

Critic Est. 1925

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FEATURE



The Ultimate Rush

Why we like extreme sports so much.

By Chelle Fitzgerald, page 26

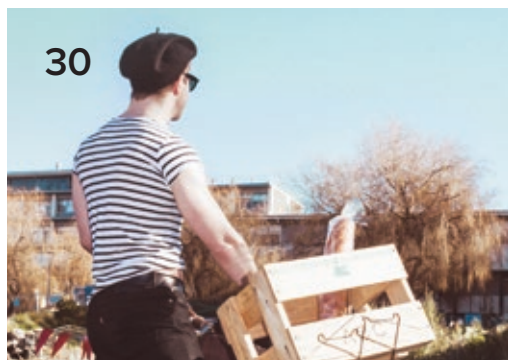
FEATURE



Have Degree, Will Travel

Teaching English overseas. By Isaac Yu, page 20

FEATURE



Travel Tips from a Jerk

Let a jerk guide you around the world.

By Chelle Fitzgerald, page 30



Centrefold artwork: "Rainforest Room" by Aïcha Wijland

aichawijland.com
artofpan.tumblr.com

MINORITY GOVERNMENT — THE OTHER WAY

Dear Editor,

Whatever happened to the idea of minority government, so much in vogue away back when we were campaigning for MMP? As Mai Chen stated then in an article in the NZ Law Journal, the definition of a government is a set of responsible ministers, drawn, by invitation of the governor-general, from the largest party or coalition, whether a majority or not. The ministers run the departments, but parliament, not government, makes the laws and the budgets. The ship of state, she said, would no longer switch direction with every change of government, but set a relatively steady course steered by well-considered, majority-backed legislation.

This is the long-term vision of the 1986 Royal Commission on Electoral Reform, on which our change to MMP, and increase to 120 MPs, was based. Unbridled power would be a thing of the past.

The common objection to minority government is the need for “confidence and supply.” The phrase rolls off the tongue, but confidence and supply are distinctly different elements. If a set of ministers is being entrusted only to minister but not to make laws, then confidence can be given to them far more easily and safely than at present, when simple majority and collective responsibility lets them do as they like, when they like. Supply is the annual budget, a piece of legislation that can be negotiated like any other.

This scenario is slow but sure: slower than a steamrolling, democracy-crushing majority government; surer and more practical than a patched-together cabinet of incompatible parties—especially if one of them is notorious for seeking power at the expense of political integrity.

Whether journalists think it practical or not, minority government is a constitutional possibility. It is irresponsible for the media to overlook it, and continue repeating such false statements as “Labour and the Greens would need New Zealand First in order to form a government,” instead of “... to form a majority government”, to speak of assuming power or balance of power, and to promote the ludicrous (and sexist) label of “kingmaker.”

As the election approaches, correcting such misleadership is crucial. Journalists

and editors have an enormous responsibility, and should be challenged if they neglect it, on the grounds of irresponsibility and inaccuracy. If people were no longer urged to worry about the unpredictable idea of a balance of power, and to play guessing games which they invariably get wrong, then they could vote honestly for the parties whose values they believe in, and produce a result beyond their expectations. The outcome could be a government that assumes responsibility, and a parliament that assumes power; representation by parties with clear philosophies and mandates; no more guessing, and no more kingmakers.’

Gavin Maclean

CAR STOMPERS

My first car was a 1963 Ford Cortina. Despite the fact that it used huge amounts of oil and leaked like a sieve, I truly loved that old car as I have all the cars that I have owed since then.

The thought of someone running over the roof, body slamming the bonnet or kicking off a wing mirror on any of my cars would make me furious. We all love our wheels, even if it is a 30 year-old Laser.

Over the last few months there has been an increase in the wanton vandalism of your cars parked perfectly legally within the campus residential area.

This has resulted in several students facing charges and a repair bill for hundreds and often thousands of dollars.

I make no apology for taking a firm line against this crazy behaviour. I just ask that common sense should prevail.

Many of the students who are victim to this stupidity only have 3rd party insurance or have large excesses which will see them significantly out of pocket.

A conviction may well see your studies at the University put in jeopardy.

I thank those students who have witnessed this behaviour and stood up against it.

We all must work together to end this scourge.

Look after each other.

Look out for each other.

-Senior Constable John Woodhouse

Notices:

BEARDS

Otago Beard and Moustache Competition
August 4th
Re:Fuel

This event is being run to raise funds for the Otago Mental Health Support Trust. All profit from the event will go to them and donations are also welcome. Categories are: Best Beard, Best Moustache, Freestyle, Crowd Favourite, and Whiskerina. The night will feature performances from Devine, The Vortz, and Bulletproof Convertible.

Tickets available from Cosmic Ticketing shortly. It's \$10 to attend and \$15 to compete. Every ticket gives one entry into a raffle for a signed 2016 Highlanders jersey.

➔Register at goo.gl/f18f93

Critic would like to express our heartfelt condolences to the family of Mike Wright, Otago Polytechnic Chaplain, who passed away on Wednesday 26th July. Our thoughts are of course with everyone who knew him at this terribly difficult and sad time. Anyone requiring support or assistance is able to receive it through OUSA's Student Support service.

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Inspirational Travel Quotes

“Travel while you’re young and able. Don’t worry about the money, just make it work. Experience is far more valuable than money will ever be.”

An awful quote, a false attribution, a terrible font, set on a background of some cliff-face you are supposed to want to climb. To find yourself. To learn about the world. This bullshit is piped into young New Zealanders’ brains as though spending all your money on a holiday is the only way to become an adult. “Don’t worry about the money, just make it work.” Unless you have to support yourself on a small income, without parents who can bail you out if something goes wrong.

“Don’t tell me how educated you are, tell me how much you travelled”

—Mohammed.

“Lovely to meet you, did you know that I am educated?”

“Tell me if you’ve travelled or shut the fuck up”

Mohammed didn’t say that, but whoever did knew that travel and education are both ways of learning new things, as is talking to someone, reading a book, watching TV, or looking at your butt.

“**TRAVELING’S** not something you’re good at. It’s something you do. **LIKE BREATHING.**” —Gayle Foreman

What does this even mean? Traveling will happen without you thinking about it, even when you sleep, and if you stop for five minutes you will die? **WANKING’S** not something you’re good at. It’s something you do. **LIKE HOW YOUR CARDIOVASCULAR SYSTEM PUMPS BLOOD. LIKE FALLING DOWN THE STAIRS. LIKE DROPPING A DEUCE.**

I travelled when I was 18, and it was fantastic, then I got into shit and my parents bailed me out. Profound. How fascinating. Traveling does create unique experiences, but it’s a privilege and a luxury that shouldn’t be foisted on people as a coming-of-age life hurdle. It’s expensive, often stressful, and there are plenty of ways to get life experience without going to another country.

Lucy Hunter
CRITIC EDITOR

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Uni News

Building Code Causes OUSA To Scale Back Gender Neutral Toilets

by Zahra Shahtahmasebi

Earlier this year, OUSA chose to make the toilets in the Clubs and Societies building on both the ground and first floors gender neutral.

In 2013 the Clubs and Socs Centre underwent extensive renovations, which included the ground floor toilets. However, in 2016, OUSA staff noticed that there were minor defects in the flooring of these toilets, which only continued to worsen over time.

After consultation with the project management group, it

was discovered that the flooring in the toilets would have to be ripped up and the waterproof membrane redone, a process that would cost a significant amount of time and money. OUSA decided to look into the structural changes necessary to introduce gender neutral bathrooms, to be completed at the same time as the renovations.

OUSA has fielded a range of both positive and negative feedback about their decision to make their toilets gender neutral, with most of the negative

feedback being about urinals and privacy within the cubical.

The association has been limited by the building code, which is outlined in the Building Act 2004. They found that if they removed the urinals, they would be in breach of the minimum toilet requirements for the building. Also, it is required that unisex toilets must be in a self-contained compartment that offers full privacy, and also contains a toilet, basin and sanitary towel disposal equipment.

To make such vast changes to the toilets would have exceeded their budget. Currently, the new waterproof membrane has been laid and cured in these toilets, and the remaining renovations include reinstalling partitions and also new flooring. This project was to fix the defective flooring and was not an upgrade to facilities to create gender neutral toilets.

The renovations to the toilets will be completed by the end of August. Following this, the gender neutral toilets on both the ground and first floors will return to being gender specific with the exception of one toilet on the first floor that adheres to the legislative requirements.

Keeping Tabs on the Exec

Totally Execrable

23 July 2017

by Joe Higham

The OUSA Executive welcomed University of Otago Chief Operating Officer Stephen Willis, Deputy Proctor Andrew Ferguson, Director of Student Services Karyn Thomson, and Student Engagement Manager Rachel Curry, to further discuss the plans to implement CCTV surveillance across North Dunedin, having previously done so in the 8 May meeting. President Hugh Baird moved a motion to have the question and answer session with the

executive put into Committee of the Whole (CotW), meaning that everything said in the meeting is unable to be repeated outside of the room, despite not, according to clause 47.2 of the OUSA Constitution, falling ostensibly into either of the categories where entering into CotW is permitted (being either for reasons of confidentiality or commercial sensitivity of the likely content of discussion).

An hour and five minutes later, once the university representatives had left the meeting and a motion was passed to leave CotW, Postgraduate Officer Lucy Northwood moved another motion to “publically thank OUSA Events, R U Okay? volunteers, and all of the other volunteers” who contributed to Re:Orientation for their incredibly hard work. Northwood then personally thanked International Officer Max Chan for his “fantastic work” on the successful

International Food Festival, which was held outside the St David Lecture Theatre for the first time.

The meeting then turned to the university’s Business Case for their Support Services Review, in which the proposal of 182 Equivalent Full-Time Staff redundancies was made. President Hugh Baird told the group that he will be having a meeting with the university’s Human Resources Director Kevin Seales. Te Roopu Maori President Eli Toeke exclaiming that he is, “really concerned with what I’ve been told,” before a motion was passed to move the meeting back into CotW for (legitimate) reasons of personal privacy.

Because of the length of the unreportable CCTV discussion, the planned agenda was unable to be fully completed and so will spill over into next week’s meeting.



OUCC Kayakers Take on Raging Leith During Floods

by Joel MacManus

For some Dunedin residents, the recent flooding was a major disaster, putting homes at risk and straining emergency services beyond capacity.

But for the Otago University Canoe Club (OUCC), it was a cause for celebration. When the Leith River floods, it becomes perfect for white water kayaking, and their members rush out the doors to take advantage of the rare chance to ride some water in their own backyard.

OUCC member Fergus Farrell was one of a contingent of paddlers who took on the river last Saturday. "It went really well for the first couple of laps," he said. "Myself and two mates had some problems with a

hydraulic [a 'hole' which forms when the water flows over a submerged object] later on and had to kick into safety mode, but we got everybody out safe and sound. Always good when Leith goes!"

The paddlers entered the river just below the boulder trap off Woodhaugh Street, and rode the river along through the university, exiting near the Commerce Building.

When the river is flooded and the water is rushing through, what is normally a gentle stream becomes a dangerous torrent to manoeuvre. The International Scale of River Difficulty classes whitewater into six categories, from Grade 1 'Very small rough areas, requires no previous skill', to Grade 6 'Rapids that are not passable and any attempt to do so would result in serious injury, near drowning or death'.

Fergus estimates that, at its full capacity, the Water of Leith is about a Grade 3 (requiring 'Experienced paddling skills'). However, he says, "The problem is that the consequences can be quite bad due to the concrete sides and the incredibly fast flow. We will only let kayakers from our club on the Leith if we're confident that they can do it safely. Often this means that they need experience in Grade 4 or higher [requiring 'Advanced Whitewater Experience']"

The last chance the club got to paddle the Leith was in July 2015, when footage of kayakers powering past the university clocktower went viral and received national and international media attention. "We just really love the Leith because it's in our backyard and has a great novelty factor about it."



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This study has been approved by the Health and Disability Ethics Committee.

June 2017

June 2017

Uni News

Nominate Your Favourite Teachers for OUSA's Annual Teaching Awards

by Joe Higham

Nominations for OUSA's 2017 Teaching Awards close on 18 August, meaning there is still plenty of time to put forward any lecturers, tutors, or lab demonstrators that you think deserve the much sought after recognition.

As students provide the university with their largest revenue stream by far, through tuition fees, it provides a great opportunity to give feedback to teachers.

There are awards awarded for the following categories: Top Lecturer, Top Tutor/Lab Demonstrator, Top Summer School Teacher, and a Disability Awareness and Inclusive Teaching Award.

The value of the awards are beyond doubt, according to Associate Professor

Clinton Golding, Acting HoD Higher Education Development Centre. He told Critic that "the University often has to judge whether a staff member is teaching to a high standard, perhaps if they are going for promotion, or to confirm their jobs. If we know that their students have taken the initiative to write an award application, then we have very good evidence that this teacher is doing a great job."

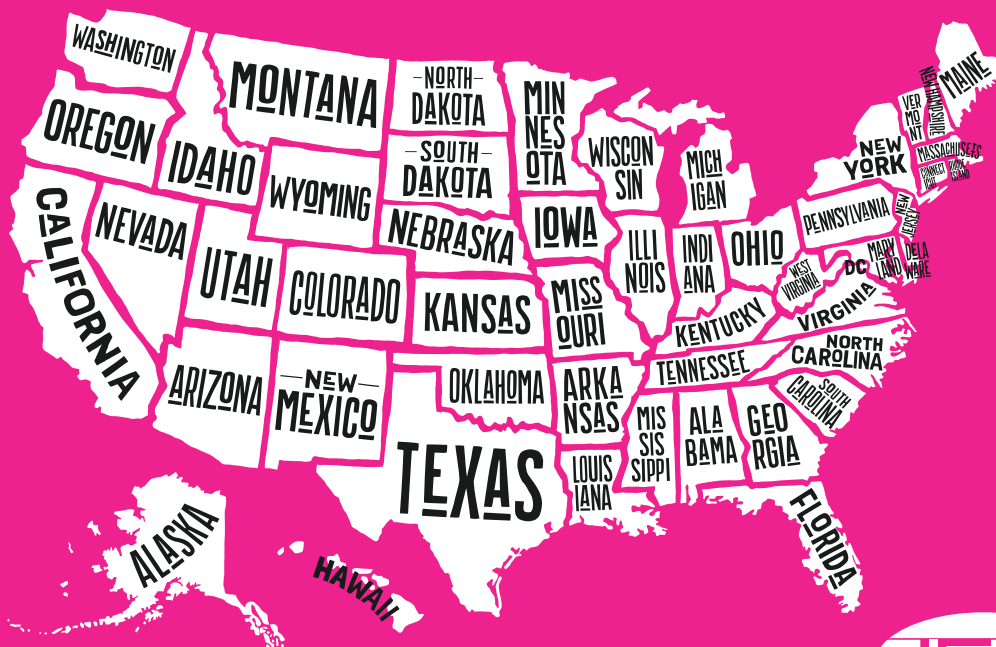
He continued, saying that "When lecturers, tutors and demonstrators hear they have been nominated, let alone won, they are really pleased. They really appreciate the recognition from their students. They were trying to do a great job, but the nomination confirms this."

Three years ago OUSA began revealing the total list of nominees for the award. In 2016, 58 teachers, tutors, and lab demonstrators were long-listed for the award, which was won by Dr Annika Bokor of the Department of Biochemistry; the runner-up was Dr Matt Bevin of the Department of Physiology.

Professional Practice Fellow Dr David Bishop, who was nominated for the top award last year, said that "the awards are definitely valuable to staff".

Not only do students vote on which staff member should receive the award, they are also asked to reveal why that person should be the recipient. Last year, 955 votes were cast, and showed that the most important factor in their choice, with 37 percent choosing it, was that they are "approachable and has a friendly attitude to students"; 28 percent considered the ability to "make difficult concepts easier to understand," while the "use of humour in presentations" and their "enthusiasm for the subject" came third and fourth respectively with 26 and 25 percent.

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National

Household Income Report Reveals No Sign of Change for Poorest Families

by Joe Higham

A Ministry of Social Development report has revealed that the cost of housing in New Zealand remains a significant impediment to lifting people out of poverty.

The Household Income Report (HIR) highlights that, although poverty has declined in the ten years since the Global Financial Crisis, unfortunately not everyone is seeing progress in their own economic situation.

Between the 2011 Housing Economic Survey and 2016, 25 percent of those in the lowest income quintile spent more than half of their total income on housing costs, while 32 percent spent more than 40 percent respectively.

A press release from Social Development Minister Anne Tolley stated that the report shows median household incomes rose three per cent in real terms in the year to June 2016, which she claims “shows the government’s focus on strengthening the economy is delivering for New Zealand families and households ... [and] median household incomes have risen by around

11 percent more than inflation [since 2008] — faster than in many other OECD countries. This contrasts with Australia, the UK, the US, France, Italy and Germany, where real household incomes remain at or close to pre-GFC levels.”

While this seems to be correct, one of the report’s main findings is that quality of housing in New Zealand is also affecting a notable amount of children, with 110,000, equivalent to 10 percent of New Zealanders’ under 18, having to live in accommodation that has a “major problem with dampness and mould”; 70 percent of these children live in rental accommodation, 45 percent in private rental, and 25 percent in Housing New Zealand Corporation (HNZC) houses.

“Housing affordability has proven to be the most severe issue affecting our low-income families, as well as the health impacts of low quality and overcrowding for children,” said Child Poverty Action Group (CPAG) social security spokesperson Associate Professor Mike O’Brien.

Additionally, the HIR reveals that, although there was a decline in household crowding from 13 percent in 1986 to 10 percent in 2001, the rate has plateaued when looking at census data from 2006 to 2013.

Those of Pacific ethnicity are much more likely to face overcrowding in their homes, with the figure sitting at 39 percent, although this was down from 50 percent in 1986.

The report was released just a few days prior to an announcement from Statistics New Zealand, the results of which may not come as a surprise to New Zealand’s poorest families, but go some way to showing the need for central government to provide them with more assistance.

It mirrored the HIR in saying that higher prices for housing is hitting beneficiaries the hardest, but also added that household utilities and food prices are impacting these struggling families disproportionately.

“Over half their spending was on these essentials, compared with about a quarter for the highest earners,” says Statistics New Zealand Prices, Accommodation, and Construction Senior Manager Jason Attewell.

CPAG will be releasing five documents in the near future on five key election topics that will “analyse how evidence based policy changes can reduce child poverty if implemented after the next election”.

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Opinion

The Deliberate Flouting of the Crimes Act at Auckland's Drury Christian School

by Jean Balchin

Last year, I wrote an article on the horrors of Accelerated Christian Education (ACE), a fundamentalist American homeschooling programme being taught in homes and schools across New Zealand. I discussed how ACE upholds the belief that the Bible is literally true, that there should be no distinction between church and state, and I also briefly touched upon the topic of corporal punishment.

Fundamentalist schools have a marked propensity for physically abusing their children. This is hardly surprising, as these schools are just the extreme conclusion of a theology that believes children are evil by nature, and that physical punishment is the solution. According to ACE, “the nurture and admiration of the Lord requires biblical discipline”. ACE even published instructional guides on how to properly spank a student with a paddle (known colloquially in some schools as the “Board of Education”). I sincerely regret that I did not devote more time and energy to researching allegations of corporal punishment occurring at Drury Christian School in Auckland.

Never heard of Drury Christian School? As an ex-pupil of this school, and survivor of ACE, I envy you. Drury Christian School is a homeschool co-operative, based in Auckland. As proudly outlined on their website, they are a “registered, private primary and secondary school,” where “all of the staff have completed an A.C.E. training course on Christian education”. Quite apart from forcing racist, patriarchal values and misinformation upon hapless students, Drury Christian School is infamous for exploiting a loophole in the anti-smacking law.

Corporal punishment in New Zealand schools was abolished in 1987, and legislatively enforced in July 1990, with Section 139A of the Education Act 1989. Section 139A prohibits anyone employed by a school or ECE provider, or anyone supervising or controlling students on the school's behalf, from “using force by way of correction or punishment towards any student at or in relation to the school or the student under their supervision or control.” Physical assault charges may be levelled at teachers who administer corporal punishment, resulting in termination and cancellation of teacher registration, and possibly criminal charges, with a maximum penalty of five years' imprisonment.

However, the law had a loophole: parents, provided they were not school staff, could still discipline their children on school grounds. In early 2007, it was revealed that Drury Christian School was sneakily using this loophole to discipline students by corporal punishment, by making the student's parents administer the punishment.

The Crimes (Substituted Section 59) Amendment Act 2007 effectively closed this loophole in May 2007 by enacting a blanket ban on parents administering corporal punishment on their children. I vividly remember my father ranting and raving about the government's interference into private family matters. When NZ First took out a whole-page advertisement in the NZ Herald to criticise the “anti-smacking bill” (as it was colloquially called), my Dad pinned it up on the fridge. My Mum and Dad carried on smacking us behind closed doors, and eventually the furore died down across the nation. But did Drury Christian School change its ways? It seems not.

Drury Christian School's prospectus from July 2009 reveals that the school continued to encourage child abuse. In a section ominously titled “GUIDELINES FOR CORPORAL CORRECTION,” one may read how “corporal correction” should be considered for “repeated bad behaviour”. While the author admits that “in New Zealand, there is a strong feeling against corporal correction,” they go on to argue “humanism is also strongly opposed to Biblical standards, and has made no effort to see how well a disobedient child responds to a smack administered fairly and in love”. What follows is truly horrendous; a step-by-step guide to smacking children, stating, “a thin paddle is best on the bottom or the hand”.

This prospectus stayed online until at least December 2015, according to Dr Jonny Scaramanga, an expert in Christian fundamentalism and ACE. In 2016, Drury Christian School updated its website. However, the updated version still referred to corporal punishment, arguing that “in serious cases [of bad behaviour] there would be corporal discipline (administered by the parent), probation for a period or finally dismissal from school”. This particular wording remained until at least November 2016, when it was last archived by the Wayback Machine, a digital archive of the World Wide Web. Dr Scaramanga says that “When the page was archived again in May 2017, the reference to corporal punishment had been removed—ten years after it was legally banned”.

Corporal punishment, by its very nature, is intended to cause physical pain on a person. It most often occurs when there is a substantial disparity of power between punisher and punished. My parents certainly did not spare the rod with me, and I believe the regular ‘spankings’, which sometimes escalated into something more, damaged me irreparably. I hate to admit it, but I have a nasty, violent streak in me at times, and I often shy away from physical contact, instinctively expecting something worse.

I understand that not everyone agrees with the blanket statement that spanking is immoral. However, those who think it is appropriate at times should be aware that spanking frequently turns into more serious abuse. In my opinion, violence against children cannot be justified. Plutarch once said that “children ought to be led to honourable practices by means of encouragement and reasoning, and most certainly not by blows or ill-treatment”. Surely praise and reproof are more effective and humane. “Spare the rod and spoil the child,” is abuse, plain and simple. Drury Christian School should be held to account for the damage it has inflicted upon its students.

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POSTGRADUATE



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A 20¢ coin weighs 20¢

Horses cannot walk backwards

Thunder can usually be put down to a particularly powerful sneeze.

Water is only 5/6 liquid

Don't be tempted by a towel—after a shower, you can dry yourself using your own bare hands.

Gravity is a toxin that can be drained out of you if you stand on your head (*David Avocado Wolfe*)

Door handles are the genitals of doors

Digital art is not really made by anybody. They let the computers do it.

Every time you smile, you shrink 0.0001cm

In the Bible, yellow was the last colour god made, as he needed something to make wee look funny

Fried eggs go darker on the bottom because they pick up a layer of the pan

Game of Thrones has more dragons in it than any other thing (*three dragons*)

WORLD WATCH



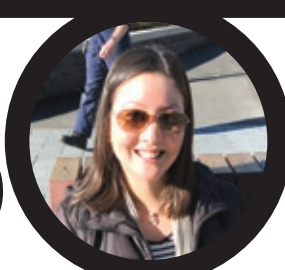
TALKEETNA, ALASKA USA

The mayor of Talkeetna, a small Alaskan town, has died. The mayor was no ordinary mayor. In fact, it was a cat. Stubbs the cat lived for 20 years and was named the honorary mayor of the town in 1998. He was hugely popular among the locals, and it is believed one of his owners' kittens will replace Stubbs as the mayor.

TURIN, ITALY

Italian police have arrested two brothers, Vittorio and Ivan Lafore, on suspicion that they robbed dozens of cash machines while wearing masks of US President Donald Trump.

BUNCH OF FIVES



MICHELLE—INTERNATIONAL MANAGEMENT

- 1 Germany
- 2 Rent a place with good insulation
- 3 Dave Cull
- 4 Camera
- 5 Tyrion Lannister



CAROLINE—GEOLOGY & ARCHAEOLOGY

- 1 I can't teleport
- 2 Invest in an electric blanket
- 3 Dave Cull
- 4 Compass clinometer
- 5 The dragon



MARGARET—GEOLOGY & OCEANOLOGY

- 1 Maccas
- 2 Don't leave your bed
- 3 Dave Cull
- 4 Mobile phone
- 5 Game of Thrones is shit



CAITLIN—OCEANOLOGY & GEOLOGY

- 1 Pacific Islands
- 2 Get an electric blanket
- 3 Dave Cull
- 4 A time travelling device
- 5 The hot silver haired girl



LIZZY—GEOLOGY

- 1 Don't wanna be anywhere else
- 2 Wear at least two pairs of socks
- 3 A droid
- 4 Your time machine
- 5 I don't watch it

ANGUS, SCOTLAND

Despite being less likely than picking the results of a coin toss 99 times in a row, a family managed to buy a box of 10 double yolk eggs. The producers of the eggs, Pennine Eggs, said it was simply unbelievable luck.

by Jack Trevella

Q's

- 1 If you could teleport to one place right now where would it be?
- 2 What advice would you give to a fresher on how to deal with Dunedin winter?
- 3 Who is the current Mayor of Dunedin?
- 4 If you could travel back in time, what device would take with you?
- 5 Who is your favourite Game of Thrones character?

ODT WATCH

by Charlie O'Mannin

To start this week, the ODT has some good old fist shaking to do

Youths run riot in centre of Hastings

Damn those youths, with their internet and their riots and their non-arthritic hips.

Then, a very serious story that is also inextricably funny.

Farms struck by fatal cow fungus

I think it's because I imagine mushrooms the exact size and shape of cows bellowing spores out over the downs. Or because both cows and fungus are inherently funny.

Next, a gem from the newspaper that has never had a female editor

Women aim high

Apparently the ODT considers 'aiming high' to be taking part in a power boat race on Lake Waihola (the only lake that would be actually improved by leeches).

Next, a sudden and unexpected change of heart

Kids online again? It's not all bad!

The ODT just realised that, as well as eroding the moral bedrock of society, the internet also has many, many videos of cats.

And finally, a group of kids try to comedically sneak out of child poverty and into regular poverty.

Six children, one jacket

FACTS & FIGURES

The word oxymoron is derived from Greek words meaning 'sharp' and 'dull', making it an oxymoron.

Since the 1950s, humans have generated 8.3 billion metric tons of plastic, of which 6.3 billion tons have been discarded.

There's a statue of a naked woman riding a chicken in Havana's Plaza Vieja. The artist has provided no explanation.

Picasso would carry around a revolver loaded with blanks and fire at people he found dull.

11 of the 12 men to have walked on the Moon were in the Boy Scouts.

Up to 95% of East Asians don't have the gene for smelly armpits whereas 98% of Europeans do.

Prague has a graffiti wall dedicated to John Lennon despite the fact that he never visited.

The size of the meal in paintings of the Last Supper has grown by nearly 70% over the last 1000 years.

by Jack Trevella

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National

Poland Pulls Back from the Authoritarian Brink after Protests and EU Condemnation

by George Elliott

Poland, once the poster child of the post-1989 democratic wave against communism in Europe, has been going through rough political times. Thousands of Poles have flooded city streets to protest the government's continued effort to limit the independence of the country's judiciary. Detractors say the ruling right-wing Law and Justice Party (PiS) is trying to move towards an autocratic model of governance that evokes Putin or Erdoğan.

The anti-government protesters have been joined by the European Union in their condemnation. EU officials had hinted that, if the Polish government went ahead with its proposed legislation, Brussels could invoke Article 7, which would sanction Poland and suspend its voting rights within

the 28-member bloc.

In a dramatic twist, Poland's nominally apolitical president stepped in and vetoed one of the three parts of legislation that would have seen the PiS have effective control over the country's judicial system. Andrzej Duda, a main target for the protesters, is a proponent of PiS's agenda and it is difficult to be certain about the intentions behind this u-turn.

Duda's decision may show that the government is backing down or tactically retreating. He explained that the bills, "would not strengthen the sense of justice in society". Christian Davies, a foreign policy commentator based in Warsaw, made the following good point: "PiS may be hoping it can take the wind out of the protesters'

sails, portraying itself as the reasonable party to the dispute and the protesters as acting in bad faith when they inevitably reject the government's 'generous' concessions."

No matter his motives, it is clear that the large demonstrations and EU pressure affected the government's thinking. While Duda's decision will offer hope to the protesters, the threat to the judiciary still remains.

The power of the people in Poland has been successful before. Most famous, of course, was the 1980s grassroots Solidarity movement, which used nation-wide strikes and demonstrations, and played an important role in bringing an end to Soviet-backed communist rule in the country. More recently, last year large demonstrations forced PiS to block a proposed blanket ban on abortion.

Ironically, the founder and chairman of the Law and Justice Party, Jarosław Kaczyński, is a former member of the Solidarity movement. While holding no government office, the staunch anti-communist nationalist is widely seen as dictating matters from behind the scenes. And so, the boundary between Party and State has become blurred – reminding us of the old extreme political project of Europe.

Critics say the nationalist government in Warsaw, in power since 2015, has been emboldened after a recent state visit by US president Donald Trump, who failed to even remotely mention the government's assault on democratic checks and balances. Poland is seen by NATO as one of the most assertive bulwarks against Russian aggression in Europe.

Poland's ruling party is ideologically similar to the conservatism, nationalism and anti-globalism of the (mostly) elected authoritarian leaders we see in Russia, Turkey, India and the United States. In an interview with a German tabloid, Polish foreign minister, Witold Waszczykowski, said the PiS-led government "only wants to cure our country of a few illnesses". These 'illnesses' include, "a new mixture of cultures and races, a world made up of cyclists and vegetarians, who only use renewable energy and who battle all signs of religion [...] What moves most Poles [is] tradition, historical awareness, love of country, faith in God and normal family life between a woman and a man."

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National

Authentic Fakery: Who is the new US ambassador to New Zealand?

by George Elliott

It's more obvious when an American is not being genuine. They can't hide it from us. Chiefly, it's the accent. We're so conditioned to hearing it try and sell us things. If the transatlantic Beeb accent broadcasts the truth with authority, the piercing North American accent represents the superpower's authentic fakery.

How can something be so homely (a mother that feeds you with honesty) and so pretentiously insincere (a spiteful juvenile lying to you) at the same time? At once unveiled and veiled. Indeed, the country has a child as President—one whose metaphorical womb you would not catch me in—but he has a 'beautiful' family, the highest degree of traditional values, so everything is okay.

He's an idiot. But around Trump are a cohort of smart, authentic fakes, who live and thrive in the DC swamp he says he'll drain. Trump revels in his exposed contradictions, plunges in and out of his scandalous explosions like a masochist and sucks energy from the sheer mass reproduction of his own image. The agents of deceit, however, still try to cling to the idea of tricking people, of nuanced performance. They know that we know but they don't care and they carry on anyway.

Cosmopolitan magazine's 1982 'America's Sexiest Man' centrefold model, and the new ambassador to New Zealand and Samoa is one such actor. Scott Brown, born 1959, was the first US Senator (current or former) to endorse Trump's run (Jeff Sessions' Wikipedia page probably says the same, but hey). Brown owns a timeshare on the Caribbean island of Aruba and—if you haven't already heard him tell you fifty six times – his daughter, Ayla, is a country singer who was on American Idol.

He gets around. He's everything. Scott Brown is the perfect American. I dare you to read his Wikipedia page and tell me he is not a wholesome patriot. Rags to riches. American Dream? Been there, done that. He's done everything; hanging out (and, he assures us, not taking cocaine) at New York's Studio 54 in the golden days, being a Reservist and doing a tour in Afghanistan, playing basketball,

having a really tough up-bringing, playing gigs with Cheap Trick. So perfect it hurts. The model. "There's more to life than politics."

"I'm a triathlete, so I swim, bike, run, lift [...] I'm hitting the Freyberg Pool after this," Brown told Radio New Zealand's Kim Hill the other weekend. "Wow, I feel tired already," Hill replied.

The hour-long interview was reported by Stuff and the Spinoff as an epic take-down of Brown by Hill. Hill is known as a tough journalist. Everyone remembers her famous 2003 battle with the outrageously hoity-toity arsehole, John Pilger. I wouldn't call the interview with Brown a 'takedown' or a 'knockout' but it was fiery at times (when Brown wasn't guest DJ, introducing a song he wrote for his wife and hired some guy down in Nashville to sing).

What the RNZ interview did, though, is penetrate Brown's façade and finally challenge him to defend the child in the White House. I guess it was about time our news media asked him to. (Forget the media, imagine if our government actually stood up to people.)

Previous encounters with Kiwi news media had featured Brown talking about all the "exciting" sweet-as trade deals we'll have. Along with the usual pleasantries: "New Zealand has always been ferociously independent and I respect that, blah blah". The age-old seduction, a Pacific rimming: an American knows about us!

Changing gears from his daughter's sports life to his President, Kim Hill challenged Brown: "Talking about women, one of the main problems that people have had with your President is his apparent misogyny. You don't think that?" Brown's hilariously absurd response: "I think he's got great kids and he's got a loving wife." Half a minute later, Brown was trying to use a usual deceptive talking-point: "but Hillary's treatment of Bernie!" Then Hill said 'pussy' on national radio while describing Trump's caught-on-tape admission of sexually assaulting women. "We all make mistakes." Of course.

At one point, responding to Hill bringing up

a possible Trump impeachment or resignation, Brown said, "It's not even a political reality, so why waste time on it. [...] I don't deal in hypotheticals." I hate this rhetoric with all my soul. It's pretty much politicians' go-to magic words of escape. How is one meant to have principles or ideals when they don't 'deal in' hypotheticals? Besides, regardless of petty morals, any student of Machiavelli knows a politician should prudently strategise for inevitable bad fortune.

Elsewhere in the interview, Brown seemed baffled that Hill would even mention Trump's finances, asking, "You think the President needs to make money? He's already a billionaire." If Trump is a billionaire, chances are—and I'm certain—he will never be happy with the amount of money he has. "He's not making any money," Brown assures us. "For you or me to be judgemental as to why and how somebody's taking care of their financial affairs I think is inappropriate." Mate, bud, Scottie, chief, we're talking about the bleeding President of the United States, the Leader of the Free World.

Look at the New York Times' regularly updated 'Tracking the President's Visits to Trump Properties' and tell me it's not dodgy that he's spent around a third of his time as President at his various properties, with paying guests who paid expecting they'd run into him.

Case in point: the patricians of the Republic and super-mall CEOs who were present at Mar-a-Lago while Trump guessed his way through a Korean missile crisis. Paying tribute to your liege no longer gets you protection—it affords you appearances and shiny feelings of importance and ceremony.

Returning to Brown. Graham Greene's 'quiet American' was a naïve, but dangerously powerful, idealist. A gentleman who just somehow falls into the role of neo-colonialist. "A dumb leper who has lost his bell, wandering the world, meaning no harm." Brown is a mutation of Pyle. Brown represents 'smiling assassin' writ large. He can lift weights, start at the bottom of the heap and finish with a cushy ambassadorship and have a beautiful, genuinely smiley family and still sit there defending a child in the White House. We know all of this and yet he functions just the same. Maybe that's the "beauty of democracy".

In conclusion, Scott Brown is a really nice guy. I'd still go 'round his gaff for a barbie,' grin and let the illusion of all-American meat patties and matters of national security come over me.



Five weekday mornings with nothing
in common but these two nerds



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The G.O.A.T Series —Men's Athletics

by Charlie Hantler

As they enter the starting blocks, the three men glance at each other. One exudes swagger, confidence and sheer superiority as he extends his perfectly sculpted arms into an arrow. He nods to the crowd in acknowledgement. He is the entertainer. The second has faced trial and tribulation; he was told that he was not fit to be in this position. He is going against everything that the host country believes in. From a distance, as he settles into the blocks, his figure is a big middle finger to the world. The third's steely determination has made him nowhere near the popular icon that his competitors are. His golden spikes shimmer as he settles into his blocks, refusing to take the liberty of inhaling the atmosphere as his opponents are. This man sees the bigger picture, he sees what the first is aiming to achieve, for he has done it.

The stadium falls into anticipatory silence, the three men have eyes only for the ticker tape. As the crowd takes a collective breath, the silence suddenly turns to pandemonium as the gun erupts.

These three men are Usain Bolt, Jesse Owens, and Michael Johnson. The race is this article, determining who is the greatest male track and field athlete of all time.

Usain Bolt

Bolt has taken the athletics track from merely a stage to showcase pure talent to the ultimate marketing mobile. Deals with Puma, Nissan, Hublot, Visa, Optus, and Virgin Media, to name but a few, still fail to paint the full picture of Bolt's youthful exuberance and the impact it has had in an age where sport is becoming increasingly commercial.

After establishing himself as a child phenomenon, Bolt truly took the world by

storm under the Bird's Nest at the 2008 Beijing Olympic Games. The statuesque, unusually slim sprinter blitzed to his first trio of sprint crowns (100m, 200m, 4x100m relay) all in world-record time. While the wins were expected, the times were far beyond what anyone had anticipated or witnessed before. Athletics had the superstar it needed to compete in the ever-monetized sporting age.

The athletics world was in shock. Surely no man would ever go this fast again, let alone even faster? Bolt, as he does with everything in life, laughed at this. At the 2009 World Championships in Berlin, he thundered down the track in 9.58 seconds (100m) and 19.19 seconds (200m) to take the records further away from the grasp of any 100 percent human.

An 11-time world champion and a commercial giant of a sportsman, Bolt has nothing left to achieve in athletics. While he has hinted that he may go again over 200m at the World Championships in London this August, he has already set himself up as the undoubted G.O.A.T.

Jesse Owens

An ever-growing enigma, Owens's legacy becomes more impressive each time it is publicised. Leni Riefenstahl deserves credit for capturing the most iconic footage in athletic history: the white flare of the starting gun, Owens's lurch, and then his upright run past his competitors in 10.3 seconds, and the ever-so-close tight shot of a perturbed Hitler.

Commissioned by the Propaganda Ministry to film the 1936 Berlin games, Riefenstahl was set to showcase the triumph of German athletes as proof of Aryan physical and intellectual superiority over

the rest of the world. But Owens, who earned gold in the 100-meter dash, the 200-meter dash, the long jump and the 4-by-100-meter relay, became the true star of Riefenstahl's film.

While people have long since beat Owens's records, his achievements are much more than that.

As symbolic of a moral resistance as his achievements were, some may argue that Owens tainted his legacy by opting to try his luck in Hollywood rather than participate in the post-Olympic tour of Europe that the Amateur Athletic Union had arranged. Unable to break down the same barriers, leading roles were hard to come by for Owens.

Owens will forever be the most symbolic athlete of all time, as he fleetingly ran over Hitler's ambitions. Athletic legends such as Carl Lewis have credited Owens with their success, such was his influence.

Michael Johnson

The gold shoes may have been auctioned off, and his 400m and 200m world records broken, but Johnson still holds a precious record — he is the only man to win the 400m and 200m at the same Olympics. No man had dared enter the combination of events to this point, with the 100m and 200m being far more common as the 'sprinters' double'.

Johnson was more than just an extraordinarily fast runner; he opened the door for commercial stardom. 'The Man With Gold Shoes' graced magazine covers around the world and secured multimillion-dollar-endorsement deals previously unthinkable for a sprinter. "I'm proud of being remembered as someone who changed the sport in terms of what's possible," says Johnson in his distinctively deep voice. Often referred to as a member of the iconic 'MJ trio' with Jordan and Jackson, it is an apt inclusion. All three of these men changed the world with their achievements, and Johnson fittingly sits on that podium with Jordan. To place him that highly is a glowing indication of just how immense his impact was.

Have Degree, Will Travel

by Isaac Yu

You've made it. After three years subsisting on a diet of Mi Goreng noodles, the cheeky seven-dollar fat bird, and too much caffeine, you've proven that you're ready to take your place in the world with a fancy piece of paper, and a crippling student loan. You've had some great times, some horrific times, and some half formed blurry ones pieced together the next day from your snap story. Now what?

For some you'll be lucky enough to be able to land a job in the discipline that you spent all those late nights studying. For a great many others – 73% according to a 2010 census study conducted by researchers from the Federal Reserve Bank of New York - you will be working in a field unrelated to your degree. When you combine this with a job market where there is a 5.6% unemployment rate for those who graduated in 2016, and an underemployment (when you want to work full time but are only offered part time or

casual contracts) rate of 12.6% the thought of doing honours or masters seems more and more appealing.

While things might look quite grim from the numbers, being a New Zealander offers you a surprising amount of opportunities – so long as you're prepared to step outside your comfort zone.

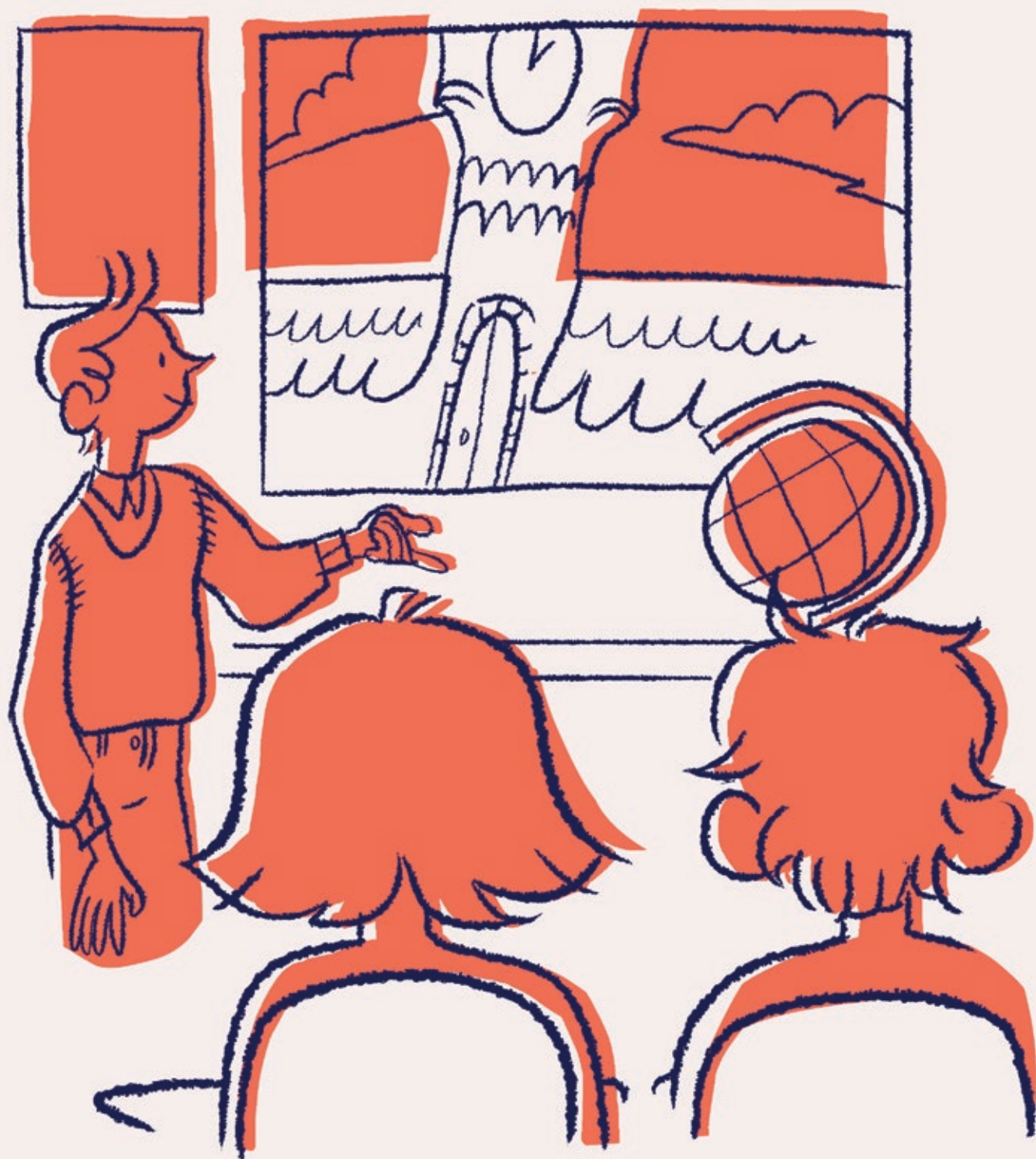
Travel has become synonymous with glamorous Instagram photos (#wanderlust) and backpacking through Europe (#OE). In our social media age we often overlook the more practical aspect of travelling for work. The very fact that many of us have English as a native language, with an accent to boot, is a marketing advantage everywhere outside of New Zealand.

This is because English has become the de-facto international business language, with the British Council projecting an increase from 1.7 billion English learners in 2015 to 2 billion in 2020. In China alone

there are 300 million people who are currently learning to speak and write English – to put it into context the entire population of New Zealand is 4.8 million as of 2017. You don't need to have podcasted your BCOM104 lecture to see the principle of supply and demand at work here. The more people that want to learn English – not just from a textbook but from a native speaker – the more valuable the skillset many of us take completely for granted becomes.

Especially since English is like the alternative facts of languages – half our grammar rules don't work half the time (I before E except after C, and words like beige, caffeine, keister, heinous), many of our words mean different things at different times to different people (a 'trump' can mean to surpass someone, a valuable resource, or a Russian mole), and a good chunk of our words are just plain stolen from other languages

**English
is like the
alternative
facts of
languages.**



(lieutenant, schadenfreude, faux pas). It's easy to see why English is such a screaming bitch of a language for non-native speakers to pick up, and why there is such demand for native speakers to help navigate the linguistic minefield.

Organisations like the JET (Japanese Exchange and Teaching) Programme, run by the Japanese Ministry of Foreign Affairs, offer a grass-roots style teaching programme that places recent graduates in towns, villages, and cities all across Japan as a cultural exchange and a learning opportunity for both parties. Working as an Assistant Language Teacher (ALT) in tandem with a Japanese teacher for 35 hours a week, you are there to teach not just our fickle grammatical rules but also idioms, culture and New Zealand's unwritten language rules (yeahnah). In some cases, you might be the first contact some people have ever had with the land of the long white cloud, a cultural ambassador from a different land.

In return you are placed in a completely new environment where you might visibly stand out from much of the population, not speak the language, have an entirely new set of cultural and social rules to learn, and not have immediate friends and family in the area. For people who have spent their entire lives in New Zealand, it might be the first time they've ever been the minority, the mythical other that they see walking around on campus, on the streets, or blamed in political campaigns.

It forces you to learn how to adapt to your surroundings instead of insisting that they cater to your whims. It makes you think practically about problem solving all the day-to-day tasks of paying bills, buying groceries, and getting around in an unfamiliar place where you don't speak the language. Seeing how other people live, it helps you to understand where other people are coming from, and the different cultural and social expect-

tations placed on them. And this makes you appreciate the similarities and differences between where you are and home, or where home might even be to you.

These new skills are highly sought after by employers – the ability to communicate clearly (especially in cases where you don't share a common language, or if you become bilingual over the course of your time abroad), to think on your feet, and be able to problem solve and work around unexpected problems, like visa issues. When you have three thousand BCOM graduates who all took the same classes, learned the same things, and apply for the same jobs, what is

Regardless of whether you majored in Zoology or Scottish and Irish Studies you have access to the same opportunities abroad as everyone else, so long as you're prepared to go.

it that distinguishes you from another name on a CV – what practical skills do you have? Is there someone who can vouch for your abilities? Why should we choose you over another candidate who scored better?

In international programmes like JET, New Zealanders have an unprecedented advantage over our European and American counterparts because of our small size. While America sends about 2,800 candidates (out of a population of 325 million) each year, New Zealand sends 230-40. Instead of an applicant pool where you might have 30 to 50 applicants for each spot, we have 10 to 20 (depending on how many people apply it can

be even less). Even in travelling abroad and applying for visas a New Zealand passport lets you go practically anywhere – ranked 5th in the world for freedom of access, tied with Austria and Switzerland.

We have access to an unprecedented level of mobility that lets us go anywhere in hours (as opposed to months by boat), so long as we are prepared to take that first step, and organisations like JET will even pay for your flights there and back so long as you scrub up as an applicant.

The baseline requirement for many organisations and companies which look to recruit and place teachers overseas is that you are a citizen and have an accredited degree from a university in an English-speaking country. Regardless of whether you majored in Zoology or Scottish and Irish Studies, you have access to the same opportunities abroad as everyone else, so long as you're prepared to go. Beyond that, being TESOL (Teaching English to Speakers of Other Languages) or TEFL (Teaching English as a Foreign Language) certified opens more doors in the private sector and can be an advantage in applying for more prestigious schools and programmes.

A TESOL or TEFL certification course represents a four week (or a 120 hour) training programme that gives you an internationally recognised qualification (as the TESOL International Association represents the largest bloc of international English teachers) that lets you dive into teaching overseas with 109 accredited academies across the world that run courses throughout the year. While it is relatively easy to become TESOL/TEFL accredited and jump right in, the drawback is that the private sector can vary wildly depending on the reputability of the employer or the academy where you did your course. Because of this, it's extremely important to research potential schools in advance to avoid issues. Sites like davesesl-caffe give you access to expat communities

and forums to get a more realistic look at what you're getting yourself into before you make the big leap.

In contrast, government run programmes (like JET and EPIK - English Programme In Korea) are more difficult to get into as they have a much more rigorous selection criteria – looking not only for teachers but cultural ambassadors. In the case of JET, since you are there as an Assistant Language Teacher, your role is to build bridges between different worlds as much as it is to teach, so an interest and willingness to learn about other cultures is needed. Whether you are in the classroom or out in the community, you are representing New Zealand, so there is a degree of responsibility and expectation placed upon those who go to not ruin it for others in the future. The advantage is that these programmes come with more prestige and an international alumni network that can lead to more opportunities down the road.

While it might seem daunting to go abroad to work, many of us came down to Dunedin from our home towns, leaving behind our families and some of our friends to find ourselves in a new place. Here we grappled with homesickness, adjusting to the ups and downs of student life while managing to do our uni work (or enough to pass), and came through it as different people. Here we met people from all walks of life who we might never have otherwise met and found ways to see past our differences and to learn from each other. Here we learned how to deal with shitty flatmates, unfamiliar social settings, and learned not just what we studied but who we are as individuals.

The same challenges that many of us have already overcome at Otago provide the foundational skills to go overseas, not as a tourist, but as someone who is there to work and to adapt to a new culture. Even if you never intend to teach as a career, the skills you pick up along the way will help you wherever

Having English as a native language, with an accent to boot, is a marketing advantage everywhere outside of New Zealand.

you go, and wherever you wind up. While it might not be as glamorous as the carefully edited glossy photos make it look online, even the most menial job can be more exciting and rewarding when you're in a new country by yourself.

While the job market might look grim for the recent graduate, this is the point in our lives where we are beholden to only ourselves – no children, no mortgage, no husband or wife – so we have access to opportunities that many people don't even realise, and a freedom to go wherever we dare.

"I always wonder why birds choose to stay in the same place when they can fly anywhere on the Earth, then I ask myself the same question." – Harun Yahya







When I was thirteen years old in Bali on a family holiday, my dad decided, after a few too many beers, that parasailing on the beach was most definitely too good an opportunity to pass up at just USD\$7 a pop. Before I knew it, I was strapped into a rusty old harness to be whisked into the sky, flailing along fecklessly behind a boat that was rustier than the harness, piloted by a dude who was most definitely more inebriated than my dad.

"It's a bargain!" Dad gleefully exclaimed, getting his Nikon ready to capture my tormented face. My dear father was just as afraid of heights as I was, but I guess that his fear of missing out on a good Indo bargain more than eclipsed his acrophobia, which was no doubt dampened by a bevy of bevies.

I can't say whether it was the fear of the height alone or the fear of the

shoddiness of the "harness" I was reigned in by, but my fingers and toes were surging with the most horrific rush of intense energy. Since then, I've only felt this again in the most extreme of moments (such as near-crashes in my car) and I have to say, I'm pretty keen to avoid it wherever possible.

Unlike my bland self, there are many people who crave this rush and actively pursue it. These are the people that have exciting Facebook profile pictures, the ones whose faces are never actually visible because they are always obscured by a helmet and goggles, or because the shot is a wide-angle view of them doing something adventurous somewhere exciting and rugged. These free spirits are more than just a walking Patagonia advertisement, they are seizing life by the horns and tapping into the gift we have all been biologically granted — the fight

CHELLE FITZGERALD

THE ULTIMATE RUSH

or flight syndrome, otherwise known as the adrenaline rush.

During your garden-variety terrifying-as-hell encounter, the human body does a host of incredible things in a split-second without us even thinking about it. It's a solely primal response that occurs in most animals, allowing us to effectively deal with the perils we encounter.

First, your hypothalamus (a part of the brain) receives sensory information about the threat you are facing, and it then activates your brain's sympathetic nervous system, by sending signals to the adrenal glands, which then pump adrenaline into your bloodstream, as well as noradrenaline and cortisol, the hormone responsible for stress.

When this system is activated, all of those physical responses come to life. Your body is charging like a flat on bikkies at Hyde Street — you tense up,

become way more alert and speed up your reactions. Pupils dilate, allowing in more light, your muscles fill with blood and oxygen, and you are now officially ready to party.

The adrenaline and cortisol now flowing through your veins increase your blood sugar levels, meaning that your muscles can use more energy, rendering them ready to take on tasks that might otherwise be somewhat outside your usual lazy scope of Netflix and chill. All of these responses are collectively known as 'fight or flight', and are there to aid us whenever danger is imminent. Cheers, biology.

A lot of urban myths have floated around, telling of mothers lifting 1800kg cars to save babies, which is attributed to 'hysterical strength', a state enabled by adrenaline — however these aren't entirely realistic. Professor of Kinesiology

at Penn State University, Vladimir Zatsiorsky, has extensively studied the biomechanics of weightlifting, and found that while a regular person can max out 65% of their available power in a training session, dedicated athletes can do around 80%, gaining an extra 12% in competitive moments. It therefore makes sense that when medals are won at the Olympics, not just the winner smashes records, but also many of the competitors — this is due to the intensity of the competition, and the adrenaline consequently summoned by the competitors.

However, while adrenaline can enable us to exceed our usual limits, there's only so much we can physically do. A 60kg woman who can deadlift 80kg during a regular workout might be able to lift 100kg in dire straits — which is an impressive result of an adrenaline rush. But an 1800kg car? Science says no.

Statistically, everyone dies. Whoever lived the most before dying wins.



Another factor that enables us to push our limits is analgesia, the inability to feel pain. When we have adrenaline coursing through us, the pituitary gland and hypothalamus also secrete endorphins, which suppress pain and induce pleasure. This is why you can run from danger even while injured, which many people put down to mere ‘shock’.

Adrenaline is not always limited to just a fear response; sometimes it is linked to other strong emotions, such as anger or excitement. Sensation-seekers, more commonly known as adrenaline junkies, chase the feelings that are released when they engage in behaviour that involves a significant amount of risk. Most of the time, these activities fall under the ‘extreme sport’ banner, while others find careers with a certain level of danger, such as emergency services.

Self-confessed adrenaline junkie Andy Ennis remembers asking his father to drive recklessly as an infant. “I used to ask my dad to go over some hills really fast in his car, so I could feel the butterflies in my stomach when we would go down the far side.” He also believes

that adrenaline is an addiction, “but so is everything else. People can get addicted to food, gambling, substances and sex. Moderation is the key.”

Tom Jackson* is a downhill skiing and mountain biking enthusiast, who also drives drift and track, and refers to himself as a “weekend warrior”. He describes the experience of extreme activities as “less of a physical sensation, and more of a mental state. You have to be 100% in the moment; all your senses are tested. I guess the feeling I most enjoy would be the feeling of being on the edge of grip and controlling it. Like when you are skiing and turning on edge you can feel the skis bite the snow. Or driving fast on a track and feeling the tires through the steering wheel. Being able to control that is awesome.”

This is partly why he does what he does, stating, “I enjoy stressful, intense situations in general. I feel that it gives more to life ... I seek out novel experiences in general, and once you get used to high stimulus activities it’s hard to go back.”

Andy has similar feelings. “Basically, you’re chasing the rush. Butterflies in

the stomach. Both from planning and anticipating the event, as well as when it happens ... it gives something to look forward to other than the mundane 9-5."

Neither of these adrenaline seekers are fools, though - given that one in sixty BASE jumpers die (BASE jumping is parachuting or wingsuit flying from a fixed structure or cliff, a.k.a. get fucked thanks), and many people are attempting high climbs without harnesses, both Tom and Andy have their heads screwed on when it comes to risk assessment and caution.

"Statistically, everyone dies. Whoever lived the most before dying wins. And everyone can measure what constitutes living for themselves ... there are limits. I'm unlikely to buy a wingsuit and make a video montage. You won't catch me free-climbing 90 metre cranes in Russia, or BASE jumping off of any buildings in the United Arab Emirates. I will watch the crap out of people doing that though," Andy states. "I don't want to leave a widow. I want to watch my son grow up."

"But I also want to enjoy life. So it's about measured risks. Just like I won't

bankrupt us by pursuing the next rush, I won't put myself unnecessarily in harm's way. But I won't refuse to leave the house for fear of getting into a car accident either. Somewhere on the internet recently, I read an article which listed activities based on how dangerous they are as a comparison to giving you a one in a million (or something) risk of dying. So driving 500 miles might give you one of those ratings, but flying 4000 miles would give you the same risk of death ... it was an interesting way of saying, 'as long as I'm not pulling in TOO many of these on a regular basis, I'm statistically normal'."

Tom echoes this, believing that "people who BASE jump or climb without ropes are just asking to die. I don't want to die. I do activities where I can eliminate most externalities that would lead to injury. I am also careful when pushing my limits. It's easier to go 1% over the limit and recover than 50% and wreck yourself. That guy [who] just climbed El Capitan with no ropes, he has a problem." (El Capitan is a 900m high vertical rock formation in Yosemite National Park, California.)

The most dangerous thing Tom has ever done is still more than hair-raising enough for most regular folk, though. "I live in the Southeast US and get to ski 10-15 days a year. So when I can go out west, I make the most of it. This past season I broke my own personal speed record on skis and went 114kph. Nothing I have done before felt like that. Dancing on the razor's edge is all I can describe it as. The sound of the wind, the strain on my legs, feeling the snow under my skis, having to look ahead and calculate my path as fast as I can possibly think, it all came together. It was way more intense than driving a car 300kph, or taking a large jump on a mountain bike. Better than sex, not even close."

When asked his most dangerous feat, Andy jokes, "besides pissing off my wife? Because everything else is a distant second. That woman knows where I sleep!" He adds, more seriously,

"scuba diving is slightly dangerous. Rock climbing is a little dangerous. I did 10 laps at World's Toughest Mudder, which was both expensive and fun. Off-road ATVing [all-terrain vehicle] is very normal for me. For the record, roller coasters are dollar for dollar some of the best and generally safest adrenaline rushes."

For those who haven't heard of it, the World's Toughest Mudder course touts itself as "the most extreme, insane, imposing, pulse-pounding, heart-stopping 24-hour obstacle course challenge on the planet," and involves things like a cliff jump into water. (I don't even want to do anything that feels GOOD for 24 hours, let alone an obstacle course!). It takes someone who is somewhere between a hardened criminal and a cyborg without the fear gene to want to enter this.

Both Andy and Tom still have exciting feats to work toward in the future, with Tom about to start paragliding training whilst focusing further on track driving, and Andy keen to go sky-diving in the future. Amazingly, neither have injured themselves more seriously than a broken wrist while BMXing (Tom) and a broken arm from falling out of a tree (Andy). Perhaps this is why they can pitch such sound advice to adrenaline-curious newcomers.

"Don't be afraid to get out of your comfort zone. Go out and seek new experiences. You don't have to jump off a bridge, I get more of a rush in some social situations than I do with other activities," Tom offers. Andy's advice is to emulate his safety-conscious cousin. "Learn how to do it smart. I have a cousin who climbed to Everest base camp. She's BASE jumped, done two Ironman Triathlons, multiple marathons ... her nickname in university? The "safety police". She always researched and did things safely. Her husband didn't do any of those ... he died of a heart attack at 38. So live your life. Do fun and interesting stuff. Just don't do anything stupid that starts with 'hold my beer and watch this!'."

**Not his real surname.*

Travel Tips from *a* **JERK**



Chelle Fitzgerald

It all starts pretty innocently, over a few loose ones at Starters Bar with a couple of your mates from high school. You happily slur sweet nothings to each other, pointing your beer bottles at each other for emphasis, sealing the romance with a few rogue splashes on each other's Leavers '16 hoodies. It's week four of your second semester at uni and you have all pretty much stopped going to lectures at this point, because you've finally worked out that you don't have to actually attend classes to pass.

You're feeling pretty worldly tonight and a throwaway wistful remark about visiting Amsterdam escapes your lips in between Sambuca shots.

"BRO!" You feel a strong arm encircling your neck. "That's where I'M planning on going bro!" His stubble grazes your neck as he leans in closer, blasting your eardrum enthusiastically. "LET'S DO OUR FUCKIN O.E. TOGETHER MAAAAAATE!!!"

More beers are drunk. Shots are had. Road cones are collected. Plans are made. Before you know it, your BCom has been deferred and you and your BOOOOOYSSSSS are all booked to travel the world (and by world, we are of course referring to 7 European countries in 12 days, motherfucker!).

Scoring cheap flights is something of a gamble, depending on when you are planning to travel – it should go without saying that you want to avoid the school holidays at all times, because: a. kids are fucking annoying to be around (this is at all times, but even more so on the holiday that you have forked out actual cash for) and b. flight prices go through the roof. The cheapest days of the week to travel are Tuesdays and Wednesdays, so be flexible with your dates in order to score cheaper flights. If you're not flying at a notoriously busy time, the best time to book is around 2-3 months prior to leaving, as this is when airlines start to manage fares actively and things go on sale. If you're looking at flights, clear your cache and cookies or browse using separate incognito windows, because when you are looking at flights airlines use your cookies to track the earlier fares and searches, and they keep increasing the prices each time you search to try and trick you into booking at a higher cost. I'm not kidding about this. Those jerks.

Your pre-travel plans and precautions are going to be the Blu-Tack that holds your Gatorade bottle bong setup together. It's possible to get by without it, but preferable not to have to. So firstly, get travel insurance (don't fret child; not the expensive kind - I'm just talking about websites like

1cover.co.nz, which is fine if you know how to read terms and conditions). This should not even be negotiable – and it should cover cancellations and medical, because those are the two most common things that are going to go wrong. Trust me on this, you definitely want to have travel insurance when you find yourself stuck in an Indonesian hospital because you fucked your leg up riding around on the back of a scooter with a drunk dude named Wayan who may or may not have been taking you to a seedy karaoke bar.

Consider what kind of traveller you are going to be and what kind of experiences you want to have, and budget your cash accordingly. There are still pretentious dicks out there under the age of 40 who insist all travel plans be first class and five star, lest they actually find themselves in contact with the culture they are visiting. I trust that you, as a chilled Otago student who wants to discover the world on your own terms, are not one of these people. When it comes to hotel rooms, price is almost infinite in either direction – but most of the time, there's not a hell of a lot of difference between the bulk of places. When you're travelling with your mates, the only things you should really be worried about when it comes to your hotel rooms are the following five things;

- ☒ Does it have mostly positive recent TripAdvisor reviews?
- ☒ Does it have air conditioning/heating? (Depending on what you need.)
- ☒ Does it have a safe?
- ☒ Is it in a good location, handy to heaps of stuff?
- ☒ Is there a pool?

That's it. That's all anyone should ever give a shit about when it comes to hotel rooms on holiday, because you don't go on holiday to dick around in a bland hotel room. Fancy hotels are for having sex in to spice up your marriage when you are old and boring, or for when you have to go somewhere "on business".

So, now that you have not wasted a bunch of money on an overpriced hotel, the next thing you need to do is consider the people you're travelling with. Do you need to set out some ground rules? If you are sharing hotel rooms, do you need to have a chat with the resident nympho in your crew? Find out if everyone is on board with the same style of vacation – it's pretty lame to find out too late that all you want to do is party, while your shit mate just wants to eat, pray and love their way to a quietly mediocre early retirement.

Smile. Smile at everyone you meet and be gracious as fuck.

Are you travelling heavy or light? The amount of women-folk I have met who take hair straighteners and high heels to places like Thailand is staggering. You're in thirty-five degrees with 80 percent humidity, do you really think straightening your hair is going to do anything for very long? Tie that shit up in a ponytail and use the space in your suitcase for something more useful, like drugs (but also, don't take drugs across any international borders).

There's nothing more satisfying than sailing past all those people at the luggage carousel when you didn't bring checked luggage. The maximum size for a carry-on bag is actually pretty generous, and you can easily fit a week's worth of clothes in there. Better yet, if you're going somewhere notoriously cheap, you could arrive with an almost empty bag and just buy shit to wear when you are there, which you can either turf to make room for tacky overpriced souvenirs and curios, or bring home with you. Also, a full makeup case the size of an accordion is totally unnecessary, and you can just buy cheap toiletries when you get to your destination.

Bring all your necessary chargers and a universal power adapter – too many people forget this stuff and have to waste precious time and energy trying to suss them out in a foreign country. Make sure you are aware of what is happening with your phone while you're away – there's nothing worse than arriving home to a huge-ass phone bill from Vodafone because you had data roaming switched on. But also, consider turning your technology off unless you're waiting in airports—that's what holidays are for!

Once you get to where you are going, beat jet-lag by staying awake until it's night-time there, then get a full nine hours of sleep that first night. You'll likely wake up a little tired the next day, but you'll still be able to function well enough, and after the second night of sleep you should be fully adjusted to their time. Drinking a good half a dozen standards before lunchtime on your first day works pretty well in my experience, and gives you a rosy, devil-may-care glow. Walking around on that first tipsy afternoon in a new place is my absolute favourite feeling – everything is new and different, and your senses are heightened due to partial exhaustion, yet calmed by the booze. It's just sublime.

Smile. Smile at everyone you meet and be gracious as fuck. Don't whinge about lame shit like there not being a 24/7 dry-cleaning service at your hotel, that shit is all so meaningless in the grand scheme of things. Us New Zealanders have managed to give ourselves a pretty incredible reputation across the world as being really cheerful, pleasant travellers – as opposed to our neighbours across the ditch (having a NZ passport in Bali is a lifesaver, because otherwise they'll think you're just another Australian there to trash their country and be a dickhead).

Try everything. If some dude with a horse and cart comes up to you in Gili Trawangan offering you and your mates some magic mushrooms, you take that shit. Nobody wants to tell their grandchildren about the time they could have had mushrooms and ridden around an island on a horse and cart with their friends, but didn't, because they were too boring to give something different a go. But also do be sensible and know the drug laws of the country you're in (don't touch ANY drugs in Indonesia or Thailand, unless it's mushrooms).

Eat the way the locals do – it's always so good. Half the point of travelling is to eat food that isn't boring western shit, so if you're out there in a foreign country trying to track down a McDonald's, you're going to be sorely disappointed – not just by the McDonald's, but also probably by your later life choices, you unimaginative fuck.

Much like how we bastardise the cuisines of third world nations, they generally afford western food the same bastardisation, and charge far too much for it – so you're just wasting your time. These places have incredible local cuisine, so go nuts and try everything, even the barbecued insects. **ESPECIALLY** the barbecued insects.

Off you go then.

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TE WHARE WĀNANGA
O TE ŪPOKO O TE IKA A MĀUI



HUNT FOR THE

MYSTERY OBJECT

at the Otago Museum

WE HAVE AN
EXTRA DOUBLE PASS
TO GIVE AWAY FOR
THE MOST CREATIVE
ANSWER OF THE
WEEK

DAY OF THE DAY

Only four weeks left until the mid-semester break! But remember not to wish your lives away; each day counts and is worth celebrating.

Monday 31 July **UNCOMMON INSTRUMENT AWARENESS DAY** Can you feel the abandonment? The sense of neglect? Today we battle to show our uncommon instruments what they deserve: some appreciation.

Tuesday 1 August **INTERNATIONAL CHILDFREE DAY, RESPECT FOR PARENTS DAY** Today there's something for everyone. No, literally everyone. Do you have a child? Yes? Well congratulations – today is Respect for Parents Day! No? Well congratulations – today is International Childfree Day!

Wednesday 2 August **COLOURING BOOK DAY** Colouring books have re-emerged as an adult craze of late.

Thursday 3 August **CLEAN YOUR FLOORS DAY** Special days often celebrate the exciting, but they also celebrate the mundane. Take a break from this week's exciting festivities and settle down for a cleaning night with your floor.

Friday 4 August **INTERNATIONAL BEER DAY** I'm surprised this one hasn't been talked up more. New Zealand loves three things: beer, drinking and drinking beer.

Saturday 5 August **UNDERWEAR DAY** Wearing underwear is imperative today. Those who normally employ the commando lifestyle must surrender their breezy freedom for this occasion.

Sunday 6 August **WIGGLE YOUR TOES DAY** I've been celebrating this day a lot this winter, as I often genuinely fear that I have lost all circulation in my extremities. Stay warm and wiggle those toes!



CLUES:

The decorative technique involves cut and inlaid sheets of tortoiseshell and brass

The style is named after a French furniture-maker and designer who died in 1732

This type of item was popular in the 19th century and recommended for a number of architectural situations, such as to carry vases, lamps, and candelabra

GO TO THE OTAGO MUSEUM TO SOLVE

SEND YOUR ANSWER TO MYSTERY@CRITIC.CO.NZ

FIRST CORRECT ANSWER WINS A DOUBLE PASS TO:



LIFE BEFORE
DINOSAURS:
PERMIAN
MONSTERS

OR

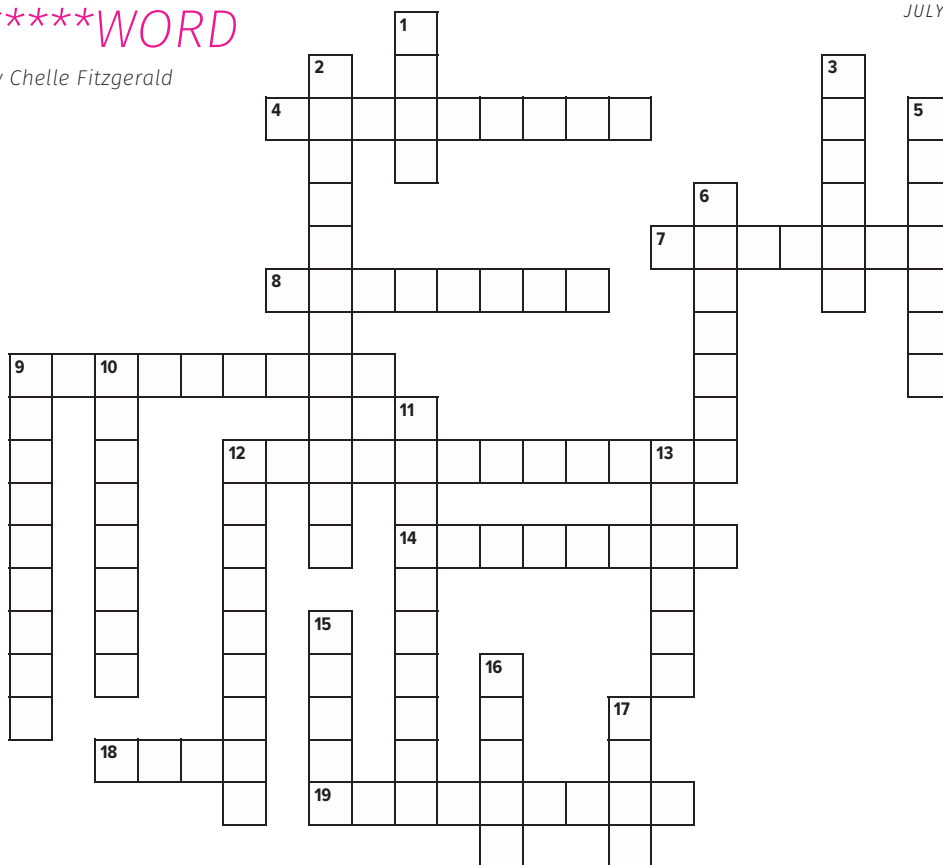
PERPETUAL
GUARDIAN
PLANETARIUM



LAST WEEK'S MYSTERY OBJECT was an albino ferret. Albinism is a hereditary condition that affects many mammals. In ferrets it results in lack of pigments in eyes and fur. ➤

➤ Ferrets were introduced to New Zealand from Europe in the 1880s to control rabbits, and by 1900 they were well established in New Zealand and certainly played a role in the decline of many native birds. Ferrets are quite territorial and males actively exclude other males from their territory. They are usually absent from areas with few rabbits, and often revisit the sites where they have made a kill.

CONGRATULATIONS *Jess Fitzgerald* FOR FINDING
THE FERRET. YOU ARE GOING TO THE PERPETUAL
GUARDIAN PLANETARIUM



Across

4. Extremely frightened
7. Spanish word for beer
8. Greek party god
9. Rascal
12. The study of people and cultures
14. Garment commonly worn by Amish women
18. Scottish kinship group
19. Espresso with added hot water

Down

1. This early car company found success with assembly line production
2. Dinosaur whose name means 'swift thief' in Latin
3. Overjoyed
5. This country famously entered Olympic bobsledding in 1988
6. Harry Potter's really stupid friend, Ron _____
9. Lisa Simpson's instrument
10. Spider or scorpion
11. Superman's weakness
12. Country named after silver
13. Offensively bright and colourful
15. Youngest ever #1 ranked pro golfer, _____ Ko
16. Lukewarm
17. Vietnamese currency

INVENTIONS OUT OF TIME:

ALCHEMY

4.5/5

Alchemy is the perfect way to while away those rainy afternoons. Fun for the whole family, alchemy is engaging and easily accessible for all ages. The only problem is that it is perhaps too easy. Turning base metals into gold is a great way to entertain the kids, but it doesn't hold much for the adult looking for a challenge. The only difficult part is turning the objects back to how they started. Many a time have I transmuted an apple, or a banana, or a pickle, only to get peckish a few hours later.

Back in the good old days (pre-1976) you also had to be careful about producing so much gold that you devalue the world gold standard and cause economic collapse. The youth of today aren't lucky enough to experience the thrill of ethically creating gold, sitting up at night, worrying if tomorrow will be the day that you receive a tersely worded letter from the World Monetary Fund. Nowadays the youth have more gold than an Aztec jewellery store.

Of course, many emphasise that alchemy should be understood as a spiritual process as opposed to a physical one. According to this school of thought, the act of transforming 'lesser' metals into gold is a metaphor for the flourishing of the copper industry between 1999 and 2006, when the price of copper rose from US\$1.32/kg to US\$8.27/kg.

One of the only drawbacks of alchemy is the inexplicable inability to transmute living human flesh. There is something mystical and abstract about the human form, some reason, quite beyond me, why humans can't fit inside my test tube. After all, despite her best efforts, not even Harlene Hayne can turn students into gold.

- Which landlocked country has the largest population?
- In which Ancient Greek tragedy does the main character kill her own children?
- Which NZ actor played 'Dozer' in The Matrix?
- Michael Jackson secretly created music for a famous video game franchise. Which one?
- What are the moon's "maria"?

Down:
1. Ford
2. Velociraptor
3. Elated
4. Petrified
5. Jamaica
6. Weasley
7. Cerveza
8. Dionysus
9. Saxophone
10. Arachnid
11. Kryptonite
12. Anthropology
13. Garish
14. Pinafore
15. Lydia
16. Tepid
17. Dong
18. Clan
19. Americano

QUIZ ANSWERS:

C__WORD ANSWERS:

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Alister Butterfield will be completing his second semester Industry placement with award winning Dunedin firm AbacusBio.

In 2016, Alister Butterfield completed his B. Sci (with Info Science major and Marketing minor) and after hearing about SHIFT from one of his Uni lecturers, enrolled to expand his ICT knowledge and 'to gain real-life industry experience'. His placement this semester is with award winning Dunedin firm AbacusBio, international leaders in agribusiness consulting, applying world-class scientific research and advanced technology to improve agricultural systems and products around the world.

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The Link

SIGNAL INFO AND PIZZA SESSION
Thursday August 10, 5 – 6pm
SIGNAL ICT Grad School
Level 2, 123 Vogel Street, Dunedin



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Games

THE LEGEND OF ZELDA: BREATH OF THE WILD

Do we really need another Breath of the Wild review circulating out there? Probably not. But I think I had a different experience to everyone else who has played this game, because I hated it when I first started it.

The Legend of Zelda is a franchise I will love unconditionally forever. Ocarina of Time was the first game I played to completion and also the first thing I ever wrote fan fiction about (totally G rated). I've played every game in the series, except for the CDI adventure games, and have possibly spent more money in my lifetime on Zelda merchandise than on food. With that being said, I am totally unbiased when it comes to critically reviewing each instalment that Nintendo releases.

I bought Breath of the Wild as a “well done” gift for myself after speaking at the Game Developer's Conference in San Francisco in March this year, because my life is very hard. I was so excited to chill out with no worries and get totally lost in the world of Hyrule again. The hype surrounding the release of Breath of the Wild had bubbled up to a “10/10, perfect game, best Zelda ever,” consensus by what seemed like the entire online gaming community. When I played through the first few hours of Zelda, I was so upset because I hated all of it.

I was so confused as to why I wasn't enjoying it; I blamed myself. I kept thinking ‘oh it's because I'm tired and just got back from traveling’ or ‘it's just because you're not concentrating enough, you really need to get lost in the game to get to that flow state of enjoyment’. After going through a bit of the main storyline quests, I gave up in frustration and didn't revisit the game until months later.

I was obsessed with why I hated it. My friends were loving it, why couldn't I? Have I been playing too many dating simulators? Too many short indie games about having sex with people you meet on the internet? Has my video game taste become trash? (Probably yes.) I hated the shrine puzzles I was presented with, I hated the empty world that was only filled with enemies and apples, I hated the inability to interact with any wildlife, except for killing it.

Reading reviews was infuriating for me because I felt like I was just being a whiney baby (maybe I am?) and not just playing the game for what it was and enjoying it. Then I remembered the Tend and Befriend reaction that people can have when faced with stress, a common reaction when playing games. Brie Code wrote an excellent article about this feeling called “Video Games are Boring” and I would strongly urge you to read it.

The turning point was when I met the Zora Prince, Sidon. His uplifting and encouraging dialogue as I made my way to Zora's Domain felt like a metaphor for my own experience. Just keep going and it will get better! And it did. I think this is largely due to the wide variety of NPCs you meet during your travels through Hyrule. Characters in the Zelda series have always been a joy to interact with and Breath of the Wild does not disappoint. Every side quest has you interact with unique and memorable characters. Each location feels like its own world and has depth; with little baby Rito running around, Gerudo women of different shapes and ethnicities and elderly Zora and Gorons.

While I have my own hang ups with Breath of the Wild, it is the most enjoyable Zelda experience I have had since A Link Between Worlds. I loved A Link Between Worlds for the puzzles, dungeons and wall-fusing mechanic. Breath of the Wild's strengths are different: the hidden away locations, the lovable and unforgettable characters, deflecting lasers from Guardians and totally owning them. My relationship with game reviews has changed a lot because of this play through experience. I used to run to publications for guidance and affirmation, to know that what I was spending money on would be worth it. This is totally ridiculous because, even if a game seems to be irrevocably deemed as ‘the best game ever’, gaming experiences are different for everyone and it's okay to find flaws and have your own opinions. I can't give Breath of the Wild a rating, mostly because it's too fucking huge to cover every aspect of it, but also because your experience may be completely different to mine, and that's ok!



THE JOURNEY

Directed by Nick Hamm

rating: ★★★★★



Based on true events, *The Journey* depicts how political rivals Martin McGuinness and Ian Paisley finally hammered out a peace accord after forty years of conflict in Northern Ireland, known as the 'Troubles'. As the respective leaders of Northern Ireland's Sinn Féin and Democratic Party, they had been the acceptable, public faces of the two sides involved.

In 2006, they were brought together by the British government for a summit in Scotland to try and put a stop to the Troubles. For the first time in history, the two enemies were in the same room together, albeit not talking to each other, unable to get over their poisonous past. During the summit, Paisley's hopes of getting back to Belfast for his 50th wedding anniversary celebration appear ruined by the closure of Glasgow Airport and he's forced to drive to Edinburgh, but, in order to avoid any chance of a terrorist attack from the other side, McGuinness has to travel with him.

In this "what if it happened this way?" scenario, Meaney and Spall both deliver astounding performances. Charming and witty, Meaney's McGuinness is extremely entertaining as he tries to engage his stubborn and muttering counterpart. Meanwhile, Spall's Paisley, mouth permanently set in equine grimace, tombstone-teeth to the fore, is the quintessential old foe, a man with iron clad principles that will not back down or see reason.

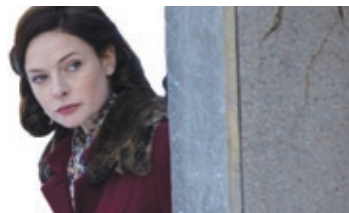
Obviously, the premise is fictional, the journey is not an accurate historical description, but it delivers a great and believable scenario. The script is emotional and engrossing, alternating witty and more serious moments, such as the recollection of the Bloody Sunday attacks. The camera is mostly static but not boring; the viewer remains glued to the screen due to the incredible relationship between the two main actors. Director Nick Hamm delivers a simple yet complex movie that does not disappoint.

Review: Rossana Boni

DESPITE THE FALLING SNOW

Directed by Shamim Sarif

rating: ★★★★★



Despite a plot that anyone with half a brain could predict, your heart would have to be made of cement not to fall in love with Sam Reid's earnest portrayal of the male lead in Shamim Sarif's Cold War drama, *Despite the Falling Snow*. Reid plays the warm young Alexander, living in communist Russia and politicking his way to a better country post-Stalin. Here he meets Katya (Rebecca Ferguson), a beautiful administrator, and, unbeknownst to him, a spy for the Americans, who initially takes an interest in him because of his position. But (here it comes...), the pair end up falling in love.

The film is told via a series of flashbacks and early nineties sleuthing, as Alexander's niece (also played by Rebecca Ferguson, it's weird), her journalist lover, and old Alexander (Charles Dance) try to piece together what happened to Katya after Alexander defected. The story weaves together multiple characters until every piece in the puzzle comes together, but instead of being angsty and suspenseful, no one missing piece is stressed enough to make us strongly suspect anyone, or, better yet, suspect everyone.

The only reason I sat through two hours of terrible Russian accents, close ups of Ferguson's eyes, and cringing at the fact that the woman who was sleeping with dreamboy was also playing his niece, was obviously because I love dreamboy, and because I wanted my predictions to be proven right. There was hardly any satisfaction in that anyway, because every step of the way Sarif spoon-feeds us exactly what's going to happen before it's even shown on-screen. It doesn't help that it appears Ferguson can only do three emotions: sexy-eyes, tears, and drywall.

This film feels reminiscent of Robert Zemeckis's *Allied*, or David Leveaux's *The Exception*, which were both received with far better acclaim, so, if this is your kind of movie, maybe give one of them a go. However, if Sam Reid and stunningly alluring cinematography and lighting is your thing, this might be for you.

Review: Gem MacDuff



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Food

Eating less or no animal products has become increasingly trendy — very #2017 if you will. Brainstorming content for this week's article got me thinking. What do you do if Sunday morning you've mastered eggs, hauled that hangin' ass out of bed to impress your lass, only to discover that her panda-eyed, beard stubble-rash ridden sweet mug is a bloody vegan?! Well shit.

Never fear, fam — I gotchu once again! I've taken one of the best recipes

for pancakes, altered it slightly and made it completely plant-based to save you a 9am lecture about animal rights. You don't even go to the lectures you pay for; no way do you need a free one in the weekend too.

These pancakes won't let you down. My mate just got back from Canada with a decent stash of maple syrup so if anyone needs me, I'll be eating pancakes absolutely doused in the liquid gold.

makes about 10 pancakes

ingredients

8 tablespoons of aquafaba
(chickpea brine from the can)
1 banana
3 teaspoons of baking powder
1 ½ cup of flour
1 cup of non-dairy milk
2 teaspoons dairy-free spread
or coconut oil
A pinch of turmeric for colour
+additional toppings

method

Whip aquafaba until stiff peaks

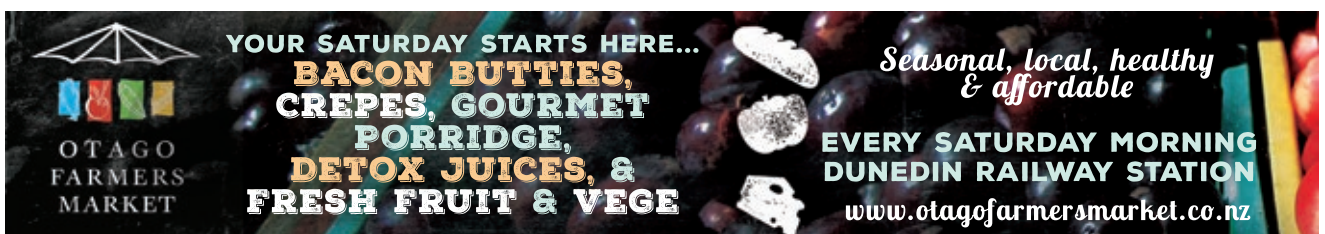
In a separate bowl, mash the banana with the milk (or blend together if you're not worried about 1000 dishes) mix in the flour, turmeric and baking powder until smooth

One third at a time, fold the aquafaba into the batter until fully incorporated

Spoon about three tablespoons at a time into a greased pan on a medium heat

Pancakes are ready to flip when the bubbles begin to appear and burst (just like regular ones)
flip and cook through on the other side

Note: If you want to make it non-vegan, just swap out the aquafaba and banana for three eggs. Mix the yolks in with the milk and whip the whites.



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Art

Lisa Reihana

EXTRAIT D'IMAGE

Milford Galleries, Dowling St

15 July – 9 August

'Les Sauvages de la Mer Pacifique' by Joseph Dufour is wallpaper. Spectacular, exceptionally rare, two-hundred-year-old wallpaper. Flagged as 'armchair tourism', the wallpaper depicts the over twenty different indigenous groups that Captain James Cook or Louis Antoine de Bougainville encountered in the Pacific. With the luscious Tahitian backdrop, the viewer is transported into a different, imaginary time. The panels depict sanitised cultural practices and stereotypes; they refuse to mirror the reality of the unfamiliar tattoos, body adornments and cultural practices encountered, and instead focus on the narrative of 'The Garden of Eden'. It even comes complete with the Easter egg of Cook dying if you're willing to travel to Te Papa to search for it; it's pretty much a PC Where's Wally.

Take this wallpaper, animate the characters, spread it across 26 meters and you have Lisa Reihana's 'in Pursuit of Venus [infected]', a panoramic arrangement of the beauties and horrors witnessed and most certainly created by early colonisers. Reihana's work picks up what Dufour's lacks: difficult encounters and the complexities and nuances of colonisation and cultural identities. The work disrupts the romantic ideology of the time, peeling back a layer of ignorant white wash to reveal the honest story of a country.

Reihana became the name to watch when she was announced as the representative for New Zealand's contemporary art exhibit at the 2017 Venice Arte Biennale. Her 'Emissaries' exhibition, an extended version of the original 'in Pursuit of Venus [infected]', was met with stellar reviews from the international melting pot of attendees. Interrelated sculpture and photo-based works were dispersed throughout her exhibit to create a true masterpiece on the world stage.

You can see the exhibit for yourself on our very own Dowling Street. 'Extrait d'Image' captures poignant still images from the 'in Pursuit of Venus [infected]' video footage and encases them in glass.

Finally, I have an Easter egg of my own to leave you with. If at any point you've indulged in an Allpress coffee over the past few months and admired the vibrant design circling the bottom rim of the takeaway cup, congrats. You too have witnessed Reihana's 'in Pursuit of Venus [infected]' in all its confronting glory.

This exhibit refuses to conclude, it undergoes a constant metamorphosis from one medium to another, it infects our perspectives time and time again. Reihana's historically correctional works raise new questions with every evolution. I suggest you head over to Milford Galleries, always free and always warm, to contemplate them for yourself.



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Campbell Patterson call sick 2017 Video stills Courtesy of the artist and Michael Lett. ▶



Books

BLEAKER HOUSE —NELL STEVENS

by Jessica Thompson

Bleaker House is Nell Stevens's first novel and she hit the nail on the head. The book is messy, unpredictable, and absolutely hilarious.

The book begins when Stevens is granted the chance of a lifetime. She receives a fellowship as a Boston University MFA candidate, which allows her to pick any place in the world to live, fully funded, for up to three months. The aim of the trip is to help write, edit and complete a first novel.

Stevens chooses to fly to a landscape, "an art-therapy patient might paint to represent depression". She sets herself on Bleaker Island, somewhere in the Falklands, as a sort of test to see if isolation can really force her to churn out a good novel, as well as discover her 'true self'.

She encounters issues almost immediately. Her food rations are slim, she's barely packed enough and has to divvy up raisins with painful precision. There is little to no internet connection and the only film on her laptop is, laughably, *Eat, Pray, Love*. Quelle horreur.

The story is told through excerpts of the novel she is working on, patched together with the account of her time on the island, and some flashbacks of home and the past.

Stevens loses hope that she will complete a good book. In the end, you can guess, she unwittingly

creates a new novel, not the one she originally planned, but a better one. This one.

Bleaker House gives insight into the process of the average writer, running through the thoughts, concerns, and dead ends of a creative mind. Stevens tackles advice collected over the years from Dickens, Hemingway and her own teacher Leslie Epstein, to come to her own conclusions. She finds that you can't follow every writing rule there is, you have to make your own. This is a comfort. I liked how Stevens didn't pretend to hold some mysterious artistic secret. She is as confused and frustrated as any of us, and doesn't appear to edit this confusion out. But it's not sloppy.

She's crafted the story well, and it is fascinating to watch her notes of frustration unfold.

The island lives and breathes on the page. It becomes familiar, perhaps resembling the area of the mind people go to escape, self-punish, or create. It is wild with rocks, crags and penguins, the weather is

freezing and never tame, and the prospect of a potato or a bag of apples is enough to give one hope.

Problems I had with this book?

I suppose the font was irritating (fickle me). I detest anything that tries to resemble a vintage type-writer. Also, not a healthy book to read when you're in the midst of panicking about your own abilities in writing, dare I say it, a novel. But other than that, I've got nothing. *Bleaker House* is fantastic, and, regardless of whether you write fiction or non, totally relatable.



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Advice Column

SAGE ADVICE: “The Gymnasium”

■ Mat Clarkson

“It is a disgrace to grow old through sheer carelessness before seeing what manner of citizen you may become by developing your strength and beauty to their highest limit.”

—Socrates

This question comes from a loyal reader: “Dear Sage Advice, gyms in Dunedin... good or not good?” Thanks for another great question. This week I have been in contact with a local fitness guru, and learned some good knowledge about the protein scene in Dunedin. If the body is a temple, then he is surely a high priest. He wishes to remain anonymous, but I can reveal he hails from the lovely suburb of Pine Hill...

“For reasons I can’t go into, I am no longer welcome at the Unipol Recreation Centre. I have a strong aversion for the place now, and all gyms frankly. Oh, how I hate them. But I suppose they serve their purposes. For one, they are good at keeping strong people’s muscles



occupied (instead of being used to bully me). The way I see it, big muscles only have one function – and that is to inflict pain upon my body, which is very petite. This has happened too many times to count, and so I have developed this useful phrase that I use whenever I feel threatened by a musclebound lad or lass:

“Please sir, don’t kick my ass.” And it has proved very effective, because they will usually laugh and only kick my ass a little bit. How I despise the muscled. But, oh twisted fates, how I love the physical form of female bodybuilders! I enjoy the look of ladies who seriously use/abuse huge amounts of steroids, it looks good to me. I lost my Big Binder of Female Bodybuilder Cut-Outs in the botanic gardens, but was too nervous to go to lost and found. It was labelled ‘Work’, so no one opened it, probably, but I still didn’t want to risk it. I have since re-compiled a substantial collection, but the Big Binder is still unsurpassed, and so I bid good fortune to its new owner. Good day!

There is an underground exercise club at Dunedin Waste Management, out by the stadium. I go there sometimes and we lift those big car axles on a rusty metal pole and it is very badass. This is very different than any other gym, because the gym is quite a distasteful, immodest place. Physical exercise should only be done in private. We call ourselves ‘The Dump Boys’ (but there are girls too), and we meet there most days after dark, but you have to be a member. There is an initiation ritual you must

go through which I can’t detail for legal reasons, but rest assured it is very unpleasant – and nowhere near worth it just to be part of ‘The Dump Boys’ (there are girls too), but I’d recommend it all the same.

My least favourite aspect of the fitness industry is the use of supplements – little pills made out of shitty corn or something, which you eat to make your pee smell like rotten meat. I once suc-

cumbed to peer pressure and ate a little supplement pill that was given to me. I tell you what, it had me so pepped up that I watched like 12 parkour videos online and then hightailed it straight to the KFC carpark to try out some moves. After a while people started throwing Popcorn Chicken™ at me through their sunroof and I was diving like motherfucking Free Willy and catching those shits in my damn mouth, mid-air, and landing karate-style on the asphalt. I had so much energy; I was commando rolling over the curbs and bushes, protecting my bucket from invisible enemies. “What is this power?!” I shrieked, “Ah! Ahh! I will level the necks of my enemies, I swear it!” This was the new way to live. When I returned home, I looked at the bottle that the supplement came from, and saw, to my dismay, that it was only a vitamin C capsule. I then realised that my ribs and hand bones were all broken. Such is the power of the placebo, and the mind: the most elusive muscle of all. I still remember a time when instead of ‘big gains’, people would wish for ‘big brains’. Regrettable.”

Critic Blind Date

LUCKY IN LOVE

Each week, we lure two singletons to The Bog Irish Bar, 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

CHEESE:

I FOUND A WEDDING PHOTOGRAPHER but unfortunately no Husband, he was v talented and I quickly realised I had cut some pics he took out of Critic to put on my wall... they were trampled over too many times before I ever got around to that.

Any Hoooo,

Right from the get go I knew nothing saucy was going to happen between my date and I. He didn't know his tequila from his whiskey, so there was no chance he'd know my clit from my flap.

I honestly don't know if we could get more opposite... and in this case, opposites definitely do not attract.

In his defence, he was nice enough, and I think he was on the date to try and make some friends because he is from the US. Props to me for not mentioning Trump, I really wanted to...

3 house drinks kept me from dwelling on how bloody mis-matched we were. Finished my whole steak before he could even touch his flaming hot soup... soup. Which he ended up hating lol, that's karma I say.

They should really give an exit strategy bc I was a bit flustered when it came to departing, felt so awkward I walked him to rob roy and then we parted ways and, I shit you not, ran all the way to Leith Liquor and picked up a fine 9 dolla bottle of wine

I feel sorry for him really because I have no filter whatsoever, honestly have no idea how the date actually went, I was on my own buzz... and the fact that I ended up hammered at refuel which resulted in a killer hangover the next day doesn't really help with the recollection.

It was an interesting little gig and I'm happy I can check that one off the list.

I probably should have remembered that I'm a bad luck charm before signing up for the Critic Blind Date with high expectations. Ha, oh well, ya win some ya lose some. Thank god for Pint night, hellova life saver, ended up snagging a boy, unfortunate it couldn't have been my blind date. SHanks Critic, but it's a No from moi

CHALK:

Ready and steady as she goes, I started the night hoping it would flow like wine (wink to the Critic crew), I washed my butt and cleaned my face and readied myself for a night that I hoped could at the very least be a drought buster, despite my need for someone interested in more. The stage was set for a wonderful matchup between an American man and Kiwi woman both unsure of where the night could go.

I arrived at The Bog a bit early, I had nothing else to do with my Wednesday and thought it would be clever to scope out the environment before the date, maybe even get a few tips from the waiter in case he knew what I should do. I ordered my first drink; a Smirnoff Vodka mixed with lemon and was led to a table in the upstairs restaurant to wait. After reading the previous Blind Date columns, I felt I had a lot of excitement to live up to, so I wondered who I should be, what spontaneous person my date was hoping for, but settled on being myself even if it meant I would endure a longer drought.

My nervousness grew until finally a few minutes after seven, my date arrived. She was a lovely Kiwi girl, attractive and seemingly kind. As far as blind dates go, I could see that the night was looking brighter than expected, she seemed worth putting aside my gingerly personality for.

We talked, she ordered her drink and I mine, she had steak, and I had the special soup. Embarrassingly the soup was quite hot and by the time she finished the steak, I had only started eating the soup, which ruined my appetite, as I was more interested in her. We talked getting to know each other and a fun topic was chatting about failed dates, including one of my favorite personal stories about a sexter, no I don't mean someone texting sex, I mean someone texting during sex, while on top. She laughed at the story with me.

I enjoyed my date, but we didn't seem to have much in common, like how she enjoyed drinking more than me and how we had slightly different tastes in entertainment. Things didn't quite click and, in a last-ditch effort, I asked if she wanted to go for a walk. She suggested Refuel for pint night with her friends and I accepted. I had one shot of Fireball and out the door we were, soon her story changed and she decided to meet up with friends at her flat, then she mentioned that she might head home early because of a 9 am class, I knew what that meant and she gave an awkward hug and we parted ways.

The BOG
irish bar

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THE MIGHTY AURORA

■ Chelle Fitzgerald

Living far from the equator can be a bit of a bummer - we miss out on that awesome high concentration of sunshine and long sunny days. Instead we crawl sadly into our damp Dunedin caves at 4pm when we lose the sun in winter. We brave the cold Antarctic winds and surf in what feels like a frozen margarita all year around, never daring to risk a shorty wetsuit, even in summer. The upside to all of this? We are one of the very few places on Earth that gets treated to the aurora!

Aurora Australis, also known as the Southern Lights, translates to “dawn of the south” (while our neighbours to the north call it Aurora Borealis, the “dawn of the north”) and it is the most spectacular display of atmospheric chemistry mankind can bear witness to.

Earth's atmosphere is a smorgasbord of gases - mainly nitrogen and oxygen with a casual clustering of helium, hydrogen and some other random shit.

Surrounding our planet is a geomagnetic field, which protects us and our ozone layer from those evil bastards the cosmic rays, and their dastardly mates the charged particles of solar winds. This magnetic field is pretty much due to our molten iron innards, which is essentially Earth's ‘magnet’ — the magnetic field propagates from this core out into space and back in through the poles. The magnetic field is full of electrons and positive ions, which means that it is always ready to party. And party it does!

The Sun also has an atmosphere and a magnetic field, mainly because it's a smug story-topper, but also probably because it's a huge guy in space. The sun exists in a plasma state, and its

atmosphere is composed of hydrogen, containing ions (charged particles) and electrons, which exist in such a high energy state that they just shoot off into space, escaping the Sun's gravity. This is what we refer to as “solar wind”.

The solar wind is always acting a damn fool and harassing Earth's magnetic field, causing the magnetic field's shape to change, resulting in a compressed field around the Earth, known as the magnetosphere. The magnetosphere is full of built-up energy from the solar winds, and this is the power that drives the auroras.

When pressure from the solar winds builds up in the magnetosphere, an electric voltage is created, which runs from the magnetosphere to the poles, reaching up to 10,000 volts. Exacerbated by solar storms, this accelerates electrons to the poles and forces them down into the ionosphere (the upper layer of our atmosphere).

Remember how our atmosphere is full of gases?

Now that these speeding electrons are all up in our atmosphere, they begin smashing into those gases, feeding the gas atoms energy, which results in them emitting photons (light) and more electrons. You could say that the gases in the ionosphere act as conductors for electric currents in and out of the poles.

The light emitted as photons from the smashing of electrons and atoms are what we see as the auroras, and the colours are indicative of where in the atmosphere the electrons are interacting with the gas, and which gas is involved. Oxygen gives



off a greenish yellow colour or a red (depending on how high up the interaction is), while nitrogen gives off a blue tint. These colours all mix together, which is how those vivid purples and pinks appear.

If you're keen to cast your juicy orbs on an aurora, the best places in Dunedin to check it out are Hooper's Inlet and Blackhead Quarry. Dunedin Aurora Hunters is a group on Facebook that shares information and advises when auroras will be visible — so take a blanket, turn off all light sources and delight in the cosmic beauty afforded to us — because we are truly lucky to be able to see it.

David Clark



JACINDA VISIT & THE IMPORTANCE OF VOTING

Thanks to those who packed out the Evison Lounge in the Clubs and Socs building when my friend Jacinda Ardern came to speak about her vision for New Zealand, and the choice voters will have to make in September this year.

Despite the America's Cup Victory Parade and, I'm told, a Highlanders' eating competition occurring at the same time, you came and filled the room until it was standing room only.

I think at least part of the reason students want to hear Jacinda speak is her ability to get across the issues that matter most to young New Zealanders.

Like me, she wants everyone to have the opportunity to succeed, a clean environment, a plan to tackle climate change, and affordable healthcare.

Across the globe we are seeing young people reject 'politics as usual'. They want a government that looks ahead and takes leadership on the issues facing future generations. More than that, it's clear that they want a society that is equal, just, and looks after all of its citizens — not just those on the highest incomes.

We saw that in the recent UK election. Under Jeremy Corbyn, UK Labour ran on the slogan "for the many, not the few". After seven years of Conservative government, with rising inequality, the degradation of public services and the decision to withdraw from the European Union, young people in the UK turned out in record numbers to vote against the government.

Going into the New Zealand general election in September, the current National Government has let us down in similar ways. Health and education have been severely underfunded, there hasn't been an adequate investment in infrastructure, and the government has buried its head in the sand over climate change.

But none of these things will change if people choose not to enrol or don't get out and vote. Not voting condemns us to a world shaped exclusively by our elders. Look at what happened with Brexit: 3 out of every 4 British people under twenty-five, who actually voted, opposed the move to split from Europe. Unfortunately, most young people didn't vote, and thus the 'wisdom' of the elderly prevailed.

At our meeting with Otago students, Jacinda and I spoke about the key issues of this year's election. We believe that the choice is simple: between another National Government which delivers tax cuts to the rich, or a Labour Government that invests in strong public services that create opportunities for everyone.

The decision is in your hands. And by being a voter you'll have a stake in the outcome of the election, and the future of New Zealand.

Poetry

Thursday

Some mornings I forget to wash
and I wonder how you breathe,
it seems, always through the nose.
Remembering this, I sneeze:
you smile, joke;
there's a lot of mucus in the world,
this morning.

Domestic Living

Oh, and I changed my passwords;
I lost my credit card, have no landline
to speak of; turned twenty-two years old.

That which will be deleted
ought to first be saved for forty days.

I threw out the aubergines;
counted the stamps on your coffee card,
and spraywipe'd my reflection
without looking
too carefully.

Blackbird

Do I need a shower?

It's eight-eighteen, Sunday night
and I am walking home, or to your place.

Probably watch something,
and will probably feel the need
to perform dramatic reënactments
in the bathroom mirror,
come Monday.

—Jeremy Spruyt



Drinking



PURPLE GOANNA

■ Swilliam Shakesbeer

Purple Goanna spits in the face of all that is holy. An artificial potion of methylated spirits and dirty chemicals, this RTD has inflicted a pain on the youth of New Zealand that even Suzie Cato could not fix.

The flavours are indecipherable. With the deep purple hue of the liquid, one would assume it would be grape flavoured. It's not even close. It just... purple flavour. It's a mixture of sugar, paint thinner, and something weirdly metallic.

Purple Goanna is mankind laughing in the face of God, standing up and declaring our freedom from the natural world. We have created something so vile, so artificial, that it is no longer recognisable as coming from God's green earth.

This column is not just about the taste though; it's about the experience. After closely pondering the symphony of taste contained in the first can, I proceeded to punish the other 11, and wake up in a cold sweat. My heart was rushing; it felt like it could give out on me at any second. I stumbled to the toilet to find out that my urine had gone a discoloured orange. I have heard legend of the Purple Gs turning your booze poos green, but I didn't stick around to check.

Purple Gs do build up a fucking rapid head of steam, and the initial sensation is of a woozy gigglyness, which I haven't felt since I was an underage kid at my Year 12 afterball (i.e. the target market). That immediately develops into feelings of regret, around the 4th can, and dread at the 8 more in front of you. My legs felt an unnatural weight, like my body was telling me to give up and go to bed. I did a delightfully purple coloured vomit after the 10th vessel, which was probably the only highlight of the night.

For the incredibly brave and/or stupid, my editor Lucy tells tale of the mythical 'Tuatara', served exclusively at the seediest of Gisborne bars—50% Tui, 50% Purple G, 100% pain and misery.

By the time it was over, I felt shame, not only in myself, but in my family. I think my mum would have been prouder of me if I told her I was on meth than Purple Gs.

Tasting notes: Purple

Pairs well with: Hard drugs, ballet dancing, yelling at children, passing out with your pants still on

Froth Level: Far too high to be safe, **Taste Rating:** 1.5/10

Ethel & Hyde

20 JULY 2017

Dear Ethel/Hyde,

I signed a lease about a week ago for a flat on Leith St with a bunch of mates and now we have received an invitation to an initiation, because it turns out one of our friends knows someone living there this year and gave them our names. I am very nervous about what we might have to do, because of some of the stories going around my college at the moment. Also, I know one of the others in my flat group gets anxiety attacks, but doesn't want anyone else to know or ruin it for the rest of us. What can I do?



Ethel says

In the relatively short length of time since initiations started here at Otago (less than 10 years), there has become a sense of obligation amongst certain flat groups to hold initiations, and that there is also a sense of obligation to attend these if you are invited. However, this obligation is made up and has no reality given that renting a house is an arrangement between the tenants and landlord, which has absolutely nothing to do with previous or exiting tenants. If you still feel obliged due to some sense of loyalty to a made up 'ritual', because you don't want to look bad in front of other students, please remember you can walk away at any point, and refuse to do anything asked of you, even if you said yes a mere two minutes ago. Some initiations are simply social affairs where you sit around and have a beverage, rather than having to perform humiliating tasks for the voyeuristic pleasure of your peers, and I hope if you do choose to attend it is one of these. If it isn't, then get your anxious friend and leave immediately; you will still be renting the flat next year regardless. If you are bullied into staying and humiliated with outrageous tasks, you will be entitled to press charges. Do not put your life at risk by excessive drinking. People die from doing that. Stay alive, stay sane, stay safe.



Hyde says

Dead people aren't funny. Synchronised swimming on land is funny. Animal costumes are funny. Hospitals aren't funny. Public humiliation is not funny. Naked people are funny. Feathers are messy. Allergies are not funny. Doppelgangers are useful. YOU are funny. But YOU aren't. Making clay genitals is fun. Small confined spaces are not fun. Baking is yum. Eating boogers gives you protein. Chili highs are real. Eating pretend brains and worms is special. Brain damage isn't fun. Swallowing helium is funnnnnnnnyyyyy. Breaking bones is bonkers. Adult treasure hunts are fun. Rappin's flappin. Making sense is over-rated. Cross-age dressing is wrong. Climbing trees is fun, falling out is dumb. Ice on roofs makes slippery grooves which ain't gonna help funky moves. Ambulances are expensive. Student loans don't go away if you're excluded. Alfoil wraps keep you fresh. Poos and wees are for the toilet. Cream and lychee can never be spoilt. Puking is natural, better out than in, not all people can tho', so coma is their end game, and then YOU'RE FUCKED. Make memories not enemies.

Ethel and Hyde is brought to you by the Student Support Centre. They advise you to take Ethel's advice. ➡ Send your questions to: ethelandhyde@ousa.org.nz



Hey Team

Happy Monday. Hope you all had an enjoyable weekend and are now settling into your first lecture of the week.

For those who don't mind a bit of art, you'll be happy to know that the 30th annual OUSA Art week is just around the corner, beginning on 14 August. Art week is a great week to support and celebrate student art and to create awareness of all the artworks that Dunedin has to offer.

This year will be packed with events, activities and installations for everyone to enjoy! From the popular Student Art Exhibition + Sale, Virtual Reality Art, Paint + Sip Evening and City Gallery Crawl, as well as many other great interactive installations and activities all around campus.

Call for Entries close TOMORROW... it's an awesome way to showcase your talent, and maybe make a little extra dosh.

You can put anything in the exhibition: from one-offs & prints through to jewellery, sculpture works, photography, zines... anything you like. OUSA takes 0% commission, there are prizes and it's FREE to enter! Head to www.artweek.ousa.org.nz to learn more and register. Your piece doesn't have to be finished just yet! Just make sure it's registered.

Even if your not artistic yourself, make sure you are following our Art Week Facebook event so you don't miss out on all the excitement that will be going on all Art week.

All the best with the upcoming week!

Cheers!

Hugh Baird
OUSA President
president@ousa.org.nz

BE IN TO WIN WHEN YOU SIGN UP TO THE OUSA COMMUNIQUE NEWSLETTER

Congrats to Matthew! Sign up for your weekly chance at winning one of our epic subscriber give-aways. You gotta be in it to win it!

Sign up at: <http://bit.ly/ousasignup>

Do you have a fantastic tutor, lecturer, or lab demonstrator?

Nominate them for an OUSA Teaching Award!

Nominations open online now until the 18th of August

Teaching Awards

It's time to praise the best of the best educators on our campus! Got a lecturer or supervisor that communicates like a champ, goes the extra mile for their students or is just top notch? Make sure they know... nominate them for an OUSA Teaching Award!

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BLUES & GOLDS AWARDS

NOMINATIONS ARE NOW OPEN

UNTIL FRIDAY 18 AUGUST

Art WEEK

14 - 18 AUGUST

STUDENT ART EXHIBITION + SALE
CITY GALLERY CRAWL
EVENING WORKSHOPS
VIRTUAL REALITY ART
PAINT + SIP EVENING
INSTALLATIONS
+ heaps more arty excitement!

CHECK OUT ARTWEEK.OUSA.ORG.NZ FOR A FULL LIST OF EVENTS AND ALL THE DETAILS

ousa Critic

Art Week

Whether you're into Picasso or Pollock, the 2017 OUSA Art Week is a great week to support and celebrate student art.

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