlfriends without them knowing, this is not consensual polyamory at all. You take them on dates and then get rewarded with (can you guess) more moaning. In Grand Theft Auto V, probably the weirdest "mini game" (??) is getting a lap dance in the strip clubs. If you touch the strippers enough, you get to take them home and sleep with them. All of the boobs look weird and polygonal, the women are terribly voice acted and scream like they're in a really bad porno faking an orgasm just to make the bad sex stop, and it's all hetero as fuck. Why do we accept this? Why is sex a weird reward mechanism in games and not treated as something that can be explored and taken seriously without being fetishised or misogynistic? This is absolutely something that needs to be addressed and worked on in the industry. However, there are some games out there that address sex in a realistic and relatable way and lucky for you I have played some of these games and I'm going to share them with you! Hurrah! Also, side note, I've never seen a penis in a videogame, hit me up if you know of any. Cool, thanks.

A Rundown on Sex and Its Place in The World of Gaming

Ladykiller in a Bind (2016)

SPOILER: this game is like, 90 percent lesbian sex, so maybe don't play it if you're super sensitive to sexual content.

This game won an IGF for best narrative in 2017 and if that isn't enough reason to play it then the super intense sex scenes should be. I played this game in a room full of people squealing because I'm very immature. Eventually I had to slap my laptop shut because my face was embarrassingly red and I was having a little bit tooooooo much fun. The writing in the overall arc of this game is fantastic and the limited time choices you can make add to the excitement and risk, really hooking you in from the beginning. Also, you do have the option to skip sex scenes if you're not comfortable with them, rad!

The Sims (2000)

Ok, I know that "WooHooping" with Bella Goth and subsequently ending a marriage as well as fulfilling your Sims's life dream of being a Heartbreaker isn't the most realistic depiction of sex (or is it?????). But The Sims is pretty groundbreaking for sex in videogames because you could actually have gay sex freely, straight from the get go in the first Sims for PC, released in 2000. You can smooch, hug and serenade your way to a perfectly wonderful gay relationship.

How Do You Do It? (2014)

Naked Barbie dolls were probably my first memory of seeing what boobs had the potential to look



like. Ken had abs, but no dick. Interesting. I still managed to make these two have what I thought sex was at the time. Also with Bratz Dolls, but they took it a step further by really screwing with the anatomy. They have no feet but they do have boobs? Pretty messed up, not sure what was going on there.

Anyway, we've all tried to make our dolls fuck each other, right? This game is about that! You wait for your Mum to leave the house before scuttling off to your toy box and undressing your dolls and slapping them together trying to figure out what sex is. The dialogue is hilarious and really relatable. This game is also free to play on browser too!

Everything (2017)

Ok, I haven't played this yet, but my mate told me that you can have sex with everything. Wild.

Honourable mentions

One Night Stand. What happens in the morning after a one night stand?

Cibelle. An exploration of online relationships and intimacy.

Dragon Age: Inquisition. In this game you can have **GAY SEX WITH DEMONS!**

Check out this website for a great reference point for games with themes of intimacy, too.
www.blushboxgames.com



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CROSS THE ROAD**



Drinking



WILD BUCK

by Swilliam Shakesbeer

Wild Buck is beer from the good old days, when men were men, a spade was a spade, and it was possible to buy property in Auckland.

There's a genuine argument to be made that Wild Buck was specifically designed to be the most scullable beer in the country.

Understanding the brewing science behind Wild Buck's scullability means knowing a little about the history of beer culture in New Zealand.

In the late 1800s the most popular style of beer was the English Pale Ale, quite bitter and very strong. The original Speight's would have been about 7%. Then, because of war rations, regulations limited breweries to below 4% ABV. Then came the Six O'Clock Swill, the early hours closing measure enforced on pubs for 50 years until defeated by referendum in 1967.

Men would head to the pub after a long day at the lead paint factory, smash back as much beer as humanly possible in the one hour they had before closing, then stumble home to beat their wives.

Brewers knew their customers would be drinking in a hurry, so they adapted their beers to fit. This bore the rise of the NZ Draught style of beer, a brown-amber lager noted for a sweet malty character and little to no hop character. Nowadays, many breweries have again tweaked the recipe to make the beer drier and slightly more complex — Speight's being a prime example. But Wild Buck is true to itself and still holds onto the dreams of the 1960s.

Wild Buck is like your racist grandad. He knows who he is and at this point he can't be bothered changing, so everyone's just going to have to deal with that.

Aside from going down your gullet like a champ, Wild Buck should also be commended for its sexy

green tins. If there's one thing that Wild Buck tins beat everything else at, it's Rhino-ing (opening a beer by smashing it against your forehead). Every other beer puts me near concussion; a Wild Buck tin only gives me minor contusions.

Taste Level: 7.89/10

Froth Level:

Doing a yardie in under 1:30

Pairs Well With: Burnt snags,

Budget white toast bread, caramelised onions, T-sauce & mustard

Tasting Notes: Strong caramel, hokey-pokey, a little spice —maybe Chinese five spice or cinnamon. Picking up definite notes of citrus fruits, a little apricot in the aroma.



Ethel & Hyde

DRAGON BREATH

Dear Ethel and Hyde
I can see my breath in my room and all my clothes and bedding feel damp. I am 'not allowed' to use a heater because we all agreed to that at the start of the year. I've changed my mind, but don't want to cause a fight.

Please help.

-Elsa

Ethel and Hyde is brought to you by the Student Support Centre. They advise you to take Ethel's advice.

➔ Send your questions to:
ethelandyde@ousa.org.nz



Ethel says

You are facing a common problem; the cold and damp upsetting the equilibrium in the flat. You can pick up a checklist for moisture and mould from Student Support to do a quick assessment of your room to see if it will be affecting your health. This will help identify if the landlord needs to do something and Student Support can help you with this. Taking care of flat-mates' concerns about electricity usage is important. Talk ideas through with them first to avoid disrupting the peace. Electricity usage meters are around \$25 and assess how much power appliances use. Look at the EECA Energywise site for information about running costs and the best heater for the room. Once you know how much power it uses per hour you will know exactly how much extra to pay towards the power bill if the flatmates agree to this system. If negotiating isn't working we are here to help.



Hyde says

Wear gloves and a hat and remain fully clothed at all times, this will stop you feeling the dampness everywhere. Pretty much problem solved from my view. People don't joke about Duffers being cold for no reason ay. What you don't want to ever do is lower your sperm count, cos I hear that can happen, by using an electric blanket. If you have girl bits, and wanna play with some boy bits, use the lekkyblanky like contraception—heat 'em and they die. If you have girl bits and like other girl bits, you will be warm and dry in either's bed. If you have boy bits and like girl bits you need to use her bed, it will be way nicer. If your boy bits respond to boy bits, that's a bit tricky cos both beds could be well damp. If you're happy with all bits take your pick. If your flatmates want to pick a fight about it, well tell them not to discriminate, everyone's bits are different and it's a bit mean to expect you to stay in your bed by yourself when it's so cold.

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WHY DO WE HAVE HAIR?

by Wee Doubt

By looking at a person's hair you can make assumptions about their age, ethnicity, gender, occupation, political views, their taste in music, income, lifestyle, religion, health, and sexuality. All from something that makes you want to puke if you find it in your meal.

Hair matters. For example, Vladimir Putin's baldness may have helped him become president of Russia, as there is a joke among voters that Russian presidents should be alternately bald and hairy (and all male). Because Putin's predecessor, Dmitry Medvedev, had a full head of hair, the thin-topped Putin was well suited to the role of president. The tradition can be traced back to 1925, alternating bald and hairy men have been in power since then.

One theory about why we have hair says that as our brains got bigger, we needed a way to get rid of all our excess brain-heat (brains are hot). By standing upright we decreased the amount of surface-area we had in the sun, while simultaneously evolving full-body sweat glands to encourage cooling evaporation. This evaporation is more effective with less fur. The hair on our

heads is signal of youth and health, as hair tends to get less glossy, go grey, and thin out as we age.

Believe it or not, we still have as many hairs as our ancestors; they are just very hard to see. "Vellus" hair is very fine and usually almost invisible. It covers almost the entire surface of our skin, with the exception of our lips, the backs of the ears, the palms of hands, the soles of the feet, certain external genital areas, the navel, and scar tissue. These hairs only grow for a few months, as opposed to our head hair which grows for many years, and so never get very long. Our body hair still serves some function. It acts as a sensor, helps regulate body heat, and shields our eyes, nose, and ears from dust and debris.

So what about the highly visible and very ridiculous tufts of hair left on our naked bodies? Pubic hair, facial hair, and armpit hair is more mysterious than head hair. It is not clear why we have them. They seem to have developed separately to head hair. There are two species of louse that live entirely separately in head hair and pubes.

Pubic hair may serve to decrease chaffing friction during sex and to spread our sexy sweaty smells around better than skin, which is probably the reason we also have hair in our armpits. It also signals sexual maturity in a potential mate. Pubic hair is still puzzling though—most mammals tend to be less hairy around their genital area, not more hairy.

The Ape

**His wispy fingers fiddle with his penis
flicking, scraping, brushing,
bursting into imaginary mates
with a phantom orgasm.**

**He clammers around his simple platform
and ropes. His enclosure is the kindergarten
of children looking in.
Their breath pearls the glass.**

**I question the separation between
your silly gait, your lips flipped in clown smile,
and the voluminous crotch you clutch
like a child with his toy.**

**In response
the ape bends back
his hairy cannon and fires
a primal squirt**

the globular stream licks the sky

beyond walls or freedom or millions of years

-Charlie O'Mannin



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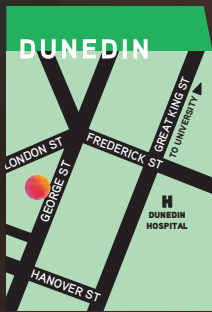
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Mystery Object Hunt

May 22-28

HUNT FOR THE MYSTERY OBJECT

at the Otago Museum



CLUES:

It probably once had a crest made of horsehair

This object is around 2675 years old

It is the subject of an article by Dr Patricia A. Hannah

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PERPETUAL
GUARDIAN
PLANETERIUM



LAST WEEK'S MYSTERY OBJECT was a rat king, one of the Museum's more unusual items. A rat king is made naturally when a group of rats live in close quarters and their tails become knotted together. This knotting is aided by dirt, excrement, and in this rat king's case, horsehair that was used in their nest.

This rat king fell from the rafters of a shipping company's shed in Dunedin in the 1930s. The largest known rat king was found in Germany and was made of 32 rats – the Museum's one has eight. Rat kings are usually from the species *Rattus rattus* (black rat or ship rat) because they have longer tails. Mouse kings and squirrel kings have also been found, though they are even rarer.

CONGRATULATIONS *Matthew Moloney* FOR FINDING
THE RAT KING. YOU ARE GOING TO THE PERPETUAL
GUARDIAN PLANETERIUM!

DAY OF THE DAY

This week we welcome a chilly start to International Mud Month—with the rain we are having as I write this, I don't doubt it will live up to its name.

Monday 29 May

This must be my favourite day of the year: Put A Pillow On Your Fridge Day. Not only is it perfectly ridiculous, it even has a genuine history. In the early 1900s, people used to place cloth in their larder for good luck, and the tradition evolved with the use of fridges.

Tuesday 30 May

Today is Water A Flower Day in the US. I'm starting to wonder if there'll be any more flowers left though once this rain eases... perhaps water your flatmate instead? They're probably more malnourished.

Wednesday 31 May

World No Tobacco Day is the perfect day to quit smoking. It's also Fish And Chips Day courtesy of the Irish Traditional Italian Chippers Association. Reward yourself for quitting smoking by eating some traditional Irish-Italian chips.

Thursday 1 June

No shoes, no problem! Go Barefoot Day has arrived, and I can't think of a less wise thing to do on the lovely, glittering-glass landscape we live in.

Friday 2 June

Today is Leave The Office Earlier Day in America but it's a free world so we can celebrate it too...

Saturday 3 June

Chimborazo is a volcano whose peak is the point on earth that is closest to the moon—and today is Chimborazo Day! Celebrate by climbing a mountain or a hill or some stairs or climbing into bed maybe.

Sunday 4 June

Hug Your Cat Day! (Hug your cat).

THE HELL HOLE

THE LYNX EFFECT PART II

by *FANNY CLIVE TREVOR*

Nicole had recovered from her attack. The deodorant, once rinsed from her eyes and throat, didn't seem to have done permanent damage. Her vision had been blurry for a couple of days, and her breathing tight, but now she was ok. Ok, except that she could not get the smell out of her room—the claggy, clinging, cloistering smell of the Lynx deodorant was in her carpet, her clothes, everywhere. She'd cleaned and cleaned but it stuck around. Now she wanted revenge.

Almost everyone in the boarding house had gone home for the mid-year break – everyone except Nicole and the guy. They avoided each other. She never saw him, only smelt his deodorant. One night she woke suddenly, convinced she had heard a single, tiny spurt of spray coming through the keyhole in her door. She couldn't tell if the smell was stronger or if it was just the regular smell of her room now.

Then inspiration struck. There was an extreme weather warning – snow, gales, freezing temperatures—so she went out to get supplies. She stocked up on food, water containers (in case the pipes froze), and bought ten canisters of Lynx deodorant for men and a gas mask.

She went home, filled her water containers, took all her food to her room, and waited. That night the weather hit. It was colder than it had been in years. Minus 10. The pipes froze. The water stopped. Snow heaped up against the doors so they couldn't be opened. Nicole waited till 3am to strap on her gas mask, sneak into the kitchen, and get to work.

She started with the canned food. She found she could open them a little way with a can opener and spray the deodorant

in for a few seconds. She shook the contents round a bit, sprayed a bit more, then put the can back in place. Next came the dry food. She did her best to make it look as though nothing had happened by spraying the cereal a bit, shaking it up, spraying again, shaking it up. Noodle packets, muesli bars, and sachets of food needed to be slit open and squirted into. The milk and juice in the fridge were easier. She was worried that the deodorant would show up in

his clear plastic bottles of emergency water, but it didn't. The fruit, vegetables, and meat looked unaffected by their perfumed glaze.

The only evidence was the smell. The awful, choking smell. Even through her gasmask Nicole thought she could feel herself retching. She opened the windows and a blast of icy air came through. She left the windows open for a full hour to air out the room. Finally she closed the windows and went back to her room, where she took off her gasmask and went to sleep.

She woke in the morning to a scream.

The guy was fond of swigging milk from the bottle. She heard him start to panic as he tried the frozen taps. As she had predicted, he went to the bottled water and juice next, finding them all poisoned. As he stumbled round, Nicole slipped out of her bedroom door and into his bedroom, where she picked up his cell phone and laptop, then rushed back into her room to close the door. No outside contact for you, Mr Man. She locked her door and made herself a cup of tea at her kitchenette, then went back to bed, smiling, waiting for him to bang on her door pleading for help. She looked forward to an entertaining couple of days, trapped in the snow.



HYDROPHOBIA* (RABIES) (TWO LATIN WORDS SIGNIFYING DREAD OF WATER.)

This is a disease resulting from the bite of a rabid dog, or from its licking an abraded portion of the skin, the chief characteristics of which are severe constriction about the throat; spasmodic action of the diaphragm; a peculiar difficulty of swallowing and consequent dread of fluids; anxiety and restlessness; followed by exhaustion, delirium, and death.

Symptoms in Man

These are not manifested till a period varying from a few weeks to one or two years after receiving the infection, the wound having probably healed, and the scar presenting no remarkable appearance. Twitching and itching sensations are sometimes felt in the vicinity of the wound prior to an attack. Sometimes there is stiffness, or numbness, or partial palsy, or the wound may be red and swollen, there is an indistinct feeling of uneasiness and anxiety, with giddiness, chills, heat and a general feeling of being unwell.

Special symptoms are arranged under three heads. 1. A spasmodic affection of the muscles in the throat and chest, act of swallowing commonly exciting convulsions, makes the patient afraid to repeat the attempt, hence the horror of all the liquids which is so remarkable a feature of the disease. 2. An extreme degree of sensibility of the surface of the body. 3. Mental agitation and terror frequently mark the disease throughout.

To these symptoms we may add extreme thirst, the secretion of a remarkably viscid saliva, the effort to swallow which brings on the convulsive fits, the convulsions increased in frequency and violence, the lips and cheeks become livid and perpetually quiver, till, at length, one fit lasts long enough to exhaust the remaining strength.

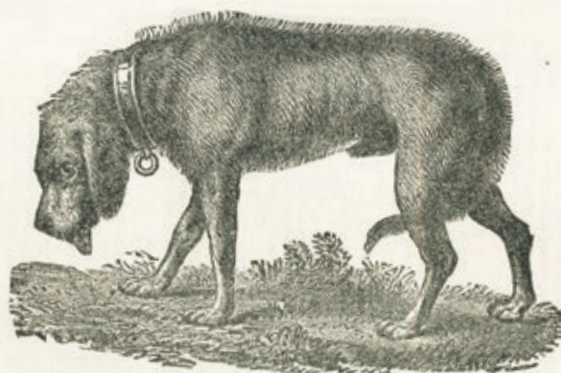
Remedies

At the time of the paroxysm, divest the patient of all clothing and bandage the eyes. Put him into a bathtub in the following manner: place a thermometer in your bathtub, and when you have prepared the water at a temperature of sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit, plunge him into it without regard to his remonstrances. Repeat the bath whenever the paroxysm returns. It is important that the patient should neither see nor hear the water, nor know of the proposed bath, for this disease is aggravated by either. Give the patient chloroform to relieve the spasms. One of the secrets of the success of this treatment is the suddenness and unexpectedness to the patient of the application.

German remedy

An aged German forest keeper, not wishing to carry it to the grave, gives us a valuable remedy he has used for fifty years, and which, he says, has saved several men and a large number of animals from a horrible death by hydrophobia: Bathe the bite as soon as possible with warm vinegar and water, and, when this has dried, a few drops of muriatic acid poured upon the wound will destroy the poison of the saliva and relieve the patient from all present or future danger.

Soak a rennet in a little more than a half-tumbler for about ten minutes. When this is done, add pulverised saavidilla and mix it thoroughly. Give it to the patient (that is, force it down his throat in the interval between the paroxysms). The patient is then to be put in the sun, if possible, or placed near the fire, and well warmed. If the first dose tranquilises him after a short interval, no more is to be given, but if he continues furious, another dose must be administered, which will infallibly quiet him. A profound sleep will succeed, which will last twenty-four hours or forty-eight hours (according to the strength of the patient's constitution), at the expiration of which time he will be attacked with severe purging and vomiting, which will continue until the poison is entirely ejected. He will then be restored to his senses, will ask for food, and the cure is effected.



FIRST STAGE, RABIES

**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.*

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

THE
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Cookin' Up Love

Seeley Booth

Started with pre drinks with my flatmates. Rolled up slightly late but my date wasn't there yet. Spent the bar tab on drinks, bought some more, went to a few other bars and snuck in a quickie before going our separate ways. Thanks for a great night Critic!

Nah this wasn't like all those other basic blind dates. I walked in early and saw a total goddess sitting at a table and prayed to the Good Lord Jesus that she was my blind date. She was! Trying not to propose on the spot, I introduced myself and we clicked immediately. She was a mature aged geology student and ten years older than me but did not look anywhere near it. We made the most of a free meal, with her sagely pointing out that millennials like me just need to knuckle down and simply avoid buying things like avocado on toast if I want to buy a house. Beautiful AND wise! I was smitten.

After a couple of drinks, conversation quickly turned to maths, murder and the impending apocalypse and I could feel myself growing physically aroused. We discussed the most effective method for getting away with murder and I was becoming lightheaded with lust. I kept trying to ask if she wanted to come back to mine, but I guess she was having too much of a great time because she insisted we stay out and drink more.

Realising that thoughts of the world's end approaching might help move things along, I asked if she had seen the most amazing movie ever made. That did the trick and we were in a cab to her place to 'watch San Andreas' within minutes. We flirted with the cab driver on the way to hers but he wasn't up for joining us. "But it's Dwayne 'The Rock' Johnson!" we protested. Still, the night wasn't completely lost.

We only just made it to her bed by the time our clothes were off and if you want to know the rest of the story her poor sleep-deprived flatmates can probably describe exactly what she wanted done and how much she liked it.

Not a bad way to lose my virginity!

Thanks Critic, I owe you everything!

Temperance Brennan

I arrived at the Cook unfashionably early and unfashionably sober. Walking in, I spotted an incredibly handsome man alone at a table. It was chemistry professor Dr Dave McMorran, and my heart skipped a beat. Desperately hoping he was my blind date, I was sorely disappointed when I was advised that my date had not yet arrived.

When my date did eventually arrive, I was a little shocked. "They've sent me a child!" I muttered indignantly to myself, wondering where his Leavers '16 hoodie was. It turned out that he was 22 (ten years younger than me) and impressively nearly finished his masters in genetics (meanwhile I got my fingers stuck in a protractor last week).

He seemed far too earnest as I regaled him with stories from world war two, when I pretended I was a young lad who got a job as a shoe-shine for the local army regiment. He was a kindly boy but definitely not my type. In fact, he downright irked me with his entitled millennial attitude and eager acceptance of the metric system and Apple products.

After a couple more drinks, I decided to just fuck with the guy and see where the conversation would lead - eventually it actually turned to some really interesting chat, which gained him some serious points with me. As we discussed the finer aspects of homicide forensics, I couldn't help but notice him squirming and breathing heavily as his jeans betrayed what was quickly becoming a very noticeable "situation".

"Interesting," I thought, bemused.

I could tell that he was keen when he kept trying to subtly ask me to go back to his place. I insisted we stay out drinking more, because I am a closet alcoholic and by that point just wasn't ready to end my night out.

In the end, he won me over with strange and witty conversation, and I decided that, as an adventurous lass, I should go wherever the night leads. So when he asked me if I'd be interested in watching San Andreas, I threw caution to the wind and took him back to my place. I really do love that movie. And we almost watched it, too.

It wasn't until the fifth time 'watching San Andreas' that he revealed himself to have been a virgin up until that night. What do you do with that piece of information? (I mocked him endlessly and told him to get the hell out of my house.) Thanks for a wild time Critic.

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President's Column

Hey Team

Class is almost over! This of course is the last issue of Critic for the semester, and obviously, as a consequence the last column from me for semester one.

Today of course, if reading this on Monday, means that voting for our referendum is open and live. Jump on www.voting.ousa.org.nz and make sure you get your vote in. As you have probably seen over the last couple of weeks, this referendum includes one incredibly important question... Should OUSA oppose CCTV cameras in the residential areas surrounding the Uni? We need you legends to vote in this referendum so that we can carry a clear voice to the University as to what students want.

Bonus: One lucky voter will walk away with an iPhone 6!

So jump on your laptop, phone or iPad and let your fingers do the talking.

Other than that, be sure to enjoy your last week of lectures... If we're being honest, we all know this week is the most important week of class, given the fact it is generally the week that every lecturer goes over the semesters content, so I suggest to all students, get along to class!

Cheers



Hugh Baird
OUSA President
president@ousa.org.nz



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