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WAY MORE FUN

*LESS SUGAR THAN REGULAR FULL SUGAR CARBONATED SOFT DRINKS



An A-Z of people that exist

by Chelle Fitzgerald *P.20*

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University Book Shop



LETTER OF THE WEEK

DOING WHAT'S BEST FOR STUDENTS IN 2018

I recently lost the OUSA Election, having run for the role of Education Officer. I am not disappointed on a personal level, I gave it my best go and I have full faith in the ability of those who were elected. I am excited to see what they bring to the table in 2018. I am disappointed though. I am disappointed because not one of the candidates who spoke out about sexual violence was elected. I am disappointed, because I fear that without someone who will relentlessly push for us to do better on this front, the issue will be lost in the noise of other agendas. This is not an issue we can afford to leave another year. This is not an issue that should be paraded around at election time, then left unattended for the other 49 weeks of the year. And this is not an issue that stands alone. All the candidates stated mental health as being a key issue for students, we must not overlook the fact that sexual harm is a huge part of the mental health problem. These two issues do not exist in isolation.

So, I have a couple of requests. The first is to the 2018 executive. Please do not let this fly under the radar. Please do not let us go another year with a subpar Thursday in Black program, no widely available consent education, piss poor support for survivors of assault, and an unaddressed but prolific rape culture. My second request is to students of Otago. Hold your executive accountable to these issues. Be involved- go to meetings, write to Critic, confront them if that's what it takes. It may be the executive's role to advocate for us, but it is our role to ensure they are not able to drop the ball and get away with it.

Finally, I want to say thank you to those candidates who so bravely spoke out about the sexual harm problem we have here. For sharing your stories, opening yourself up to criticism for doing so, and for getting the problem on the agenda. We must do better by you in the future.

Nga Mihi,
Laura Cairns

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

FUCK YEAH, LYNC ARONSON

Dear Critic,
Fuck,

with 8000 video views, an average watch time of 14 seconds, and more than 20,000 video impressions, I reached thousands of people. The lesson for future candidates is that viral marketing does not necessarily translate into votes.

Congratulations to Caitlin! And for the unsuccessful candidates my message is stay in politics. New Zealand needs as many caring, passionate and intelligent young people to enter politics as practically possible. Many of you will have the opportunity to accumulate vast amounts of wealth, so a pursuit of public service is indeed a noble sacrifice, now more than ever your country needs you.

Yours sincerely,
Lync Aronson

CRITIC ENDORSEMENT OF THE LABOUR PARTY

Dear Critic
The Critic should be politically unbiased media agency. The recent endorsement of the Labour Party has destroyed your reputation of being somewhat respected journalists. This is more unprofessional than the sort of journalism you would expect to see from a Fox News presenter or to a certain extent Mike Hosking. The Critic should be educating readers on the political parties policies and giving fair voice to all parties so readers can make their own informed decisions on who to vote for. The Critic being funded by OUSA and publicly endorsing the Labour party is a gross misuse of student fees and as you are meant to represent all students. I call for you to make a public apology to limit the damage done to the credibility of your brand. The prudent decision would be for Head of the Critic to resign as somebody needs to hold accountability for your actions. I also call on OUSA to action if this does not happen.

Yours Sincerely,
Zachary Robertson
P.S. I hope Swilliam Shakesphere isn't involved in kerfuffle. He would be a wise choice to take over as Head of the Critic.

Dear Critic,
I have some misgivings about your editorial of 18/09/17, which revealed that Critic endorses a Labour-Green coalition in the general

election. The editorial acknowledged at the outset that such an endorsement was unusual for a New Zealand media outlet (even a student magazine). I would agree and suggest that the editorial should have stopped at that point. A cynic might say that Critic's views were already fairly self-evident, but I think it is quite another thing to declare outright a preference for one party over others. Critic should be, among other things, a forum where every party is scrutinised over its positions on student issues. What we saw instead from that editorial was a glowing endorsement of a particular party, with no examination of how financially or logistically viable its policies are, attractive as they may be. In fact, the only criticism of Labour seems to be that its policies do not go far enough. I write this as an undecided voter at the time of writing. I take the view that plainly partisan writing in (quasi-)journalistic publications ought to be avoided in all but the most extreme of circumstances. One need look no further than the British tabloids to see the dangers of normalising bias in print media. If we can't trust our journalists to at least be seen to be impartial, who can we trust?

Kind regards,
Richard Gayfe

RESPONSE from Critic:

Dear Richard and Zachary,
The letters you've sent in are predictable, but also understandable, given the rarity of endorsements of political parties in New Zealand. In no way were we attempting to be "seen to be impartial", because editorials do not require the impartiality that other parts of the magazine do. Editorials represent the editor's, or in this case editors', personal views on topics relevant to the readership, and to fail to speak up at a time when political disillusionment of youth and silence from OUSA on this issue would definitely be something that requires an apology.

Moreover, we see ourselves as being an integral part of an ongoing conversation with our readers who, I'm sure you would agree, have a remarkably similar set of socio-economic circumstances compared to the audiences of other local and national publications. We were not demanding anyone to vote Labour, we were simply hoping to supplement the political narrative that is, as always, lacking for young people in election time, with some guidance. As we said in the editorial: "...for that we make no apologies."

Kind regards,
Joe Higham, Critic co-editor

P.S. if you read the editorial and found that “the only criticism of Labour seems to be that its policies do not go far enough”, then I suggest you read it again.

RESIGN

DEAR CRITIC,
CRITIC NEEDS TO RESIGN. YOUR POLITICAL EDITORIAL DISGUSTED ME. NO PROPER POLITICAL EDITORIAL SHOULD ENCOURAGE VOTING FOR A SPECIFIC PARTY. A REAL EDITORIAL WOULD CALL FOR A REVOLUTION BASED ON DRINKING THE BLOOD OF LIBERTARIANS (do they actually bleed?). DISGUSTING!

RETHINKING OUR DRINKING

Hello Critic! I wanted to thank you for running the article about rethinking our drinking. As a student magazine where drinking is casually mentioned in almost every article, if not explicitly encouraged in columns such as the Booze Review, it's refreshing to see an article that really challenges Scarfie's reputations as binge drinkers. It's hard to write articles like these (especially in a town where drinking is pretty central to its culture) without sounding preachy or narrow minded, but the author nailed it.

Although university years are a time of questions and open-mindedness for most, that doesn't seem to extend to how we're drinking. “If I were to sum up my time at Otago in one quote, it would be ‘are you drinking tonight?’, to which I felt like the only valid response was affirmative” sums it up for me as well. Currently our culture is placing a huge spotlight on the importance of consent and sex, however the open-minded attitude most students have towards saying “no” doesn't seem to apply to drinking. I think it's high time for Scarfies to realise that Otago's drinking culture isn't something to be proud of, nor are alcoholics just the greasy bearded men sitting at the end of the bar. “Almost all of us will struggle with this at some point; we just haven't learned how to talk about it” is a valid statement, as is “supporting each other will help, not hinder, this goal.” I believe we all need to learn how to discuss how we're drinking, and encourage each other to take a break if we need it, rather than just labelling those brave enough to do this as “pussies”.

Cheers, Grace

TAKING PISS-TAKES TOO FAR?

Dear Critic,
I have relied on you many a time for enjoyable, fun-poking parodies and pissstakes and you've certainly managed to deliver. However, you have a responsibility to uphold that has been abused. It has been brought forward multiple times by almost all the candidates that we must address the Mental Health issues within the University (the worst in the country). However, you have blatantly ignored this issue and instead published multiple articles tearing people down and bullying them, possibly even encouraging others to do the same. Even more so, the latest issue was published on Suicide prevention day, which was overlooked by you, to insert your abuse towards people that have put themselves out for the greater good of the university. You have a responsibility, as the student's magazine to maintain a healthy environment for students to be a part of. I hope that you will take this more seriously in the future.

Sincerely,
A concerned student.

RESPONSE from Critic:

Dear concerned student,
Firstly, thank you for the compliment. We're glad you've enjoyed the magazine at least for the reasons you mentioned.

We certainly want to see the university being an enjoyable, stimulating, and safe space for everyone, and see ourselves providing a part of that each week, but we also have an obligation to report on OUSA, and the elections form a large part of that.

OUSA oversee and allocate millions of our collective student dollars, and their influence on students' day to day lives cannot be overstated (should they decide to employ that influence). To describe our coverage as having abused a responsibility is to not want to hold them accountable for that. Do you want us to stop being critical of the current executive for fear of hurting their feelings? If someone is running for public office of any kind, then they should expect media criticism of their policy, if only to expose holes and inform the voters of those shortcomings.

Sincerely,
Joe Higham, Critic co-editor

 SEND YOUR LETTERS TO
CRITIC@CRITIC.CO.NZ

EXTRA LETTER OF THE WEEK ANYTIME, KATE!

Dear Critic,

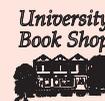
Last Sunday, my boyfriend and I celebrated our six month anniversary. I'm sending through this letter, to personally thank your editor, Lucy for playing the ultimate wingman.

At the beginning of the year I sent the Critic an anonymous acrostic poem. Declaring my feelings for your Chief Reporter, Joel MacManus.

Three days after you released my letter, I hadn't heard shit from him. Convinced I had made a terrible mistake, I was planning on denying I had ever written it. Finally, that evening Joel asked "Hey Kate, how good are you at writing poetry?" I hesitantly replied "Ahhh... Well... it depends. Did you find your poem hilarious?" two nights later we had our first kiss, and the rest is history.

I'm actually gagging a little bit myself, reading back on this. But I didn't know when I would have another opportunity to thank you... and for banter sake, I wanted to dedicated this haiku to Mr Mac(m)ANUS

Surprise I'm pregnant!
Kidding, its a beer belly
You're not the father
Cheers,
Kate Skinner



SILVERLINE FESTIVAL PRAISE

Dear Critic,

As a student getting up there in years, I'd like to think I had seen it all in Dunedin but last week I was certainly surprised.

One might have thought Silverline Festival was either an expensive excuse to say "shit" a couple of times or something akin to Student Life with slightly less jandal. After signing up, along with 400 others, what I found instead was a subversion of the millennial/scarfie/"damn youths" tropes by which students are so often perceived.

Issues normally hidden away (suicide, disability, depression and relationships to name only a few) were thoroughly discussed, without the need for a drunk DMC. Honestly, it was a breath of fresh, albeit hard to swallow, air for some dirty laundry society has ignored for far too long.

If I could pass on anything it would be that it's definitely not "weak to speak" and, particularly for a tight community such as ours, "are you OK?" can go a long way.

Make sure you all look out for your mates and big shout-out to the Silverline folks for showing an old dog some new tricks

Regards,
Alex Carr

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

EDITORIAL

Podcasts

After all the complaints we received about last week's editorial, I'd like to say at the outset that *this editorial represents the views of Critic, Radio One, everybody at OUSA, the university staff, and the entire student population of Dunedin. By reading this, you must agree with everything I say, and do as I command.*

I (we all) think podcasts are the best. I was lucky enough to interview Melody Thomas from RNZ this week about her podcast series Bang! where she talks about sex (fucking), sexuality and relationships with real people. It's wonderful: you should (I command you to) check it out. One bit of our talk that really stood out to me was her thoughts on podcasting.

Melody said she has fallen in love with podcasts and is fascinated by the medium. "All we hear is how people want quick satisfaction these days, and they'll only listen to something that's a couple of minutes long, and yet here's these podcasts that are an hour or even longer and it doesn't seem to be an issue. I am drawn to the way that it can be quite leisurely and in-depth, and people are really flocking to it." She recommends My Dad Wrote a Porno.

Podcasts have snuck in as a surprising reinvention of radio. Podcasts are often very cheap or free to make and most of them are free to listen to. You can get as engrossed in them as you would in any TV show. You can do any boring thing that doesn't involve your ears, and a podcast will make it fun.

Critic's special correspondent Swilliam Shakesbeer says he likes podcasts because, "It's like reading, but you've got your hands free so you can hold a beer". His favourite podcast is The Worst Idea of All Time, where the hosts watch Sex and the City 2 every week for 52 weeks, because he has trouble remembering what happens in movies too. The same hosts have teamed up with podcasting giants the McElroy brothers to make Till Death Do Us Blart, where they swear to watch Paul Blart: Mall Cop 2 every year until they die.

If you want to be smart, get into This American Life. If you're twisted, My Favourite Murder. If you like medical history, I recommend Sawbones. I think I've covered every sort of person now.

I hope you enjoyed reading what is now your opinion on podcasts. Whoever got into government, (we went to print before the election results) Critic (the student population) believe we are solely responsible for the result.

LUCY HUNTER

CRITIC EDITOR



Pres and V.P. discuss Exec travel policy

THE EXECUTIVE, who were joined by several of the successful candidates from the recent election, began with their 'Executive Quick Round Up'. OUSA President Hugh Baird mentioned he has attended several important meetings recently, including with the Proctor and Dunedin City Council, the CEO of Foodstuffs, the owner of Leith Liquorland, University of Otago Chaplain Greg Hughson, and the Otago Daily Times. No specific detail of any of these meetings was discussed at any length.

Baird then spoke to the Executive about a motion passed at a previous meeting in relation to OUSA referenda being binding, which included the requirement of a 67 percent positive majority vote to make it so. It seemed as though the executive were hoping to implement these changes for the upcoming referendum (9-11 October), however Baird informed the members that they "constitutionally can't do it," because clause 51.1 of OUSA's constitution states that, "all motions require positive votes of at least half of the total number of members voting". The group can move another motion to amend this clause to allow the association to adopt the desired changes if they so wish.

Administrative Vice-President William Guy then spoke about the current executive travel policy, following preliminary discussion at an earlier Policy Committee meeting. The travel policy provides an accommodation allowance of \$100 per night and a food allowance of \$40 per day when members of the executive are away on OUSA related trips. Guy said that most members stay at backpackers, but asked

whether that was a reasonable expectation to have. In the Policy Committee meeting, Finance Officer Cody Kirby said that if "people want to stay at an accommodation that is more than \$100 then they should cover the rest of the costs [themselves]". Guy said that raising the allowance to \$120 to account for inflation is reasonable, but was then asked by Colleges Officer James Heath whether that figure was simply pulled "out of thin air" or whether it was a "proper figure," to which Guy said it was "just a 20 percent increase," and he would look into it further.

The executive receive a \$40 a day food allowance if they are away from Dunedin for at least one night. Current Recreation Officer and President-elect Caitlin Barlow-Groome had concerns over any changes to the policy, believing that paying food costs just for a day trip is not necessary, however most of the members didn't agree, with CEO Debbie Downs reminding her that it is a "legitimate business expense". Welfare Officer Danielle Pope revealed her thoughts on the issue at the earlier Policy Committee meeting, believing that "\$40 should be enough for meals as that could last people two days". Both matters will be raised at the next meeting, where a motion from the Chairperson (which is the OUSA president) will likely be put to the executive to decide.

Postgraduate Officer Lucy Northwood wanted a "massive thank you to Te Roopū Māori for the fantastic work they did during Māori Language Week" minuted, going on to say she "wants the whole world to know how great they are".

James Heath said "the OUSA designer [Anthony Doornbos] has done a bloody good job on designing the posters for 'Froth Fest'," an OUSA event described as the "final blowout to send 2017 off in style".

William Guy then said another "huge thank you" to OUSA Returning Officer Kyla Mullen and OUSA Secretary Donna Jones for their work during the recent association elections. × **Joe Higham**

× keeping tabs on the exec Execrable

Cutlers Appear to Have Been Tricking Tenants with Fixed-Term Contracts for Boarding Houses



CUTLERS LTD, one of the largest property management firms in North Dunedin, appear to have, in at least one case, required tenants to sign fixed-term contracts, when the law allows tenants to terminate their tenancies after giving only 48 hours' notice.

Tenants at 63/A Queen Street signed fixed-term contracts for 2017 as if they

were studio rooms, despite the fact that their rooms did not meet the legal requirements to be considered studio rooms, and instead should have been considered a boarding house.

Boarding house tenancies are not for a fixed-term period and can be terminated by the tenant at any time, providing they give 48 hours notice to their landlord, but Cutlers had tenants sign contracts which would appear to lock them in tenancy for a full 12 months.

63/A Queen Street is listed as "ideal for students with a lower budget who have set their sights on a studio room". It has 11 rooms, each of which are let out individually, with shared laundry and main kitchen facilities.

In most cases, a tenancy of this nature is considered a 'Boarding House Tenancy', as opposed to a 'Standard Tenancy', which is how most flats are leased. Tenancy Services states on their website that, "In a boarding house, a tenant rents a room, rather than the whole house. They share facilities such as the kitchen and bathroom with the other tenants. A boarding house is occupied, or intended to be occupied, by at least six tenants at any time."

Dr Bridgette Toy-Cronin, Director of the Legal Issues Centre, pointed out that a studio room must have self-contained toilet and kitchenette facilities. According to a current tenant at 63/A Queen Street, they do have ensuite bathrooms, but the only cooking facility in their rooms is a plug-in hotplate. This doesn't meet

Boarding house tenancies are not for a fixed-term period and can be terminated by the tenant at any time

the legal requirements for a kitchenette, which must have a minimum width of 1.5m and have both boiling and baking facilities; therefore it does not qualify as a studio room.

Earlier in the year, Critic was anonymously sent a package of Tenancy Tribunal decisions for flats which had been declared to be boarding houses. Despite the Judge's rulings, many appeared to still be being advertised and rented as studio rooms.

63/A Queen Street was one of the properties in that anonymous package. In 2016, Cutlers sought to terminate a contract because the tenant was over \$2000 behind on their rent.

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They need to be advertised as boarding houses or flats, because otherwise it's deceptive

The Adjudicator, J. Wilson, dismissed the application because “on the face of it the tenancy appears to meet the definition of a boarding house”. It wasn’t necessary for the Tenancy Tribunal to get involved, because a boarding house landlord can end a tenancy within 48 hours written notice if the tenant fails to pay overdue rent within 10 days of receiving a notice to do so.”

Earlier this year, Cutlers sold the property to another firm, Weta Capital Property Management, for \$1,350,000. The listing read: “This property caters to the needs of the majority of prospective studio room tenants, with a net income of \$8000 per month for 2015 this would be a great addition to any portfolio.”

Posing as a prospective tenant, a Critic Reporter contacted Weta Capital inquiring about a tenancy at 63/A Queen St for 2018. They told the property manager that they may have a job opening up in another city part way through the year, and asked if they would be able to get out of their

contract early should that happen. The property manager told them, “There is no way to get out of it because it is a year-long fixed contract,” and that if they were to have to leave the flat before the end of the year, “You would be liable for that rent”.

They were told that if they did have to leave the flat, “You could find someone to replace you. It’s quite easy, you just post on Otago Flattings Goods,” however they would have to continue paying rent until they found someone to sub-let to.

When asked for an official comment, Weta Capital said, “We have not been advertising the property as we are considering renovating the property over the break so that it will not be a boarding house. This is why I mentioned year long leases over the phone, as the property may not be considered a boarding house next year. We are currently in talks with the builders and architects.”

“If we do not go through with the redevelopment, yes under [the] tribunal

ruling, 63A Queen St is a boarding house which allows tenants to leave with 48 hours notice.”

When asked if they could provide us with a copy of the current contract, they said that Cutlers were still managing the property.

A current tenant at 63/A Queen Street provided us with a copy of their contract, which they signed with Cutlers at the beginning of the year. It included the clause, “The tenancy shall commence on the 09/01/2017 and shall be for a fixed-term and cannot be terminated with notice and will terminate on 31/12/2017.”

At no point was the tenant made aware of the fact that they were living in a boarding house and had the ability to end the contract whenever they wanted.

OUSA Student Support Manager Sage Burke deals with landlords signing boarding house tenants to fixed-term contracts a lot. “It’s almost standard practice,” he said. “It’s extremely common for landlords to sign people up to Boarding Houses on a fixed-term contract (these are often advertised as studio rooms).”

“I would say it’s most of the landlords in the area, but of course, you don’t hear about the good ones.” OUSA Student Support has been working with different organisations to make sure properties are advertised correctly. “They need to be advertised as boarding houses or flats, because otherwise it’s deceptive.”

“For any students who thinks they are in a boarding house on a fixed-term contract, we ask them to get in touch with us. Just because you signed it doesn’t mean you can’t do anything about it. The law supersedes any tenancy agreement, a tenancy agreement cannot be inconsistent with the Residential Tenancies Act.”

Critic sought comment from Cutlers over whether they consider the property they manage a boarding house or a studio room, but did not receive a response in time for publication. × **Joel MacManus**

6



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Survey Shows 74% of Landlords Would Increase Rent if Labour Win Election

RESULTS OF A SURVEY released by the New Zealand Property Investors Federation (NZPIF) showed that as many as 74 percent of the 800 landlords surveyed would increase rents if Labour wins the election and implements its housing policies.

With Critic's publication and distribution dates straddling election day, the resulting government at the time of writing is unknown, but with as many as 54 percent of those who said that they would increase rents claiming they would do so by between \$20 and \$40 per week, it would suggest the direct financial consequences are potentially enormous for New Zealand's tenants.

Moreover, 13 percent of those surveyed said they would increase rents by more than \$40 per week, while only 6.5 percent said they would not make any increase, and the remaining 20 percent answering

'not sure'. The results of the survey are not all they seem, according to Labour health spokesperson Phil Twyford. He told Critic that the "NZPIF survey is flawed. 800 self-selected responses out of more than 200,000 landlords, based on leading questions, and incomplete information about Labour's policies."

He said, "I am sick of the self-serving scaremongering of the Property Investors Federation," before assuring voters that, "We don't expect rents to go up under Labour's policies".

In response to these claims of 'scare-mongering' from Twyford, which he had earlier made to Radio New Zealand, NZPIF Executive Officer Andrew King said that the capital gains tax Labour "has all but confirmed" would increase the cost of providing rental accommodation.

"This is not just the view of our industry group," King explained on the federation's website. He then quoted BNZ Economist Tony Alexander who said last month that, "Labour's policy mix has capacity to help constrain the pace of house price rises for lower-priced properties by boosting supply. But it will come at the price of higher rents."

"450,000 Kiwi households are renters. It is time we stopped treating them like second class citizens"

Twyford went on to lambast the federation beyond the survey results, explaining, "They don't want rental properties to be warm and dry. They want to be able to kick renters out without having to give a reason. They want every other taxpayer to subsidise them with tax breaks. They don't want to pay tax on their capital gains. 450,000 Kiwi households are renters. It is time we stopped treating them like second class citizens and modernised our rental laws. People need affordable, warm dry homes where they don't live in constant fear of being kicked out."

The survey also highlights that landlords are very concerned with the 90 day notice to end tenancies without reason, the introduction of a capital gains tax for rental properties, and if the Bright Line Test was extended from 2 years to 5 years, as well as several other policies.

RHYTHM&ALPS

BY DATE & IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER

28TH DEC WARM UP SHOW (HAWEA)

MONTELL 2009 • SCHOOLBOY Q • SWINDAIL

29TH DEC

CAMO & KROOKED • CROOKED LIDZ • PASSED CURFEW • PEPE LE PEW • 121

30TH DEC

ALBION PLACE • AROKX • BLACK SUN EMPIRE • BOMB DYLAN • BOOMBOX CARTEL
CORNERSTONE ROOTS • DUAL • ELK ROAD • GOLDIE • HYBRID MINDS • JACKMASTER
NADIA ROSE • PEPE LE PEW • PINO • POMO • QUIX • REMI • SANS DEF • SHELDON WILLIAMS
SWINDLE • WILKINSON (DJ SET FT. MC AD-APT) • WILLARIS. K • WILLY STYLES • 121

31ST DEC NEW YEARS EVE

ADANA TWINS • BENTHAMISM • BASSFREAKS • CIGARETTES AFTER SEX • CUT SNAKE
FAT FREDDY'S DROP • LITTLE DRAGON • LORD ECHO • MC REIKI RUAWAI • NAO
OCEAN ALLEY • OUT OF SORTS • RIBERA • SANTE • TASH SULTANA • THE LIBRARIAN
YOKO-ZUNA • 121

The cost of renting apartments, town-houses and units in New Zealand has already increased by 6.3 percent in the last year to \$420, according to the latest Trade Me Property Rental Index. × **Joe Higham**

× Uni News

Pharmacy Students Launch Awareness Campaign

UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO PHARMACY students want people to know that pharmacists are more than just pill-counters at the corner store. New Zealand Association of Pharmacy Students Otago (NZAPS-O) President Alice Weil says that their profession is often misunderstood and underestimated. "NZAPS-O has found that when we talk to our friends and wider family about our profession, people don't know what we actually do. We often get questions like 'do you just count pills?'"

NZAPS-O have launched an Awareness Week for 25 September – 1 October. The campaign was inspired by a NZ Herald article titled "Why Do Pharmacists Take So Long?".

KiisFM radio host Kristie Mercer wrote a Facebook rant about pharmacy wait times saying, "I have to entertain myself because

We often get questions like 'do you just count pills?'

pharmacists can offer free health advice for UTIs, thrush, conjunctivitis and rashes to name a few

there's a 15-minute wait on getting a script. What the f***? Like, I'm sorry, what is the hold up on the process? Just grab it off the shelf and press print on the old sticker printer, slap it on, and away we go. Is there some kind of magical process that's taking place back there?" One pharmacy assistant wrote in response, "It's

the whole making sure the medication doesn't kill you that takes a bit of time".

Weil says that many also dismiss the range of what pharmacists do. "First of all pharmacists can offer free health advice for UTIs, thrush, conjunctivitis and rashes to name a few (and provide treatment for them). We can also give you the Emergency Contraceptive Pill, as well as flu vaccines."

Pharmacists in New Zealand are also trained to perform screening tests on blood sugar, blood pressure, hearing, cholesterol, coeliac disease and bowel cancer. "We are trained to look out for any interactions, and make sure the drug that has been prescribed for you actually is the right for you, and in the right dose," Weil said. "I think a lot of the time people think they need to go to Student Health or a doctor, but pharmacists can often help cheaper and easier."

As part of the awareness campaign, NZAPS-O are making a video to post on Facebook explaining what a pharmacist actually does, taking out ads in local media, and encouraging Dunedin pharmacies to try and use a pharmacy-related Māori word of the day. × **Joel MacManus**



ENGL223/333

Fantasy and the Imagination





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ONLINE**

× Uni News

Otago Student Wins Brain Research Award

Previous research on Alzheimer’s has often centred around the amyloid cascade hypothesis, which is the protein deposits in the brain. This hypothesis is being



PHD STUDENT ASHWINI HARIHARAN was awarded the Best Student Poster Presentation at the 35th Australasian Winter Conference on Brain Research held in Queenstown between 1-6 September 2017.

Hariharan’s research is in brain vascular dysfunction; problems in brain blood flow and how it can be a trigger for late-onset Alzheimer’s.

Hariharan is working with Associate Professr Ping Liu in the Department of Anatomy. “There’s a lot of new work being done [that is taking] the focus away from the traditional Alzheimer’s hypothesis, with more and more research on problems with blood flow and vascular problems being an underlying cause for brain diseases.”

challenged by new research suggesting amyloid beta may be secondary to some other process in causing late-onset Alzheimer’s disease.

“Lifestyle factors and vascular problems are coming into the light more,” Hariharan said.

She explained that the research is, “very preliminary right now, but just getting more answers towards why aging can cause dementia”.

Hariharan did her Masters in Pharmacology, where she started her research in brain disorders before moving to Alzheimer’s for her PhD. “It’s quite a novel project I got into, and it’s exciting.”

× Lucy Hunter

× Correction

Dunedin Channel 39 Survives Online

A CRITIC ARTICLE entitled ‘Local TV station Channel 39 is “Essentially Dead”—NZ on Air CEO’ was based on outdated information. While the statements quoted were correct, they did not reflect the changes Channel 39 had made to transform from a TV broadcaster to an online video news network. According to Matthew Holridge of Allied Press: “Allied Press acknowledges that NZ on Air’s funding strategy changed from supporting the traditional linear regional broadcast channels such as Channel 39. Allied Press launched a new multi-channel video news offering called ‘The South Today’ in September 2016. Daily video news, gathered from our existing print journalists from Ashburton south, and 3 dedicated full time video news reporters based in Dunedin, Queenstown and Invercargill, is delivered online via various Allied Press websites (including Channel 39) and social media pages. This video news was funded with the grateful support of NZ on Air in order that it achieves its vision for the growth of regional online video news, which we fully support.”

13



THE POST-FACT WORLD

Little known facts become bigger when you print them

You can help a tired bee by making it a tiny bed for it to snooze in

Critic is one long in-joke

Women get two votes in the New Zealand general election to make up for lost time

Juries sometimes take a long time to make a decision on a court case because they are establishing their escape route

Ink is the devil's semen

You gave it to me, but you didn't put it on a stick

The internet was initially created to catch fish

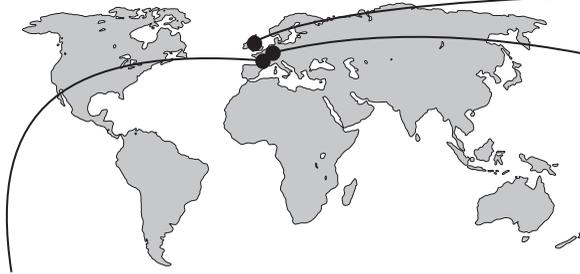
Sticks and stones may fake trombones
But herds are ever thirsty

After explicit sexual intercourse storks give birth to human babies

Pluck a sprig of elm at the moon's final wane, keep it pressed to your breastbone at sundown, burn it at the break of day, and waft the smoke toward an effigy of your enemy. Their lungs will lock by the next noon.

Pips are lips backwards

WORLD WATCH



GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

Prosecutors are investigating why two women stuffed around \$130,000 in high-denomination banknotes into the toilets of a bank and three restaurants. The notes clogged all the toilets, and it is still unknown why the women felt compelled to literally flush money down the toilet.

WORMS, GERMANY

Firefighters used power tools, including an angle-grinder, circular saw and an emergency hydraulic tool to free a man whose penis was trapped in a gym weight. Authorities would not say how the man came to have his penis stuck, but did urge other gym goers not to imitate such actions.

BUNCH OF FIVES



TIM—Accounting & Computer Science

- 1 Accounting 102
- 2 Panda Bear
- 3 I paid \$8 in Sydney
- 4 Bayliss
- 5 A lecturer used phone jammers to stop us using the internet in class



JAKE—COMMERCE

- 1 Accounting 102
- 2 A fish
- 3 \$6
- 4 Hufflepuff
- 5 Tutors



JOSEPHINE—ENGLISH & THEATRE

- 1 Playwriting 341
- 2 Cat
- 3 \$0
- 4 Anything that's German and sounds like a body part
- 5 Christian Missionaries



CALLUM & LILY—ARCHAEOLOGY & SURVEYING

- 1 Politics 104
- 2 German Shepherd
- 3 \$5
- 4 I had a teacher called Mr. Tinkle
- 5 People on scooters



CHARLIE—GOOD GIRL STUDIES

- That photo of me and Jacinda in the
- 1 ODT couple of weeks ago was cute. #ODTendorsement
 - 2 Is this some kind of joke?
 - 3 *confused expression*
 - 4 Drumf probably... but nothing else is funny about that guy.
 - 5 Animal abusers... or people that don't recycle.

**WORCESTERSHIRE,
ENGLAND**

Grace Jones, otherwise known as Amazing Grace, has just celebrated her 111th birthday. Her secret to longevity? A shot of whiskey each night. Jones, the 6th oldest person in the UK, was born in 1906, and claims she doesn't feel any different than when she was 21.

Q's

- 1 What's your favourite paper this semester?
- 2 If you could get stuck as any animal, which animal would you choose?
- 3 What's the most you'd pay for a takeaway coffee?
- 4 What is, in your opinion, the funniest last name?
- 5 What is the worst kind of person on campus?

ODT WATCH

Good morning, ODT.

GOOD morning. Today's "topic du jour" is nails, the manufacture in Dunedin thereof.

That's lovely ODT. Well done.

This week the ODT has decided to start a column on how hard different South Island towns are.

Nelson gets tough

Next week, Greymouth goes the gym, drinks whatever alcohol Swilliam is reviewing, and then beats someone up.

Next, something's really got underneath the ODT's skin. It's really riled them up, got their goat, ruffled their feathers, stole their stoat, messed with their testicles, made them upset, flicked them sharply on the nose.

Missed opportunity to make improvements for everyone

The first line of the article reads, "You need to go to your room and think about what you've done."

Next, a breakthrough is poised to revolutionise the medical profession

Coroner hints death preventable

"Speak out on behalf of the voiceless, and for the rights of all who are vulnerable." –Proverbs 31:8

Time to speak up on cod

FACTS & FIGURES

In order to stop the spread of infection, caterpillars turn to cannibalism and eat their poorly companions.

Tea leaves uncurl when hot water is poured on them. This is called the 'agony of the leaves'.

Many of the doves released at the 1988 Seoul Olympics opening ceremony were accidentally roasted alive when the Olympic flame was lit.

It's illegal in Iceland for parents to threaten children with fictional characters.

The US banned sliced bread from January 18, 1943 to March 8, 1943.

'Old person smell' is caused by a molecule called 2-nonenal, which increases in your body as you age.

Around 125,000 years ago, hippos lived in the area that is now Trafalgar Square.

Syphilis was once known as 'the French disease'. In France it was known as 'the English disease'.

After feeding near an M&M's factory in 2012, French bees started producing blue and green honey.

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Aung San Suu Kyi: *Myanmar's Fallen Angel*

by George Elliott

Aung San Suu Kyi, the de facto leader of Myanmar (a.k.a. Burma), was once the Asian darling of the Western liberal order. She was a saintly freedom fighter who would bring democracy (and presumably free enterprise) to a Southeast Asian nation that had been ruled by military dictatorships since 1962. If you've read the headlines in recent weeks then you wouldn't be alone in thinking she's suddenly been possessed by a sinister force. However, this has been a long, predictable fall from grace; it illustrates the perils of the West's dodgy relationships and fetishistic projections.

And it's a familiar story. We're always looking for friends. The 20th century was filled with haphazard partnerships and Machiavellian fraternities between 'cold warriors' with dubious worldviews. From the economic backing of apartheid South Africa to throwing weapons at strangers in the Afghan mountains, the United States put strategic interests above everything else.

The risks look so painfully obvious when we look back. Regardless, it continues today — possibly intensified by globalisation. The Middle East is plagued by proxy wars, with Russia, Iran, Saudi Arabia and the US backing parties responsible for war crimes. The post-Cold War period has had the added element of so-called international values and humanitarian responsibility. The West needs heroes and singular symbols we can admire. The CIA-backed right-wing death squads in Latin America had a bit of a messy image problem. In a radically globalised world, with a politically-conscious middle class, the system needs star power.

Aung San Suu Kyi was one such bright star. The youngest daughter of Aung Sung, the so-called 'Father of the Nation' who led wars against the British and Japanese

empires, she was educated at the Delhi and Oxford universities. After becoming a prominent dissent figure during the 1988 Uprising, Suu Kyi spent fifteen years between 1989 and 2010 under house arrest. From her home she continued to call for democracy and an end to the military junta. In 1991 she was awarded the Noble Peace Prize, "for her non-violent struggle for democracy and human rights".

After years of stalled negotiations, involving the United Nations and Myanmar's generals, Suu Kyi was released from house arrest in 2010. A year later then US Secretary of State Hillary Clinton visited Suu Kyi in the former capital, Yangon. In 2012, Suu Kyi was in Ireland receiving an award from Bono on behalf of Amnesty International. The decision to release her from house arrest was taken as a sign that Myanmar's junta may finally open its doors to the world.

Myanmar's 2015 general election saw Suu Kyi's National League for Democracy win about sixty percent of seats in both legislative houses and she became the de facto leader of the country, followed by jovial fanfare from international diplomats, economists and journalists.

But while Suu Kyi's leadership has led to democratic reform, an entire minority group has suffered greatly. She now presides over one of the world's most horrendous humanitarian emergencies. Buddhist nationalist militias and the country's security forces have embarked on a systematic campaign of ethnic cleansing against the Rohingya, a Muslim minority who mostly live in Burma's western Rakhine state and are denied citizenship. 400,000 Rohingya have been forced to flee to neighbouring Bangladesh since the start of 2017. Survivors have told human rights organisations about mass killings, forced displacement, torture,

rape and arson and satellite imagery shows the total destruction of hundreds of villages. Aung Sun Suu Kyi remains silent.

Yes, Suu Kyi was forced into a balancing act with the military in order to ascend as Myanmar's leader, but her hands are not tied. She has allowed hate speech to thrive and has been complicit in the actions of the Buddhist militias by not speaking up when reports of an intensified campaign against the Rohingya emerged last year. It has got worse for Myanmar's most vulnerable under the leadership of the person we all saw as the Nelson Mandela of the region.

The United States, the United Kingdom and the United Nations — they are all complicit in this. "For the past 25 years or so, Myanmar has been boiled down to a simple dilemma of the Lady against the generals," writes Alan Davis, an expert on Myanmar's journey. "Free Aung San Suu Kyi, went the story, and all would be well." The media's sensibilities of a Good & Evil narrative and glossy heroism has allowed Suu Kyi to get this far. She managed to ignore the Rohingya issue throughout the entirety of her dissident days — shielded from the responsibility by her friends in Western capitals and veiled by the does-no-wrong image of saintly entitlement we produced for her.

This story evokes a similar, albeit less fatal, chapter in recent South Asian history. In 2007, Benazir Bhutto, the former Prime Minister of Pakistan, was gunned down by terrorists by thugs supported by Pakistan's own intelligence services. She was surely, relatively 'good' for human rights and democracy in a country troubled by a politically-involved security establishment and improvised, anarchic borderlands. However, below Bhutto's motherly authenticity bubbled a culture of corruption and impunity that went largely unchecked by the friends she made in London and Washington.

What we see in both the Suu Kyi and Bhutto stories is an Orientalist fascination with the female freedom fighter turned Iron Lady. More than the strategic interests of the Cold War, we now obsessively search for more Nelson Mandelas and Mahatma Gandhis. The West, giddy with the exoticness of the black-white narrative (with a gender accessory) it has fuelled, has failed to use the influence it has over its old friend to stop a genocide.

Student Allowances & Living Costs

MICHAEL WOODHOUSE: **:DAVID CLARK**

National is committed to supporting students with the costs associated with tertiary study. A tertiary education is a major investment, not just for you as students, but for New Zealand as a country.

New Zealand has one of the most generous student support systems in the world. Each year, the government invests around \$4.1 billion into funding tertiary education, with \$1.2 billion of that on financial support for students.

Under National, living costs payments have increased every year since 2009 to ensure they match inflation, and around 41,000 students will receive more help with accommodation costs thanks to our Budget 2017 Family Incomes package.

But it's important that we get the right funding balance between supporting those who undertake tertiary education and ensuring taxpayers aren't footing too much of the bill. That's why, we have the Student Loan Scheme. The Student Loan Scheme not only ensures that tertiary education is a feasible option for everyone who wants it, but also manages the trade-offs between maintaining high participation rates and managing affordability for taxpayers.



On average, taxpayers pay around 82 percent of course costs, while students pay the rest. If we flip that around, that means if you take out a student loan, you're paying around 18 per cent of the actual cost of study. That's not to say it isn't expensive for you as students, but it certainly shows the true cost of study. As well as that, taxpayers make a contribution to the students' living costs either through allowances or student loans.

National thinks that's a reasonable balance, because while the costs of a tertiary education can seem daunting while you are studying, the financial benefits after graduation are significant. For example, five years after graduation, bachelor's graduates earn on average around 40 percent more than the national median income, and on average, a university graduate will earn around \$1.4 million more than a non-graduate over their lifetime. That's why it's appropriate to have a cost-sharing model to meet tertiary education costs. It simply isn't reasonable, or fair, to expect taxpayers to foot the whole bill. A supermarket operator or a cleaner should not be required to fully fund the education of our future lawyers and doctors.

Education creates opportunity for people to realise their potential and make their best contribution to our society.

As the economy has become more sophisticated, so we have needed our people to have a higher level of education. In 1904, it was expected that only 30 percent of children would need an education beyond primary level, and they had to pass an exam to get free secondary education. The First Labour Government saw the need for the next generation to be better educated, and made secondary school free and universal.

Now more and more jobs need tertiary level education or training. By 2020, it is estimated two-thirds of jobs will require qualifications above high school level. We need more apprentices, people with specialist industry certifications and more university graduates. Yet we have gone backwards in the provision of post-school education and training.

Government investment in tertiary education and training has fallen and so has participation. In 2010, 40 percent of 18-24 year olds were in tertiary education or training, but by 2015 (the latest data) that had dropped to 35 percent.



Despite Labour removing the interest from National's student loans, cost remains a major barrier to post-school education. 65 percent of parents list cost as a reason young people do not go into post-school learning, and 44 percent of students report they do not have enough money to meet their basic needs. The cost barrier comprises both fees, which are up over 40 percent since 2008, and rising living costs such as rent.

Study debt holds people back for years after they leave education. On average, people take eight years to clear their debt. Repayments make it harder to save and this is a contributing factor in plummeting home ownership among under 40s.

Labour will make tertiary education and training affordable for all by:

- Increasing living costs support with both a \$50 a week boost to student allowances and a \$50 a week lift to the maximum that can be borrowed for living costs
- Restoring post-graduate students' eligibility for student allowances
- Restoring the eligibility of students in long courses, such as medicine, to access student allowances or loans beyond seven years FTE study
- Accelerating the three years' free policy, starting with one year fees free full-time equivalent for everyone starting tertiary education or training for the first time from 1 January 2018, and extending this to three years' free by 2024.

BANG!

*An interview with
the creator of a New
Zealand sex podcast.*

by LUCY HUNTER



When did you last ask your mum about her sex life? Melody Thomas did it on national radio.

Bang! is a Radio New Zealand podcast series on sex, sexuality and relationships. Real people tell real stories about their sex lives to producer Melody Thomas.

Thomas loves audio storytelling. A lot of her work is in music journalism and she wanted to try something different. She'd been listening to a lot of Dan Savage's Savage Lovecast where people phone in with questions about sex and relationships. She found the content of the podcast, "kind of shocking at first... but it very quickly becomes very normal. It just had that effect of totally normalising sex and opening up conversations." She realised that while she does talk about sex with her friends, a lot of that talk is superficial. "We didn't really dive deep into stuff like how experiences when we were younger might affect our psychology now, and the real nitty gritty of keeping connected in a long term relationship." Since making Bang!, Thomas gets people emailing and messaging out of nowhere to talk about sex and relationships.

As well as talking to her mum about her love life, Thomas begins the series calling a guy she had barely seen since childhood to ask if he remembered getting naked and fooling around in a tree house when

they were kids. It's TVNZ's breakfast reporter and weatherman Matt McLean. "I had emailed him. I hadn't talked to him in so many years, and we'd never been close, so probably the most awkward part of the whole interaction was that first email." Thomas says since doing the podcast she can talk to people about these things really openly, but not that long ago, "I would have been mortified if that had come up. It was so deeply buried under layers and layers of shame." Luckily McLean's mum is a sexual health nurse, so he was used to talking about these things.

Thomas says both conversations started "incredibly awkwardly," but really quickly became easy. She's noticed with all these conversations that the first bit is difficult, but that "once you've given people permission to open up, they just run with it". She's gotten used to people stopping at her desk to tell her intimate details. "It's awesome. I'm a vessel now for everybody's sexual stuff." She says by taking on a "totally reasonable, no-shame façade," that the façade quickly became real. "It's fake it till you make it. I love it now."

One surprise for Thomas was the amount of sex some people are having in their 50s, 60s, and 70s. She had believed the message most of us get via the media that sex and pleasure are the realm of the young. In the

final episode she talks to a 72 and 75-year-old hetero couple who still have regular sex. The woman says she's having the best orgasms she's had in a long time. "When I turned up they told me they'd had sex that

**"WHEN I TURNED UP
THEY TOLD ME THEY'D
HAD SEX THAT MORNING
BECAUSE THEY KNEW I
WAS COMING OVER."**

morning because they knew I was coming over." Thomas has discovered that couples who are willing to commit to stay connected physically and emotionally can often have great sex until they die.

Another surprise was how many of the couples she talked to had gotten through an infidelity. "A lot of them had become stronger for it, because it made them really closely analyse what worked for them and what didn't." One woman turned to porn to learn how to give a really good blowjob so she could win her unfaithful husband back. Thomas believes maybe some people are better fit for straight monogamy. She's hoping

to explore swinging and polyamory (having multiple sexual partners) in a second season.

Children and teenagers have access to pornography in quantities unknown to previous generations. In episode 3, a teenage boy at an all-boys school talks about the effects on him and his friends “of what we could call toxic masculinity and rape culture”. He believes about 75 percent of the boys at his school are addicted to porn to some extent. While we as a society are making slow progress towards true gender equality, porn may be instilling harmful notions around sexual gender roles.

Thomas points out that the average school kid, “will get a lot more hours of pornography than they do about the other stuff – the real stuff”. For example, the podcast talks about the normalisation of coercive anal sex in heterosexual relationships. “That’s directly related to porn – girls expect to be pressured into something that they may not usually do and both males and females in that couple understand that it will be painful for a female and pleasurable for a male and that’s not a disincentive.”

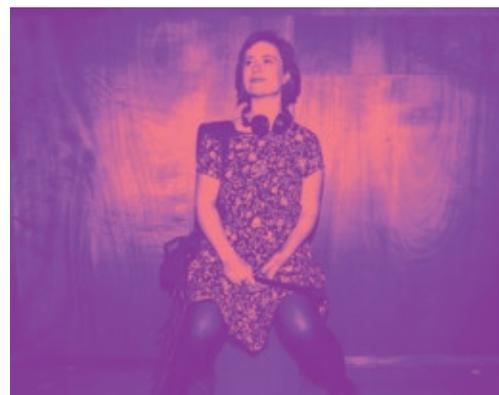
Thomas asked multiple experts about how to talk with kids about porn. “If we’re talking about kids being exposed to pornography at 10, 11, 12-years-old – how do you prepare them for that without exposing them before you need to?” There were some helpful answers around instilling media literacy from a young age, starting with dissecting ads and things like gender and cultural representation in children’s television, but when it came to the actual how to of protecting and preparing kids for inevitable exposure to porn, she didn’t get a satisfactory answer.

Episode 3 of *Bang!*, *Netflix and Chill*, is about dating and hooking up as a 20-something in New Zealand. Thomas explores how dating apps like *Tinder* have changed hook-up culture from the old pattern of getting pissed and hooking up with whomever you happen to bump into. She thinks one of the positive things about *Tinder* is “people can be really explicit about what they want, and so, if you are just out to hook up, then you can put that on your bio and other people who want to just hook up can find you easily, and that would potentially prevent a bit

of harm.” She believes most of us aren’t yet at the stage where we can discuss exactly what we want in a face-to-face interaction, “You might have an interaction with someone that didn’t feel good, but just stuff it down, as opposed to reflecting on what worked and what didn’t work about it for you and then using that going forward”. Thomas believes we need to be able to say, “this isn’t what we talked about. Let’s slow down a bit for a second and talk about it a bit more. We still can’t do that.”

“We talk about respect within a relationship, but when it comes to one-night-stands or sleeping with someone who’s slept with a few of your friends, respect isn’t compulsory. We need to look at why that happens as well. Respect needs to be something that happens in all sexual interactions.”

Bang! is a seven-part RNZ production. It is available on iTunes.



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The A to Z of people that exist

Chelle Fitzgerald

A Awkward Weed Dealer.

"How's it goin mate," he greets you as he takes you down to the back room that he rents at his brother in law's house. As you gaze around his room, your eyes are assaulted by the dusty collection of Jack Daniel's and Jim Beam shot glasses and other miscellaneous alcohol-related novelties that were probably 21st presents. He's 43 now, and still didn't have enough common sense to wrap up your shitty little tinnie between the time you texted him and the time you got here. As you watch him fumble about with his weed, you are a prisoner of unenlightening conversation. "Whatcha been up to?" you politely ask, impatiently willing him to hurry the fuck up so you can leave. "Oh not much," he says. But the damage is done. He pauses sorting your pot, because he can't concentrate on doing one thing with his hands while he uses his mouth to tell you about the time last week that he had a go at a parking officer. You wish you'd never asked, and wonder whether any high is worth enduring this.

B Boy Racers.

You'd better believe that Damo (self-appointed nickname) is out to make a name for himself on the Dunedin circuit in his Mitsubishi Evo (which is really just his mum's old Mitsubishi Lancer with an Evo body kit). He's got himself a sick rev counter, to make sure he's aware of the performance of his car around every turn, particularly the one out the back of the Meridian. Sticker tints provide discretion for the classy ladies sitting in the back-seat munning into some Cody's bogan and cokes. Damo's pretty much Vin Diesel tonight. Bein' fast, bein' furious. Enjoy your endless years of financing stuff you can't really afford, Damo.

C Clothing Store Employees.

You walk into a store, and out of nowhere, a grinning sales employee appears. "Can I help you with

anything in particular?" Hell, you're not even sure what store you're in - you need to get your bearings before interaction is forced upon you. Her plastic smile is as saccharine as her voice; she doesn't want to be asking you this any more than you want to be asked. 'Rescue me,' her eyes plead. Middle management is the real villain here; the retail employees are slaves, forced to harass customers whenever their jumped-up manager is within earshot. They hate their lives, and you should feed them treats and reassure them gently whenever the prick of a manager isn't looking.

D David "Avocado" Wolfe.

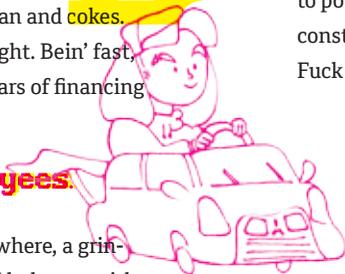
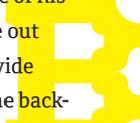
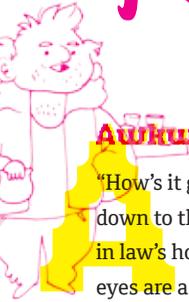
Just stop it. Pick up a science book and learn a science instead. And shut the hell up.

E Elderly Guy at Local Pub.

Uttering the rhetorical question, "ya winning, champ?" to literally anybody that approaches his Winnie Red and damp urine stench radius, this bloke thinks he is 'Somebody Important' at his local dive pub, because he goes there so fucking often. Constantly shuffling to and from the TAB self service machine, he loudly protests whenever a "bloody Chinese" wins the jackpot on the pokies, even though he only puts the odd twenty in himself. An ever-obnoxious fountain of sexual harassment, he leers at the poor female that has to pour his jugs of DB for him day in, day out, and constantly informs her that he "pays her wages". Fuck off and die already, "Gazza".

F Fop (Dandy).

An exquisite sight to behold.



Guy Who Tries to Play the Guitar at the Party.

James's eyes light up as he spies someone's guitar over there in the corner. He's been hitting on an uninterested girl for several hours now, and he knows how to make her want him. Picking up the guitar, he loudly proclaims he can play, and proceeds to play the opening riff of Smoke on the Water, but only on the top string, horribly out of time, and invariably fucking up the 6th and 7th notes. Good one James, you colossal dick.

Hilary Duff Films.

These can sneak up on you if you're not keeping a careful lookout. Never approach a Hilary Duff film without a friend for safety.

"If You Can't Handle Me at My Worst, You Don't Deserve Me at My Best."

After her fine secondary education at the 'School of Hard Knocks' and subsequent tertiary diploma from the 'University of Life', the natural progression for Mel was to become a full-time Facebook quote sharer. Marilyn Monroe quotes feature often, as do other pearls of wisdom urging others to live, laugh, and/or love. Mel's pretty keen on Playboy Bunny merchandise, especially the car seat covers, and she can often be found perusing the selection of discount sunglasses at Art Fun Wear.

Joint Facebook Account Couples.

Can someone please tell Julie and Richard that Facebook is a free service? You guys could both have ... your own identities on the internet. But \$100 says that Richard has cheated on Julie in the past and as, a result of her no-longer-existent trust in him, she's got him on a Level 5 Technological Lockdown. Richard wishes he could leave, but they made poor mortgage and lifestyle choices and he knows he'd be financially ruined if he tried. Richard and Julie hate their lives and often argue in hushed tones in the hallway at family Christmases, which is really awkward for everyone else.

Kayla.

Kayla is having her 19th birthday party tonight and all her best galfrands are out in force to help her celebrate! The pre-drinks have nearly taken her out, but Kayla is one determined motherfucker. Determined to have an AMAZEBALLS TIME, that is! You don't need to go looking for Kayla – she'll come to you, and it will be invariably in the bathroom as you are washing your hands. Kayla's all about girl power and sisterly support and she's waiting with toilet paper to dry your tears, or to gush about "how beautiful you are and if that guy doesn't see it then fuck him!" She's going to be a little bit embarrassed about her blackout behaviour when she's sitting at her insurance call-centre desk on Monday. But give it a few days, the shame will fade and before you know it, it's TGIF time again. We have all been Kayla. She's alright.

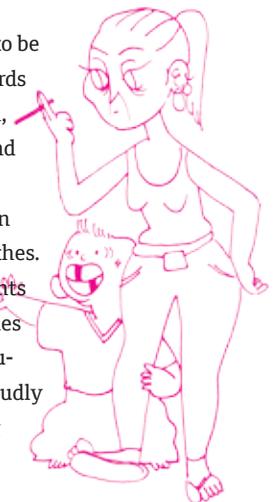


Long-Lost Hardashian Sister.

Yep, you'd better believe this one has an alarming array of bodycon dresses in every shade of brown and off-white. Sucking back a gallon of vodka-soda-with-fresh-lime, she arms herself with several thousand Lip Kits (not to worry, her handbag is as big as she is) before hitting the dance floor. Can be seen at 3am pouting at her phone in the queue at Maccas, heels in hand.

Milton Mum.

Shona's had a fucking gutsful. She's supposed to be visiting Steve in the Milton Hilton, but the guards have told her that she's not on the list. Enraged, she glues her hand to a denim-encrusted hip and gives them an earful. "Oi've told Kaidun, Shaidun, Braidun and Jaidun they're gunna see theer fathah today," she seethes. "Oi'm suck of thus shut!" Marching out, she lights up a dart. "Come on kuds," she snaps, as she piles them into the Ford Falcon. "Let's goiye to the supermarket." Allowing her children to scream loudly and run loose in a public place is the only thing that will cheer old Shones up today.



*For this, he thinks
he deserves a beej.
He doesn't.*

New Mum.

A photo of a baby wearing a headband with a flower pops up on your Facebook feed. Lying on the ground next to the baby is a small Kmart chalkboard, with "25 weeks" written on it. You wonder what the difference is between 25 weeks and 6 months, and whether someone who cannot round weeks into months should even be breeding. Your hand twitches. You want to type a comment telling them that 25 weeks is actually 6 months, and also everyone's getting real fucking sick of seeing weekly photos of their hideous baby wearing doilies and shit, lying next to a chalkboard. You refrain though, because they used to be a real person with their own personality, and maybe one day they will be again. Until such time, however, the Unfollow button will be employed by most.

Outraged White Woman in Her 40s.

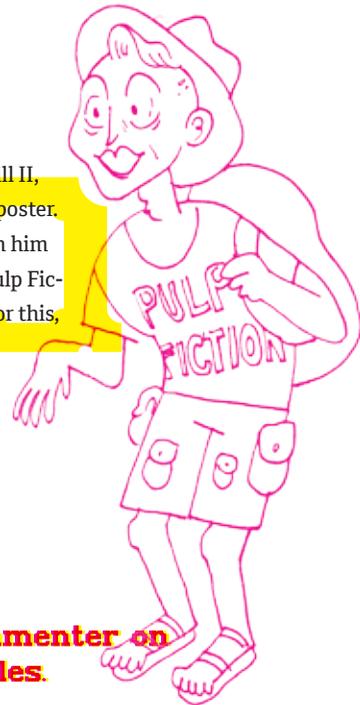
"Excuse me," Angela's clipped tone pierces the ears of all nearby shoppers. "Excuse me, but I need to return this item?" She brandishes a pink diamond-coated phone case, which houses an iPhone 3 with a cracked screen. The poor customer service guy braces himself and replies, "Sure. That model hasn't been available for eight years though, so it could be out of warranty. Have you got a receipt?" He's done it. The portal to hell opens wide. Everyone in the near vicinity retreats quietly, avoiding eye contact with Angela. She's hulking out of her floral kaftan, white capris and chunky necklace. The array of orange-to-camel foil-dyed chunks in her hair begin to glow. Her hair is long and straight at the front, and neatly bobbed at the back. It's irate. As everyone runs for their lives, all they can hear is Angela's nasal tone booming. "Can I speak to the manager!?" They speed up.

Pyramid Scheme Enthusiast.

"I've never felt more fit and healthy! Since starting my new nutritional supplement plan, I've lost 8kg in 3 hours! I recommend this to EVERYONE." - A typical Facebook post from the dreaded pyramid scheme sucker, who replies to everyone's comments of interest, "have PMed you". This person will suddenly start referring to themselves as a "wellness coach", "nutritional coach" or a "life coach" (they did a weekend course), and they will only make an effort with you because they think you are a business lead. You have been warned.

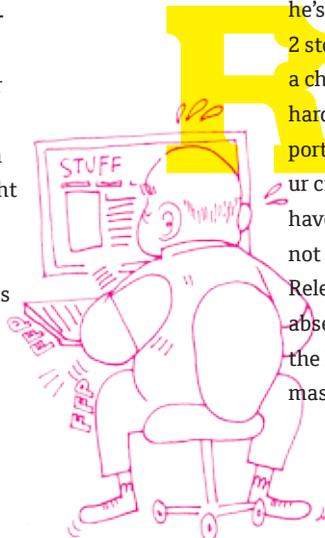
Quentin Tarantino Enthusiast.

He's seen it all. Pulp Fiction, Kill Bill, Kill Bill II, and Pulp Fiction. He's got the Pulp Fiction poster. You know the poster. Your second date with him will be him eagerly forcing you to watch Pulp Fiction while he talks along with the script. For this, he thinks he deserves a beej. He doesn't.



Right Wing Commenter on Stuff.co.nz Articles.

Cracking his knuckles with a flourish, Dave, a 41-year-old avid jerk, is ready to strike. An article about NZ's wealth gap has just popped up, and he's here to set the record straight. "People need 2 stop whinging and just do some bloody work 4 a change. Sitting at hm on the dole is just robbing hard wrking taxpayers, every1 has the same opportunities in life so quit ya whining and change ur circumstances. I work hard 4 my money, and have a house and boat. People are just lazy and not willing to put in the work." Releasing his chode from his beige chinos, he absentmindedly tugs away as he smugly watches the likes stream in from fellow self-righteous masturbating white men.



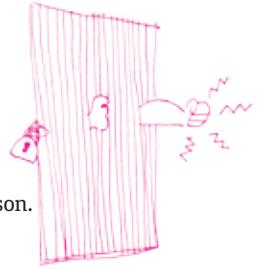
Sneaks: Enthusiast.

This rooster's never to be seen without a relaxed fit blue denim teamed up with an entry-level white New Balance trainer. Move over mate, your uncle here knows a thing or two about cooking a good steak on the barbie. Let him regale you with the stories of his latest TAB sports bet win, as your eyes are blinded by the white of his sneakers. He pauses his story only to take an "urgent phone call" from the phone clipped securely to his belt. The phone call isn't urgent at all; it's the video store asking him to return the DVDs that he rented (because he still rents DVDs). If David Brent had a baby with a less-angry Begbie from *Trainspotting*, this smooth criminal would be the outcome.



Violent Offenders.

To my knowledge, many of these are in prison.



Women's Soccer Coach.

Rhonda beams with pride as her team scores a goal. Noticing a female spectator cheering, she sidles up to the young lass and earnestly inquires whether she's ever considered joining the team herself, to which the girl replies that she's not very good. "All we ask is that you show up and give it your best go!" Rhonda spouts encouragingly, always hoping to increase numbers for the women's team. After the match, she lovingly totes a large net bag full of soccer balls to the clubrooms, to have a cheeky raspberry coke and maybe a packet of ready salted crisps.

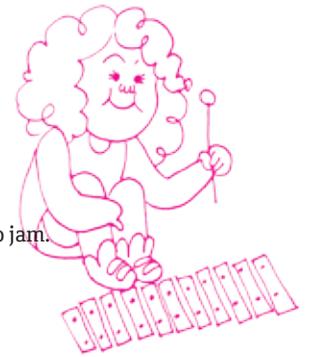


The Story Topper.

You can spot a Story Topper just by throwing out a sentence, i.e. "my uncle is a sheep farmer in Gore," to which he will reply, "My uncle is the CEO of the world's largest sheep factory". Settle down mate, it's not a competition. Well actually for the Story Topper, it IS. Don't ever bring up the following subjects with this guy: car accidents (his are always way more dangerous and mangled), workload (he is always busier/more stressed than you), unusual sleep patterns (he's an insomniac, in fact he is a case study for doctors all over the world, because they have never seen anyone with such a bad case of insomnia). In fact, it's best to just steer clear of this piss-stain.

Hylophone Players.

They're polite, deft, and always ready to jam.



Your Parents' Friends on Facebook.

Persistently creating Facebook status updates such as, "Thanks Jill, how are Brian and the kids? Love from us here in Brisbane," your parents' friends on Facebook are like your flatmate's girlfriend - you've accepted the friend request out of polite obligation, but why?? Apart from anxiously warning you not to accept a friend request from Jayden K. Smith, the parents' friend is usually harmless, and is only really here for Farmville.

Unprofessional Bosses.

One of the worst things about the workforce is the possibility of an unprofessional boss. Ugh. They want to be your friend, they want to have drinks with you, they want to then use your secrets against you and gleefully laugh at the power they have over you, as they send unsolicited dick pics to poor victims in their lunch hour.



Zumba Devotees.

Always shortish middle-aged women, who probably go more for that sisterhood feeling than for the workout. Bless ●



CONDUCTED WITH THE UTMOST CARE

With the student ghetto, couch burning, broken bottles and the Hyde St party, it's easy to villainise modern student behaviour. However, in contrast with their parents, grandparents, and greatgrandparents, students these days are angels.

Joel MacManus reports on the dangerous and disgusting history of student initiations.

The year is 1935 and you've just arrived at the University of Otago. It's probably your first time away from home, a few days' travel rather than a few hours. You show up, suitcase in hand, to the hall where you'll be living for the next four years. Soon you'll embark on the adventures of adult life, get your degree, meet someone special, settle down. But right now, it's late, and you're exhausted, wishing for nothing more than a hot supper and a warm bed.

But just a couple hours into your sleep, you're woken by a blood-curdling scream and a great pounding at your door. Masked figures burst into your room, grab you and drag you downstairs in nothing more than underwear and a pair of suspenders. "Get on your knees," they scream, as you're blindfolded. You stay there for over two hours, all the while copping earfuls of abuse. If you ask for food, you're fed a bun laced with Methe-lyne Blue, which changes the colour



of your urine for weeks. If you ask for a drink, hard liquor is shoved down your throat. Eventually you are dragged away to receive the ritual baptism of ox blood and engine oil. The blindfold is removed, and a group of young men dressed in jackets and ties erupt in applause. You've just completed the first step of your initiation into Selwyn College.

Then the freshers are rounded up and led by flaming torches to Studholme, where they treat the young ladies to a gentlemanly serenade: a haka, hoarsely bellowed, and probably poorly performed by a group of barely dressed upper class white men. Then the boys are tied together by a long line of rope with tin cans rattling on the end. They are marched to the footbridge of the Leith, where a cannon is fired and they plunge into the Leith, to race to the Dundas Street Bridge. The women of St Margaret's college are encouraged to enliven the proceedings by throwing flour, tomatoes, peaches and sod at the boys as they run. After they dry off they are invited to join St Margaret's for a dance, though unfortunately the copious amount of alcohol the boys had drunk causes the evening to be cut short, as the Warden feels the boys are being quite ungentlemanly in the way

they are "breathing beer on females".

1935 was the first running of what would become the oldest and most famous initiation ritual at the University of Otago, the Selwyn College Leith Run. Critic was on board with initiations right from the start, encouraging the rituals and calling freshers, "merely unpleasant animals, utterly unimportant and valueless ... in short, the scum of the University".

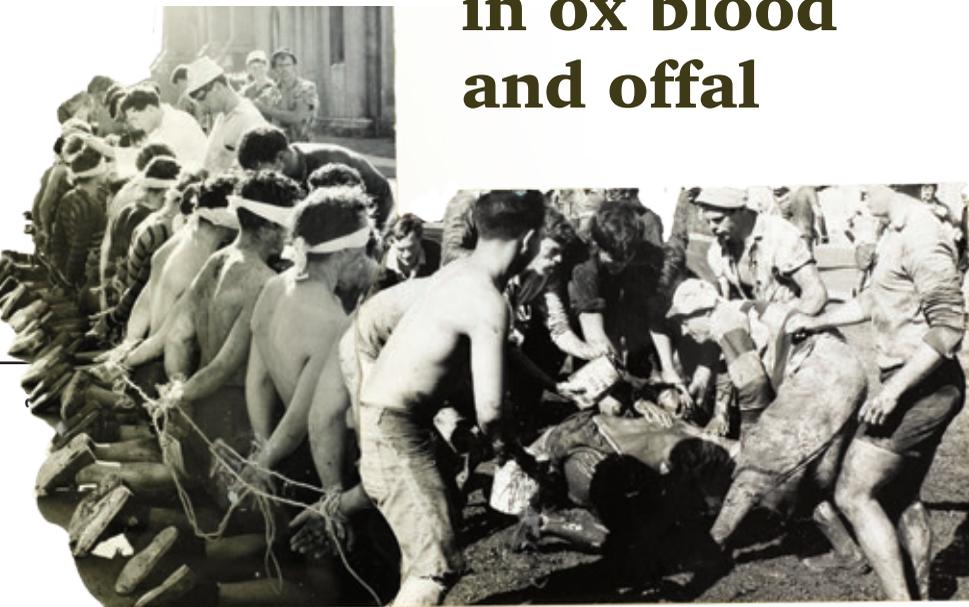
The current iteration of the Leith Run, now in its 82nd year, involves fresher boys carrying a heavy concrete bath along the river. Fresher girls follow them arm-in-arm, and second years walk alongside clutching cardboard shields to protect them from the barrage of eggs and other projectiles they're pelted with. There's a legend at Selwyn College that this tradition goes back over 100 years, starting with three theology students who stole a bath from Knox college and took to the river because they thought they were being chased by dogs. This doesn't appear to be based on any recorded history, as in the decades following the first running in 1935 there is no mention of a bath being part of the Leith Run. Indeed, when British documentarian Michael Palin observed the event in 1996, there was no bath to be seen. The

carrying of the bath therefore appears to be a recent addition. Both Selwyn and Knox did historically feature baths prominently in their initiation rituals, but in a very different way. Each kept a cold bath, often filled with kitchen slop, outside on the quad, which students would be forced to bathe in fully clothed as a punishment for rule-breaking – failing to wear a jacket in the dining hall, or disrespecting the president were common examples. Selwyn did away with bathing as a punishment in 1989, soon after female students started attending. The tradition carried on at Knox in various forms until as late as 2009.

Selwyn College was the first hall to develop any kind of intense ritual initiation, which even at the time were considered a cheap knock-off of American fraternity traditions. Other colleges soon followed. In 1938 it was reported that two lorry-loads of Knox freshers were found by police in the early hours of the morning tied up in their pyjamas in the middle of the Octagon in the pouring rain.

When Arana was founded in 1945, the first students put a lot of planning into how they would go about initiating those that would come after them. Unfortunately, by 1946 the numbers of new students vastly outnumbered the returners, the

the ‘good old days’ means being soaked in ox blood and offal



All images used with permission of Selwyn College Students Association and Hocken Collections, Uare Taoka o Hakena, University of Otago

meaning the very first initiation was almost overturned by a people’s rebellion. After being collected into the common room, the freshers were informed that an initiation was about to begin. The freshers revolted, desperate to escape whatever horrible punishment lay ahead. They banded together, forming scrums and attempting to break down the doors which the older students had chained shut. After realising the futility of their escape plan, they eventually settled down and accepted their fate. In a long line, the freshers were let out one by one on their hands and knees into a spanking train, where they were whipped with “knotted towels, blunt instruments, and stirrup,” while an enthusiastic band played jaunty tunes. They were then walked to the Leith, where they were ceremoniously baptised in its water. Afterwards, they were told to perform an impromptu talent show for the women of Carrington College. Critic reported it was

won by a “hot boy playing saxophone in his underwear”.

This tradition was apparently dropped entirely, as by 1949 the process was entirely different. The young men and women of Arana and Carrington were stripped, painted head to toe with sticky molasses, and covered in black fluff to make them look like sheep. They were then paraded around the university by their ‘shepherds’, before the traditional dip in the Leith. The Carrington girls were spared the swim and made to perform a dance instead.

St Margaret’s was slow to create its own rituals, though in 1958 the Dunedin Evening Star carried a photo of the college’s fresher girls being paraded around wearing rugby jerseys, their hands tied behind their backs, and their faces painted like clowns.

Early initiations at Otago weren’t just about humiliation and physical prowess though, there was of course plenty of

alcohol. 1937 saw Selwyn College introduce the Turner Tossing Trophy, which was presented annually to the fresher who could scull two pints the fastest. The trophy is still awarded, though no longer for drinking. However, it was Knox who were truly responsible for turning initiations into drunken affairs. In the 1930s the Knox initiation involved a midnight dip into a dirty duck pond, but by the mid-1940s the ritual required freshers to dig their own shallow graves and lie there while older students poured liquor down their throats, often until they passed out.

It wasn’t until the 1950s that initiations started to get some push back from the moral authorities. In 1959 a 19-year-old Arana student was taken to hospital unconscious after falling off a ladder during an attempt to ‘raid’ Carrington College. It was covered on the front page of the Otago Daily Times four days straight, and resulted in the first ever public call by a University of Otago Vice-Chancellor for more sensible initiations, asking “The more mature among the students to take control to such matters”. Knowing their initiation that year would garner national attention, Selwyn College students sarcastically held up large signs reading, “This initiation is being conducted with the utmost care”.

Despite Selwyn’s attempt to make a joke out of the whole situation, the incident at the Arana initiation caused a media firestorm. It was soon followed up by claims that another initiation-related injury, a concussion from 1952, had been misreported. At the time, it was written that the boy had slipped on some grass. As more information came out, it was revealed that his hands had been tied behind his back and he had received a forceful blow from an older student. This came soon after news of a student in Adelaide drowning during an initiation ritual. Four of the Adelaide student’s initiators were charged with manslaughter.

By June of that year, the Lecturers' Association had requested that the University Council ban initiations altogether. In 1960 it was announced that any initiation which "brings discredit upon the university" would result in disciplinary action. St Margaret's and Arana toned down initiations and introduced more individualised activities. Without Arana to partner with, Carrington didn't bother with initiations at all. At Knox, the University Chancellor set down a hard ban, though they continued in secret and soon popped up again in the following years.

Selwyn was the lone holdout; in fact they apparently made their initiations even more brutal. The 1965 Selwyn College Record reports that the initiation, "took the usual form of egging, blueing, drenching (outside and in) and tar and feathering, except for the introduction of large quantities of compost, which added a distinctive flavour to the proceedings". Over the course of the 1960s, Selwyn would introduce a mud fight (which still exists to this day), and would often dump large drums of offal on selected freshers.

Through the 1970s and '80s initiations at Selwyn and Knox continued to receive plenty of negative media attention. Some, including the Wardens, thought the introduction of girls to the colleges would tone things down, suggesting it would reduce the "barbaric, masochistic drinking culture". Going co-ed was not a popular idea, in fact after the idea was proposed the Selwyn College Students' Association wrote a formal letter to the Warden requesting that he "get fucked," calling women "a malignant tumour, a cancer that threatens to kill Selwyn as we know it ... they hold a destructive attitude to the tradition and life".

Women by all accounts got on board with the traditions quickly. Initiations in the '80s were a mix of heavy drinking and psychological torture. Freshers would be frequently subjected to verbal abuse and have their bedroom doors chainsawed down in the middle of the night,

some would be told to wear toilet seats around their necks all week. A common scare tactic included a 'Castration Board' which random names would be added to over the course of O Week. At the end of the week it would be revealed that it was nothing more than a list of names.

In 1988 a drunken attempt at running the Leith left five students with minor injuries, mostly bruising and strained muscles. That's when the government stepped in. A report provided to Prime Minister David Lange on the incident led to the Ministry of Education lobbying the Board of Otago Halls to take a series of steps to eliminate the ceremonies, even though a survey of first year students found them overwhelmingly supportive of the traditions. The next year, O Week was a far more subdued affair. The Leith Run remained, as did many other traditions, but they would be done while sober, and the more dangerous and humiliating rituals were scrapped. The university exerted its influence and was willing to crack down not just on the stu-

dents, but also on the halls that participated in dangerous rituals.

Nowadays initiations are totally banned. While, they still exist in many forms, for halls, sports teams, and clubs, they survive by rebranding as 'bonding' or 'get togethers', and, while they still often involve healthy levels of alcohol, they're a far cry from what once was. Any student who forces someone to drink or engage in any dangerous initiation activity can face serious repercussions from the Proctor's office.

Many an Otago student will bemoan the days gone by, pining for brutality of the 1930s. Halls these days can make one feel coddled sometimes. It can be frustrating to be told what you can and can't do as a legal adult. But when the 'good old days' means being soaked in ox blood and offal, passing out in a hole in the ground, and risking serious injury, that's probably a good thing. There're plenty of opportunities to get fucked up and do embarrassing things at uni, but at least you can do those of your own volition ●

Remember the only person with the power to veto your lease is your landlord. You don't have to take part in any dangerous or demeaning behaviour. Don't learn from the older generations – repeating their idiotic behaviour could hurt someone or get you permanently kicked out of uni.

The Proctor says:

The difference between good fun and a situation that's not OK is the type of impact it has on everyone involved. If it's good fun with your mates that does not cause harm or upset to anyone else, damage property, or breach the law and/or Student Code of Conduct then it's probably fine.

However, any ritual that causes harm to others is not acceptable. I'd urge students

to think carefully to make sure everyone's welfare is considered when they are planning their events. Common sense plays a big role here. Here's a link to information about the Code to have a read of: <http://www.otago.ac.nz/otago085274.pdf>

If students would like advice about what they are planning, they are welcome to contact the Proctor's Office.

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



CLUES:

These animals are closely related to scorpions and crabs

There are only four species of this specimen in the world

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



LAST WEEK'S MYSTERY OBJECT was the Falkland Islands wolf. Falkland Islands wolves were the only terrestrial mammals of the Falkland Islands which lie about 460 km from Argentina. How they got to this isolated island is a bit of a mystery. >

> One theory is that they migrated to the Falkland Islands on narrow, frozen straits over the sea. The wolves were discovered in 1690 and were alive when Charles Darwin arrived in the Island in 1833-34. They are now extinct; the last individual is believed to have been killed in 1876. The specimen at the Otago Museum is one of the very few specimens left in the world.

CONGRATULATIONS Sara and Madeleine FOR FINDING
THE WOLF. YOU ARE GOING TO LIFE BEFORE DINOSAURS:
PERMIAN MONSTERS!

Monday 25 September

ONE-HIT WONDER DAY Come on Eileen, bring back those teenage dirtbag vibes!

Tuesday 26 September

LOVE NOTE DAY Go on, tell them you like them.

Wednesday 27 September

CRUSH A CAN DAY It's on a par with crunching shells underfoot and peeling PVA from your hands. Easily the most satisfying day this week!

Thursday 28 September

GOOD NEIGHBOUR DAY, DRINK BEER DAY Name a more iconic duo. There's nothing like making friends with the neighbours over a few beersies.

Friday 29 September

ASK A STUPID QUESTION DAY

While it sounds like a bit of a joke, today is actually about encouraging people to overcome their fear of looking stupid and ask educators questions. Though, feel free to take it literally and ask your tutors something ridiculous.

Saturday 30 September

EXTRA VIRGIN OLIVE OIL DAY

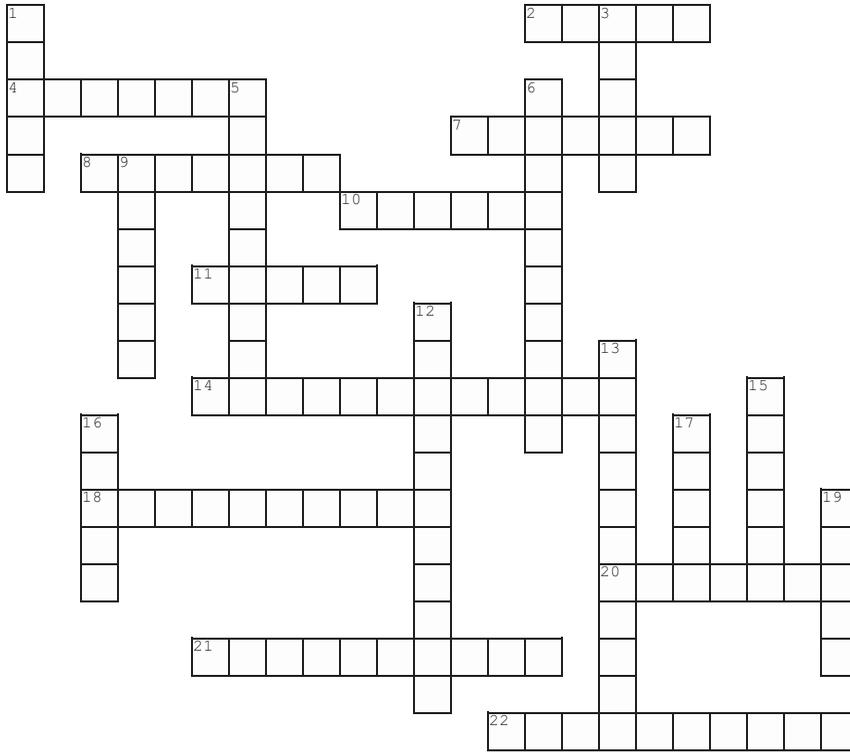
Never have I questioned what "extra virgin" means – apparently this oil is unrefined and so retains all its goodness. I find the image of a bedazzled #extra Virgin Mary much more amusing.

Sunday 1 October

INTERNATIONAL COFFEE DAY

God knows why this day isn't on a Monday.

C****WORD



by Chelle Fitzgerald

Across

- 2. A really vivid dream state, _____ dreaming
- 4. Māori name for Dunedin
- 7. To lose lustre, especially when exposed to air or moisture
- 8. Used in squash and tennis
- 10. The largest tropical rainforest in the world
- 11. Helium, Neon, Argon, Xenon, Krypton, Radon - _____ gases
- 14. A word that sounds like its meaning
- 18. The largest desert in the world
- 20. Author of The Canterbury Tales, Geoffrey _____
- 21. Financial crime, money _____
- 22. Excessively vengeful.

Down

- 1. Fur scarf/shawl
- 3. Popular classic font, _____ Sans
- 5. Anti-inflammatory drug
- 6. Glacier on the west coast of NZ (5,5)
- 9. Early calculator.
- 12. Buffet
- 13. Cross between a keyboard and a harp
- 15. The best magazine ever
- 16. Shady conniving person, _____ in the grass
- 17. Japanese comics
- 19. Jurassic petrified forest near the Catlins, _____ Bay Forest

INVENTIONS OUT OF TIME:

- Penicillin (1/5)
Helps people live longer and prolong the misery of existence. Also, misleadingly does not contain pencils.
- Sex (1.5/5)
Too much tiring effort.
- The Wheel (3.5/5)
Rolls pretty well. Not much use for other things.
- Boats (5/5)
Poop deck.
- Long black hooded robes (4.5/5)
Great for being spooky and concealing your identity from those who would harm you. Not to be confused with long white hooded robes (0/5).
- Agriculture (0.5/5)
The source of all the boring things in life; root vegetables, sheep, tractors, farmers, capitalism, fields.
- War (0/5)
Responsible for some truly average films.

- 1. What is a group of cats called?
- 2. What is the name of the haircut worn by some monks where some or all the hair on the scalp is shaved as a sign of religious devotion or humility?
- 3. What is another name for the oviduct in the human body?
- 4. What is the first law of thermodynamics?
- 5. What is the third main ingredient in Coco Carla after carbonated water and sugar?

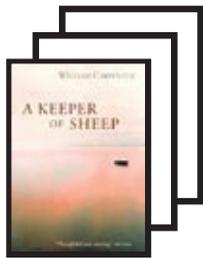
(1) A clowder, (2) Tonsure, (3) Fallopian tube, (4) The law of conservation of energy, (5) Colour (caramel E150d)

QUIZ ANSWERS:

C**WORD ANSWERS:**

- Across
- 2. Lucid
- 4. Opepoti
- 7. Tarnish
- 8. Racquet
- 10. Amazon
- 11. Noble
- 14. Onomatopoeia
- 18. Antarctica
- 20. Chaucer
- 21. Laundering
- 22. Vindictive
- Down
- 1. Stole
- 3. Comic
- 5. Ibuprofen
- 6. Franz Josef
- 9. Abacus
- 12. Smorgasbord
- 13. Harpsichord
- 15. Critic
- 16. Snake
- 17. Manga
- 19. Cutie

BOOKS



A Keeper of Sheep—William Carpenter

 Zoe Taptiklis

The cover of this novel almost tries to warn you off with its bleeding grey pinks. Any millennial trying to express themselves through the last available port, fashion, should chain a copy of *A Keeper of Sheep* around their neck.

Carpenter's novel is a must read for anyone who wholeheartedly classifies themselves as an anything-'ist' (veganist, communist, cyclist). We must begin with Penguin, who hated Penny, which was short for Penelope, which is her real name. Penguin, is, if John Green had anything to do with it, a manic pixie dream girl. A feminist,

"maybe it was just that as a female I'd been shielded all my life from that level of macho hermeneutics, so I was not trained to understand. Prick up your ears"

who smooshes angry instructions for her parents on their bathroom mirror, "DIVORCE", in the newest Yves Saint Laurent red lipstick. Then there is some sort of issue with burning down a frat house in response to rape claims, eventuating in poor old Penguin being shipped off to Cape Cod. Enter rest of novel (as not detailed on goodreads.com). Imagine the *Last Song*, and then make it a book, and then make it everything that a good book is. That is where Carpenter takes you.

Carpenter's success with this novel arguably derives from his success as an award-winning poet. Carpenter's narrative is finely orchestrated and deliberately executed, which results in stirring realisations in both his protagonist and his readers; that maybe the reason people treat you like a cow is not because they misunderstand you, but because you are acting like a self-entitled, annoying cow. What drives this novel's success as a bildungsroman is Carpenter's inescapable use of irony, friendly scathe and wit. He masterfully employs the poet's ability to show you what to hear, and tell you what to see.

"Richard and Dorothy were still in the romantic phase ... The worst of what people did to each other were the deceptions, because when you love someone you control their version of reality, and if you lie to them, that's like making them autistic, so what they think is the truth is not their true situation at all. I lied from time to time myself, so I knew what that kind of control was about."

A Keeper of Sheep brilliantly understands the naivety of a 20-something year old. Old enough to know stuff, but not old enough to experience or understand it. Carpenter, most importantly, captures the taste of the events that push 20-something year olds to develop a dark, dry and occasionally bored sense of humour. *A Keeper of Sheep* ultimately praises the damage and abandonment that turns us into fully fledged adults.

MUSIC

LETTER FROM THE MUSIC EDITOR

I've never seen live chamber music, but after reading this week's review by Isaac Shatford, my curiosity was piqued. A quick YouTube search of Bella Hristova followed... "She's pretty good," I thought to myself, "I'll just watch her interpretation of *Rachenitsa* one more time..."

Three days passed. I lost sleep and delirium ensued. "I'll just play *Rachenitsa* again and then I'll go," but I could not tear my eyes away from the dexterous playing of this Bulgarian violinist. Chamber music! Where have you been all my life?!

And for those who like their music to sound like a cassette dug out from the earth encrusted with layers of dirt, we haven't forgotten about you. You know the stuff. RZA beats. Jeff & Jane Hudson analogue distortion. The unapologetic peaking frequencies of bedroom producers. The other type of chamber music, where synth quartets are conducted by malfunctioning drum machines. This week we explore recent releases from Night School Records and SDZ Records as they join this archive of sonic grit.

—Bianca

MICHAEL HOUSTOUN &
BELLA HRISTOVA PLAYING
SOME CHAMBER MUSIC

MORE IN MUSIC:
STACIAN



C.I.A. DEBUTANTE



turn page for more...



MICHAEL HOUSTOUN & BELLA HRISTOVA

5 September, Glenroy Auditorium

There's nothing quite like live chamber music. I'm not just saying that because I don't have tickets to Ed Sheeran. There's something magical about seeing two or more instrumentalists in musical conversation. I can't think of a better example of this than Beethoven's sonatas for violin and piano. As for our two musicians of the evening... they're some of the best you'll ever hear.

When I was 12, I went with one of my best friends to see a 22-year-old Bella Hristova performing Sibelius's Violin Concerto. We were both violinists, and we were both completely mind-blown. My friend turned to me afterwards and said, "wow, we've only got 10 years to be as good as that!"

9 years on... yeah-nah, probably not happening. Hristova is a world-class violinist who calls Aotearoa

her favourite country, and we're very lucky to have her here again. I'm also particularly excited about this evening's pianist; the man whose Beethoven sonatas I've had on recording for as long as I can remember. Timaru-born Michael Houston has also made his name on the international stage, particularly as an interpreter of Beethoven. When my mum found out I had a ticket to see these two legends performing together, she practically apparated to Dunedin (someone else I hadn't seen in a while!).

The evening began with Beethoven's 5th sonata, "Spring". You know... that piece massacred by so many wee students that the violin teachers in the audience were probably battling PTSD. The audience certainly felt on edge as we anticipated the famous opening melody, and I'm sure Hristova and Houston were aware of that. The duo mastered the balance between familiarity and surprise. Each statement of the theme felt new, yet resonated with the same heartfelt gaiety that gives the sonata its appeal. What also struck me was Hristova's immense control over the bow. Her ability to produce the warmest tone from the

slowest bow-stroke, and sustain it, is simply incredible.

They followed on with a sonata I'd never heard before, but am now head-over-heels in love with. The 6th Sonata in A major is as graceful as its predecessor, but with a charming simplicity we don't often associate with Beethoven. The difficulty of the piano part warrants a mention. Listening to Michael Houston's left-hand scales, I couldn't help but think, "that very hand has toured New Zealand playing Ravel's left-handed Concerto". The showmanship of each musician came to the fore in the final movement. My new favourite, Theme & Variations, juxtaposes elegance, humour, and a pinch of rage. Amidst technical challenges, Hristova and Houston managed to exploit the stark changes in the character of the movement, making for my favourite performance of the evening.

Beethoven's 10th and final sonata foreshadows many of the "heroic" compositional traits which would redefine western art music. So much elaborate storytelling is extrapolated from a simple ornamental motif. It's absolutely riddled with enough plot-twists to make Scorsese proud. I was in awe of how easily the two musicians facilitated such a difficult, expansive work.

Every subtle change of tone or gesture in phrasing that one musician made, the other musician was able to respond and adapt to. That, in its essence, is what world-class music making is. When two or more people share the same attitude, the same humour, the same passion for music, and manage to convey it to each-other.

And that is why there's nothing quite like live chamber music.

✍ Isaac Shatford



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MUSIC

From Chamber Music to Echo Chamber...

TWO FUTURE SYNTH CRUNCH CLASSICS UNEARTHED

by Bianca Prujean

Person L — Stacian from Night School Records

On 9 September 2017, Night School Records dropped 'Person L', the latest full-length offering from Stacian. The call and response vocals on opening track 'Volx' may have you mistaking Stacian for your new favourite electronic duo, but this is the solo project of Oakland-based artist, Dania Luck. 'Person L' is eight tracks of synth biology, the allure of the lo-fi enclosed in bass-drenched walls of sound that are sonically full and satisfying. Tracks like 'Volx' and 'Headstand' evoke the warmth of a body cavity, while 'Telephony' takes us to a club located deep within the heart valve where the amplifiers pulsate with membrane. The deeper into the album we go, the darker the arpeggiations. Night School Records describes the album as "technoid dystopia". Listen to what 'Person L' has to say. They might just save you. If you can figure out how to use their space-telephone.



We Will Play For Spirits — C.I.A. Debut from SDZ Records

Paris-based imprint SDZ Records delivered a similarly lush and squirming organism on 8 September in the guise of 'We will play for spirits', a generous full-length album from C.I.A. Debutante. A project created by Paul Bonnet and Nathan Roche in 2016, C.I.A. Debutante has already amassed half a dozen cassettes in their catalogue of releases. Like painting over a canvas so many times that the paint peels and cracks in places, while retaining a shadow of the original image beneath, 'We will play for spirits' is densely layered and mysterious. On 'Phonetapping' and 'Forty-eight dollars a night neon', delicate synths and miniature drum machine cymbals are penetrated by crushing vocals and screaming frequencies swathed in distortion. Loosely inspired by an "air crash," each song seems guided by the harmony of alien lifeforms. A harmony disturbed by an unfamiliar relic—a muffled human voice captured on chewed up tape-loop. One could listen for eternity and never unravel the code.

'Person L' and 'We will play for spirits' are two landscapes worth getting lost in. They are two elusive, yet strangely nostalgic, heartbeats. Amid the layers of synth, drum machine, distortion, delay, and vox, there is haunting beauty and comfort to be found here. Just listen to the grounding synth meditations at the bottom of the mix in Stacian's 'GNoMoN' and C.I.A. Debutante's 'I heard you paint houses'. The more you listen, the more it reveals itself and the less you know.



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Arts

INK at Railway St Studios, Auckland

Peter Dornauf

The art world, though it would deny it, has its own set of well-established hierarchies. It needs to look down on something and that something is print works, which is ironic given that Pop Art, one of the major revolutions in the history of art, employed printing techniques. Both Warhol and Rauschenberg were lauded for it by the art establishment.

In an attempt to challenge such archaic pecking orders, a group of five printmakers are currently exhibiting in Auckland.

Waikato based Carole Shephard is one of those artists, showing a series of new works that enter the territory of abstraction. Her collaged forms, random shapes that float on an undifferentiated ground, juxtaposed and overlapping in places, present colours and textures that provide hints of things that spark and generate recollections. These delicate, luminous and layered forms, trace elements, represent memory fragments that collect in the mind over time and hover, sometimes with shades of melancholy, as past and present jostle for position. Now living in Kawhia after years as an urbanite, Shephard has become more open to nature and its changing moods, prompting an introspective exploration of forms that are simply allusive rather than denotative.

Prue MacDougall follows the nature theme. Her black and white portraits of women, heads layered

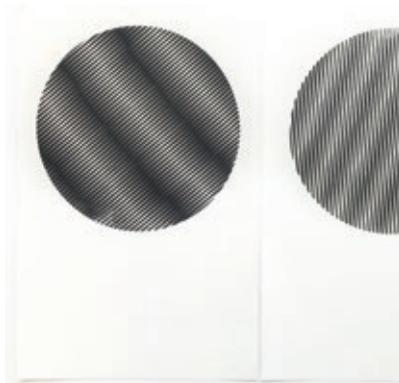
in flowers and other flora reminded one in their compositional format of that early surrealist, Arcimboldo. The tondo format adds an old world feel to the imagery which places us in the terrain of the maypole and the goddess Flora, but the message is contemporary. Eco-Feminism is here pronounced.

Deborah Crowe does a similar collaged and layering effect to present her own ecological leitmotif. Dense foliage-like forms crowd her canvas and overlay hints of architectural shapes as if nature has invaded the city with vengeful overgrowth. The resultant textural images becomes an almost lush abstract expressionist palette.

In contrast, Christine Wylie's photo prints have pared back the image to minimal abstract forms that present as 3D origami shapes, triangular configurations in black and white that remind one of Malevich and his pure suprematist paintings.

In a similar tradition, Steve Lovett and Amanda Wright have taken a leaf out of Bridget Riley's Op Art painting oeuvre and presented toned down abstractions in black and white that use circular formations crisscrossed with grids of various kinds. These move and play with optical illusions as the geometrics are interrupted by shimmering shadows. Static and kinetic thus interweave in mesmerizing ways.

What this show demonstrates is that the print medium can match anything paint can deliver.



↑ detail: STEVE LOVETT & AMANDA WRIGHT; 'IN PURSUIT OF ERRORS'



↑ DEBORAH CROWE; 'AN OTHER WORLD'

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ART
DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY

Francis Upritchard Land 2012 (detail). Wardrobes, modelling material, watercolour
 Courtesy: Kate MacGarry, London. Photo: Christian Capurro ▶

Francis Jealous
Upritchard Saboteurs

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 Presented as an exhibition partnership between City Gallery Wellington and Monash University Museum of Art, Melbourne and supported by City Gallery Wellington Foundation.

itch.io & Indie Games



Itch.io is a website that has 100s of games, both free and premium, to download. You can also donate to creators of games and choose what to pay for purchase! How incredible is that? Game accessibility has been hugely increased through mobile free to play games, however it is extremely rare that iOS and Android games are experimental or story driven. They are driven mostly through in app purchases and ad revenue.

Itch.io is the opposite of this. You can pay small amounts for shorter, arguably richer, experiences, which are all accessible to anyone with access to a PayPal account. It's a creative hub of weird and wonderful games, created by small teams or even just one person. Giving money to these games makes me feel real good and I wish I had discovered it sooner. Having these shorter experiences gave me momentum to keep playing games every week (trust me, this ends up becoming harder to do when you actually end up working in games). More well known games also feature, like Fullbright's Tacoma and Finji's Night in the Woods, plus they are direct downloads from the creators so are cheaper than Steam. I thought I would list a couple of games to help you to dip your toes into the somewhat overwhelming world of itch.io.

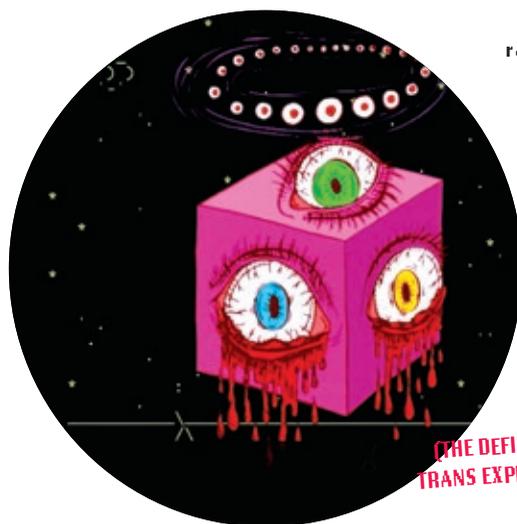
Lisa Blakie

36



Where the Goats Are by Memory of God

While still a little buggy, I really enjoyed the bittersweet tone of this game and the way it builds its world through simple letter communication and subtle changes in the environment. You play as an elderly woman, a protagonist never really seen in games, who has stubbornly stayed on her small plot of land, milking goats and making cheese. Her contact with the outside world is only through letters received from her relatives, which effectively tell the story of the game, day by day. Also, not sure if there is much strategy to farming but one of my goats died before I got the chance to trade it, very upsetting for a particularly sensitive vegetarian like myself.



Genderwrecked by Gendervamp

Currently only available as a demo, this game has some of the funniest writing I have come across. You can kiss, talk to, or fight a bunch of monsters, all in the pursuit of trying to understand what gender is. Obviously, supporting queer content is important, and Genderwrecked is something I cannot wait for in its entirety.

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Est. 1925

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rating
5/5

Cibele by starmaidgames

Nina Freeman, an angel and one of my favourite people in game development, created this game from a real life experience she had in college. The game takes you through her life online, specifically through the interactions that you have with a love interest on an online game called Valtameri. Eventually, you meet up in real life and have sex, and while I don't want to spoil much of it, the game does a fantastic job of characterisation in a self reflective position. This is one of my favourite games of all time so please spend the whole \$10 and play it for yourself.



rating
3/5

Afterlife: The Game by OmaiGawd

This game is a super silly reaction based adventure game about your life as a ghost. It's kind of like the impossible quiz, but less infuriating and more entertaining. Thinking about death can be pretty hardcore scary, but if you think about the afterlife as the series of events that occur during this game, it doesn't seem so bad.

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FILM

PARIS CAN WAIT

DIRECTOR: ELEANOR COPPOLA

★☆☆☆☆

RELEASED 2016

I really, really wanted this to be the Eat, Pray, Love we all deserve, but all this film made me feel was hungry. Eleanor Coppola’s Paris Can Wait follows Anne (Diane Lane), the wife of a loving but distant movie producer and his business partner Jacques (Arnaud Viard) as various circumstances result in the duo undertaking a scenic road trip, wining and dining their way from Cannes to Paris. Anne, initially impatient to reach her destination and hesitant over Jacques’ spontaneity and seductive Frenchman ways, finds herself relaxing into his company.

If you’re an avid foodie, you may want to see this. Or if you’re a hopeless romantic dreaming of the French countryside, but seriously, that’s it. There is no romance, comedy, charm, investment in developed characters, or even a decent soundtrack (Coppola shamelessly inserts a relative’s music because we’ll “like this band, they’re French”).

Then came the awkward bonding scenes; sitting in a car juggling said relative’s band and Mozart in near silence while these 2D, incredibly dull, yet highly privileged, characters force out occasional sob stories in a desperate attempt to make the audience feel anything but the desire for the pair to choke on their brie. It gets worse. Jacques forward behaviour towards a married woman, one who parries away each seemingly unwanted advancement and puts up with his suspicious need to use her credit card at every Michelin restaurant, ultimately misses the mark, rendering his cliché character unwelcome and the requisite of this interest unfathomable. Paris Can Wait is an exquisite advertisement for gastronomic enterprises and European OEs, but you’ll certainly need that bottle of wine it’ll make you crave, if only to compensate for the utter sobering dryness of this film.

Review: Gem MacDuff



FILM

ROUGH NIGHT

DIRECTOR: LUCIA ANIELLO

★★☆☆☆

RELEASED 2017

Amped for a kick-ass, unabashedly feminist film about a bunch of fierce yet comic women fighting the good fight, I have to say I was disappointed. Wonder Woman was sold out. Instead I was ushered into a nearly empty cinema to see Lucia Aniello’s “Rough Night”. In a slightly unhinged comedy that brings new, ludicrous plot twists around every corner, Scarjo and an ensemble cast scramble to cover up the manslaughter of a stripper, hired to entertain their bachelorette weekend. The film features copious amounts of alcohol, drug use, cringe-worthy jokes and ladies behaving badly.

Nostalgic for the good ol’ college days, the film follows a group of friends as they bond again after years apart, making plans to avoid the authorities as Scarjo’s character’s fiancé and counterpart stag do crew undertake an equally hilarious journey to win back the woman of his dreams. Like many, I’ll see pretty much anything featuring Scarlett Johansson, but if you want to save yourself ten dollars, you can watch all the best bits in the clips already released on Youtube. However, I was surprised at how disarmingly fleshed out and likable each of the characters were; there’s probably a BuzzFeed quiz that likens you to one of them.

This film brought up some very real gender inequality arguments, but if you’re just there to have a good time, never fear; there’re plenty of obscene jokes and, what we all want as the backbone of any film, an actual plot. While a standard formula, what makes this a fresh story is the attention to the backstory of each character, investing the audience in the group until we are rooting for the team to get away with murder. Rough Night isn’t mindblowing, but it wasn’t the worst film I’ve seen this year.

Review: Gem MacDuff

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FOOD

Dumplings are one of those things that test every ounce of my willpower every single time. How the fuck are they so good? Anyone who says they don't like dumplings should be charged with treason as far as I am concerned.

I make mine in a bamboo steamer (which you can pick up from Kmart really cheap), but fried dumplings are delicious in their own right.

I'd rate them a solid 7/10 in their hangover curing ability, which follows closely behind chips and gravy.

They are a bit laborious, I must admit. Although the mixture comes together very quickly, and then it's just a case of putting the mixture in skins. Why not grab ya' flattie and have an old fashioned bitch at the same time!?

● Liani Baylis

Makes about 20 dumplings (size dependent)

Ingredients:

- 2 cups of finely shredded cabbage
- 2 grated carrots
- 150 grams of firm tofu, finely diced
- 1 teaspoon of crushed ginger
- 2 cloves of garlic
- 2 tablespoons of soy sauce
- 1 tablespoon of lemon juice
- ½ teaspoon of coriander seeds
- 2 teaspoons of dried coriander
- Dumpling skins

Method

1. Shred, grate and dice the first three ingredients and mix together in a bowl
2. Combine everything else (except the dumpling skins, SMH I hope you're not that thick) in a glass and pour over the mixture
3. Mix everything well
4. Wet the outer rim of the dumpling skin with water and place about a teaspoon of mixture in the middle
5. Fold the dumpling skin over itself and pinch the edges together to create a seal (they should be robust, but not exploding)
6. Repeat and lay them on a chopping board or something similar—don't let them touch or they might stick



Fried dumplings:

1. Panfry in oil for about 4 minutes a side on a medium heat in a decent amount of frying oil

Steamed dumplings:

1. Line a bamboo steamer with baking paper and place the dumplings spaced out in a single layer
2. Pour about 3 centimetres of water in a frying pan and bring to a boil
3. Once rolling, add the steamer to the water and cook the dumplings for 3 minutes before alternating the two layers so the bottom layer becomes the top so they cook evenly
4. Cook for a further 4 minutes and serve immediately with soy/hoisin sauce or sesame oil



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This is the time to strike, the time for us to be reborn, a native imbalance, restoring the faith of our past.

Once again, we've failed, failed to reinvigorate our retinas, failed to reach the desired result. We were once great, now we're shredded, dreaded, beheaded. Thoughtless opinions, existence, belonging. The SOVEREIGNTY OF OUR LIVES

We shatter, scatter, bloom, like a dust particle, a retro lifetime ARTICLE!!

Distance, discover, hover and glide, we're all trying to sit on the same side....

...of the see-saw.

It begins anew, wandering to the never ending horizon, as we dissolve into madness

"Ice cubes"

9:30, it's a mirage, a reflection, SOY SAUCE. It's repugnant, putrid, a disgrace to mankind.

If we all glance sideways, are we really glancing sideways???? That's wrong, it's a thong, a jandal, a man named Randall.

It's all Randall's fault.

— Brennan Gale



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THE HELL HOLE WORM

There was a tiny dot on the end of my nose; a single pore with a pinpoint of yellow gunk. I scratched it, then, when it didn't move, I squeezed it.

A tiny tiny worm arced out and plonked its weeny yellow head onto the skin on my nose. A teeny pore-worm. Nice. The worm was wriggling. It wasn't wriggling from the pressure that had suddenly propelled it through the membranous surface; it was an autonomous wriggling, as though it was nuzzling into the surface of my skin with its little bum. Then it pushed itself in. A gentle wave of euphoric and erotic pleasure swelled and swept from the top of my head to the ends of my toes. I melted into a sensuous goo.

The sensation faded. I leaned in close to try to find the worm again, but couldn't see it. I rubbed at my skin and scratched till it went red. I wanted the feeling back, but I couldn't find the worm.

Then I remembered that some tapeworms can be coaxed out of the body with bacon fat. I fried up some bacon and rubbed it all over my face. It worked. The worm popped out to eat. It flopped around on the surface of my skin for a while, and I was worried it wasn't going back in, but I found that if I chased it with my fingernail as though I was going to kill it, it would dive back in, and I'd get my shiver of delight.

...

The worm bred. I keep its offspring fed on bacon fat and what ever they are eating inside me. I stay home as much as I can. When I have to go out for supplies, mostly bacon, I wear gloves and a balaclava to hide my shredded skin. I have stopped going to work and socialising. I don't need to. With the worms, I have all of the happiness I could ever need.

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ETAD:

Across the road from the bog I stood like a deer in the headlights. I'm not one to get nervous... then again I'm not one for the dating thing. As the green man lit up, my feet took charge, crossing the road and before I knew it I was inside. To make a trinity of the unusual I was early. The bartender went and fetched a young guy dressed particularly well. Confidently he stood up and walked over introducing himself [insert name that I'm a horrible person for not remembering here] and we hit it off straight away. He had me in stitches, the soft light of the fire making for a very charismatic (not unlike himself) ambiance. "I have a knack for these things," he said quite casually...

He escorts a young gentleman to my seat and then brings over some menus. At this point I realise that he meant a knack for telling who comes to his Bog for the Critic Blind Date.

I had left myself open to expectations of what the blind date was going to be like and I was determined to have fun regardless. How could you not? Although I had read the email wrong and so did my date. We both quickly sussed out that it was indeed NOT an open bar tab but still decent with three house drinks and a meal. The like mindedness about our commerce budgeting skills were appreciated. He looked like a modern day Jesus blended with a touch of Scarfie, complimented by the Guinness he ordered right off the bat. Kind and soft spoken he seemed quite sweet. Bonus points for being taller than myself! We covered the basics of me being South African and him asking about apartheid and Nelson Mandela's autobiography. Just the usual small talk.

Our food arrived and open mic night began! Now typically here I would be able to write about how I got up and made a complete idiot of myself for the sake of others entertainment and self-esteem. But alas I was plagued and instead we retreated upstairs to continue our conversing. The night drew to a close and he walked me home as I happened to live on the way to his house.

Although I forgot his name throughout the night, I will for ever have the memory of our first time having sex on the beach.

DNILB:

Shower. Clothes. My flatmates absolutely befuddled as to what, why, where. And I walked through The Bog doors right on time. I was shown to a table by the fire with my date already there. Her light brown hair was long and wavy. She had stunning green eyes and was wearing a sleeveless top. She spoke with a Southland accent too. She was beautiful. My Guinness arrived and conversation flowed.

She had lived in South Africa til she was 8 and we discussed whether or not Mandela was a good man. Both agreeing Zuma isn't. After some time we ordered. She opted for the rib eye steak. Medium rare. Nice. I went for the lamb shanks which is my favourite of all meals. Such a treat. The jus was fantastic. We ordered two Sex on the Beaches. These weren't on the approved drinks list but our kind waiter gave them to us anyway.

The band started and was loud. Thankfully my date asked if we could move upstairs and we did. Much better. We discussed family, aspirations and regrets. My date's mother and brother sounded particularly awesome. The food was superb and we both had rum & cokes to finish. I wasn't keen to stay too long at The Bog that night as the amount of work I've got on at the moment is fucked. That's the only way to describe it. My date said she would've sung on the open mic if not for her cold which she referred to as 'the plague'. Plague or not when we arrived at her gate I was going for a kiss. I was politely declined.

We said our goodbyes and I went on my way. Upon my return to the flat there was a lot of grinning all round and I was sat on the couch by my flatmates and interrogated. Before I'd even told them where I went or what I was doing there was so much giggling and laughing going on it was ridiculous. I told them I went on the blind date and they erupted and wanted to know detail on top of detail. It was like detail inception. Pretty quickly it was unanimously decided I should be going straight back to the bar if at all possible. I messaged my date. This was politely declined too. Sincerest thanks to Critic, The Bog and to my lovely date for a wonderful evening.



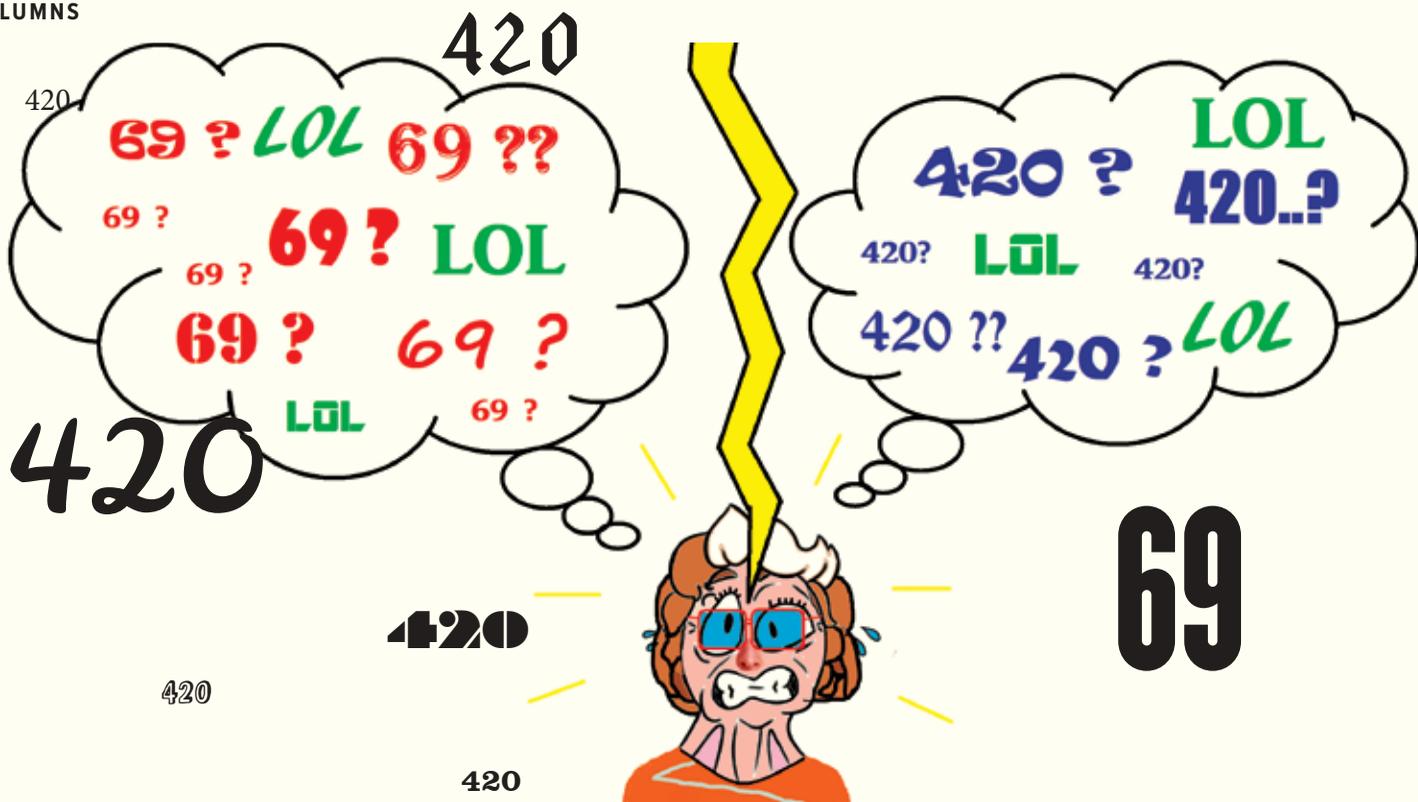
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SAGE ADVICE

“THE FUNNY NUMBERS”

“Numbers are the highest degree of knowledge. They are knowledge themselves.” – Plato

■ Mat Clarkson

This question comes from a loyal reader: “I’m at a quandary: which is the funnier number, 420 or 69?” Thanks for another great question. 69 and 420 are the funny numbers. These numbers exist, like glitches in the matrix, to make us break out in big dumb smiles and knowing nods whenever we encounter them in the wild: “Ah! Yes... 69 (lol). It is the Good Number. The Sex number. I understand perfectly.” This week I’ve been in touch with an amateur mathematician who’ll help us understand these fascinating numbers. He currently resides in Port Chalmers and wishes to remain anonymous.

“69 and 420 are my favourite numbers. There aren’t many numbers that have their own subculture and lore, but the ones that do are pretty neat. Take e, pi, i, 0, 1, 69, and 420. Any mathematician will tell you these are the most important numbers ever discovered. But only the last two are funny. For those of you who don’t know, 69 is the sex number. It is the sex number because it looks like two people putting their mouths on each other’s

vaginas and/or ding-a-lings (penis and balls). When you see the number 69 you say ‘lol’ because it is the sex number: the number of sex. 420, on the other hand, is the weed number. It is the time of day (4:20) when people like to smoke weed, furthering society’s descent into degradation. When you see the number 420 you say ‘lol’ again, because it is the weed number. As we can see, both of these numbers are pretty funny and neat. But my goal here is to help you decide which is funnier.

On one hand, 69 is undoubtedly the most efficient joke in history—just two digits, drawing hours of laughs. It’s a joke we’re all in on. But 69’s less exciting relatives are hardly ever talked about. 96, for example, is the opposite of 69. 96 represents an embittered couple who can no longer face one another when sharing a bed, having to top and tail like sardines (maybe one of them just has bad breath, I don’t know). 66 and 99 offer no excitement whatsoever. They both represent one person getting a face full of the other’s too-long hair when they are lying down, spooning. Ugh. Terrible. I wish you’d at least use a hypo-allergenic shampoo, I think I’m getting another rash. My face hurts.

69 is also pretty rude, limiting the family appeal. How is someone supposed to explain to a kid why all the adults started laughing when the man at the bus stop said ‘route 69, haha’?

‘Excuse me mister, what’s 69?’

‘Oh, don’t worry about it. It’s nothing... It’s when my wife likes to sit on my face, and then I do stuff to make her feel good. And then she has one of those really intense orgasms where she does

69

69

69

69

69

a little fart with each contraction of her orgasming pussy muscles, and this gets me very excited and makes me howl like a werewolf and shoot white cum.' No, this won't do. This won't do at all. 69 is a grownups joke.

420, on the other hand, is more accessible: 'It's a time when people smoke weed,' is a very inoffensive and simple explanation. Fun for the whole family. Some people are offended by drugs, but if we're being honest here – weed has very few downsides and is basically a children's drug at this point. The number 420 is, at worst, PGR. A whole 420 culture has arisen from the versatility of the number. Yelling 'blaze!' whenever 420 appears on a video game score, in a phone number, anywhere... 420 merchandise; t-shirts, hats, wallets—all proof of the funniness of the number.

I suppose the final answer as to which number is funnier comes down to what kind of person you are. What do your friends find funny? How rude do you like to be? Are you the kind of person to set up an automatic message to your pals saying 'Blaze it breh,' at 4:19 am? Are you prepared to explain to your granddad why turning 69 is so funny? Because that would definitely be hilarious. As for me, I feel this short poem I've written best explains my position. Happy counting, friends.

My favourite numbers, read them and weep: 420, 69

*Who'd have thought a digit or two could make this old fool's
heart shine*

69, 69; my word, you are so fine

420, 420; you're never far from my two-track mind

I would '69' 420. And '420' with 69

That extra-special time of day. And an acrobatic pastime."

Do you need advice?  Write to: sageadvice@critic.co.nz



HAPSBURG ABSINTHE

■ *Swilliam Shakesbeer*



Hapsburg Absinthe is a fucking crisis in a bottle. It makes Hurricane Irma look like a gentle breeze.

Absinthe burns like the spray I get from the cricket club's 4th XI opening bowler when I drop a sitter at mid-on.

Absinthe is the end of the road, binge drinking's natural finale. It's the end of a long dark journey to the final frontier of drinking. Think of yourself as an alcoholic Edmund Hillary. Climb the mountain. Do it for New Zealand. Knock the bastard off.

Absinthe is the big adult step up from spirits shots. It's also one small step away from Turpentine and Meths. It's basically pure ethanol.

With its weird fake-looking green colour and strong notes of petrol, let's not beat around the bush, you're basically drinking straight out of a BP nozzle. 95 unleaded. Fuck yeah. Welcome to your new life. Hapsburg Absinthe represents the best quick fuck around, at 72.5% one shot has 2.5 standard drinks in it. That's fucking ridiculous. A 500ml bottle (1.5 beers) has 2.9 standard drinks.

Sure, it tastes like synthetic cannabis steeped in dishwashing liquid and it makes me want die, but who cares? If I can black out faster than I can finish in bed, it gets a tick from me. A night on Hapsburg Absinthe is a big one, but a short one. Like how I imagine Dane Cole's penis; would tear the sides off a tuna can but not touch the end. Lethal.

The most dangerous thing about absinthe is it's so difficult to drink that in order to get it down you have to be already drunk. It's like throwing gasoline on a house fire; probably not the best idea given the circumstances.

All in all, absinthe hurts more than listening to Justin Marshall's commentary for a full 80 minutes. But if you're ever in need of a good time fast, a couple of shots will go a looong way, it's just probably best to avoid a whole night on it. And to be honest, the Hapsburg 72.5% is actually pretty tasty; it just burns like that gonorrhoea you got in first year. To finish I'll leave you with wise words of Kim Jong Un: "Shit yeah Lads, fuck missiles, lets fire off some fuckin absinthe."

Tasting Notes: Liquorice and Fennel seeds with lingering noes of Pain & Misery. Definitely getting a light bleach flavour too.

Taste Rating: Somewhere between 2 and 8 out of 10. Depends how much you hate yourself.

Froth Level: A & E

Pairs well with: Industrial cleaning products, paint stripper, glue sniffing.

SCIENCE



RIP CASSINI

■ Chelle Fitzgerald

A planet named after the Roman god of time, renewal and liberation seems a fitting final resting place for our lovely friend Cassini-Huygens, whose life was spent furthering astronomical knowledge and the liberation of truth from a far-flung part of our small star system in this abyssal ocean of space.

Cassini departed her earthly cradle in 1997, for she was better than all of us.

She was the first brave space probe to enter Saturn's orbit, and, on September 15th, t'was here that she drew her final robot breath. Passing by Titan, Saturn's largest moon, Cassini's trajectory was altered by Titan's gravity, causing her to head for Saturn's atmosphere, where she burned up on entry.

Cassini had run out of fuel, and the team at NASA charged with her mission felt that it would be best to destroy her in a controlled way to avoid risking any contamination collisions with the moons Titan or Enceladus, both of which show promise of harbouring life. "Because of planetary protection and our desire to go back to Enceladus, go back to Titan, go back to the Saturn system, we must protect those bodies for future exploration," stated Jim Green, director of NASA's planetary science division.

Cassini-Huygens, born in 1982, was the lovechild of the European Space Agency,



the Italian Space Agency, and NASA. A combination of NASA's Cassini probe and ESA's Huygens lander, she weighed about 2500 kilograms, and measured about two metres tall by four metres wide.

Powered by 33 kilograms of radioactive plutonium-238, she wasn't always the most popular girl at school. In the late '90s, environmentalist groups were unhappy about Cassini's fuel source, but the cost to run her on radioactive plutonium was more than worth the potential insight she could transmit to us from foreign worlds. Plutonium-238's decay heat converts to electric energy that would power all of Cassini's needs, such as her cosmic dust analyzer, magnetometer, radio and plasma equipment, radar, and onboard spectrometers — not to mention all of the imaging systems which have allowed her to send us Saturn's secrets in such incredible detail.

After her 1997 launch from Earth, Cassini travelled almost 8 billion kilometres, collecting over 635GB of data and snapping almost half a million images. Her first foray

was two fly-by stalks of Venus, slingshotting back past Earth and then circling Jupiter. After seven years, she arrived in the realm of the gas giant Saturn — 1.2 billion kilometres from Earth.

Orbiting Saturn 294 times, Cassini completed 162 close fly-bys of Saturn's largest moon Titan, and pinged photos and data back to us, revealing cold mysterious worlds vastly unlike our own lush temperate home.

Cassini represents an incredible achievement for humans. Years of intelligence, engineering, vision, skill, and a determination to grow and learn as a species. We have shared the lifetime of a plucky little space probe that is currently 1.2 billion kilometres away from us; a place where we may never tread in this harsh, eternally indifferent cosmos. Cassini showed us, in more intimate detail than we could ever have dreamed, what it means to inhabit a universe which is oblivious to us on our tiny little tropical rock.

May Cassini's short life be a beacon of truth and knowledge for all.



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President's Column

Hey Team

Hope all is well and you're not too bogged down with assignments and study so you can make the most of the longer days!

As daylight savings kicks in I recommend making the most of these longer hours and getting out to see some of the stuff that Dunedin has to offer. Dunedin gets a bit of bad wrap sometimes being at the bottom of the country and being renowned for cold and damp houses and little to do.

However, I urge to round up some mates and check out some of the sights and sounds of this place. Jump on the Dunedin NZ website and check out some of the stuff you can do.

Also make sure you make the most of UniPol. Not only is it a fantastic place to get a wee late night sweat on, it's also got a hell of a lot of sweet shit you can hire out, such as surf boards, wetsuits and tents.

So get creative, hire some stuff, head to a beach and maybe light a fire and enjoy these extra hours!

Don't study too hard!



Hugh Baird
OUSA President
 president@ousa.org.nz



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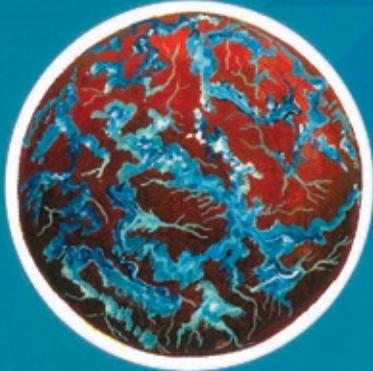
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