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ISSUE 25 02 OCTOBER 2017



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Scarfie in a Strange Land

Japan is a country of extraordinary paradoxes.
By Isaac Yu, *P.20*



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Extreme Haunted Houses

Literally having the shit scared out of you. By Lucy Hunter, *P.26*



+ also



in music: *I TOUCHED DARUDE*

Behind every cultural legend, there is a person that made it happen. By Josephine Devereux, *p32*



THIS WEEK'S CENTREFOLD

"George" by Anet Neutze, represented by Murray Eskdale at Mint Gallery, <https://dirt.gallery>

University Book Shop



LETTER OF THE WEEK

PAVING TILES

It has recently come to my attention that the paving tiles outside Selwyn college are slightly uneven. Given the possibility a tourist (or god forbid a potential future student) notice this discrepancy, the reputation of Otago University could be tarnished. Immediate action must be taken! Firing a humanities professor should clear up some available funds (what has philosophy ever done for anyone?). If the current construction company starts work immediately the changes could be finished in time so my grandkids might be able to see it.

-Alexander Woolrych

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

Dear Critic,
Why do we still cling to relics of the past? Why do we still insist on using the term 'groundfloor'?

The reason we don't count age from one is that when you come shooting out the womb you have not yet lived a year; you do not yet possess a year. So it makes sense to start at zero and say you are 1 when you actually have a year. Floors of a building are completely different. With floors you don't start without a floor, therefore you shouldn't start counting at zero. The floor of the bottommost storey is still a floor; it is the first floor. All this 'groundfloor' bullshit is just people trying to cover up the inadequacies of a system they perpetuate through cowardice.

Also, what's up with basements?

Yours sincerely,
The Future

RESPONSE TO LAURA CAIRNS' LETTER (*'DOING WHAT'S BEST FOR STUDENTS IN 2018'*, ISSUE 24)

Hi all!

I'm writing to assuage concerns that preventing sexual harm is going to be "lost in the noise of other agendas" or that it's only a policy for OUSA elections and will now be "left unattended for the other 49 weeks of the year."

On 16 September (two days after the results were announced) I invited every candidate I could find on Facebook to a planning event for 2018. So far that's all of Unity, Be Bold, Justice, and a couple of others. Here's what that invitation said:

"We are all incredibly passionate students who ran because we want to see students thrive. We care, a lot. More importantly, we all coalesced on the same issues! We all care about student safety, mental health, physical well-being, an accountable executive, and an accountable university. Ultimately, we all want an executive that stands in solidarity with students, is united in itself, and bold in its action.

We have so much to offer each other by way of ideas and institutional knowledge. We have so many resources and so much experience, in so many areas. As the dust settles, I want to take this opportunity to reach out to everyone before we get into politics. Our hearts are in the right places, let's put our heads together and work on something amazing.

Obviously next year's executive will have to move and make decisions as it sees fit, otherwise, we'd undermine the very point of a democratic vote. But now there are no tickets and no rival candidacies, there's no reason we can't at least ensure we all understand each other and meet each other as on the same side once more, as people, and not as 'politicians'.

Let's grab a drink when we've all had some time to recover and let's show Otago what student politics can really be. I wish everyone the very best, I'm glad to have been a part of this and I'm glad it was with all of you. Invite any candidates I can't add, please. Hope to see you soon."

Let's prove we're passionate about student welfare for those other 49 weeks.

Best,
Kirio

P.S. Abi, Welfare-elect, spoke extensively about putting 'safer relationships' workshops into

colleges (working with Norhan, Colleges-elect), specifically to reduce instances of sexual violence. Also, Umi, International-elect, and Abi, work with Silverline.

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EDITORIAL

Coalition Negotiations Aside, We Must Not Forget the Important Issues of the Election

What the (provisional) election results reveal, apart from the fact that very few people seem to understand how the Mixed Member Proportional (MMP) voting system works, is that much of New Zealand remains uncomfortable confronting the severity, or even the existence in some cases, of the problems we are facing in Aotearoa in 2017; issues that we should be leading the world on, not struggling with.

Ignoring the most serious issues facing society's most vulnerable and sheltering yourself in a cocoon of selfishness, voting solely to advance your own self-interest, is somewhat understandable given the daunting complexity of the issues at hand. It's hard to face up to a mental health crisis, extraordinarily high suicide rates, increasing levels of poverty, growing inequality, climate change, and the inaccessibility of our housing market (a non-exhaustive list), but it still saddens me that 46 percent of New Zealanders voted for a party who over their nine years in government allowed these problems to flourish in pursuit of their neoliberal agenda. Of course it's desirable to live in a country with a "strong and stable economy," but dealing with these problems and delivering that strong economy are not mutually exclusive, no matter how many times we are assured they are.

The media, including us to some extent, are predictably consumed by the intrigue of who will join forces to form the next government (see George Elliott's analysis on page 16 for more on that). As a result of chasing clicks, however, they are helping to brush the uncomfortable issues that have entered our collective consciousness over the last few months under an ever growing carpet of denial.

For example, let's not forget former Green Party co-leader Metiria Turei, who helped propel the scourge of poverty into

the forefront of the national conversation when she disclosed the fact she had resorted to benefit fraud to feed and clothe her family twenty-four years ago, and then subsequently resigned as the attack on her and her family became unbearable. The ensuing conversation, in my opinion, highlighted the sexism, classism and racism that remain pervasive in society today. The discussion quickly became more about Turei's political naivety than what it was intended to be about: an opportunity to address the choice that she, and thousands of others in her position, face every day – break the law or starve in poverty. With regard to poverty, as well as several other spheres, such as youth suicide, we are becoming an international laughing stock.

Personal stories clearly don't provide the stimulus for the public to demand an addressing of this issue, apparently this is especially so when they come from a formerly poverty-stricken Māori woman. Others who felt they could speak up after hearing Turei's admission were equally drowned out for superficial reasons. Even when Amsterdam-based children's aid and advocacy group the 'KidsRights Foundation' published their annual 'KidsRights Index' and New Zealand placed a disgraceful 158 out of 165 countries, the narrative gets obfuscated or simply ignored. With all due respect to Angola, Papua New Guinea and Guinea-Bissau (the countries that surround New Zealand on this list), we should be setting our sights on a place at top of the list.

Being in denial about these issues will not help anyone, not least those who suffer as we carry on in silence. What we need is open, frank, and robust dialogue with all affected parties, and in doing so we will learn that we can fix them, but not by ignoring them.

Joe Higham

CRITIC CO-EDITOR

National Win Party Vote at Two Uni Campuses

LABOUR OVERWHELMINGLY
TAKES THE OTHER EIGHT

With the General Election now over and provisional results in, we have a wealth of data on the attitudes and politics of the nation's cities, towns and suburbs.

A snapshot of leading parties at campuses around the country:



The results from the nation's university campuses provide an interesting snapshot of party preferences, and some of the results are surprising.

Two university campuses registered significant National Party victories, despite the fact that young people tend to favour left of centre political ideologies.

National received almost 60 percent of the vote at the University of Lincoln, compared to Labour's 27 percent and the Green Party's 7 percent, while at Massey University's Auckland Campus National managed 48 percent of the vote to Labour's 31 percent.

In both of these campuses the Labour-Greens combined vote share fell significantly short of National's individual result, with a 26 percent difference at Lincoln and a 7 percent difference at Massey (Auckland).

Lincoln University describes itself as New Zealand's specialist land-based university, which may explain the strong showing in the Christchurch-based institution for National. Indeed, the party received 13,000 more votes than Labour in the Selwyn electorate, where Lincoln is

located, highlighting their domination across the region.

The Green Party managed to edge out National in both of Wellington's universities, winning Massey University's Wellington campus and Victoria University by approximately 20 percent apiece. At the University of Auckland, the Greens trailed National by just 0.18 percent, as Labour, who were victorious, fell just shy of 40 percent.

At Otago University, the Greens pushed National for second place, losing out by just under 3 percent, as Labour took 47 percent share of the vote (see next article

for more on the University of Otago's specific polling booths).

The Opportunities Party captured the youth vote most sizably at the University of Canterbury where they gained an 8 percent vote share, despite getting just 2.2 percent nationwide.

The overall result from university campuses had Labour in the lead with 39 percent, National on 31 percent, and the Greens on 19 percent. × Joe Higham

× Uni News

Labour Landslide at University of Otago Polling Booths

PRELIMINARY ELECTION RESULTS have shown that a resurgent Labour Party dominated the vote at polling stations within

the University of Otago. A total of 5,728 votes were cast at the three polling stations on campus, which included Unipol, the Link, and Otago Polytech. Labour romped home with 46.9 percent of the vote, and the Green Party narrowly edged out National on 21.2 percent for second. The Opportunities Party picked up 6.4 percent.

In the candidate vote, David Clark proved his popularity among the student body, coasting to victory with 62.9 percent of the total count, tripling the amount secured by secondplace National Party candidate Michael Woodhouse, who claimed just 19.9 percent.

It was a major change to 2014's election, when National got 36.7 percent, Labour got 25.2 percent, and the Greens got 25.1 percent.

The student vote for Labour was much in line with the rest of the North Dunedin electorate, but National predictably picked up a higher total and the Greens dropped a few points. Labour won the electorate as a whole with 47.7 percent, National picked up 28.2 percent, with the Greens on 13.2 percent.

Overall, turnout was slightly down on 2014 across the electorate, but far more voters chose to take advantage of the extended early voting available. Advance voting across the electorate was up over 5000 votes, climbing from 8999 last election to 14,034 this year.

Advance voting accounted for by far the most votes cast at university polling locations. Only 10.5 percent of votes in the student area were cast on Election Day.

It's not totally clear how the total voter turnout for Otago University students compared to 2014, because after the last election the Electoral Commission only showed total advance votes for the electorate. Breakdown based on polling location was only available for Election Day. If students made up the same proportion of advance votes as they did in 2014, it would constitute an increase of almost 2000 voters, although it is likely the actual number could be even higher.

Special votes won't be counted until October 7th, and are not included in the above numbers. Special votes include anyone who enrolled at the same time as they voted, overseas voters, and anyone voting in a different electorate.

× Joel MacManus

IT'S BACK

KABOOM!



LIMITED EDITION FLAVOUR



Liquor Store Owner Claims Unfairness

AS PLANNED NEW
STORE IS DENIED

THE DUNEDIN DISTRICT LICENSING Committee has denied an application for the opening of another Super Liquor store at the site of the former McDuff's Brewery on Great King Street.

The applicants, McCarthy Enterprises, have breached the Sale and Supply of Alcohol Act 2012 on seven previous occasions within the other Dunedin-based stores they own, which include Super Liquor stores in Mosgiel, Andersons Bay, Cumberland Street and Kaikorai Valley, as well as Quicker Liquor on George Street.

During the hearing, co-owner of McCarthy Enterprises, Patricia McCarthy, explained that their seven breaches of the Act were, "a result of poor judgement by the individual staff member," and not because of a lack of training or the company's internal systems being poor.

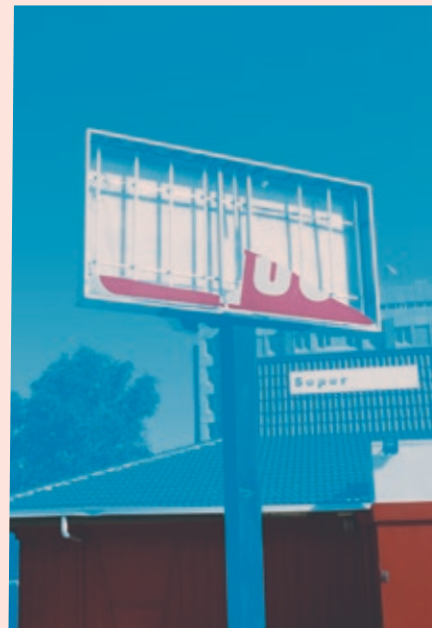
McCarthy also said that the opposition to their application amounts to them "being targeted and unfairly challenged".

A letter opposing the application was sent in by University of Otago Vice Chancellor Harlene Hayne, as has become common for liquor license applications in North Dunedin recently. In support of Hayne, Dr Damian Scarf of the University's Psychology Department, said he's, "been involved in studies showing that students consume 50-60% more alcohol than their non-student peer age group," and experience high levels of harm, including blackouts, assaults, and sexual assaults, as a result.

Indeed, health promotion advisor for the Southern District Health Board, Toni Paterson, said of the 946 patients treated at the Dunedin Hospital's Emergency Department due to harm caused by alcohol, 495 were 18-24 years old. 90 percent of those in this category had preloaded away from licensed premises.

Paterson also provided research showing that alcohol-related harm increases by roughly 3-4 percent following the opening of off-licensed premises in any given area.

Former McDuff's Brewery co-owner Graham Jenkins told the Chairperson and members that he "felt the media exaggerated the situation in North Dunedin". Despite having worked at the premises every Saturday night for five years, Jenkins



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had never witnessed any fighting or disorder whatsoever. He did admit that “people do go past the premises in a ‘merry’ state, but never to the extent described in the media”.

Thanks to preventative initiatives employed by the university, community and Police in recent years, Campus Cop Senior Constable John Woodhouse says that student behaviour has improved recently.

A university spokesperson told Critic, “We are very pleased that the views of the university and other community stakeholders have been listened to and we believe that the decision ... is the right one”.

McCarthy Enterprises have the option of appealing the decision to the Alcohol Regulatory and Licensing Authority.

× **Joe Higham**

× **National News**

University of Otago Researchers Criticise ACC for Computer Model Trouble

RESEARCHERS FROM THE UNIVERSITY of Otago have criticised the new computer model that ACC uses to profile and target clients.

The computer model uses risk predictions in order to profile and target clients as well as to help staff manage the claims that they receive. However, it has caused controversy among some, including lawyers and advocacy groups, who have been calling for ACC to divulge details on how the program works. ACC issued a short press release, stating that the program makes three types of predictions:

- Which clients are likely to need help and should be called proactively
- Which type of case owner should assist the client
- How long they expect a claim to be managed.

This description is vague and there is little detail regarding how the model works or how it is used. Some experts remain concerned that the model is predominantly focused on getting clients off ACC rather

than actually helping them.

The final decisions regarding clients still seem to be under human control; a case owner manages each case. ACC has also stressed that personal details are kept private from staff.

In the modern day world companies and people are often guided by advice generated through an automatic machine. University of Otago Faculty of Law Professor Colin Gavaghan likened ACC’s system to Google’s navigation system or choosing a book based on Amazon’s recommendations; except this time the system is guiding agencies who make decisions with serious consequences for the people involved.

The main risk of the program is the potential for discrimination of clients. This possibility needs to be explored, to make sure everyone who applies for compensation is treated fairly.

The researchers did mention that there is a benefit to having agencies that are well-informed by statistics. However,

the system is guiding agencies who make decisions with serious consequences we are calling for ACC to provide a public account of how it uses its predictive tool

while the ACC tool maybe accurate, it does not have the power to reason as humans do.

“Predictive analytics technologies show great potential in informing public decision-making, but it is important for these technologies to be evaluated and scrutinised when used in the public domain ... we are calling for ACC to provide a public account of how it uses its predictive tool, so as to maintain the integrity of its decision-making,” says Gavaghan.

× **Zahra Shahmahmasebi**

Te Roopū Māori Update

TĒNĀ KOUTOU KATOĀ e ngā tauria o Te Whare Wānanga,

On Wednesday 6 September, Te Roopū Māori sent 29 tauria to represent the University of Otago at Te Huinga Tauria o Te Mana Akonga. Te Huinga Tauria is the annual National Māori Tertiary Students’ conference. This year Huinga Tauria was hosted by Ngā Tauria Māori o Te Whare Wānanga o Tāmaki-makau-rau (University of Auckland Māori Students’ Association).

Having arrived a day early, Te Roopū Māori was the first roopū to arrive. Ngā Tauria Māori accommodated Te Roopū Māori in their student common room. It was a great opportunity for Te Roopū Māori to get to know the hosting roopū and catch-up with friends from previous Huinga Tauria.

On Thursday, the pōwhiri was held at Waipapa Marae. It was a spectacular pōwhiri. Ngā Tauria Māori did an amazing job welcoming all of the roopū onto their marae. The whaikōrero and waiata that followed were thoughtful, humorous and well executed. The following days contained several events, such as kapahaka, manu kōrero and workshops. There were five workshops for tauria to attend: Waka Hourua, Mau Rakau, a historical tour of Takaparawhau, TED Talks and Hawaiiki TU. Unfortunately, due to the weather, the sports day was cancelled. This gave everyone the opportunity to explore Auckland.

Te Huinga Tauria concluded with a formal dinner held at Eden Park. The venue was amazing and the kai was even better! It was a perfect event to finish up Huinga Tauria. Awards were given out for kapahaka (which Te Wairoa o Te Whare Wānanga o Waikato won), manu kōrero (Ngai Tauria o Te Whare Wānanga o te Ūpoko o te Ika a Māui won the English and Te Aratoki o Te Whare Wānanga o Waitaha won the Māori) and the supreme award ‘Ngā Uara o te Huinga Tauria’, which is given to the roopū which best displayed tikanga and kaupapa Māori, was won by Titahi ki Tua o Te Wānanga Aronui o Tāmaki Makau Rau.

It was an awesome time in Auckland and Te Roopū Māori cannot wait to host this event in 2019.

Nō reira, ngā mihi ki a koutou katoa!
× **Te Roopū Māori Tumua Eli Toeke**

*“Everything they taught me in
Economics 101 was wrong.”*

So said the 30 year old columnist in
the Dominion Post of May 31 2014

Are you having doubts?

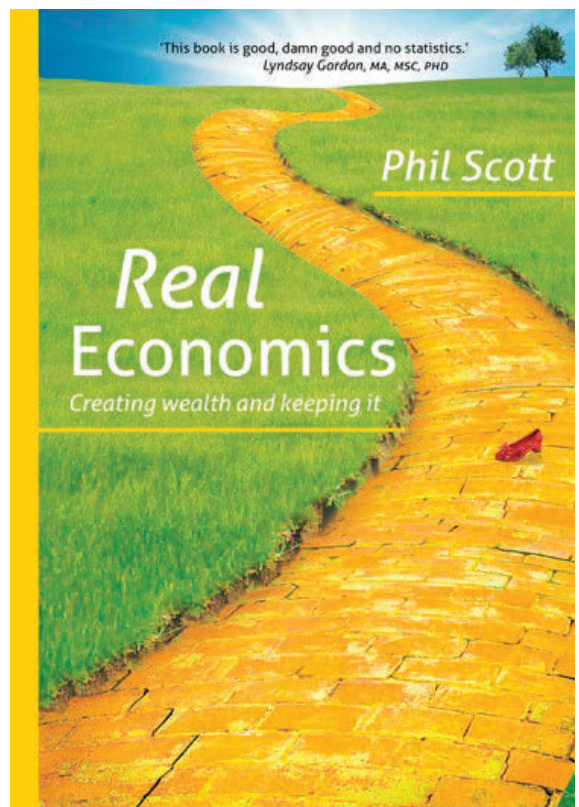
Real Economics answered so many queries I
developed when I was studying economics as a
tertiary student –Graham Withers accountant.

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× Opinion

OUSA Needs the Alternative Vote



If the majority wants juicy fruit and not old potatoes,
ranking works better than First Past the Post

THE OUSA REFERENDUM, held between 9 and 11 October, will include a question about whether we should change the way we vote for future OUSA elections; giving students the chance to keep the current voting system, First Past the Post (FPP), or the Alternative Vote (STV), also known as Preferential Vote or Ranked Voting.

Alternative Vote is fairly simple. Rather than just tick the one candidate you want to vote for, you rank the candidates in order of how much you like them. Candidates need at least 50 percent support to win. If none of them get over 50 percent of first choice votes, the candidate with the least votes is eliminated. If they were your first choice, your vote then goes to whomever you ranked second, and so on until someone reaches 50 percent.

Why is this important? Because, unless there are only two candidates, FPP makes no sense at all. This year's OUSA election had five candidates who all split the vote between them. Caitlin Barlow-Groome won with 32 percent of the vote over Finn Shewell, who had 30 percent. It's hard to claim a mandate with under 1/3 of the vote. The other 38 percent of the vote was split between three candidates.

If you've got two candidates who are both popular and appeal to similar-minded people, they split each other's voters and a less popular candidate can squeeze through with the remaining votes. It happens all the time in general elections.

In Nelson, Nick Smith (National) won the electorate with just under 15,000 votes. The Labour and Green candidates got 11,000 and 8,000 respectively, meaning the Left Bloc got 4,000 more votes than

National. The voters sent a pretty clear message that they wanted a left-wing representative, but they ended up with a National MP because FPP is fucking stupid.

Under Alternative Vote, the Green Party candidate would have been eliminated and their votes apportioned to their voters' 2nd choice. Most of them presumably would have ranked the Labour candidate second, and they would have ended up with a Labour MP. Not their first choice, but a hell of a lot more preferable to them than Nick Smith.

OUSA represents a large and complex student population. They deserve a more representative executive. Voting to change to Alternative Vote in this year's referendum will mean you can vote with your heart, and not have to vote strategically. It will give smaller candidates without the support of a ticket more of a fair chance, and allow more voices to be heard on more issues. × **Joel MacManus**

OUSA Referendum

THE SECOND OUSA REFERENDUM for the year will be held between the 9th–11th October. For those of you who have questions or concerns about particular questions there will be a forum on Wednesday (4th October) at 12pm which will be held downstairs at the OUSA Clubs and Societies Centre on Albany Street.

1. That the 2018 OUSA budget be accepted in its entirety?
2. That OUSA pay the President the equivalent of 40 hours minimum wage, the education, welfare, finance and vice-president the equivalent of 20 hours minimum wage, and all the portfolio officers the equivalent of 10 hours minimum wage?
3. That OUSA utilise a portion of its reserves to invest in alternative income opportunities as a means of diversifying income and increasing independence?
4. That OUSA sell the OUSA Aquatic Centre?
5. That OUSA sell the OUSA Squash Courts?
6. That the following amendments to the Constitution be accepted:
 - Article 37.6 be amended to read: '37.6 Every member enrolled will be entitled to exercise a vote for each Executive position by ranking any number of nominated persons, including no confidence, in order of preference, except as otherwise provided in these Rules and as follows: a. Only non-New Zealand citizen members may vote for the International Students' Portfolio. b. Only Post Graduate members may vote for the Post Graduate Portfolio.'
 - Article 39.1 of the Constitution be amended to read: '39.1 All Executive Officers will be elected by general ballot using the alternative vote (AV) system'
7. That OUSA works to have a couple of microwaves placed in the Robertson Library?
8. That OUSA oppose any University support staff redundancies in the University's Support Services Review?
9. That OUSA oppose any University staff redundancies as a result of the proposed restructure within the School of Physical Education?
10. That OUSA become a living wage employer?
11. That OUSA amend its constitution to achieve a gender-balanced executive?
12. That OUSA amend its constitution to limit the term of any Executive Officer to two terms?

THE POST-FACT WORLD

Go and get fact

The average man will commit 1.7 murders in his lifetime

Bill English is made of clay, Jacinda Ardern is made of playdough

The "Union Grill" is a portmanteau of "University" and "Onion".

Victorian women used to paint their faces white to look like clouds

As well as being a Segway, Jackie Chan also owns the Dunedin franchise of Mr Whippy

Hot air balloons were domesticated, not invented

Cumin is spelt with a u because it's funny

The Governor General butterfly is appointed by a Monarch Butterfly

Sharpies are made out of shark pee. They are illegal in Australia because of this

Anime sucks

The All Blacks are called the All Blacks after the colour of their souls

WORLD WATCH



CONNECTICUT, UNITED STATES

A man was pulled over and arrested by State Police after he mounted a curb while possessing a 12-inch machete. The man was later charged with alcohol and traffic related offences. In his mug shot the man wore a shirt that read, "Beer + Beer = Shenanigans".

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

A man lost a staggering 50kg after only eating potatoes for a year. Andrew Taylor embarked on the challenge to lose weight. A year later, his blood pressure and cholesterol levels have dropped. Taylor said he often had to bring potatoes with him to dinner parties.

BUNCH OF FIVES



JEREMY—MEDICINE

- 1 Hornbill
- 2 Wearing thermals and not realising it's going to be warm
- 3 Just go bald
- 4 Assignment of life—outlook is good so far
- 5 Slightly disappointed NZ is not socialist yet



JASMINE—MANAGEMENT & FINANCE

- 1 Hamsters
- 2 Black lace top
- 3 Sit there and cry
- 4 I'm avoiding it
- 5 I was upset



MAT—PHILOSOPHY & WRITING

- 1 Any snakes
- 2 A cardboard suit to a rave in the rain
- 3 It's just hair man
- 4 Effective communication assignment—half way through
- 5 Disappointed—hoping Winston Peters isn't a dick



MICHELLE—EARLY CHILDHOOD TEACHING

- 1 Koala
- 2 Probably really high heels
- 3 I just wouldn't pay them
- 4 I'm doing a presentation—it's going well
- 5 Pretty happy with Labour in the lead



KATIE—NEUROSCIENCE & MUSIC

- 1 Bird of prey
- 2 Jean shorts with tights underneath
- 3 Wouldn't say anything I'd just complain for ages afterwards
- 4 EP release—it's going really well
- 5 Disappointed that Winnie is indecisive—hope he goes with Labour

DUMFRIES, SCOTLAND

Callum Smith posted a picture on Facebook of a police car illegally parked outside a Tesco grocery store. However, the local police department responded by posting a picture Smith had posted on the page five years ago showing his car illegally parked in the exact same car park. They added, "oh, and that's also a disabled space ☺."

Q's

- 1 If you could introduce one animal to New Zealand, what would it be?
- 2 What is the biggest clothing mistake you've ever worn?
- 3 What would you do if you were getting a haircut and the hairdresser was really messing it up?
- 4 What assignment are you working on right now and how is it going?
- 5 How do you feel about the result of the general election so far?

ODT WATCH

by Charlie O'Mannin

This week we would like to devote all our space (and most of the Facts and Figures space as well) to addressing the ODT's cryptic and eye catching post-election image.

Interestingly, the ODT decided to avoid any specific reference to Game of Thrones in the picture; presumably to throw off anyone who read the large text across the bottom reading, "A Game of Thrones". The ODT have in fact never seen the show, as nudity makes them cry.

In the image Jacinda Ardern is logically depicted as Joan of Arc, because both came to the French in their time of need. In a clever and subtle reference to his dislike of Napoleon Bonaparte, Bill English is presented as Francis II, the Holy Roman Emperor.

However, it turns out that the person Winston's head is photoshopped onto is ALSO Francis II, the Holy Roman Emperor. Clearly the ODT are trying to make us form a mental link between Bill and Winston. But why? Are



they trying to imply that Winston will favour Bill in coalition talks? That Bill is actually Winston's twin? That all historical male rulers are essentially the same person (true)? Or is it just that the ODT couldn't be bothered google imaging more than one person.

This was in the Monday issue. You had all weekend ODT, for fuck's sake.

FACT:

In the 1930s, there was an outbreak of exploding trousers in New Zealand. Farmers had used a herbicide that became explosive when it dried.

Michael Jackson regularly made prank phone calls to Russell Crowe.

Stormtroopers from Star Wars Lego sets outnumber the planet's real soldiers by 50 to 1.

Throughout the entire series of Friends, the six main characters drink a total of 1154 cups of coffee.

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General Election Purgatory: *Filling the Void with Speculation*

by George Elliott

We are at a stage where, for all the analysis, all the hearsay and all the expertise, things are just uncertain. It's both frustrating and rapturous; plain and radical. Winston Peters, the leader of NZ First, is waiting for the special votes to be finalised on 7 October and is consulting with his party about who they'll go with. Will he go with National or Labour and the Greens?

The news media has gone mad with uncertainty. There is a void of meaning and they're eager to fill it. "Arden and Davis to lead negotiating team" was one headline last week—no shit. Patrick Gower is focusing on the potential clash of personalities between the National and NZ First caucuses—someone once called someone a doorknob or something! Meanwhile, Peters, snapping between trademark grin and frown, is fronting the press gallery at parliament; giving them a telling off and instructing them to be ashamed of themselves for their "speculative drivell".

I have no idea if we'll have a National/NZF or a Labour/Green/NZF government. I've leaned towards Peters going with Labour, but I was probably being dishonest. In truth, I seriously propose that we just revel in the fact that for once we can't turn to the screens of our computers and devices for a quick fix, for things to be predicted and resolved.

Before election night we couldn't even say, without pages of circular qualification, what was going to happen. It was no longer in our hands. In democratic elections, "the people's will is our equivalent of what the Ancients perceived as the imponderable will of God or the hands of Fate," as rock-star-philosopher Slavoj Žižek puts it. As much as we try and rationalise this crazy ritual—where your dumb uncle, your racist grandmother, the Lambton Quay yuppies and the farming conglomerate vote for our leaders—we cannot escape the simple fact that, for all the prophetic pig entrails we inspect, we just don't know.

Now it's Winston's will that takes the place of transcendental authority. As much

as the journalists probe him, he will not grace us with his thinking. He has become the patient statesman; standing over a map of the landing beaches with his closest advisors, contemplating strategy and the fate of the land. This is sacral for him, a Winston that can somehow be arrogant and humble about his role.

Election day itself is not even really over yet. There are the votes of 384,000 people still to be accounted for. That is 15 percent of total votes and, looking back at the last two elections, National could easily lose one or two seats to the Labour/Green bloc.

That no one can agree on who won and who lost on the night intensifies the unusual uncertainty we face. Nonetheless, the clear distinctions of winning and losing sooth our anxieties about the grey zone we have entered. We could find some meaningful interpretation here and say that the Māori Party lost, most likely because of their pragmatic decision to stand next to National rather than be cast aside to the opposition benches these past nine years.

David Seymour was another loser. He will return to parliament as the only ACT Party member there, heading a party that won less than a quarter of the votes the Opportunities Party did. In courting NZ First, Bill English has confirmed Seymour will have no place in the next government. (Another loser: the Internet Party – but you don't need to be told that).

I wouldn't necessarily say Gareth Morgan and the Opportunities Party, whose preliminary count is at 2.2 percent of the vote, are losers. They have made a name for themselves as an alternative voice and this is not the last we will see of Morgan. Even if we don't see him, Twitter will make

sure to notify us about something questionable he has said.

There's still something fundamental missing—a government. One does get the feeling that there has been a vote for change and that the long reign of National and friends might have already reached its peak. But then again, English seemingly managed to fight back against a re-energised Labour Party. 'Jacindamania' was disarmed by the immune system of middle New Zealand's boring old comfortableness, content with soulless 'fiscal responsibility'.

For more clarity on Peters' possible trajectory, we could look to history. In the run up to the 1996 general election (the first with the MMP system), Peters and NZ First campaigned heavily against the incumbent Jim Bolger-led National government and its continuation of Labour's major neoliberal reforms. However, after gruelling coalition negotiations, Peters went with Bolger. In the 1999 election, Peters was punished for it, losing the majority of his support and twelve seats. Time will tell as to whether Peters wants to risk repeating that.

In this enigmatic purgatory, all we can do is wait. We can extrapolate regarding the loss of the Māori Party, contemplate a future role for the Opportunities Party and look back to history in an attempt to crawl into Winston Peters' head. But we can't really go beyond that. We should rejoice in this uncertainty. In an era where everything can be explained in a few 'real-time' glances and anyone can know one thousand different things about one thing with the click of a button, it is a refreshing experience to just resign ourselves to the unknown.



Patrick Gower delivers another devastating poll to the lost souls in purgatory

POST-ELECTION DEBRIEF: DUNEDIN NORTH MP DAVID CLARK SPEAKS TO CRITIC

Joe Higham: What are your thoughts on how the election campaign went?

David Clark: It's been a rollercoaster. When we began last November, we had a different leader and we had a plan we'd been working on for a couple of years, and it's only a couple of months ago that we changed our leader and that really injected another level of energy into things, but the campaign locally has been huge. Previous campaigns have been well run with good leadership in them but this one is the biggest by a margin — it's been huge. All up close to 1000 people involved. It's getting harder to live in Dunedin North and not know someone who volunteers for the Labour Party and that means there are a whole lot of personal connections; the party is a grassroots movement and there is a movement that has grown over the last weeks and months that it's hard to even imagine ever stopping. Things are just going to grow from here.

You and Clare Curran were extremely successful in Dunedin North and South respectively. What do you put that down to specifically?

We've run a campaign that has focused on regional neglect, and the ongoing delays to the hospital has been the epitome of that. I think that's really resonated with people. It's a frustration with the government, but partly because of the positive vision that Labour has laid out to address that issue. So we've said we won't dilly-dally with public-private partnerships because they would add further delay, quite aside from the ideological argument against making private profit from public fund allocation. We also said that we would make sure it's a centre city rebuild, and start it in our first term instead of in five years as National are currently projecting. All of those things show a focus on Dunedin and a priority for Dunedin that I think people have found easy to get behind.

There are a lot of positives to take from the campaign and one of those is Labour's rise of 10 percent in the party vote from the 2014 election. Are you disappointed that the result (still provisional at this stage) wasn't over 40 percent? Was that your aim?

Firstly, at a local level, we had a really good result last campaign. The National Party dropped votes on a booth by booth count. This campaign we grew by 16 percent in party vote in Dunedin North, which is extraordinary. I'm really, really pleased with that result.

In terms of the result throughout the country, of course I would have loved it if it was higher. That's a truism. But, I guess the interesting thing is that more people have voted for a change of government than the status quo, and it will be interesting to see how that is reflected in the coalition negotiations, but any detailed comment on that issue I'll leave to our leader, Jacinda.

What do you say to the argument that seeing as almost 1 in 2 voters voted for National, the coalition should involve them?

I think the results show the country wants to see change, and when the special votes are counted I think there'll be a clearer

indication of that, but it's a negotiation and that's MMP and we'll have to live with what MMP delivers us.

Having served two full terms in parliament, you must have dealt with Winston Peters on many occasions...

Well I sat next to Winston during my first term in parliament on the Finance and Expenditure Committee, and thoroughly enjoyed working with him in that environment. He is well connected to the legal community and the case law that comes out of that community and also someone who understands politics incredibly well. When I was a first term MP, it was an absolute privilege to serve alongside him in that capacity. It was between him and Shane Jones actually!

What an interesting place to be sat... in light of what you learned about him over the last two parliamentary terms, what do you see him (Winston Peters) wanting to gain from the negotiations?

Credit to Critic for trying, but I'm going to leave any talk about the coalition negotiations to the leadership.

To me, Jacinda Ardern's election night speech sounded as though it was a concession speech. What did you make of it?

I thought it was extraordinarily good. I think that Jacinda speaks to Labour values incredibly well because they are at her core. That's because she speaks from the heart, is reasoned and relatable and I felt incredibly proud on the night and I think we're lucky as a country to have her in a resurgent Labour Party.

Can you speak to how well Jacinda has done since she assumed the leadership of the party?

I've known Jacinda since well before either of us were MPs, and I've always known she was an incredibly capable and competent person, and at the same time I have found it exhilarating to see her shine in a new role and to see her lead so competently right from the start. It's taken the Labour Party a long time to find her as its leader, but I don't think there'll be any looking back now.



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When Does Super Become Anything But? The Rise of Super Teams in the NBA

"IN THIS FALL, THIS IS VERY TOUGH, in this fall I'm going to take my talents to South Beach and join the Miami Heat."

On 8 July 2010, LeBron James altered the NBA landscape. Not in any minor way—he does that on a daily basis, but in a significant way that we are only truly starting to notice today. By joining fellow All-Stars, and potential fellow Hall of Famers, Dwayne Wade and Chris Bosh in Miami, 'The King' reignited the super team trend, which began long before his time. He drastically altered the structure of the league.

"I feel like it's going to give me the best opportunity to win and to win for multiple years, and not only just to win in the regular season or just to win five games in a row or three games in a row, I want to be able to win championships. And I feel like I can compete down there."

The scene was truly set for domination in 1968 with Wilt Chamberlain's move to the Lakers. Unlike LeBron's move, Wilt simply wanted out of Philadelphia. Funnily enough, this ended up with an undisputed Hall of Famer teaming up with two more, Jerry West and Elgin Baylor. Just as Golden State have ended up with Curry, Durant, Thompson and Green on the same team through different circumstances, the difference is not in the 'what' but in the 'how'.

This provides us with a simple methodology for defining a super team—multiple Hall of Famers on the same team, with at least one coming to join the others; the team they combine forces with already being reasonably successful, and; the balance of power in the NBA being at threat.

Fast-forward to the early '70s, and the trend continued in Milwaukee. 1970–71 also saw the creation of a Milwaukee super team featuring Lew Alcindor and Oscar Robertson, whom the Cincinnati Royals traded to Milwaukee without explanation and for little in return. The 66–16 Bucks won the



championship in the duo's first year together and made one more Finals before Abdul-Jabbar headed to the Lakers. That Robertson is linked with one of the earliest super teams is a striking coincidence. Player movement was limited by archaic rules that put owners and teams first for much of the NBA's existence. Robertson's legal challenge of the Association in the 1970 antitrust suit Robertson vs. National Basketball Association paved the way for restricted free agency in 1976, which slowly evolved into the modern free-agent structure we know today. The other historically distinct super team are the 1982–83 Philadelphia 76ers, boasting Hall of Fame residents Moses Malone and Julius Erving and All-Stars Maurice Cheeks (outrageously snubbed by the Hall of Fame), Andrew Toney, and Bobby Jones.

The history of the NBA super team enters murky water after 1983. Unrestricted free agency was in full swing by the mid-'90s, but no star had the audacity to shout, "If you can't beat them, join them". Then 34-year-old Charles Barkley left the Phoenix Suns to join Clyde Drexler and Hakeem Olajuwon with the two-time champions Houston Rockets. Although Barkley wasn't quite in his prime in 1996, he was just four years removed from an MVP season and averaged 19.2 points and 13.5 rebounds for the Rockets.

Indeed, the Barkley Rockets—and the 2004 Los Angeles Lakers featuring Karl Malone and Gary Payton—serve as a bridge between the historical super teams and those of today's era. Both squads straddle the line between super teams built on the backs of Hall of Famers and your run-of-the-mill ring-chasing.

For that, we should blame Michael Jordan.

Before 'His Airness' locked up a perfect 6-for-6 Finals record, NBA greatness was an open discussion. Jordan changed all that. In his wake, retiring without a ring meant you were borderline worthless no matter what other success you had.

We'd put that pressure on great players before, sure, but Jordan's success amplified the criticism—paving the way for the Boston Celtics to unleash the full force of the super team model. Boston's trades for Kevin Garnett and Ray Allen constituted the first truly modern superteam, as they joined Paul Pierce and Rajon Rondo and made a mockery of the Eastern Conference.

Once the floodgates opened, there was no stopping the trend. LeBron didn't start the NBA's love affair with super teams; he merely made it acceptable.

People can fire blame at this generation all they want, but super teams aren't a modern phenomenon; the execution of producing one has simply changed over the years.

We've gone from a rare superstar looking for greener pastures once a decade or so, to Hall of Famers trying to preserve their legacies, to the game's best players taking the easy way out at their peaks, all in the unending pursuit of rings. Jordan's dominance in the Finals has led to an all-or-nothing, short-term mindset, with sheer disregard for the long-run. The harsh reality is that it has to be that way—when players are going to be judged on how many rings they finish their careers with, they're making the only logical choice to secure their legacy.

Scarfie in a Strange Land

Isaac Yu



Time is a wheel. Being someone of Korean descent who represents New Zealand on the JET Programme (Japanese Exchange and Teaching meant to improve international relations), living in Japan is a surreal experience. On one hand, their ancestors conquered mine and instituted an oppressive police state in the 20th century, doing things like gunning down school children for singing the national anthem in public. On the other hand, their descendants' taxes now pay my salary and I teach their children's children English in an effort to show them the international world. I try not to get caught up in ancestral grudges.

Japan is a country of extraordinary paradoxes. It has some of the most advanced technology in the world casually on display everywhere, and yet holds onto some of its most ancient traditions. Their emperor, supposedly the descendent of the divine sun goddess Amaterasu, remains the longest continuous dynastical monarchy (that is a single family's descendants continuing to rule as monarchs instead of being killed off and replaced by usurpers who become the next legitimate dynasty, only to be replaced a few generations down the track and so on) in world history. At the same time, Japan is one of the youngest democratic countries – with the declaration of the Japanese Peace Constitution in 1947, going so far as to renounce their sovereign right as a nation to declare war in Article 9.

Japan is a country where land was traditionally measured not in size, but in the amount of rice it could yield (石 - koku) – as it served as a direct representation of how many soldiers you could support and field. When warring Samurai clans were finally brought to heel by military oligarchs like Oda Nobunga (who realised that peasants with guns and steel ships trump Samurai armoured in tradition and bits of wood) and the mascot of my city, Ieyasu Tokugawa (currently experiencing a rebirth from brutal, bald, warlord to fuzzy, kawaii, symbol). Despite this modern anti-militaristic attitude, school uniforms are still modelled off navy uniforms and there is a great emphasis on regimentation and group work across all sectors of society.

Japan is a country that has talking toilets with more buttons and options than your average television, and magic internet boxes that some-

how work without an Ethernet connection, but where many banks don't believe in online banking and prefer to do things in person between the extremely inconvenient (for those who work fulltime) hours of 9am and 3pm. It's a country where the term convenience store, konbini (コンビニ – 'convenience'), is taken more literally – being able to act as a post office, bank for international money transfers and small supermarket complete with ready-made meals and daily necessities; instead of just being a place to get drunk fried food and darts at 3am. But if you want to get a new phone, or set up your internet, prepare to spend about four hours politely nodding, signing away your firstborn child, and going through so many security checks you'll feel like you're being screened by the CIA instead of getting the latest iPhone at a shopping mall.

In many ways Japan is the exact antithesis of New Zealand. It is the most homogenous and insular developed nation in the world, with census reports showing 98.5% of the population are Japanese citizens (that being said, ethnicity is not factored in the census and there are nine distinct ethnic minority groups in Japan that are swept together under the blanket term of 'Japanese Citizen'). Plans are made weeks in advance, and kept to the letter; a reservation to a popular nomihodai (飲み放題 - an all you can drink restaurant/bar – something you couldn't have in New Zealand for fear of the place going out of business, or needing to haul out bodies) for a large group can take up to two to three weeks, instead of a cheeky jaunt down George Street to the nearest byo on a Thursday night. Punctuality is so important that the director of the Shinkansen (新幹線 - bullet train) will write and sign a letter that you can show your employer if it is later than a minute.

I discovered why such a letter would be necessary when I missed a traffic light and was a few minutes late, being met with a frenzy of phone calls inquiring if I was okay, if I had missed my bus / train / been in an accident, or otherwise been waylaid during my twenty minute walk to the school. Coming from a country of “yeahnah mate she'll be right,” our different attitude towards time was a jarring culture shock.

One of the predecessor JETs had a different encounter with Japanese hyper-politeness when

Punctuality is so important that the director of the bullet train will write and sign a letter that you can show your employer if it is later than a minute.

22 Students caught misbehaving outside of school hours often result in their teachers being called and brought in before their parents.

she was chased down a street by a large Japanese man yelling at her. Fearing for her life, she sprinted away until the consequences of neglecting leg day became painfully clear. It wasn't until he'd caught up that she realised she had left her wallet behind and he was trying to return it to her, oblivious of the language barrier. Walking around and seeing bikes unlocked everywhere and no litter in sight still continues to boggle the mind when you're used to the glitter of broken glass and the occasional smashed car window of studentville. I hadn't realised how overtly polite and civil Japanese society was until I was at a store, three weeks in, discovering that I knew at least five different ways to apologise but I didn't know the word for no.

A large part of why there is such an emphasis on punctuality, structure and civility is the mind-boggling amount of people that live in a country not much bigger than ours. Tokyo alone has almost double the entire population of New Zealand (9.27 million to 4.69 million) jammed into an area twice the size of Auckland – you can't really afford to have buses arriving late or people littering everywhere without riots and anarchy. The city where I'm placed, Hamamatsu, is a 'small' city of only 800,000 people. For context, Auckland has just over a million. Conversely, many other JETs are in the 'inaka' (田舎- the Japanese boonies) where you might have a few hundred to a few thousand people in between rice paddies, not too different from rural farming towns in NZ.

In order for society to function smoothly without things catching on fire, especially given Japan's knack for earthquakes and tsunamis (the entire country is a geographic hot spot), you need a greater emphasis on group collaboration, politeness, and civil responsibility, and this is where schools play such an important role.

From a young age children are socialised to work in groups, be aware and considerate of others when they do things (from small things such as picking up your rubbish and taking it with you when you leave, to sorting and recycling your rubbish every week), and to perform all tasks to a perfectionist standard – a double edged sword that creates a culture of shame and a fear of doing poorly. While New Zealand might have the individualistic bootstrap mythos of the self-made

man, that the squeaky wheel gets the grease, Japan has the attitude that the nail that stands out gets hammered down, stressing group cohesion, consensus, and modesty.

Students rarely speak up on their own and will be flustered when called upon individually, but put them in pairs or groups and they'll come up with surprising results. While not practiced as much at my placement school, the vast majority of Japanese schools do not hire cleaners and have all students and staff clean for 15 minutes each day to maintain their facilities. No matter how high you are on the hierarchical pecking order, for those 15 minutes everyone is equal and performs the mundane tasks many of us view as beneath us. It's a remarkable way of building a sense of humility and teaching a lesson about civic responsibility – we all must take part to keep things running smoothly and the more hands there are the lighter the work.

Teacher, or sensei (先生), is as much an honorific suffix as it is a job title, with the same level of respect as doctors and professionals. Instead of being regular ol' Isaac-san (Mr Isaac) who writes funnies for Critic, Isaac-sensei is used by colleagues and students to convey respect and deference. The term sensei translates to 'one who was born before'; instead of viewing a teacher as a mere instructor who regurgitates knowledge into the mouths of young minds (who will hopefully retain enough of this knowledge to regurgitate back out on to their tests) as we do back home, a 'sensei' is viewed as a moral guide and mentor figure who has achieved mastery in their field. To an extent teachers perform a surrogate parent role; students caught misbehaving outside of school hours often result in their teachers being called and brought in before their parents.

As a result, they are held to a much higher standard by the community in order to be worthy of the title, manifesting in little ways like not being seen by the students smoking. The emphasis on personal accountability for those with esteemed positions is somewhat refreshing given the last few weeks of scandals involving our leaders this election cycle.

There are cracks and flaws with any system, and the Japanese insistence on perfection manifests in long work hours, high job stress, and stag-

**From a young age children
are socialised to perform to a
perfectionist standard—a double
edged sword that creates a
culture of shame**

gering suicide rates. When one of the most common forms of death, *karoshi* (過労死 - translates to 'death by overwork'; when a salaryman's heart gives out after another 100 hour week) it raises questions about just how far you can push people before they break. One of the earliest phrases I learned, *osaki ni shitsurei shimasu* (お先に失礼します), translates roughly to, "sorry I'm leaving work before you," and is a part of my leaving ritual at the end of each day, while my co-workers (some of which arrived before me) are still slogging away at their desks. A common work faux pas is to leave before the vice-president (or vice principal) does; fortunately *gaijin* (外人- foreigners) are exempt.

The extreme emphasis on group consensus and collaboration creates a culture where people are afraid to stand out, or to be too strongly opinionated. This manifests in the cultural phenomenon of *honne* (本音) and *tatemae* (建前); the true self and the public façade. There is a very clear and sharp demarcation between how you act in public, around your coworkers or superiors, and how you act with intimate friends and lovers in private. As a result, one of the biggest complaints of *gaijin* living in Japan is the perceived 'fakeness' that makes it difficult to form lasting relationships with your Japanese coworkers – you don't know if they are saying things or doing things out of politeness or if they are genuine.

In many ways there are parallels with this in the West in countries like the United Kingdom or Finland, which tend to have a more introverted culture that emphasises civility and politeness

– and Japan has the same solution to break the ice: copious drinking or '*nomikai/enkai*' (飲み会 - work parties). Kind of like Vegas, what happens at an *enkai* remains at an *enkai*, with you greeting your coworkers the next day with a discrete nod – both of you tactfully avoiding any mention of the prior night's revelry. It serves as an outlet to let your hair down and be more open and honest about things; an almost ritualised group therapy session with drinks instead of shrinks.

While still a bit of a challenge grappling with the monolithic language barrier, having no prior language experience outside of Miyazaki movies, living in Japan is a hell of a lot easier than 30 years ago, when the first JET members arrived. Having smartphone apps to teach you the letters of the three alphabets (Hiragana, Katakana, and Kanji) or to translate in a pinch, being near other JETs and expats to help you acclimatise, and living in a country where people are generally exceedingly friendly and polite so long as you make some small attempt to speak Japanese and meet them halfway, things could certainly be worse. It's not exactly a glamorous vacation overseas where you get to carouse around snapping photos for your 'gram all day before jaunting back home to show off how 'cultured' you are, and yeah you are expected to work 35 hours a week. But at the end of the day you get paid to live in another country and learn how they do things. You get to teach young people to be curious about what lies outside the world they've known. All it takes is a little courage to take the first step and go somewhere you've never been ●





FIGURE 110105 - GEORGE 2017



EXTREME HAUNTED HOUSES

written by **Lucy Hunter**
photography by **Matt McKay**

"People piss themselves, shit themselves," says Rory Foley casually as he shows us through the empty prison. Foley delights in terrorising people, for charity.

It's a grim place to walk around. The Dunedin Prison was completed in 1896 and used for over a century until its closure in 2007. The old prison cells are worse than I imagined they would be. The old beds are tiny. I look up at Matt McKay, our photographer, who is tall. He reckons he could just fit on the bed if he curled up. Foley says the toilets were installed in the 2000s.

"Before that, they used a bucket. There was a real rotting flesh smell." He tells us that the barred windows along the length of the building used to have no glass, so the freezing Dunedin air could blow straight in. The only light was from small gas lamps embedded in the walls between the rooms.

While we were visiting, the prison was being set up as a haunted house. Fear NZ is New Zealand's biggest horror charity company. They go to traditionally scary locations - empty hospitals, prisons, and warehouses - and set up an immersive experience to

literally scare the living shit out of people. The company sets up scenes in the chosen setting and employs actors to dress up as terrifying characters. Foley says there are two "so-called nasties" (ghosts) floating round the prison. I asked what they do, and he said, "annoy me".

Foley started Fear NZ despite being told it wouldn't work out. He was working in North America when a friend suggested they go to a haunted maize maze. He got chased by a guy with a chainsaw and had a blast. When he got back to South Canterbury, he decided

he wanted to make his own haunted experience. “Everyone said no, it won’t work. I decided to do it anyway.” He cut all the tracks by himself, created a Facebook page with a friend, and put up some posters. They had seven actors and only had masks for them to wear - no costumes. They had one chainsaw. Foley took bookings on his cell phone. The first weekend sold out, then the second weekend, and then the third. They donated the proceeds to the Cancer Society, which helped get people on board. Then a school asked if they could set up in an old hospital. “Now we have around a hundred people on our booking staff; we’re all over NZ; we’re considered the biggest and best to be dealing with now.”

The team design the experience to fit the space. No two set ups are the same. “I have to keep walking through to get the flow right.” Foley says he’ll start by going through what was in his head, but will often realise it’s not going to work because of how the scares are going to happen. “We want to stagger them. We don’t want the adrenaline to plateau; we want it to peak over and over again.”

Critic sent reporter Chelle Fitzgerald to Fear NZ. The first thing she was made to do was sign a liability waiver and say she was not pregnant, did not suffer from epilepsy, heart conditions or high blood pressure, and wasn’t under the influence of alcohol or drugs (she says, “I possibly might have lied, but what’s a bottle or two of wine anyhow”).

Chelle was accosted by the most intimidating man she’d ever seen. “He was at least seven feet tall, muscular, broad and had a prosthetic skeleton face.” He got right up in her face and told her to “hurry the fuck up and get going through a door”. Strobe lights

started flashing and “a motherfucking dude came sprinting at us with a goddamn running chainsaw. Fuck me sideways. I didn’t even realise I had a fear of chainsaws before this ordeal.”

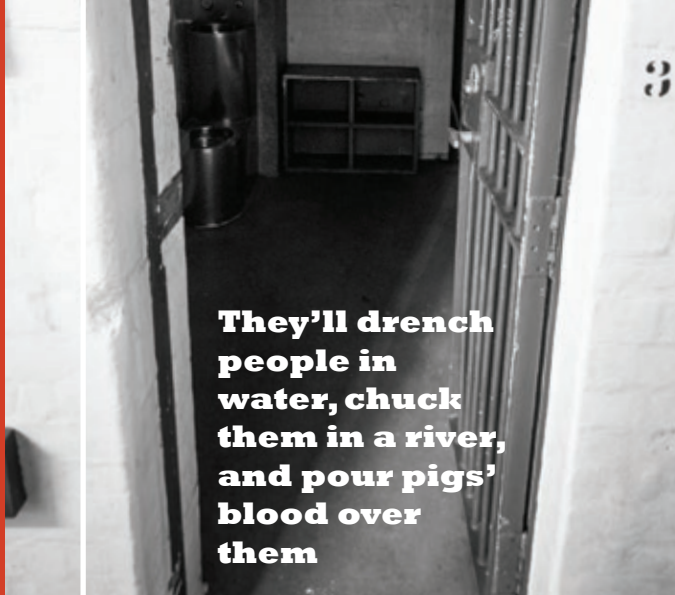
Later, Chelle was shoved into a black cell and the door was locked behind her. She sensed a “presence in the room,” and felt uneasy and claustrophobic. Then something happened – a shuffle, coming from the corner of the cell. “Fuck. It came at me, illuminating itself only enough for me to see its general shape. I still don’t know what that fucking thing was but it screeched at me and I started pounding on the cell door. I was let out, and a clown followed me, breathing down my neck.”

In the US, extreme haunted houses are getting more and more daring as the demand for them grows. Blackout Haunted House makes patrons suck on bloody tampons and occasionally does faux-waterboarding. Dead of Night in Long Island zips people up in body bags. Scarehouse: The Basement in Pennsylvania gives electric shocks. The Cult in New Hampshire lets cockroaches loose on people’s bodies.


McKamey Manor is a nonprofit haunted house located in Russ McKamey’s backyard in San Diego, California. Guests there are put through pos-

sibly the worst (consensual) torment of any haunted house in the country. They give the patrons unwanted haircuts, drench them in fake blood, submerge them in water, force them to eat and drink unknown substances, and even bind, gag, and drug guests in order to induce hallucinations. The house permits just a handful of patrons every weekend. They used to accept payment only in the form of dog food, but now they take donations to the local dog shelter. The tour can last anywhere from 4 to 8 hours, and nobody has made it all the way through, despite there being no safe word. There is a waiting list of around 20,000 people.

Foley told me that in New Zealand they can’t go anywhere near what America does, “in terms of nudity, the forced feeding, or even the sexual insults and things like that. We can’t do that kind of stuff, legally and morally.” He says that even if they could do those things, our population is too small for there to be enough demand for it. Only a small percentage of people have any interest in an experience like McKamey Manor. Foley and his team try to make sure their patrons get a really good scare, but they don’t want them too traumatised to ever come back. He gives the example of



They’ll drench people in water, chuck them in a river, and pour pigs’ blood over them



**At the end of
that hallway,
there was a
psychotic
surgeon
performing
surgery on a
screaming
patient on a
filthy gurney.**

a haunted house in America where they do military-style torture. “They put bags over people’s heads and then send them into a room where there is a continuous siren playing for ten, twenty minutes. It’d just drive you nuts.” They’ll drench people in water, chuck them in a river, and pour pigs’ blood over them. “We can’t even do that. We can’t even use pigs’ blood because it’s a health and safety issue. We have to make fake blood.” He sounded a bit annoyed. “We’re looking into smells, but there are some people who react to smells, just like there are people who react to strobes. We have the odd vomiter. People faint. We had a guy faint last year.”

They try to make the scares completely different at each location. “A military asylum is different to a prison.” The waiver that patrons have to sign says that the actors can touch them, but they can’t touch the actors. “If you touch us, you soon find out why you don’t.” Patrons can put their hands up to communicate they’re not enjoy-

ing this part of the experience, but they wish to continue. The safe word is “purple”. As soon as an actor hears the word “purple” they break character and immediately make contact with the person, then get them to a security person who will see them out.

Foley says that different people react differently to different things. “Some people are very scared of the darkness, confined spaces. A lot of people will just freak out when the door clangs [prison doors are loud] - you imagine that with the strobe lights going and us walking round. We have a whole population of clowns.” They also play music, made by Foley, with a tempo slightly above a human heartbeat.

A session with Fear NZ takes around 15-20 minutes, depending how long people last. Chelle lasted about 20. At one point she found herself in a derelict hallway full of “neglected insane patients. They were horrific and some had open wounds and looked to have escaped the operating table mid-surgery.” At the end of that hallway, there

was a psychotic surgeon performing surgery on a screaming patient on a filthy gurney.

Moving through, she was grabbed by soldiers and told harshly to stand against the wall, before being sent into a pitch-black corridor. “In there we were accosted by all sorts of fucked up creatures who wanted to touch.”

She finally made it out, heart pounding, to be farewelled by a friendly staff member and the St John ambulance staff. She gave the experience, “18/10, highly recommended”.

The St John staff are there in case someone gets into a dangerous state, like a heart attack. One of the charities Fear NZ raises money for is the New Zealand Heart Foundation. I asked Foley if anyone had ever had a heart attack while inside one of his haunted houses, and he said, “not yet”.



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\$8 off any pizza purchase.*

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\$10 for coffee and a Bacon Buttie, anytime before 5pm

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\$39 Bikini line, \$49 Brazilian, \$39 eyebrow and lash trio (eye brow shape and tint and a lash tint)

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free basket of crispy curly fries with aioli with every main purchased Monday to Thursday

CORNERSTONE INK TATTOO STUDIO

\$80.00 per hour

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Scarfie Combo double deal, score 2 scarfie pies and a 440ml can of pepsi for \$5

FORTUNE THEATRE

2-for-1 tickets on Wednesday night performances*

GROOM ROOM

"The Tom Collins" cut for \$30. Only valid at the Dunedin Groom Room and a valid Radio One Card must be presented

HELL PIZZA

Spend \$20 or more and receive either free wedges, garlic bread, or a 1.5L drink*

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5 classes for \$50*

INCH BAR

Half price Tuesdays – 50% off all food

LEGIT LTD

50% off stickers

LIQUID ASSETS JUICE BAR

12.5% off all juices

LONE STAR

Up to 25% off selected beverages when you book a function with us. \$20 selected Beer Pitchers. \$15 Margarita Jugs*

MOBIL ANZAC AVE

2 x 500mL Lift Plus for \$4

NANDO'S

Free regular peri-peri chips with every flame-grilled chicken, wrap, pita or burger. Free chips upgrade with combo meals*

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\$28 per person for the best doom room available at both Nomads & Base Queenstown subject to availability. Check www.rl.co.nz for T&C's around seasonal blackout dates

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Treatment, cut & blow wave for \$69. Cut, blow wave, colour & treatment for \$150. 1/2 head foils, cut, blow wave, toner & treatment for \$164

OUTSIDE SPORTS

15% off rental, 15% off workshop, and 10% off retail (full price items only)*

PARDAL HAIR STUDIO

Student woman's haircut \$40, re-style \$50, mens haircut \$25

PHONE SURGEONS

Half Price pool every Monday night*

PITA PIT

Buy any petita size pita and get upgraded to a regular*

PIZZA HUT

10% off all Pizzas. Free Sauces
Lunch time special–Free Garlic Bread with any pizza*

POPPA'S PIZZA

Free garlic bread with any regular or large pizza*

PURE BEAUTY

20% off eyelash extensions, \$25 spray tans, Student Brazilian with free eyebrow shape \$35

ROB ROY DAIRY

Free upgrade to a waffle cone ever Monday & Tuesday*

SUBWAY

Buy any six-inch meal deal and upgrade to a footlong meal deal for free*

SUPER SHUTTLES

\$20 to/from the airport

T.M. AUTOMOTIVE

\$50 Warrant of Fitness fee

VAPOURIUM

Get an EXTRA 10ml with any starter kit

WATER BAR - WANAKA

Locals prices are offered to Onecard holders on House, Wines, Beers and Spirits up until Christmas

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

This week we charge head on into the best month of the year – Pizza Month!

Monday 2 October

NAME YOUR CAR DAY For those people who haven't named their car yet (shout-out to Bubbles), today you have the opportunity to turn your life around.

Tuesday 3 October

BOYFRIEND'S DAY Crack out those candles and do something romantic for your man. If you don't have a boyfriend then you can use positive coping mechanisms like crying and eating alone in a darkened room. Jokes! No bf? You're free to do what ever the fuck you want today.

Wednesday 4 October

RANDOM ACTS OF POETRY DAY Are you a poet and you know it? Y'all should rhyme, it's not a crime! Can you Haiku like Kikaku? Do you like to Limerick when you're feeling sick? I'll stop now

Thursday 5 October

COUNTRY INN BED & BREAKFAST DAY Woohoo! The day we've all been waiting for. For the New Zealand version: head to the nearest inn in the middle of nowhere and enjoy a fine evening of Speight's and bed bugs.

Friday 6 October

NOODLE DAY
The mi goreng awaits.

Saturday 7 October

WORLD CARD-MAKING DAY
Dazzle your friends and family with thoughtful and intricate homemade cards – they'll be super chuffed.

Sunday 8 October

BRING YOUR BIBLE TO SCHOOL DAY Um, as if we don't all do this every day anyway.

CLUES:

This is from a specimen that can reach up to 33 metres and weigh up to 130 tonnes

This specimen is part of the largest animal in the world

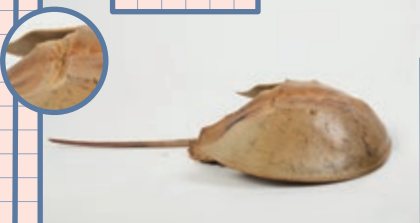
Despite their large size, they feed on tiny marine krill

GO TO THE OTAGO MUSEUM TO SOLVE

SEND YOUR ANSWER TO MYSTERY@CRITIC.CO.NZ

FIRST CORRECT ANSWER WINS A DOUBLE PASS TO:

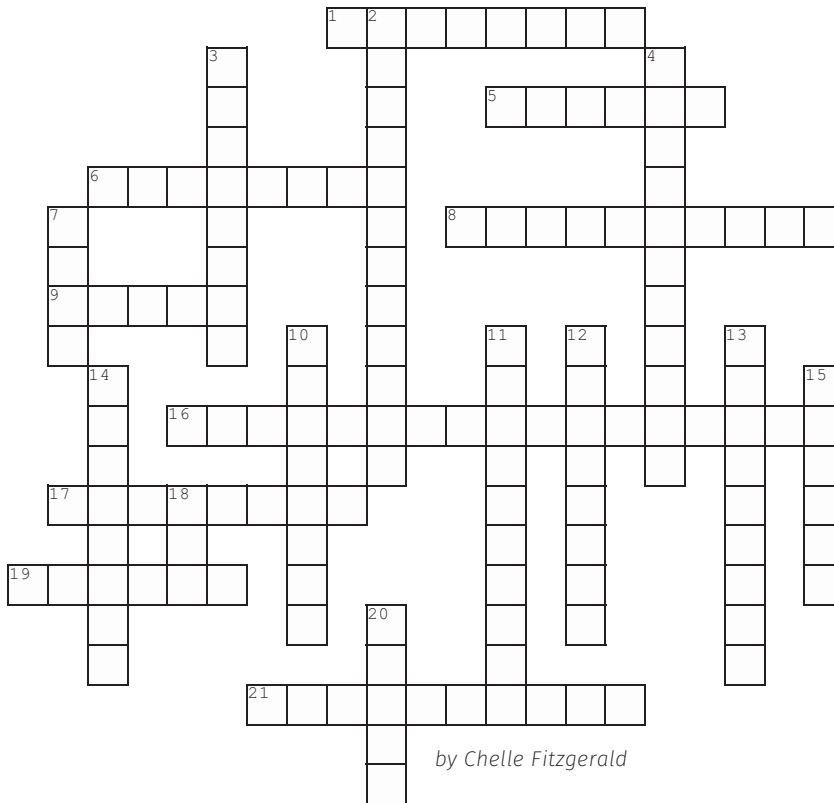
LIFE BEFORE
DINOSAURS:
PERMIAN
MONSTERS



LAST WEEK'S MYSTERY OBJECT was a horseshoe crab. Horseshoe crabs are not true crabs. They are more closely related to insects than they are to crabs. There are only four species of horseshoe crabs around the world.

> They have an outer shell shaped like a horseshoe, hence the name. If they get overturned by waves, they use their long tails to flip themselves over. This is the true purpose of their tails, and contrary to popular belief, they are not used as weapons. They are living fossils that have remained unchanged for millions of years.

CONGRATULATIONS *Alex Cheung* FOR FINDING
THE HORSESHOE CRAB. YOU ARE GOING TO THE
LIFE BEFORE DINOSAURS EXHIBITION!



by Chelle Fitzgerald

INVENTIONS OUT OF TIME: WATER

5/5

Things that wouldn't exist without water:

Umbrellas, plumbing, teapots, straws, flippers, periscopes, gutters, islands, sprinklers, water slides, urinals, water fights, water balloons, lifeguards, beaches, icebergs, flippers, saunas, aqueducts, washing powder, surf boards, ice skates, snowflakes, oases, wells, dams, septic tanks, breast-feeding, hoses, taps, canals, gondolas, wharves, aquariums, fishing rods, mist, instant potatoes, water blasting, coffee machines, wet t-shirt competitions, dams, showerheads, water wheels, water boarding, flash floods, icicles, stalagmites, river stones, urine stains, water lilies, lifeboats, life jackets, dark and stormy nights, the little castles in fish tanks, windscreen wipers, waves, torpedos, the floatation bladders deep sea fish have, snowmobiles, wet weather gear, bongos, diarrhea, rose water, baptism, the death of Ophelia, tidal waves, Poseidon, sea snakes, underwater-themed parties, the expression "waterlogged", the expression "like a fish out of water", holy water, the song It's Raining Men, the bands Aqua and Wet Wet Wet, lighthouses, blow holes, mud flaps, towels, amphibians, hair dryers, water features, water rats, open sewers, salad spinners, pirates, wash cloths, moats, drawbridges, the parting of the red sea, Noah's Ark, decoy ducks, soap, mouldy flats, lube (water based), osmosis, synchronised swimming, snow globes, eye drops, foot spas, bridges, steam engines, float tanks, sea monsters, taniwhas, coxes, bidets, leaky home syndrome, hydrophobia, pool parties, merfolk, Bob Marley baths, bath farts, splashback, high tea, marbled wallpaper, tridents, harpoon guns, fish (except for flying fish), the Holy Grail, soup spoons, poop decks, Botticelli's Venus, the Deep Sea Scrolls, beach balls, sand castles, troughs, dew, dehumidifiers, water clocks, waterproof makeup, togs, kelp, fire hydrants, plugs (you could still have a butt plug though), spirit levels, hot water bottles, the primordial soup, spittoons, rudders...

Across

1. Epic British electronica duo, The _____ Brothers
5. Huge legendary sea monster
6. Two negatives multiplied together gives a _____
8. Old measure of temperature, only used by the US nowadays
9. Canada's flag leaf
16. Famous astrophysicist and science communicator visiting NZ this year
17. Having only one partner at a time
19. These three brothers stole hearts with their first single 'MMMBop'
21. Creepy old medical facility for long-term illnesses like TB. Usually haunted.

Down

2. Passes us roughly every 76 years (7,5)
3. Constellation also known as the 'Seven Sisters'
4. Happy chance
7. A unit for carrying cultural ideas, symbols or practices from one person to another
10. That visible little twirly thing inside a light bulb
11. Fancy rich person light fixture
12. The faces of four US Presidents are carved into it. Mount _____
13. Jamaican religious movement
14. Sonic the Hedgehog's nemesis, Dr. _____
15. Popular board game, _____ and Ladders
18. John Lennon's muse, Yoko _____
20. Sonic the Hedgehog's annoying stupid sidekick

1. What is the name of the highest string on a standard 4-string bass guitar?
2. How many days is the average gestation period of a human?
3. What is the name for the group of friends in Stephen King's It?
4. What is the name of the infection in "The Last of Us"?
5. What is the average air-speed velocity of an unladen European swallow?

Across	1. Chemical	2. Halley's Comet	3. Pleiades	4. Serendipity	5. Kraken	6. Positive	7. Merne	8. Fahrenheit	9. Maple	10. Eilat	11. Chandelier	12. Rushmore	13. Rastafari	14. Robotnik	15. Snakes	16. Neil DeGrasse Tyson	17. Monogamy	18. Ono	19. Hanson	20. Tails	21. Sanitarium
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QUIZ ANSWERS:

C_____WORD ANSWERS:

MUSIC

I Touched darude

Josephine Devereux

Legends aren't born, they're made. The legend is made of memes and called Darude, the man behind the cultural classic that is 'Sandstorm'. This is the journey I undertook to see Sandstorm live.

Darude was playing one New Zealand concert, in Christchurch. Why Christchurch? He moves in mysterious ways. Radio Hauraki was so hyped they bought out all the tickets, and I managed to get my hands on one. In addition to winning a ticket, I had won a seat on the frothing party bus that would transport us up to Christchurch and back, for "Da Road Trip" experience.

Da Road Trip began at the Dunedin Railway Station on a Wednesday morning. Keen to escape the rain, I joined the line of lads filing onto the 'Happy Days' Dunedin tour bus. I chose the exit aisle (just in case), and the extra leg room, though wasted on me, was much appreciated. Just as I was wondering if it would be an all male ensemble, the girls arrived, touting blankets, snacks, and peppy morning attitudes.

Everyone was ready to have a bizarre experience. "Cheers guys, and welcome to Da Road Trip. We got you guys all a Darude singlet. We're gonna pick up some booze on the way." We were given a choice of three singlet colours: green, pink or orange. I went with green.

Optimistically I had brought some university readings and a hefty copy of Middlemarch. The crackling speaker static from the bus radio warned me that reading might be difficult. The radio failed, but someone pulled out a bluetooth speaker and the party was back on. Sandstorm was blaring before we left Dunedin, and I bookmarked my novel.

Ten minutes in, we all posed for a 'Snapstory' photo to "get the fizz going for social". The fizz was certainly flowing on the bus, with DB Draughts sneaking out of black

Liquorland bags and people getting social. We stopped at Timaru's KFC. The order was brought out to us, as the KFC staff probably didn't want forty students in their store. We ate on the grass beside the parking lot, wearing our Darude singlets with aggressive pride.

In Christchurch we were dropped off and left to our own devices. Sad to leave the party bus, I had about four hours to kill until the gig and opted to sit in Southend Mall, slowly eating my leftover pizza, until the janitors took my seat away from me for cleaning purposes.

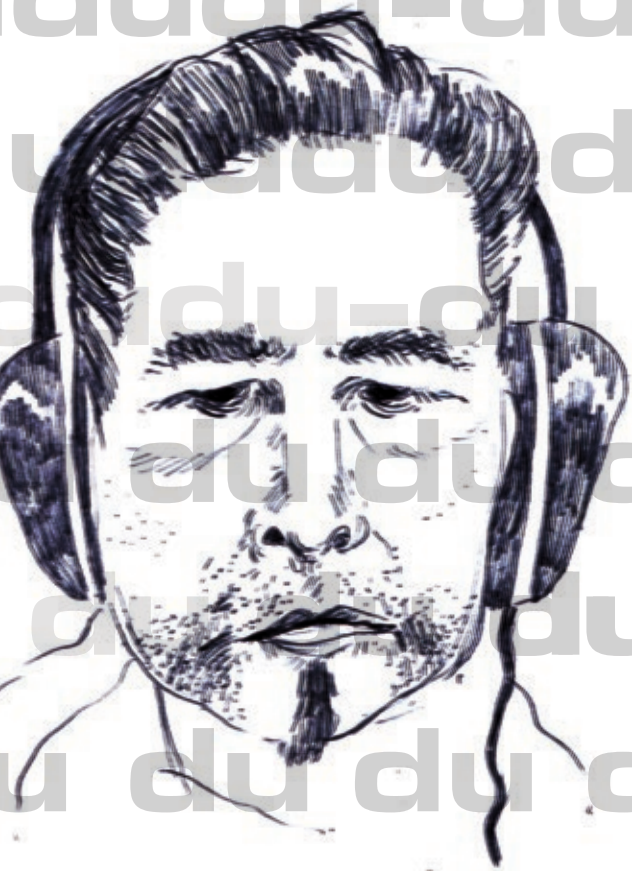
I tried to walk around the New World for a bit, but I was a visible lingerer and kept getting in the way of shopping trolleys. I ran into some friends from the party bus, and headed back to their hostel to kill some time. They sat silently and did their university readings while I read some more Middlemarch.

I turned up to the club at 8pm. That was my first mistake, as I learned that the main attraction, Darude in this case, never starts at the same time the gig does. You live and learn.

We were treated to remixed hit tracks by the in-house DJ (Spotify Premium), bangers like 'Jump', 'Golddigger' and 'Hollaback Girl' making an appearance. One woman vehemently whispered, "how can they play this SHIT before Darude?" The music felt appropriate. If nothing else, it would make Darude better by comparison.

I'd arrived with my backpack and overnight bag, and had to wheedle the door girl to let me store my stuff under the register booth at the front door. I was not going to experience Darude with a backpack full of toiletries.

I swayed and meandered in the harsh black and red glow of the nightclub. There was nothing to do, and I regretted not pre-drinking. Everyone in the club was wearing a Darude singlet. Radio Hauraki had also given out glow sticks and



other light up things, but I'd somehow missed out on those. Seven people were clumsily dancing.

At 9.30 there was rustling up in the DJ tower. A changeover was happening. A man wearing a snapback emerged, tailed by bodyguards, and started to set up DJ equipment. This must be Da man, Da myth, Da legend, Darude. He was taller than I'd thought, and didn't look as old as I'd imagined. Perhaps cultural icon status keeps you young.

There was a little swarm of people to the side of the DJ booth clustering for a photo, so I went up to get my slice of the action. I stood at the edges with large eyes until I was beckoned forward by Darude's thick fingers. Lying through my teeth, I told him I loved his work. I got my pictures and retreated as he began to play.

I beamed at my photo and chatted with my mate about the life changing experience I'd just had, and how Darude's accent sounded a tiny bit Kiwi. But, as it was my first Finnish accent, I took it at face value.

The club was still half empty. Darude started playing his set, and the crowd let him know exactly what they wanted. "Sandstorm" was enthusiastically screamed every few minutes as the crowd mindlessly bobbed to the vaguely rhythmic beats. It is hard to dance to techno tracks that have no build.

15 minutes passed and there was still no Sandstorm, or anything recognisably Darude's music, which isn't saying much. I turned to my mate. "Do you think that guy might... not be Darude?" I google imaged as fast as my data would allow, and compared the images to the DJ's face. It definitely wasn't Darude. It was a tall white DJ in a snapback, and we had all been duped.

The realisation hit me. We weren't here for Darude. No one knew who he was. We were here because of one song that made his career, and didn't even know what he looked like.

With nothing else to do but wait, I tried to assimilate and dance in a casual and inconspicuous way, which required a lot of concentration. I hope that didn't translate into a look of constipation, because my dance facials need some work. I kept jotting notes in my notebook, a weird thing to do on the dance floor, but the crowd only had eyes for Fake Darude.

I was getting frustrated. I had been standing and waiting for over two hours; I was hungry, and I just wanted to sit down.

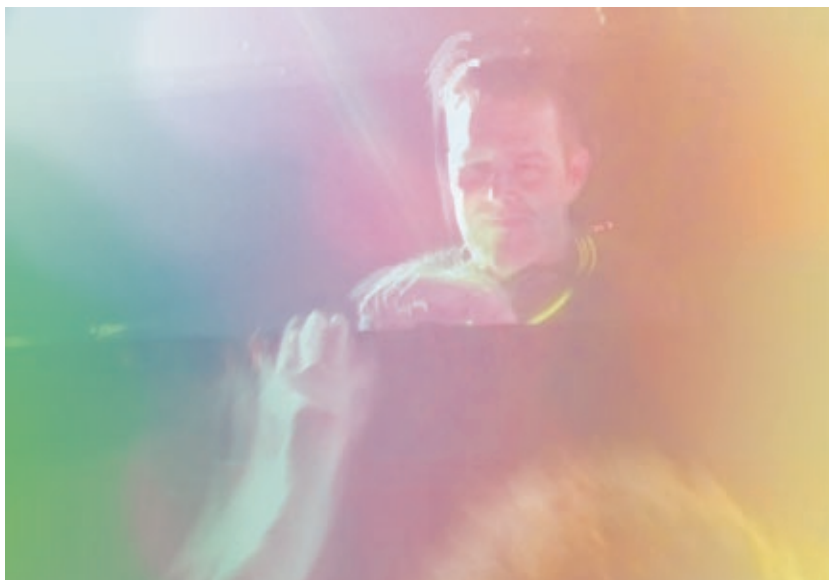
At 10.30, after hours of teasing, the real Darude arrived. We went wild.

After Sandstorm was released in 1999, Darude apparently went on to make more music. Who knew? Certainly not me. But we were all going to listen to it, whether we wanted to or not, as Darude launched us into the average DJ tracks of the rest of his career.

After listening to the fourth track that wasn't Sandstorm, the crowd grew restless. They had been loudly requesting Sandstorm from the get go, but the hype was fading and frustration was setting in. Darude looked wizened beyond his years as he faced the yells and demands with a thin,

**"Da Road Trip"
began at the
Dunedin Railway
Station on a
Wednesday
morning**





**With my body
sandwiched
between sweaty
men, I gazed
up, my hands
reaching for his
attention ... then
Darude, wise
Finnish Santa,
made my wish
come true**

grim smile. This must be every concert for him. It made me feel a bit sad for him, but not sad enough to dissipate my frustration. I was bored of pretending to be interested in sub-par tracks.

I had brought foam earplugs in anticipation of the noise levels. This was my best choice of the evening, although I did have to constantly check they were hidden behind curtains of hair. With the deafening noise slightly muted, I elbowed and burrowed my way into the mosh pit.

Darude knows what he's doing. He basically edged us the whole night, playing tracks that had very similar motifs and beats to Sandstorm, only for the song to veer off into some unfamiliar and less interesting beat sequence. Perhaps it was the only way he could regain power; by playing dirty with our expectations and our hearts.

With my body sandwiched between sweaty men, I gazed up at Darude's aging jawline, my hands reaching for his attention. I knew my efforts were futile. Then Darude, wise Finnish Santa, made my wish come true. He reached out and held my left hand for a solid seven seconds. His grip was warm, firm, decisive and full of whispered stories. Even when he let me go, my hand continued to feel his touch. I resolved to never wash that hand again, but then a drunk man dribbled on it.

The rest of the night was blurry, as I'd figured out that the best way to get through the night was alcohol. Darude never played Sandstorm. Da Rudeness of it all. He did play a remix of Sandstorm, diluted with new, irrelevant crap, but most of the club was too drunk to notice. I stayed until Darude finished then wormed my way through the sticky dance floor into the cold Christchurch night, calf muscles aching, heart a little bit broken.

ART?



Ai Weiwei: Rarely Apologetic

✉ Waveney Russ

Ai Weiwei has been arrested, surveyed, interrogated, abused and exiled by the Communist Party of China (CPC). His contributions to the political-artistic discussion dominated the 2017 global art scene.

The son of a denounced Chinese poet, political retribution has been part of Weiwei's life from the first year of his life, which he spent in a labour camp for alleged 'rightists'. The ill-treatment of intellectuals in his formative years motivated him to become a visionary; he has taken a lifetime of social activism and turned it into a continuous performance piece.

Weiwei's past work is often defined by the inconsistent encouragement and censorship of the CPC. Some of his works include:

- *Fuck Off*, 2000. A photographic exhibition showcasing Weiwei giving the finger to various national monuments.
- *The Bird's Nest*, 2007. The National Stadium of the 2008 Olympic Games.
- *Sunflower Seeds*, 2010. 100 million individual porcelain seeds covering the floor of the Tate Modern.

The prodigious scale of his past work carried into 2017. The revolutionary documentary *Human Flow* was submitted to the Venice International Film Festival. Described as visual poetry, the documentary centres on the mass exodus caused by Middle-Eastern conflicts. A team

of 200 crewmembers visited Syrian refugees in 23 different countries to document their experiences, often following the route across the Aegean Sea to Greece that millions of displaced individuals have embarked on since 2015.

Other exhibitions this year showcased Weiwei's unabating desire to bring refugees to the forefront of global media. *Law of the Journey* in Prague's National Gallery boasted a 70-metre inflatable lifeboat filled with faceless oversized refugee figures. The exhibit was described as a "Multi-layered, epic statement on the human condition: an artist's expression of empathy and moral concern in the face of continuous, uncontrolled destruction and carnage". The location held its own importance in the history of displacement: the National Gallery in Prague was the assembly point for Jews during WWII before their deportation to the concentration camps in Terezin.

After his blatant middle finger to the EU's handling of the migrant crisis, Weiwei transformed the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington into a tribute to fellow dissidents of epic proportions. Assembled by hand with thousands of Lego bricks, 176 portraits covered the floor of the ring-shaped museum. The portraits ranged from the whistleblowers Edward Snowden and Chelsea Manning to civil rights giants Nelson Mandela and Martin Luther King Jr. The spotlight shone on a portrait of Nobel Peace Prize laureate Liu Xiaobo, longtime friend of Weiwei, who died earlier this year after being denied appropriate medical treatment for terminal liver cancer, because of the dissident status he obtained at Tiananmen Square in 1989; promoting a pro-democracy charter while protecting protestors from soldiers.

Weiwei's life is a ceaseless performance piece, continually lending a voice to the grave humanitarian injustices of the current sociopolitical climate. Since his exile from China, the man has become notoriously difficult to locate. The only consistent platform to track his upcoming exhibitions is his twitter, @aiww.

FREE ADMISSION + WWW.DUNEDIN.ART.MUSEUM



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

Francis Jealous
Upritchard Saboteurs

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





Is OUSA *the* shit? Or are we just... shit?

*Tell us what you think and go in the draw to
feed the flat! 50 x POPPAS PIZZA \$20 VOUCHERS*

Complete our survey online at
bit.ly/OUSASURVEY17 by Friday
13 October and be in to win!

Ousa
otago uni students' association



Critic Est. 1924



FILM

IT

DIRECTOR: ANDY MUSCHIETTI

★★★★★

RELEASED 2017

While not as scary as many people were suggesting, I wouldn't recommend IT to anyone already suffering from Coulrophobia. This is the second adaptation of Stephen King's 1986 novel to be put to screen, following the 1990 mini-series. Director Andy Muschietti has revamped Pennywise the clown, bringing him back to creep out a new generation of film-goers. The film has a very nostalgic '80s feel both in its setting and its storytelling, very similar to Stranger Things.

IT is set in Derry, an archetypal American small town where the nerdy kids are bullied by bigger kids with mullets. We follow Bill and the self-proclaimed "losers club" as they deal both with real life issues and being terrorised by Pennywise, who is played excellently by Bill Skarsgård. The film does a great job at mixing comedy and horror, which is helped a lot by Stranger Things star Finn Wolfhard. His performance as Richie is one of the best of the movie with some great, crude one-liners. The whole cast of kid actors are really impressive in some very demanding roles. They are at the centre of the film and it was vital that the chemistry between them was convincing, which it was.

The comedic and light-hearted moments meant that the film often let the audience off the hook, allowing them to take a breather from the horror scenes. This can either be viewed as a good or a bad thing; I thought it was pulled off superbly and was well suited to the story. Some people might be disappointed, expecting something that would leave them psychologically disturbed. It's unlikely to achieve that level of horror, as it is relatively tame with a few very well executed jump scares. I would recommend you see with a group of friends on the big screen.

Review: Todd Johnstone

FILM

LOGAN LUCKY

DIRECTOR: STEVEN SODERBERGH

★★★★★

RELEASED 2017

Few things are more entertaining than trying to predict how a well thought out heist flick will play out. Logan Lucky is a revisit of this formula, starring a slew of A-list names such as Daniel Craig, Channing Tatum, Katie Holmes, and the up-in-coming Adam Driver.

The movie centres on two dim-witted brothers who plan to rob a NASCAR track during the biggest race of the year, recruiting a small crew to do so. It's a daring project; ambitious in its alterations to a tried and tested formula, and an entertaining watch, with a couple of laughs, and good characters scattered throughout. However, the film isn't without its flaws, not by a long shot. The story progresses at a snail's pace, hindered by several unnecessary elements.

Adding to these problems is a bizarre genre change, occurring midway through the film; the heist is executed and we spend a further hour watching the aftermath. It's well executed and would be engaging — as a separate movie. Its addition just makes the movie seem unfocused and meandering. To cap it all off is the big question: how are two plain, dim characters able to come up with such a complex plan? The heist is convoluted, intuitive, and insanely cathartic to watch unfold, all things we've come to expect from director Steven Soderbergh (Ocean's series), but it's never explained how two brothers who're known around town for being infamously dull could pull off the heist of the century.

Problems aside though, Logan Lucky doesn't disappoint. Soderbergh has snagged a fantastic cast to prop his story on, star-studded enough that I'm amazed Logan Lucky had as quiet a release as it did. Daniel Craig steps out of his tuxedo for a fantastic performance as the slightly unhinged Joe Bang, with some of the greatest one-liners of the decade. It's clear he's mostly just goofing around on screen; it's nice to see him laugh for a change. Adam Driver (now better known as Kylo Ren from the new Star Wars) delivers a deadpan humour role for the ages, lending surprising depth to a character whose intelligence initially appears to rival a toaster at best. But what you really get your \$10 worth in, more than great casting and a cracking script, is the promise that you'll never be one hundred percent in the know. Saying any more would ruin the fun, and that's exactly what "Logan Lucky" is, good fun. Don't go expecting any more, and you won't come out thinking any less.

Review: Callum Post



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FOOD

QUESADILLAS

🍷 Liani Baylis

Quesadillas hold a special place in my heart - a drunk cult-classic as far as I'm concerned. I will forever owe my drunk nights on exchange to my friend Lucy, who somehow composed herself enough to loosely monitor a bit of molten cheese on the stovetop. Get someone like that; absolute catch.

I've taken the beloved quesadilla and given it a bit of a nutritional boost so it'll be delicious and 'cheesy' enough to still qualify as hangover food, but this time around you won't sacrifice your summer bod (as much). Let's be real, the summer bod is turning into the half-decent after a few pints bod.

There's probably a little too much work involved here for a drunk feed, however I could suggest making a jar of filling ready for when you and your not-so-significant other from Vault 21 stumble in at 3am. Do that and you're onto a right banger (see what I did there?).

Makes 18 portions of quesadilla to share between 3 hungry people (three quesadillas)

ingredients

1 large kumara, cubed
(skin on, treat yo' bowel)
2 tablespoons of nutritional yeast
1 teaspoon of oregano
1 clove of garlic
2 teaspoons of lemon juice
1/2 teaspoon of coriander seeds
A pinch of nutmeg
Vegan cheese*
(you be the judge of quantity)
Tomato paste
A splash of dairy-free milk to bring
the kumara mix together
6 tortillas
Salt and pepper to taste

*Optional: 100 grams of tofu, finely
diced/mashed*

*Optional: whatever you god damn
please — I ain't no dictator*

*obvs use regular cheese if that's
what you're into

method

1. Cube the kumara and boil until cooked right through
2. Pour over a splash of dairy-free milk, salt and pepper and mash
3. Mix in nutritional yeast, oregano, garlic, lemon juice, coriander and nutmeg with the kumara
4. Pre-heat a dry frying pan over a medium heat
5. Spread tomato paste over the tortillas, divide the mixture in the pot in three and spread evenly over the tortillas
6. Cover in as much cheese as your heart desires, pop the other tortilla on top and cook for about two or three minutes before flipping and cooking for the same time on the other side
7. Cut into six and devour straight away
8. Complain molten-lava cheese has burnt your mouth

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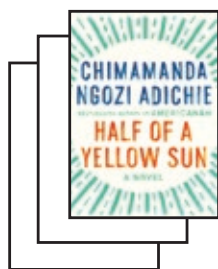
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BOOKS



Half a Yellow Sun—Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie

by Jessica Thompson Carr

Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie is truly a master of words. She combines history with fiction beautifully, and brings us close to the Nigerian Civil War (1967-1970), which I knew nothing about beforehand.

The book follows the lives of five characters: Ugwu, a boy from a poor village; Olanna, an “illogically beautiful” professor; Odenigbo, her lover; Kainene, her twin; and Richard, an English writer. All of the characters are flawed, and they are tested by the war.

It is a complex book; jumping through time to show the origins of the conflict between the Hausa and Igbo peoples, and the consequences of that conflict.

The contrast between Ugwu and the people he serves caused me uncomfortable anger, and the war brings out their true colours. Adichie captures violent scenes vividly, and I felt sick during many chapters.

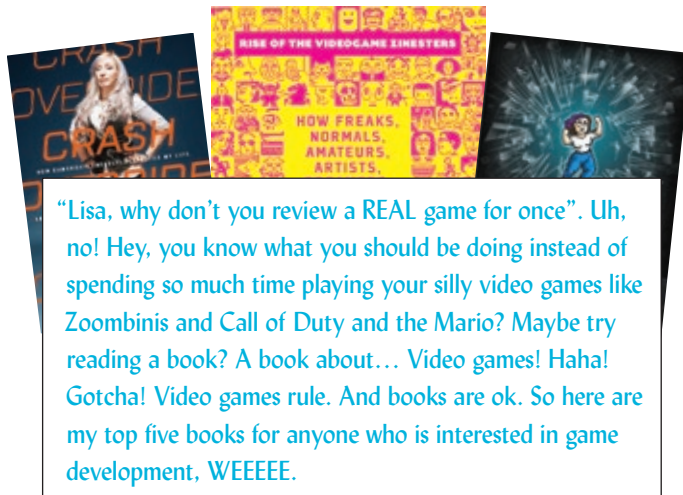
Half a Yellow Sun draws you in, making you hungry for more. The most impressive feature of the novel, in my opinion, was Adichie’s ability to communicate the horrors of war. The writing is intelligent and fluid.

Adichie is a wonderful writer, and an amazing woman. I suggest you all read her as soon as you can.

GAMES

VIDEO GAME BOOKS

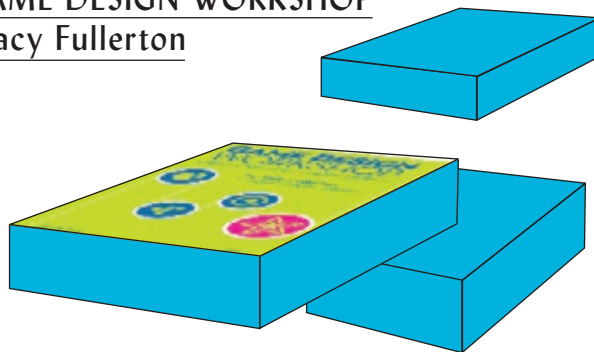
by Lisa Blakie



“Lisa, why don’t you review a REAL game for once”. Uh, no! Hey, you know what you should be doing instead of spending so much time playing your silly video games like Zoombinis and Call of Duty and the Mario? Maybe try reading a book? A book about... Video games! Haha! Gotcha! Video games rule. And books are ok. So here are my top five books for anyone who is interested in game development, WEEEEEE.

GAME DESIGN WORKSHOP

Tracy Fullerton

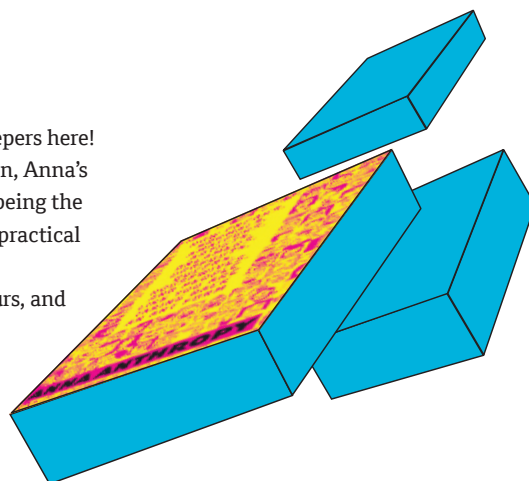


This is kind of like a textbook, but a FUN one! It’s full of exercises that don’t feel like ‘work’ and will get you thinking critically about games. The exercises are typically pretty short and really fun; one which stood out asked me to explain the systems and mechanics of a childhood game I played. You know how complicated Tag is? Extremely! Anyway, it also has a slew of excerpts from prolific figures in the games industry including Warren Spector, Jenova Chen, Jane McGonigal and more!

RISE OF THE VIDEOGAME ZINESTERS

Anna Anthropy

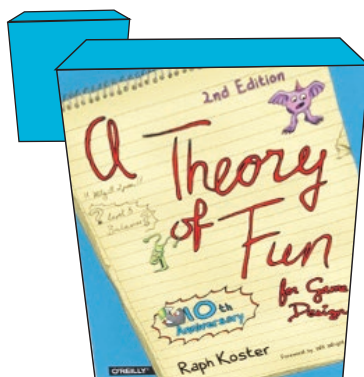
Ever wanted to make a game? Did you know you can? There are no gatekeepers here! If you have ever thought about making games and need a kick of inspiration, Anna's book is one to read. She discusses the shift from large big budget industry being the gatekeepers of game creation to the rise of indie creation online. She gives practical tools for creating your own game and addresses the subversive path these "videogame zinesters" have carved. Does it suck? It doesn't matter! It's yours, and starting is the hardest part.



WOMEN IN GAME DEVELOPMENT

Jennifer Brandes Hepler

Just as the title states, Women in Game Development is about... women in game development. Again, if you're looking for inspiration, this is the book for you. The relentless passion that each woman speaks with is infectious. Game development is and should be for everyone, no matter your gender, sexuality, or ethnicity. The book's validation is both inspiring and comforting, as female voices from each period in the history of gaming talk about their experiences.



A THEORY OF FUN FOR GAME DESIGN

Raph Koster

Hey fun story, I almost met Raph Koster! This dude at the GDC (Game Developer's Conference) was talking to me at the speakers' party and was like "hey I was just talking to Raph Koster, he's over there if you want me to introduce you?" and I was like "UHHHH no thank you!". I'm very good at networking. ANYWAY this book was the first thing I read that made me start seriously thinking about video games as something outside of just a hobby. There are also a ton of cool pictures and it is written in a way that is accessible who don't understand the sometimes extremely complicated game developer jargon.

CRASH OVERRIDE

Zoe Quinn

I burned through this incredible story in two days. Fair content warning of rape, death and abuse; a lot of the stuff Quinn discusses is extremely heavy. She goes into detail about the amount of online threats she received after her break up with an abusive partner spawned #GamerGate. Despite this the book has a tone of hope, stressing how the victims of bullying and abuse should not just simply "get off the Internet". It talks about how we foster positivity and creativity and shut down hate with relentless support networks and tenderness and care. It also remains incredibly witty.





SAGE ADVICE

“EXAMS: A JOURNEY INTO HADES, EXAMINED BY THE BEAST”

“How very little can be done under the spirit of fear.” —Florence Nightingale

■ Mat Clarkson

This question comes from a loyal reader: “I’m shitting bricks about exams. What are some tips on how to do well in an exam?” Thank you for the question. There is an old saying I’m sure we’ve all heard many times: ‘There is nothing to fear but fear itself.’ Now, as far as I can tell, whoever said it first probably went straight from high school into the family business — because they obviously never felt pre-exam stress, nor sweated pre-exam bullets. Nor shat pre-exam bullets. Nor shat middle-of-exam cluster bombs (I’m talking diarrhoea here, folks). A lot of us feel like this because we know the outcomes of exams are important. Exams are a Big Deal. So this week I’ve interviewed a seasoned exam taker, and learned some good tips on weathering this special kind of shit storm. He resides in North East Valley and wishes to remain anonymous.

“Exams are one of my greatest fears. I have sat many in my time — too many to recount — and yet the Fear still grows within me whenever the calendar gives way to June, or October. There is no magic bullet that will cease these feelings completely, but I will

share some of what I’ve learned over the years on how to cope.

Lesson #1: With exams, I’ve found it’s best to just focus on the task at hand, and take things one step at a time. Just focus on one fact, one rule, and one subject at a time. Don’t get overwhelmed by trying to take on everything all at once. Just focus, take baby steps. This works well for both exams and a lot of my other fears. For example, I’m scared of making eye contact with rowdy teenagers on the bus. But then I just remind myself that I am the grownup here, and that I have to catch the bus, otherwise I won’t arrive on time at my very important job at Wendy’s, and then I just pretend to be asleep so I can’t see them anymore. I am also scared of the rowdy teenagers on the water slide at the pool, so I just focus on the fact that I only get a few hours of leisure time per day, and they will not be ruined by feckless teenagers frolicking and splashing water everywhere. And then I just tell the lifeguard that the teens are swearing and causing a ruckus near the good honest family-folk, and then he tells them to kindly leave the

blessed waterslide, else face a ban. I love seeing authority in action.

Exam fear can be tricky, and sometimes your mind can go blank. But never fear; here are some proof-tested methods for overcoming mind-blankness. Picture this: you’re in your history exam. It is essay answers only. You don’t know any of the answers. Ordinarily you’d be done for, but what’s that over there? See that invigilator, the exam supervisor? The one who looks like they escaped from a rest home and are reliving their days as a school teacher (back in the paddlin’ days)? Yes, that one. Lesson #2: All exam supervisors are Old. Old people love talking, and they remember quite a lot about the olden days (it’s still 1973 inside their brains). The ingredients are all there. All you have to do is ask them quietly, ‘excuse me, can I please use the bathroom... Also what effect did Roger Douglas’s economic policies have on New Zealand, in 700 words?’ and you’re all set. Be warned though — some of them are clever and won’t fall for this. They need to be ‘massaged’ first. Which brings us to Lesson #3: Old people are horny. They are amongst the horniest in our society. And when they get horny, they become very agreeable. You gotta make them horny. I’ve found this is the most direct way to extract historical information from a grumpy exam supervisor.

Quietly seduce them; do whatever it takes, even if what they find enticing is often strange and vague. If the supervisor is female, you should say something like ‘mmm, I was just reading about those old trolley buses that used to jostle and vibrate up and down the cobblestone streets of 1950s Dunedin’. You just passed the paper. If they are male, say something along the lines of ‘mmm, what strong looking shoulders you’ve got. I bet you could shovel coal all day on a steam ship, bringing weary migrants from war stricken Europe... handsome.’ You just earned a B+ at worst. Just remember to keep your voice down. Now, I know this only really works for history, politics, and a few other subjects, but what do you want from me? This is real-world advice, not pie-in-the-sky idealism. I can’t help everyone all at once. Don’t like it? Tough shit. Get off my back. Don’t contact me. I am warning you. I will find you. This is a credible threat.”

“Thence we came forth to rebehold the stars” —Dante

ETHEL & HYDE

COULD TU-NOT?

Dear Ethel and Hyde,
There's this guy who eats tuna in the main library every day I am studying in there. It stinks and really distracts me from studying. I can't stand it!

Library studier

Ethel says



The library works hard to provide an environment which is study-friendly and will always support you in a complaint about behaviour in the library if informed. Their guidelines state, "Food that smells, is 'noisy' or is likely to be messy is not allowed". Tuna definitely smells and shouldn't be eaten in the library. I'm imagining you have your favourite spot in the library, and unfortunately it sounds like so does the tuna eater. If you cannot bring yourself to find a new spot, then the library staff would be happy to help you if you let them know. They can ask people to take their food outside if it's impacting the environment you are all sharing. They're also able to help if you notice someone's left their belongings in a spot to hold it for too long. If you don't want to inform the staff about other student's behaviour, you have the option of politely approaching the person yourself and asking them to take their tuna outside because the smell is disturbing. You may not notice, but there will undoubtedly be silent applause from the others who are suffering in silence.

TUNA GUY you need a SMELL-O-KENNEL. Next time you throw your MINGIN' JAWS around a fine sliver of the Mighty Tuna BEWARE cos just behind you someone might be ready to go with the Dogone Doozie of a SMELL-O-KENNEL. These can also be used to house smelly flatmates who are under some delusion that their aroma is fresh and fragrant. To prepare for production you will need 1 Bubble Umbrella, gaffa tape, a polythene grow tunnel from your local house with wares (don't be afraid of the wares, they've had their teeth removed). Attach one end of the grow tunnel to the edge of the broolly. Wearing your best Movie Star disguise, perch yourself beside Tuna Guy's spot and wait. The MOMENT the tin comes out, whack that broolly over his head and drop the tunnel on him. He is now safely enclosed in his own stench. Alternatively you could get in the pod and study in there, avoiding all the Special Odours squirming through the Ventilation System. Or, as a backup option, CBT use something electrical.



Hyde says

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

DRINKING



TUI

■ *Swilliam Shakesbeer*

Tui is a scourge upon our entire society. Fuck Tui.

It looks and tastes like Speight's with a little bit of poo mixed in. It's exactly the same as every other generic NZ Draught style beer, but somehow manages to be worse.

On the nose, I detect subtle notes of wet dog and semen. It tastes almost entirely of malt and carbonation. It's difficult to identify any one particular flavour, but I would have to choose... farts. Not necessarily bad farts. Kind of OK, like the way your own farts smell. It's technically gross, but you can somewhat appreciate it. The aftertaste is just a hit of sweetness and dry-mouth. I get the feeling the brewers may have forgotten to add the hops.

They claim to be an 'East India Pale Ale', which is the biggest crock of shit since the 'totally real' moon landing. The IPA was invented because adding a lot of bitter hops to beer meant it could last the entire journey from Britain to India without going off. Tui couldn't even make it to Nan's and back. It lies to your face with all the subtlety of Aaron Smith claiming he doesn't have a girlfriend.

It tastes like how Michael Cheika's face looks. It tastes like how a toothy blowjob feels. It tastes like how Max Key's music sounds. It tastes bad.

Tui ads used to have the line, "You're a man, you know what you like, and you like what you know". Well I'm pretty sure I don't like fermented camel piss in a can, so Tui is out the proverbial fucking window.

The worst part is that you can't even get properly drunk off this shit. It's a well-known fact that your liver processes one 4% beer in the time that it takes for you to drink a 4% beer. It's barely even alcohol. You need a proper finisher, like Diesels, to have a good night. While you're at it, get a good starter too, maybe like Diesels. Fuck it; just drink Diesels.

Tui? Yeah Right.

Taste Rating: Fucking shit/10

Froth Level: The All Blacks in the 2008 RWC quarterfinals.

Pairs well with: Having no tastebuds, sense of shame, or self-respect.





THE HELL HOLE

the nightmare

by Joel MacManus

I joined the Young Nats to stop this nightmare. I waved placards at cars, I knocked on doors, I spammed my friends on Facebook until they all blocked me. It wasn't enough.

The day after the election, Dear Leader Jacinda took her oath of office. The red curtain fell. Taxes were raised to 100%, and we were appointed with state-sanctioned jobs. I was put in charge of replacing all the 'History' books with 'Herstory' books.

The farmers were rounded up and taken to slaughter in the same trucks as their cows. We were forced into 're-education camps' to teach us the values of feminism. Any straight white male who dared speak out was castrated and given hormone therapy to turn them gay. Gender was obliterated, and all sex was declared to be rape.

We all had to get teeth extensions so that Jacinda would look normal by comparison. The water tax meant that

cauliflowers now cost \$17 a piece, and with my new teeth it only takes me two bites to finish one.

The housing crisis came to an end after they bulldozed all the houses and made us all live in canvas shacks. Then we were all equal. The Chinese were rounded up and sent out to sea in a rickety dinghy. Every time I farted I had to give the government 10% of my weekly paycheck, and they gave it all to a Māori.

The rivers were swimmable, but only for a short while. The water tax meant that each shower cost more than I made in a month. The only way to wash was the rivers, and they soon became steeped in the rancid odour of B.O.

When we reach the age of 50 we will be 'voluntarily' euthanised. Every night I pray in my dreams to the spirit of the late great John Key. I pray to be saved from this hellhole by the sweet, sweet invisible hand of the free market.

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LUCKY IN LOVE

Each week, we lure two singletons to The Bog Irish Bar, give them food and drink, then wait for their reports to arrive in our inbox. If this sounds like you, email: critic@critic.co.nz

BEVERLEY:

The night began encouragingly with my friends telling me that my hair in the wind made me look like Pennywise from It. On that note, they dropped me off at the Bog. I walked in and started chatting to the bar staff, discovering they have seen many an interesting night go down. Hoping my evening would not be like other horror stories, my date (let's call him Tom) for the night turned up a few minutes later, he was tall, blond and seemingly tipsy.

Starting with red and white wine, we were ushered to a table in front of the fire and I noticed he had a massive bruise under one eye. We started chatting and he proceeded to tell me he grew up overseas and is now studying Architecture in Sydney. He was here in NZ for a week to see friends, party and perhaps burn a couch or two, he joked—the bruise, he explained, resulted from getting into a joke fight that hadn't ended so well. Food was served, a delicious roast veggie salad for me and steak and chips for him. After all the basic get-to-know-you kinda questions about study etc the conversation took an interesting turn, with Tom informing me of his latest fascination with nipples and learning about all the different types of breast implant surgeries?? Who knew one method uses salt water and another surgery goes through the belly button?! Following this we discovered a shared love of books... with him springing on me that HE DOESN'T LIKE HARRY POTTER!!! A state of utter disbelief ensued.

Tom seemed to be pretty open minded and knowledgeable about random things, talking about wine tastings, baby elephants at safaris, veganism and travel. As the night went on my memory starts to get a little hazy... Somewhere in between getting two more rounds of drinks, the open mic night began blaring, making it tricky to hear. The guy working in the restaurant upstairs kindly let us sit somewhere quieter to continue chatting. We kept talking for quite a few hours, running through the bar tab and purchasing a few more rounds- cheers for shouting me that whiskey drink!

Going from having no expectations to spending the evening enjoying great food, alcohol and interesting conversation, I was pleasantly surprised. Thanks Tom and the Critic for a fun night out and good luck with everything in Sydney!

STUTTERING BILL:

I'm a fresh soul in Dunedin, an Aussie come to visit the land of mud, mold and burnt couches under the guidance of my good mate who lives here.

The prospect of meeting the love of my life (or a sexually charged scarfie) seemed too good to pass up. Whilst walking to the bog I realised that my once fully bleached hair was now in backstreet boyish frosted tips and my body and face were so cut up and bruised from a Sunday spent partying in dresses that I looked like Paul Walker (after the crash). So hopefully my date had eyes like Stevie Wonder or gets really turned on by trainwrecks.

When I got to the Bog I scanned the room and immediately knew who my date was. She introduced herself and nervously shook my hand in a formal manner. We sat down and started talking about the general shit you talk about when you go on a date. I quickly found out she was a strict wine drinker and unlike myself did not feast on the flesh of the dead (she was a vegan). She didn't mind the blood dripping out of my steak and seemed to quite like my chat about unsavory topics so we kept drinking and laughing till close. She was a lovely girl and I hope she finds a scarfie savior but I knew she wasn't the girl for me. We parted ways as the Bog shut with a kiss on the cheek.

I then went on home to swipe my way into another date that evening—this one, however, skipped the pleasantries and went straight to the horizontal dance of Spring. Cheers to Critic, the bog, my Kiwi lads and my lovely date for a killer night. I hope to be back here soon!

The BOG
irish bar

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SUNDAY
ROAST OF THE DAY
\$15.00 ALL DAY



SCIENCE



HEAR, HEAR

■ Chelle Fitzgerald

As someone who hosts a weekly radio show, I was initially excited at the prospect of hearing my own voice in recording. I thought I was a pretty amazing radio presenter and that I sounded like milk, honey and cocaine all in one. Boy, how jarring it was to hear my screechy bagpipe of a wheeze emanating from my headphones that first time. Surely this wasn't MY voice!? I didn't sound like that, did I? I always thought I sounded cool, like the love child of Iggy Pop and that guy who does the yelling in the ads about the frenzied persian rug warehouse sale (the one that ends at midnight tonight).

But hark! The 'cool radio voice' that I treasured dearly was actually all in my head. Literally!

Our ears are weird little labyrinths full of wrong turns, ex boyfriends and bad decisions. We have different parts of our ears that do different things. Our outer ear is the

part that catches all the sounds from outside your own body, whereas the inner ear processes and transmits the vibrations from inside our body, like swallowing or speaking.

When you are hearing things from an external source, like listening to another person speak or listening to some music, the sound waves from that source are created as pressure waves and are transmitted through the air to reach our outer ears, transformed into an electric signal and passed to the brain, which is a process that we call 'hearing'. This is all well and good, but when you hear your own voice, the soundwaves still reach your ears and cause the process above to take place, but what also happens is that as you are making the sounds with your mouth, your larynx muscles contract, sending vibrations through the neck and skull to the inner ear. This

means that your brain now has two incoming things to deal with, which is where things start going wrong. Your brain combines the two ear functions, and believes that this is the actual sound of your voice. Because of the vibrational aspect, you perceive your voice to be lower than what it actually is, which is why we always think our voice seems high and stupid and gummy when we hear it in recordings, as opposed to the dulcet, seductive tones we hear as we speak.

The bottom line is that when we hear our voice in recordings, we hear it the way other people do, rather than the way that we hear it in our brain. That's because it is not being confused with the vibrations from speaking at the same time, and this stark realisation has a direct correlation to immediate feelings of utter despair and self-loathing.



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Hey team,

How are we getting on? How good's all this sunshine? Doesn't make the study easy, but we're only a few more weeks away before Summer really kicks on in and the books can go away for a bit.

Just when you thought all the politics and voting was over... we've got a bit more for ya! We want to know exactly what you think about OUSA and the way we are operating, and we have two ways for you to let us know how you're feeling.

The OUSA Survey is now live. It's your chance to hide behind the keyboard and let rip on exactly how you think our services are, and should be running, right across all of our OUSA departments. We want to hear it all... the good, the bad and the (hopefully not too) ugly... to sweeten up the deal and make the 5 - 10 mins worth it, we are giving away 50 x \$20 Pizza vouchers!

Make sure you jump on bit.ly/OUSASURVEY17 (yeah, all in CAPS) and pour your heart out.

We've also got our second round of Referendum happening. The questions have been put forward and at Midday on October 4th we will be holding a Forum downstairs in the OUSA Clubs and Socs building to go over any questions you may have!

Check out the questions online and we'll see ya there for a chat and a feed of Pizzas. Voting for the Referendum will open 9am on October 9th and close 4pm October 11th. Keep an eye on your student email for the link to vote.

Keep up the hard yakker! It's a busy assignment time of year and the end is near with the weather in warming. Hang in there...

Cheers,

Hugh Baird

Hugh Baird
OUSA President
president@ousa.org.nz



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DUNEDIN CRAFT BEER & FOOD FESTIVAL

NOVEMBER 11



THE GREAT SILVER BULLET GIVEAWAY

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JUST ROCK UP TO THE UNION COURTYARD AND GET READY FOR THE LONG HAUL!

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OUSA & MELOKASA PRESENT

FESTIVAL FROTH!

FRIDAY, 13TH OCT

MAIN COMMON ROOM

8:00PM - 12:30PM

(NO ENTRY AFTER 10:00PM)

\$20+BF | TICKETS FROM COSMIC TICKETSTIX

ALBION PLACE • RAGGED • HOT DOWNAS • MAMAZITA

HALF TIME ORANGES DTS



Is OUSA the shit? Or are we just... shit?

Tell us what you think and go in the draw to feed the flat! 50 x PAPPAS PIZZA \$90 VOUCHERS

Complete our survey online at bit.ly/OUSASURVEY17 by Friday 13 October and be in to win!

1 91 FM **Critic**



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

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ousa elections

FREE Pizza!

OUSA Student Referendum FORUM^{2.0}

Wednesday 4th October at 12pm
at OUSA Clubs and Socs

Ask questions, eat pizza, tell us what's up!

Vote online in the OUSA Referendum from 9-11 October at voting.ousa.org.nz



GLBL101

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SPAN131

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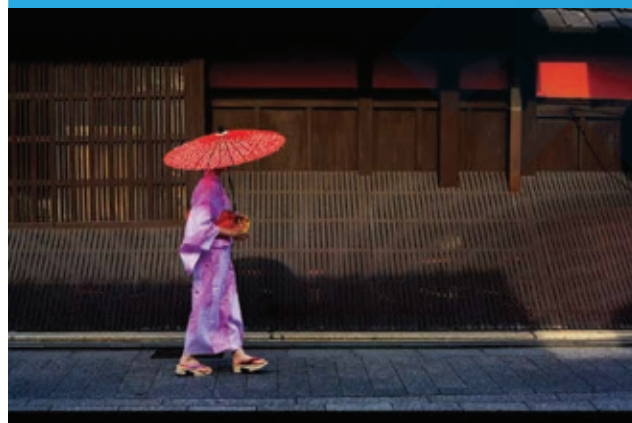
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JAPA131

Introductory Japanese 1



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