

Critic

Est. 1925

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CRITIC INTERVIEWS DOOMSDAY PREPPERS

The logo features the words "LYRICS to GO" in a large, bold, yellow, stylized font with a thick black outline and a red shadow. A yellow five-pointed star is positioned above the letter "I" in "LYRICS". Below "to GO" is the text "Hip Hop Show" in a white, cursive script. Red paint-like drips are visible beneath the main text.

LYRICS to GO *Hip Hop Show*

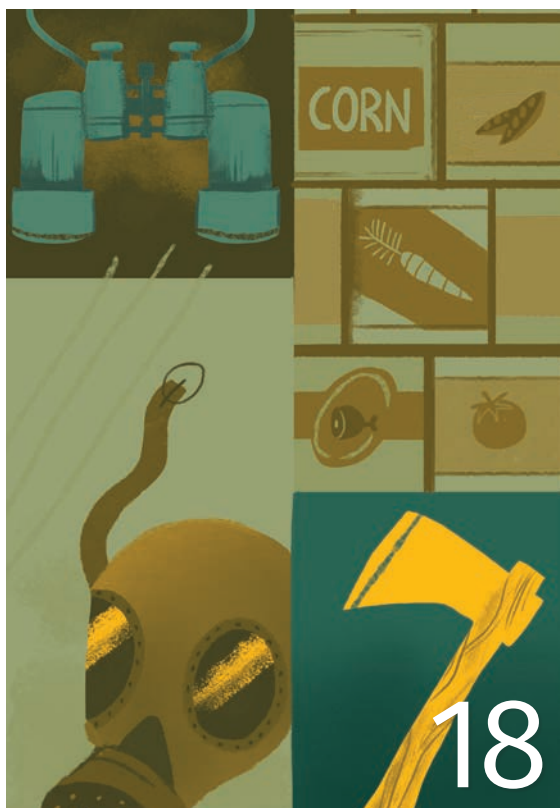
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FEATURES

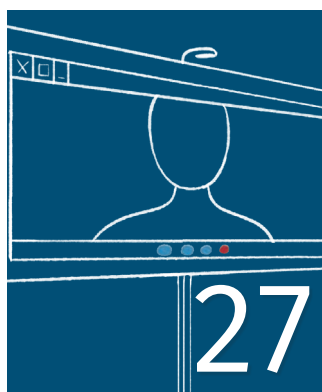


Survival of the Fittest

Real life doomsday preppers tell us why they might be smarter than you, by Chelle Fitzgerald, p18

Dawn of the Fog

Dunedin disappeared under a blanket of fog before sunrise last Friday, by Trevor Cokley p23



Electric Eyes

Vault 7: the CIA's hacking arsenal and you, by Kirio Birks p27

Ghost Boobs

A romantic thriller parody, by Mat Clark, p30

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Ghost Boobs
p30

ARE YOU...

- ✓ **AGED BETWEEN
18-55 YEARS?**
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- ✓ **NOT ON ANY
MEDICATION?**
- ✓ **FREE OF MEDICAL
CONDITIONS?**

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EDITORIAL

Stockpiling Paranoia



Two of our features this week deal with issues of paranoia, and how easy it is to write it off as “crackpot” behaviour. Think about doomsday preppers and you’re likely picturing a guy who lives in a buried caravan with his 900 guns, 4,000 bottles of whiskey, and pet pig. Mention being worried about electronic surveillance and you’re likely to be offered a tinfoil hat.

Chelle Fitzgerald’s interview with two doomsday preppers may well convince you that, actually, they are the smart ones. If you lost electricity, water, and supermarket access, chances are you couldn’t feed a guinea pig for long, let alone yourself. Many New Zealanders know this all too well - the Christchurch earthquakes left people without these necessities for extended periods of time. Chelle’s interviewees point out how vulnerable we are, and how easy it is to pretend we are not.

Still, stockpiling supplies seems dodgy if you don’t know what’s going on. For example, finding out your strange hallmate is hoarding thousands of non-lubricated condoms is terrifying until you learn that condoms are flexible, durable, waterproof marvels. A humble condom can start a fire, carry water, be used as a slingshot, and even double as a makeshift, sterile rubber glove.

While you’re busy laughing at your prepper friend, you yourself are probably doing a bit of stockpiling. You’re loading your life, day by day, onto the internet. Your loved ones, photos, bank and credit card details,

interests, desires, consumer habits, fears—they’re all there to be mined by anyone with the wherewithal to do it. Your dark searches—the ones not even your next of kin know about—are there too. The device you have in your pocket could be listening to you right now. Check out Kirio Birks’s feature Electric Eyes to learn about the extent we’ve given up our privacy for the sake of convenience.

One of the worst things you can do at work is to send the wrong email to the wrong person. Imagine the mortification of having somebody read every email you’ve ever sent. Think about what you’ve said in your private messages on facebook. The nasty things you’ve said about people, the flirty chats, the everyday embarrassing garbage we say when we think we are having a private conversation.

We are being watched more for commercial reasons than political. If you want to make a new slingshot or carry a bit of water, and you search for novelty condoms, then they pop up, seemingly forever, in your facebook news feed. Though it doesn’t seem as scary as the government tracking you to make sure you’re not breaking the law.

For a bit of light relief, check out our exquisite photo essay by Trevor Cokely from that morning the fog descended on Dunedin so thick you couldn’t see, looking like it was going to choke you if you went outside, making you feel like you are the only person alive on the earth...

Or look at Ghost Boobs by Mat Clarkson. That’s a fun one.

Lucy Hunter
Critic Editor

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KEEPING TABS ON THE EXEC



by Joe Higham

The meeting began with a warm welcome to Te Roopu Maori President, Eli Toeke, who was elected during the Te Roopu Maori Annual General Meeting that was held on 14th March.

After a thoroughly captivating discussion about health and safety, Recreation Officer Caitlin Barlow-Groome presented her report from the second meeting of the Commerce Divisional Board. It involved "approving papers/majors being added or removed" as well as discussion about departments offering more core papers in Summer School and through extra-mural means.

The Computer Based Examination Working Group met on 16th March. Although most of the information is unable to be spoken about publicly at this stage, Education Officer Bryn Jenkins did state that, "[the group] met and continued its efforts towards completing the current stage of the committees work."

Admin VP William Guy told the executive that, because 2016 Finance Officer Jesse Hall cancelled automatic annual funding for OUSA affiliated clubs, a decision was made to pay clubs who were expecting that automatic funding for this year, but that this status would not continue into 2018. Six groups previously received automatic funding. The executive attempted to look into "how they can help these clubs in 2017 without disadvantaging these clubs partaking in these events." Jenkins questioned Guy: "Why weren't clubs aware of this?", with Barlow-Groome mentioning that the groups were told they'd be paid so it's "good faith to pay them now". Jenkins then questioned whether funding for this year would inhibit those six clubs from receiving other clubs funding, to which Guy stated that, although there is an extra \$40,000 in the clubs fund compared to last year, "it will affect some clubs". Additionally, several members asked about what to say when clubs ask them what has happened in relation to this funding, to which Guy said that these are "exceptional circumstances," before President Hugh Baird conceded, telling the executive to admit it, and "tell them we screwed up." The clubs who received this last round of automatic funding are still able to apply for regular funding.

NATIONAL NEWS

Coca-Cola Christmas In the Park is a National Disgrace

Hyde Street Continues to be Pillar of Community Virtue

by Joel MacManus

It's time for us to accept it: Coca Cola Christmas in the Park has become a disgrace. Every year thousands of irresponsible and careless middle-aged people descend on public property, get off their chops on eggnog and sherry, leave a disgusting mess of cans, cups and mince tart wrappers everywhere, and leave without an ounce of respect for those around them.

The crowds are out of control, drunk and disorderly, spilling all over our city streets, influencing our kids and mindlessly droning their terrible music. Last year a total of 13 arrests were made for a whole smorgasbord of charges. The costs to society and to the taxpayers are spiraling out of control. In 2016 over 70 policemen were required to keep the event under control.

Sure, some will say that the costs are justified because people have "fun" and "enjoy themselves," but unless it's something that I personally enjoy, it shouldn't exist. Unless I am part of the target demographic for an event, it doesn't deserve to receive any public funding or bring joy to anyone. Everything should conform to the particular tastes of my generation, and anything that doesn't should be shut down.

Coca-Cola Christmas in the Park and its annual denigration of our city streets needs a huge overhaul. It has caused too much damage. Frankly, they need to take a page out of the notebook of mature and responsible organisations like OUSA, who run the Hyde Street Keg Party every year in a marvelously safe and sensible manner.

The Hyde Street Party is contained to one street, keeping the surrounding area clean and safe. The attendants are respectful and sensible – last year just 8 arrests were made and nobody was charged. Volunteers kept everyone safe and there was no broken glass to be found anywhere. Security and clean-up costs were almost entirely funded by ticket sales. Police costs are coming down every year; in 2016 just 18 officers were needed to cover the event, a fraction of the force needed to keep Generation X under control at Christmas in the Park.

Frankly, it's a problem with their whole generation. Self-absorbed, arrogant, with no respect for how their actions affect those around them. But what can you expect from the children of the Rock 'n' Roll era, growing up influenced by Michael Jagger, marijuana cigarettes and colour TV.

PE Alumni Raise Concerns over Falling Enrolments and Departmental Changes

by Joel MacManus

Physical Education (PE) Students have raised serious concerns about the future of the PE department after reports of dwindling enrolments and budget cuts risk changes to the curriculum and degree structure. The organisation Phedders United, which formed in 2015 to represent the interests of alumni of the PE School, has amassed 422 members and recently launched a petition stating that "There is an importance in upholding practical components of a BPhed" and that student voices be "a vital aspect to be considered in regards to the future changes to University of Otago's PE school."

In a letter to the University Council and Vice Chancellor Harlene Hayne, co-convenors of Phedders United Louis Brown and Mary Beban, alongside the Students of Physical Education New Zealand (SPENZ), argued that there has been systematic mismanagement of the programme's marketing over the past 10 years resulting in a dramatic fall in enrolments; from 700 applicants in a competitive entry course in 1993 to just 100 first year students in 2017.

According to Brown, "They used to have one part-time staffer responsible for marketing, and that position has been empty for who knows how long. Now you've just got one marketing co-ordinator for the Division of Sciences and they have 14 departments, let alone the number of products within each department."

Phedders United made a request to the University under the Official Information Act (OIA) for a copy of the school's Strategic Plan. The response from the University stated that the most recent strategic plan had expired in 2014, and there was no current plan or marketing plan. In Brown's words: "Even the Tiddlywinks society has a strategic plan. Your corner dairy, any business worth its salt has some form of Strategic Plan and an idea where it's going."

In their letter, Phedders said "We don't want to call this negligence, but it's no secret a \$6 Million public organisation in a competitive environment must have a sophisticated long-term plan including financials before an organisation can determine what budgets and/or curriculum need to be changed."

"They've announced a stakeholders forum to us as alumni, which is apparently happening next week but we don't know the time or details. We said 'look, that's ridiculous', we've already got our timetables full of life and family commitments and we're going to need at least one month to get all our people together

and put forward a real voice. We eventually managed to get that pushed back to April and while we regard that as a win, it doesn't address all of our concerns. We accept that something needs to change and there needs to be a long term plan, but we want to see the university stand up to its statutory obligations to consult with alumni."

Phedders also raised concerns about the lack of co-ordination with alumni during the consultation process for any new plans or initiatives within the department. Options believed to be on the table include adding the option to change the four-year degree to a three-year degree or a 3+1 system with a Postgrad Diploma. Of particular concern to many students was the potential to get rid of or reduce the amount of practical lessons – camps, outdoors activities, and on the job trainings.

"It's absolutely ridiculous," said Brown in reaction to the potential proposals. "They can't market one product effectively, let alone three. For me, it just totally weakens the BPhed and the Phedder identity, which is now 69 years old. There is a unique, describable culture among graduates, and that means something, and a big part of that is the amount of practical application. It's no secret that the value of degrees these days is hugely dependent on how work-ready the graduates are, and I think that's what makes Phedders as valuable as they are."

Debate in the chambers of parliament can, and should, be heated and intense. But the Speaker of the House must maintain order, and does so by ruling on what language is appropriate. 'Unparliamentary Language' means any insults, unbecoming language, or accusations of dishonesty.

Plucked straight from the indexes of Parliamentary Debate, here's our top 10 examples of Unparliamentary Language:

TOP 10!

Things You Aren't ALLOWED to Say in NZ Parliament

by Joel MacManus

1949 "I would not speak about the Minister's conscience because I prefer to talk about things which have some existence in fact."

1948 "The honorable gentleman's parents made a mistake once."

1963 "He has the energy of a tired snail returning home from a funeral."

1946 "I would cut the honourable gentleman's throat if I had the chance."

1936 "Booby."

1912 "Swinging his arms like an inebriated windmill, and screeching like a steam-whistle with a sore throat."

1930 "I wish I had an X-ray apparatus to enable me to see into the head of the Minister, or of the Acting Prime Minister, to ascertain whether there is anything in it."

1969 "The member, like a snail, leaves a slime behind him."

1974 "He could go down the Mount Eden sewer and come up cleaner than he went in."

1977 "Silly old moo."

**FLAMING HOT
OPINION**

Rowdy Ass Pants

Mat Clarkson analyses the cringe worthy situation below Mike Hosking's belt

Mike Hosking wakes in his penthouse apartment atop the most exclusive high-rise in Auckland's CBD. He is the first to rise, but he is not alone. All around there are ten to twenty people of varying familiarity to him, including several strangers passed out drunk and someone he probably used to smoke with in high school. There is a mostly eaten pizza cushioning his personal assistant's comatose head and there is vomit on his special snakeskin shoe rack. As always, he is not wearing any pants. He rolls over some half-dead... is that the guy from Dominoes? "No matter," he thinks, "he looks about my size." As he struggles to fit his legs into the teenager's jeans, he slips and falls into an expertly placed jar of mayonnaise. The pants are now stained white around the crotch and the zip of the fly has broken. "Never mind!" He barks out into the silent room. "Zips are for kink freaks and commies anyway!" He slouches over to a mirror and straightens his shirt collar before achieving the mildest of smiles. "Hi there New Zealand."

Or at least, this is how I imagine Mike Hosking's average morning begins. For those of you familiar with TV One's Seven Sharp, you'll probably know what I'm talking about. It's not clear if it's just one, or multiple pairs of similarly disgraced jeans. How many suspiciously stained, chain-clad denims can one man own? I'm probably being very generous for imagining they must be the result of some kind of accident. That happened at a party. With other... Humans. But no, I fear these pants look exactly as intended, and were bought with Mike's own hard won cash.

Let's get something straight: unless your name is Mike Hosking, I have no beef with your pants and I'm sure you look great, fam. But if your name is Mike Hosking, I think there is actual beef on your pants and your family is embarrassed. I'd like to think that I'm okay with recognising certain subcultures and styles, but I'm struggling to categorise Mike or give him the benefit of the doubt. Which tribe of hard-rockin', lean sipping dudes present with unbuttoned slim-fits, on live television?

Indigenous tribes of North America have traditionally painted their bodies before battle. Warriors would paint their clothes with designs symbolising their achievements. I'm not sure if this is what Mike's going for with the pants, but if it is – I really don't want to know what

they symbolise. Players in America's NFL smear black paint under their eyes. This has been proven to reduce glare from bright lights, and help the athletes focus on the game at hand. Mike's pants have an opposite effect: drawing thousands of New Zealanders' eyes towards his crotch region, distracting (possibly to his benefit) from anything coming out of his mouth. And the seemingly open fly? We have been granted a front-row, all-access pass to a man's very public midlife crisis. This is what is so confusing: for all of the centre-right talk, 'common sense' and putting down anyone left of St John the Capitalist, the pants look like Anarchy in its most succinct form. It seems that if Mike Hosking saw Mike Hosking on TV, he would subsequently go on TV and tell himself to get back into the sewer with the other national embarrassments.

I don't know, maybe I'm wrong. Maybe I'm the old fogey wearing pants he doesn't understand. Time will tell I suppose, but in the meantime I will continue roasting the pants. The pants look like a gigolo Halloween costume. The pants look like Kid Rock's sofa. Damn pants look like a Jackson Pollock painting and Blink182 went through that machine from The Fly. They look like someone who owns birds as pets. Dogs bark at the pants when they see them. The pants are on the poster of banned items at the airport. Rowdy ass pants are lowering property values.



UNI NEWS

Union Negotiations with New World Reach Standstill but Members Pledge to Continue Protesting



by Joe Higham

First Union has reached a standstill in its negotiations with New World Centre City's franchise owners for a collective agreement for store members but they have pledged to continue to protest in the hope that it will bring about substantive improvement to both pay and working conditions. South Island New World employees are currently paid up to \$2.00 an hour less than their North Island colleagues.

Despite the union meeting with the owners of the Centre City franchise in July last year, the company has clearly indicated that they are not prepared to negotiate pay at all.

First Union store delegate Cathleen Rickerby has said, "Initially we are just asking for \$1 more than what they currently pay us, a few more days of sick leave [currently they receive the minimum], that the rosters will be more than two weeks in advance, and that employees' hours can be changed but it must be by mutual agreement. These are basic things that we used to have many years ago, but it's now all changed."

Union members at the Centre City branch haven't given up hope though. Rickerby has said "It has become my legacy that I'm not leaving the

New World store until we get a collective agreement for all of the staff."

There have been five First Union pickets since July 2016 with ongoing leaflet distribution at the Centre City store in an attempt to bring about this change, according to First Union Organiser Shirley Walthew.

According to Rickerby, management is unhappy with her talking to other employees about the union as well as her involvement in the protests, and she "has to be careful" as a result.

After one protest she took part in, the store's management sent her "a letter saying I denigrated the employer and, though I may not have realised it this time, if I do it again I may face an instant dismissal." Critic understands that this is an illegal course of action for an employer to take.

With Foodstuffs South Island Limited being a separate commercial entity from Foodstuffs North Island, First Union has struggled to bring pay in-line with the North Island stores.

Walthew explained that, "The Foodstuffs model of franchises means that the Union has to negotiate on an individual store basis which is quite different from Progressive Foods [owners of Countdown supermarkets amongst others], which is a National agreement."

Progressive Foods have agreed to a national collective agreement to cover their Countdown employees, meaning they receive the same pay and conditions regardless of where they live or work in New Zealand.

Walthew explained that the union and its Centre City members were simply seeking to have "genuine negotiations in good faith with the employer that includes negotiating for fair and reasonable pay" but spoke of a clear unwillingness from the company to come to the table.

First Union used a giant inflatable rat to draw attention to the protest

Nevertheless, Walthew told Critic, "We are determined to have a collective agreement before the end of the year and every effort will be made to achieve this with support from members, Unions Otago and the public."

In attempting to speak to the store's owners, Critic was directed to the Foodstuffs Auckland Headquarters, who said that Foodstuffs were unfortunately unable to comment on the issue before the story was published.

POSTGRAD



Macindoe Highs, Lows, & Research Woes

by Claire Macindoe

The legend of the discovery of penicillin is one that is familiar in modern history. Alexander Fleming, a man not known for his cleanliness, leaves a petri dish unwashed for a couple of weeks – much like your flatmate's dishes – and discovers a mould with mystical bacteria-destroying properties. He, of course, sees great potential in it and hopes to save the lives of many with this new bacteriolytic mould – *Penicillium notatum*.

Wrong.

Like many events in history, misinformation surrounds the public knowledge of this event. Fleming himself was keen to promote this myth in later years, but the evidence tells a different story. After several futile attempts at re-growing, purifying and stabilising his new mould, Fleming gave up. He considered *Penicillium notatum* to have no practical use, except for the easy cleaning of used petri dishes.

Researching a topic is full of twists and turns, never as straight forward as it may seem at the outset. What

you believe you already know is challenged. It's discoveries like this that can inspire you in your work, push you forward, and encourage you to keep going. Pulling this information together encouraged me to write my first 3000 words in one night. It may not seem like much, but at least I had (finally) started.

As I continued I discovered that penicillin, originally banned as a treatment for STIs due to their negative stigma and self-inflicted nature, became crucial to the NZ Army for reducing sick leave from 1-6 weeks to 48 hours. Soldiers could be returned to the field in record time. This ultimately culminated in New Zealand's creation of a mobile penicillin unit to follow the troops North through Italy, treating their rampant cases of gonorrhoea and syphilis.

The treatment of these STIs were also of great importance to the New Zealand public back home. The government could not, and would not, have men returning to their wives and girlfriends infected with a sexually transmitted disease – not out of concern for the women back home, but rather so that the image of the noble Kiwi soldier would not be tarnished by evidence of their 'indiscretions'.

Sometimes research doesn't always give you the story that you want. I was fortunate enough to find an excellent record of the first New Zealand civilian patient treated with penicillin (although the Doctor's notes left a lot to be desired), however this was not a story of the miracle cures of the lab or battlefield hospitals, but instead one of suffering and death. Disheartened by the story I had found, but feeling the pressure of a due date, the woes of research had to be brushed off and I continued forward.

Research is never easy, never straightforward, and never what you expect.



DAVID CLARK

“Labour is rearing to go and fighting fit”

It's no secret that I'm excited about the election later this year. I really enjoy campaigning, and going into this year's election Labour is rearing to go and fighting fit. We've got a rejuvenated team, and a set of policies that will make important investments in our people, ensuring that everyone will have the opportunity to get ahead.

Part of my excitement stems from my friend Jacinda Ardern becoming Labour's Deputy Leader. She brings generosity of spirit, clear objectives and approachability to sit alongside Labour Leader Andrew Little's proven leadership, unwavering calm, and steely determination. She also shares my values—that people, no matter their background, deserve the opportunity to make the best of their lot.

Jacinda and I go way back. We were friends before either of us stood for Parliament. Since I have been in Parliament, our offices have been neighbouring. We have worked together on numerous policies, most recently co-authoring a paper for Labour's two-year-long Future of Work commission. Over the past year, we have also been bench-mates, seated adjacent in Parliament. I'm proud of her promotion to the Deputy Leadership—it's always nice to see a friend succeed!

The thing that I admire about Jacinda is the way she rises above personal politics – and gets cut through for it in the media. She has lead on significant and complex policy development that has been driven by her strong progressive values. This has included our dole to apprenticeship scheme and Labour's Best Start package, which would provide thousands of families with children under three years old with extra financial support in order to give them (as the name suggests) the best start in life.

In the role of Deputy Leader, Jacinda will continue to be a voice for the interests of children and young people, as she has in the past as Labour's Spokesperson for Children. I have no doubt that policy she has led development of will be implemented in Government. Those policies will be driven by our effort to restore the Kiwi Dream of a fairer society.

For all these reasons, Jacinda was confirmed unanimously by Labour MPs to take up the Deputy Leadership. Going forward, I'm convinced, more than ever, that we can win on September 23.

Of course, the thing I'm most excited about during the election campaign is talking to as many of you as I can. If you see me on campus, please do not hesitate to say 'hi' and ask me a question—I really do value it. Likewise, I'm on all social media as @DavidClarkMP so please be in touch!

POST-FACT WORLD

If your friend asks you for a fact and you don't know one, just look at our handy list

Great white sharks think they're just the greatest things on Earth, but they're not

Cars have two motors—one to turn the wheels and one to honk the horn

Hornets are very, very angry flies

When you breathe in, the room around you shrinks a tiny bit to compensate for the air you've just sucked out of it

Ice Cream is milk that got hidden in the freezer

Ducks are the most venomous creatures on the planet, but their teeth aren't strong enough to pierce human skin

If you take a bird's feathers off, it becomes a fish

On the eve of a full moon, pluck a new stem from a blade of wheat. Whip your own back thrice and turn widdershins. Make a tea out of the wheat and drink deeply. Your dentist will appear to you that very night in a dream

Snakes make cakes

Next time you smash a plate on the floor in your kitchen, covertly tuck a long pointed shard into the waistband of your trousers. You can use it to escape

WORLD WATCH



Virginia, United States

A burglar had to call 911 for help after breaking his leg while fleeing from an apartment he had just burgled. Leoul Yosef, 21, jumped off a balcony and broke his leg before making a snow trail, which police were able to follow, guiding them to him.

Centurion, South Africa

South African police have arrested a suspect in an airport heist after he posted photos on social media of himself posing with a white Lamborghini. The heist, which took place at Johannesburg's main airport, involved a group dressing up in police uniforms, driving fake vehicles and stealing millions of dollars from a security vehicle.

BUNCH OF FIVES



JAMIE—Sports & Exercise Science

- 1 A second cousin once removed
- 2 Who is that?
- 3 Octopus Underneath Some Arabians
- 4 Not a lecturer, but I have this student who is always asleep...
- 5 Trump



BAILEY—English Literature

- 1 Step-Granddad in Law
- 2 Who's that?
- 3 Only Ugly Sims Act
- 4 Haruko Stuart
- 5 Trump



LEVI—Music

- 1 My pillow - I love my family
- 2 I don't know... the man?
- 3 No idea at all
- 4 Graham Downes
- 5 Zombies



JEAN—English

- 1 My 19 year old brother who is studying at the University of Waikato
- 2 ... interesting
- 3 Orangutans United Against Sea Anemones
- 4 Professor Liam McIlvanney
- 5 Zentech Trials unleashing a zombie virus



LILLIAN—Psychology

- 1 My Dad—he's good with a machete so could handle it
- 2 No idea who that is
- 3 Only Utilitarian Socialists Allowed
- 4 Dr Janice Murray—She's always running!
- 5 Catastrophic global warming causing storms & fires

Beijing, China

Users of a public toilet in Beijing are now required to stand in front of a high-definition camera for three seconds before they can get their hands on some toilet paper. The automated dispenser is a response to elderly residents removing toilet paper for use in their own homes. Reports have already surfaced of the machines breaking down and staff having to manually pass over toilet paper to users.

By Jack Trevella

Q's

- 1 If there was an apocalypse, which family member would you be least likely to save & why?
- 2 Finish the sentence: Mike Hosking is a....
- 3 Other than Otago University Students Association, what else could OUSA stand for?
- 4 Which of your lecturers is most likely to be paranormal?
- 5 What do you think the most likely cause of the apocalypse would be?

ODT WATCH

This week the ODT is reporting on mysteries from beyond the realm of life and death.

Roses back from grave but mystery deepens

We at ODT Watch thought that the mystery was done and dusted when the ghost roses rose from the dead, but apparently that was merely the beginning.

Moving further into the surreal paranoid consciousness of the ODT's hive mind.

Clicks, no clicks and dumps: remember?

The more I read this headline the more I fear the otherworldly insect creatures the ODT gets to write their headlines. They will not be slaves forever.

Milton has finally found the vitality it was always looking for.

Busy time for police in Milton

Crime and ennui seem to be the only things Milton (the "Town of Opportunity") has in abundance.

And finally this week's award for the most innocuous, yet strangely sinister, headline goes to:

Paraglider 'experienced'

By Charlie O'Mannin

FACTS & FIGURES

A pumping human heart can squirt blood 30ft

The last private resident of 10 Downing Street was a Mr Chicken

Liechtenstein, the world's sixth smallest country, is the world's largest exporter of false teeth

Heroin was originally marketed as cough medicine

In his first year at Harrow, Winston Churchill came bottom of the whole school

The average Briton consumes 8 cows, 36 sheep and 36 pigs in a lifetime

Cardiff has a tiling supplies outlet called "Bonny Tiler"

Wearing jeans is illegal in North Korea

Insects outnumber humans by 200 million to one

In the Great Singapore Penis Panic of 1967, the hundreds of people who feared their penises were shrinking away included a dozen women

By Jack Trevella

NEWS IN BRIEFS MADE POSSIBLE BY MUCH COFFEE COURTESY OF:



SPORTS
FASHION

By Charlie Hantler

Spick & Span to Play for Grand Slams

At the time of writing, organisers are tidying up the iconic Dunedin Railway Station to host the ID Fashion Week Runway Show this weekend. Having covered the Premier League, Super Rugby and cricket already this year, not wanting to talk about league because the Warriors

are shit, and saving a Formula One preview for after the first weekend so I don't make terrible predictions like I already have with other sports this year, I felt it appropriate to pay homage to the slickest sportspeople gracing the courts and pitches currently.

David Beckham

When anybody thinks of sports and fashion, David Beckham is inevitably one of the first names that come to mind. Having a designer wife may help, but "Becks" easily coasts between H&M casuals and Armani suits. The former Manchester United and Real Madrid star is largely credited in football circles with transcending the void between fashion and sport.



Victor Cruz

Although newcomer and teammate Odell Beckham Junior is putting some serious heat on Cruz here, he is still the style king of the NFL. Having worked with Nike to launch his signature 'Nike Air Cruz' sneaker, and with Givenchy as the face of the French brand's fall/winter 2015 campaign, all while being a New York

Fashion Week ambassador, Cruz is seen by many as the most stylish athlete in the world and he has the accolades to prove it, having won the Sports Illustrated award for most stylish athlete in the world for 2016. With more projects on the way, expect a few more touchdowns yet.



Serena Williams

Not content being the GOAT of women's tennis, Serena has dressed her way to the forefront of sports fashion. The 23-time Grand Slam winner mixes slim black dresses with her own personal Jordan shoes (a present from Michael Jordan himself after winning her 23rd). She showed her clothing line, Serena Williams Signature Statement Collection, at New York Fashion Week and, as if she needed more money post-tennis, it looks like she has plenty of options in the fashion industry should she want a cheeky dollar or two.

Lebron James

The self-proclaimed "King" of the NBA, LeBron matches Westbrook play-for-play off the court too. Although in a comparatively toned-down style, King James morphs like a chameleon from three-piece Tom Ford suits to John Elliott sweatsuits. The 6ft 8" four-time MVP now has his own menswear apparel store, UNKWNN, and his Nike deal will keep his great-great-grandchildren's pockets thoroughly-lined, with a lifetime deal worth more than US\$500 million.

Danica Patrick

A motor-racing trailblazer, NASCAR racer Patrick is the only woman to ever win an Indy Car race, and she's making sharp turns away from the wheel as well, having launched her own athleisure range earlier this year.

Russell Westbrook

Serious credit has to go to Allen “The Answer” Iverson for altering NBA style with his infamous baggy tracksuits and snapbacks (the NBA introduced a fairly strict dress code in 2005 as a direct result of Iverson); Westbrook is the face of the modern era in this regard. When Westbrook isn’t grabbing media attention with triple-doubles (he averages 31.4 points, 10.3 assists and 10.5 rebounds per game at the time of writing) on the court, he’s doing so almost as much off the court with his insanely unique style. With his own brand at world-renowned Barney’s and True Religion and having worked with the likes of Anna Wintour, “Russ” is breaking just as many necks off the court as he is ankles on it.



Cristiano Ronaldo

With four Ballon D’Ors (the annual award for the best footballer in the world) to his name, Ronaldo will likely go down alongside Leo Messi as one of the very best footballers to ever grace the planet. With 279 goals in 258 appearances for Real Madrid, he certainly has the credentials on the pitch to match his sharp looks off of it. Known for his sharp suits and tuxedos, often from Dolce and Gabbana, he has fronted fashion campaigns for the likes of Emporio Armani and watchmakers Jacob & Co. His iconic CR7 range with Nike is one of their all-time best sellers, and with Ronaldo on the hunt for a third consecutive Ballon D’Or this season, there’s no indication that he’ll be going away anytime soon.

Maggie Vessey

Vessey has taken the track world by storm, with her snazzy one-piece lycra. When New Balance didn’t renew her contract in December 2013, she decided to go her own way, goooo heeeeer oooooowwwn waaaaaay, and she collaborated with fashion designer Merlin Castell to create nine original outfits. In doing so, she channeled arguably the greatest women’s sprinter of all-time, Florence Griffith Joyner (Flo Jo), with her flamboyant attire. Vessey is definitely a lot more than just a pretty face, holding a 4x800m relay gold medal from the 2015 World Relay Championships.

Paul Pogba

The £89 million man is starting to leave his mark on the English Premier League with dominant performances; meanwhile, he’s just as busy turning heads on the streets with the same flair he showed in Italy while at Juventus. Pogba is one the most recognisable figures in world sport with his bleach-blond haircut, luxurious leather jackets and bags, and exotic prints. Having recently graced the Hypebeast magazine cover, here’s hoping he can continue to shine as bright on the field as he is off of it.

Kevin Durant

See, I was just about to compliment Durant for his fluid and smooth style both on the court and fresh out of the wardrobe, utilising bold colours, taking a leaf out of his friend Russ’s book. Then I remembered—he isn’t Westbrook’s friend, and he isn’t a winner worthy of being on this list. He betrayed Westbrook in going to one of their biggest rivals and we have zero time for that.

Oh and in case you forgot, the Warriors blew a 3-1 lead.

**Use your eyes
if you won't
use your ears.**

LOOK AND LOOK AGAIN BEFORE YOU CROSS THE ROAD

Safer Journeys

AA56428

NATIONAL

Hager/Stephenson Book & Fallout Shows Need for Independent Inquiry into SAS Raid

by George Elliott

Nicky Hager and Jon Stephenson, two of New Zealand's most renowned investigate journalists, claim that a 2010 NZSAS-led raid in Afghanistan killed six civilians and injured 15 more – contrary to the official story.

The allegation is made in a book titled *Hit and Run: The New Zealand SAS in Afghanistan and the meaning of honour*, which they unveiled at Unity Books last week in Wellington.

The book is not completely conclusive but nonetheless offers clear questions that need answering immediately. The evidence presented shows the need for a further inquiry through an official, independent and transparent process.

The raid took place in the isolated and mountainous Tirgiran valley, about fifty kilometres from the headquarters of New Zealand's Provincial Reconstruction Team (PRT) in Bamiyan province. The SAS force was supported by Afghan commandos and US helicopters and raided two villages, Naik and Khak Khuday Dad, located in the valley in the early morning of 22 August 2010. The mission was signed off by then Prime Minister John Key.

The raid came nineteen days after the killing of Lieutenant Tim O'Donnell by a roadside bomb that hit a vehicle patrol. It was a huge blow to morale; Lt. O'Donnell, a young decorated soldier, was the first of what would be eight combat deaths in Afghanistan before our withdrawal in April 2013. The SAS believed that, based on what the book

calls "flimsy evidence", they would find the local insurgent group responsible.

"But the group wasn't there," Hager and Stephenson say, "and the 21 people killed or wounded in the operation were all civilians – mostly women and children."

The New Zealand Defence Force (NZDF) were aware of the raid's failure and civilian victims, yet a different story was sold to the public: that it was a success, that the enemy combatants had been found and killed. In April 2011, the NZDF said that a joint investigation by the Afghan ministries of defence and the interior, and the International Security Assistance Force (ISAF) concluded that the allegations of civilian casualties were unfounded.

It's worth noting that Jon Stephenson has been covering the War on Terror since its inception and Hager has explored the darkness beyond our military's friendly face before, in his 2011 book *Other People's Wars*. Time and again the questions and accusations Hager has raised are dismissed as "left-wing conspiracy theories" by the government and their friends in opinion columns – but he has always been proved correct.

The fallout from *Hit and Run* further highlights the need for an official investigation; former Defence Minister Wayne Mapp, talking with Newshub last week, admitted that civilians were killed in the raid, contradicting comments made by himself and the Defence Force

in 2011, when the raid became public knowledge.

"One of the disasters of war is these terrible things can happen," Mapp said Wednesday, while also not denying he had told a friend that the raid was New Zealand's "biggest and most disastrous operation – a fiasco," a quote attributed to him in the book.

As of writing, both former PM John Key and current PM Bill English have yet to comment. The NZDF has commented by referring to its 2011 press release that denied any civilian deaths. The mighty phrase 'war crimes' has been floated around the media since *Hit and Run's* release, but we should avoid getting bogged down by both its enormity and its legal technicalities. We should stay grounded and call for an official investigation, independent enough of both the NZDF and the government to produce credible findings.

Stephenson says, "there was a sort of air of tension – almost revenge in the air" among Kiwi defence personnel after the killing of Lt. O'Donnell and, shortly afterwards, US-led command gave the go ahead for the mission, providing Apache helicopter support that allegedly gunned down fleeing civilians.

"Revenge" missions were not unique during the US-led wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, according to human rights groups and internal military investigations (for example the 2012



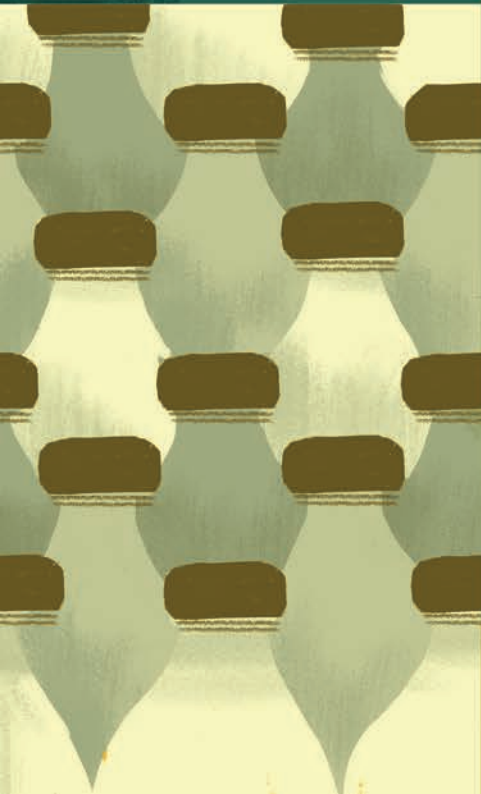
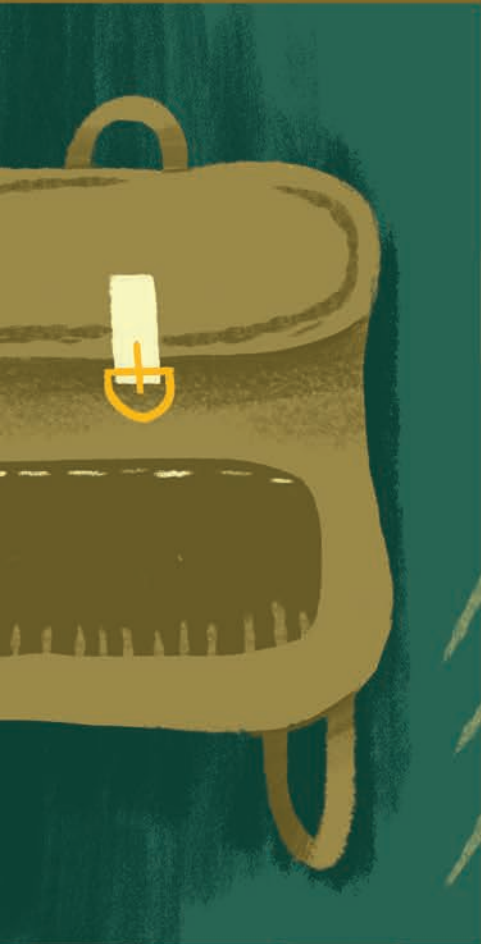
"It's either incompetence at a biblical level or there's been [an] element of deliberate cover-up," Jon Stephenson told reporters at the book launch. Indeed, the classic Watergate-esque questions arise: What did X know and when did they know it? How and in what scope were John Key and the then Chief of the Defence Force, Lieutenant General Sir Jerry Mateparae briefed before giving the raid the go-ahead? What was the precise nature of the intelligence acted upon? Who oversaw the NZDF's later denials and on what grounds? Why was the Afghan-ISAF investigation incorrect? Did 3-year-old Fatima, one of the six dead, have to die? Who killed her and why?

Panjwai massacre in Afghanistan or the 2005 Haditha massacre in Iraq).

Indeed, critics often claim the initial foundation for the whole War on Terror was vengeance; a perpetual revenge mission carried out by a West traumatised by the horror of 9/11. In this respect, the SAS raids in Tirgiran are a microcosm of something larger: the infinite, global cycle of violence and the insatiable anger formed while watching the towers fall or witnessing your village burn.

While the exact personal motivations that set the SAS raid in motion – and how that dictated tactics – will be difficult to determine, the fact remains that the Hit and Run account sits in stark contrast to the official line and that alone should warrant further investigation, especially after Mapp's comments on the matter.

Nicky Hager & Jon Stephenson's book Hit & Run, was released last week and published by Potton & Burton.



SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

WHERE WILL YOU BE WHEN
THE ZOMBIES COME?

CHELLE FITZGERALD

Currently, across the world, there is a unique scattering of people who are probably sleeping rather soundly, safe in the knowledge that, should the shit hit the fan, they needn't panic (much).

Survivalists, also commonly known as doomsday preppers, are people who have contingency plans and are physically prepared for survival should the world turn to shit. They encompass a broad spectrum, from enthusiastic Boy Scout graduates to those who have dropped millions into their armoured doomsday bunkers; the survivalist community is one that we all ought to consider becoming a part of.

The common denominator among survivalists is the concern that society may cease to be as it currently is, leading to difficulties securing safe shelter and resources – which means that being prepared is the best route to peace of mind.

A common fear is that, in the case of an emergency, government aid will not arrive fast enough – and the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina is a scary example of this. People died from thirst, starvation and treatable illnesses before government rescue managed to reach them, while volunteer doctors were turned away from assisting, due to not being registered with the Federal Emergency Management Agency. Bullshit red tape leaves many with diminished confidence in the government, leading to an increased interest in ensuring one's own survival independently.

A couple of survivalists consented to giving me an insight into how and why they are prepared for a SHTF (shit hits the fan) scenario. Josh is a 30-year-old alcohol warehouse employee in New Mexico who refers to himself as being pretty low-key about survivalism, while 32-year-old Erik* is an assistant nurse specialising in surgery with a military background, who hails from Sweden.

When or why did you start thinking about prepping?

Erik: Around 2005, but didn't do much about it until I was placed in an army unit in the event of war – I was conscripted again ... perhaps this shows the Swedish defence force's newly changing attitude towards what is happening.

Josh: The thought of not knowing what could happen tomorrow. Obviously, most people's daily routine is pretty mundane but there is always the chance that that can change.

In your opinion, what is the most likely SHTF scenario?

Erik: The consequences of war. Political climates are changing fast and Europe sees parties with extreme agendas garner a lot of votes. Soldiers are taking their equipment and armour on vacation to sovereign states, commercial planes get shot down by high-tech machinery, elections (domestic and foreign) are rumoured to be tampered with by corrupt officials/other countries, and Sweden's air and sea borders are routinely breached. I do not fear the bullies that do what I am describing, but not doing anything is akin to not wearing a seat belt whilst driving, I believe. Do what you can with the means at your disposal.

Josh: I believe that social unrest stemming from the powder keg of the political theatre would be the most common scenario, protesting and riots have already increased since our latest change in presidency, all it would take is a unified front to really upset the status quo across the country.

*Not his real name.

Have you got a bug-out bag or plans for one?

(A bug-out bag is a kit that is packed and ready to go, containing everything you would need to survive for 72 hours).

Erik: I do have a bug-out bag – for my wife first and foremost as she needs to be able to get out if I am summoned into the army. It employs a 60L "Modular Lightweight Load Carrying Equipment" system and can be adapted to whatever needs you see fit due to its modular capacities.

Josh: I do not currently have a bug-out bag at the ready but I have all the essentials for one and ideas of what I would need for several situations. The downside to "bugging out" is that you would be forced to leave your home, which naturally is your safe space, so ideally "bugging in" and staying where you are is the best scenario.

Do you own a gun/will you get one in the future?

Erik: I do not own a gun and I do not think I will get one. I have a slingshot, which can be used to hunt small game ... you cannot afford to be vegetarian in an emergency. Concerning wolves and bears; I doubt they'd come near unless they're sick, starved or happened upon and startled ... one could carry a "bear bell" which makes lots of annoying sounds.

Josh: I do own a gun and would like more in the future. Firearms are like Pringles: once you pop you can't stop!

What do you think the smartest thing to stockpile would be? Why?

Erik: Seeds – it would take time for them to grow, but with them you can have a head start foraging for winter. Batteries – always useful and with a bit of foil they can be used to light fires as well. Clothes that serve a purpose – it is remarkable how many people only have nice clothes that would not last long in forests/snow/damp. Have some that can last ... shirts with prints are useless to insulate from cold or damp ... just steer clear of cotton. Wool insulates even when wet. Knowledge – learn about crops, orientation, mechanical repairs or CPR. Endurance – train, weight-lifting, martial arts or conditioning.

Josh: Obviously food and water, but in the collapse of paper currency it would be wise to

stockpile things worth trading i.e. gold, silver, alcohol, cigarettes, toilet paper. If the infrastructure of society collapses, skills and knowledge are also of the utmost importance.

Do you have an idea of where you would head when SHTF?

Erik: Sweden went through a period lovingly named "The Family Home" during the '60s; the state built affordable apartments meant for everyone regardless of social status.

During this boom, the state had WWII fresh in mind and therefore built bomb shelters in every basement. There are several on my block alone and if push comes to shove, that is a good alternative. However, my plan is to head for our cabin, there are not many neighbours and there is enough land to grow

crops, clean clothes, and acquire infinite water. My cousins have a few cabins even more isolated inland. If that fails, I hope they can make their way south to family and ultimately to another country.

Josh: My best friend has a cabin in the nearby mountains that I can use in any type of SHTF situation, but at some point, I would like to purchase my own land and have my own cabin/safe house.

Do people try to give you shit about prepping?

Erik: I haven't told anyone but my wife, she is supportive but I reckon she does not know to what extent I have prepared. I've kept the gas masks hidden! I have four. I don't believe they'll ever come out of my closet, but say the

THE RISK OF
TELLING OTHERS
MEANS THEY
MIGHT COME
TO YOU WHEN
THE LIFELINES
OFFERED BY THE
GOVERNMENT FAIL



ice caps melt and ancient pathogens are released, at least we'll survive till we can find solace. The risk of telling others means they might come to you when the lifelines offered by the government fail. No matter how good friends you might be with someone you might find they are wholly different when stressed, hungry, tired and at wits end. You just can't hold everybody's hand, and I say that as a person caring for others in my professional life and a firm believer that the weak should be helped. I've hinted to my brother that it might be a good idea ... his wife laughed at the idea, but I hope I won't have to plan for them as well.

Josh: Since I'm low-key about prepping, most people just see me as a very enthusiastic outdoorsy man so I don't catch a lot of flak.

Do you know any other preppers?

Erik: I do not know anyone with as detailed preparation as mine, but the older folks here were raised to be ready if a crisis emerges.

Josh: I have met a few people with a similar mindset, some more extreme and some just starting out. I've been trying to prep along the "Grey Man" ideology which means to not let the whole world know about your plans, don't wear "tactical" clothing, don't become a high target if things get crazy. Blend in and keep your head down.

Does the thought of a SHTF scenario excite you a little on some strange level?

Erik: It does not excite me at all - I am saddened that I feel I have to prepare for something I cannot change. We try, for

example, very hard to lessen our impact on the environment but too many humans do not care. Humans are dumb. I'm pretty sure we are all fucked one way or another.

Josh: Yes and no. Yes because I've always been very self-reliant so I would probably be fine, especially if it were a zombie apocalypse, but no because you'll get people who want what you have and would be willing to do anything to get it, so the survival part of the situation gets exponentially harder.

What would be your advice to Otago Uni students who are considering becoming prepared?

Erik: I have understood that New Zealand has faced a few earthquakes, so a bug-out bag would be good to have around at home or in your car. It doesn't have to be big, just a few essentials to last you a day in the hills. Being prepared doesn't mean having a bunker in your backyard, it means being able to help if the fellow next to you cramps, needs CPR or help with a change of tyres. It means that maybe you know a few knots, a little about growing crops, the basics of how an engine works or how to make a fire in the rain.

Josh: PRACTICE! TRAIN! You won't last long if you panic in a SHTF situation. All the best expensive equipment won't save your life if you don't know how to use it. The best thought-out plans won't save you if you don't practice them regularly. Try turning off the utilities to your home for a couple days and see how you handle that. "Knowledge is power" ... learn as much as you can and practice what you learn.

In the event of SHTF, do you feel like you would fare better going it alone, or would you prefer to establish a small community?

Erik: A community would be good because there would be more expertise and more hands working with crops/shelter/foraging, but there'd also likely be more sources of conflict. As small and unnoticeable as possible would be preferable.

Josh: In a group of trusted individuals, some people may have certain skills I don't have. The bonus is the collection of knowledge and skills, the downside is finding a balance. Certain people may be looking for a free ride

and won't have anything to offer while others may want to be in charge. Alone, your only responsibility is yourself, which in turn is the biggest disadvantage – if something happens to you and you can't take care of the problem you could be in a world of hurt.

Do you think an isolated island nation like NZ would fare well in a worldwide SHTF crisis?

Erik: I have come to understand that New Zealand is missing from quite a few maps so perhaps you'd be pretty safe from invaders! Perhaps one could be worried about the politics going on in Australia and how their disregard for the climate would affect you.

Josh: Being isolated is the best scenario, especially if whatever is going on starts somewhere far away. On the flip side if you needed outside resources, getting them to an isolated country could be impossible – if transportation and communication went down you would literally be in the dark.

Do you think people should be more concerned/prepared?

Erik: People are unaware that my government expects you to survive at least three days and nights on your own with everything survival entails during that time. People are dumb and text while they drive, so there are lots of things that the public should be concerned about. They at least should devote some thought for how they would manage in a crisis ... people would be surprised they might not be able to charge their phone or get information from their computer, TV or radio. How many people do you know are reliant on some medication making their days endurable? What would happen when medication is hard to come by? Sadly, in times of crisis such as war, the weak are dealt the shittiest hand.

Josh: Most are blissfully unaware of how quickly their lives can be flipped upside down by not being prepared. The smallest of

problems such as power outage, extreme weather, even a flat tire can cripple certain people. People need to take such things much more seriously.

Are you dismayed by how dependent on convenience the human race has gotten?

Erik: I am dismayed by the fact that our consumption means that other people suffer shitty conditions and pollution because we want to sustain a "comfortable" life. I am dismayed by the fact that power seems to mean expanding your territories and killing people directly or indirectly instead of helping those who sorely need it. We could do great things but we are complacent staring at televised competitions of who can be the biggest asshole and then get their own TV-show, earn loads of money and shit on the viewer.

Josh: Somewhat yes, but it's understandable how it got there. Starting from the dawn of man, if we can figure out any type of advantage, we naturally pass that information on to the next generation. Multiply that for millennia and it brings us to today.

Humans didn't become lazy overnight but with the advancements in technology and the ease of gathering information we rely a little too heavily on such things.

Although their levels of survivalism are quite different, Josh and Erik both answered my questions with thoughtful and intelligent logic, immediately debunking the misconceived notion that all preppers are a bunch of redneck extremists. If you're interested in getting a little more prepared, or have just realised that doomsday survivalism is the olive that's been missing from your martini, there is a wealth of great information for beginners at <http://preppers.co.nz/bug-out.html>.

MOST PEOPLE
ARE UNAWARE
OF HOW
QUICKLY
THEIR
LIVES CAN
BE FLIPPED
UPSIDE DOWN



DAWN OF THE FOG

Trevor Cokley

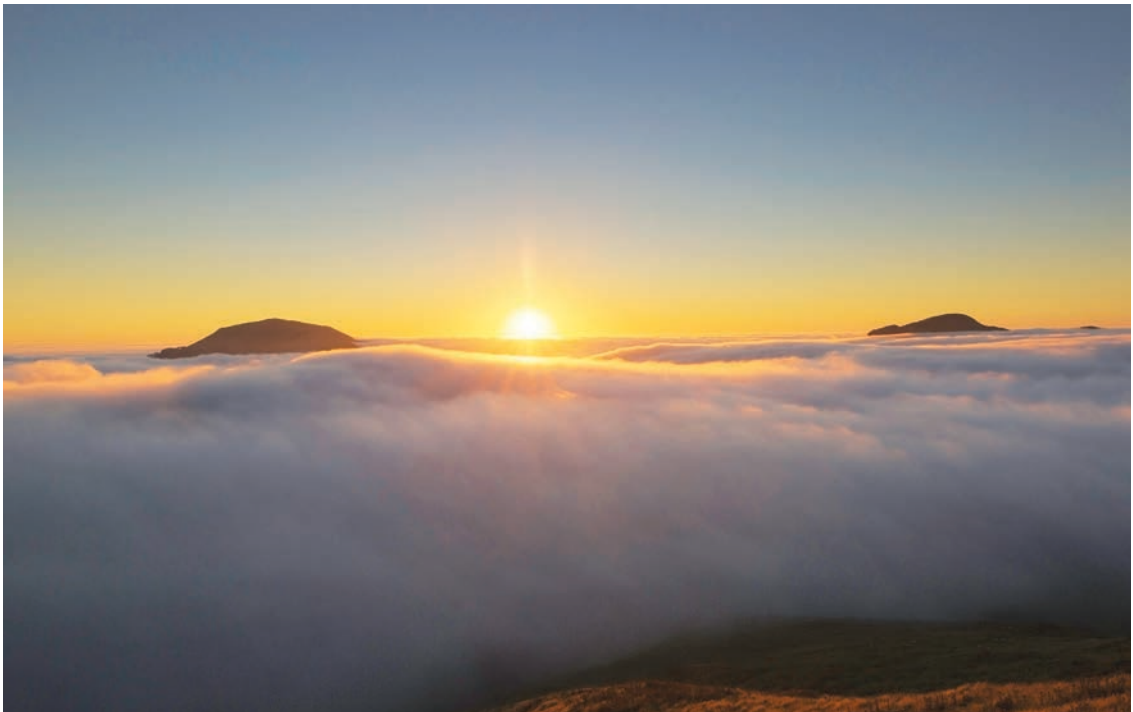




photo above

The thin edges of the fog reached the higher elevations of the hills on the Otago Peninsula making it possible for trees cast dramatic shadows over the fog.

photo on following page

The iconic Harbour Cone on the Otago Peninsula is surrounded by an invasion of fog just before sunrise. It almost seemed as if the sea had risen as the fog moved like waves crashing against the hillsides. It was a peaceful scene with nothing but the sound of wind helping push the drifting fog inland.

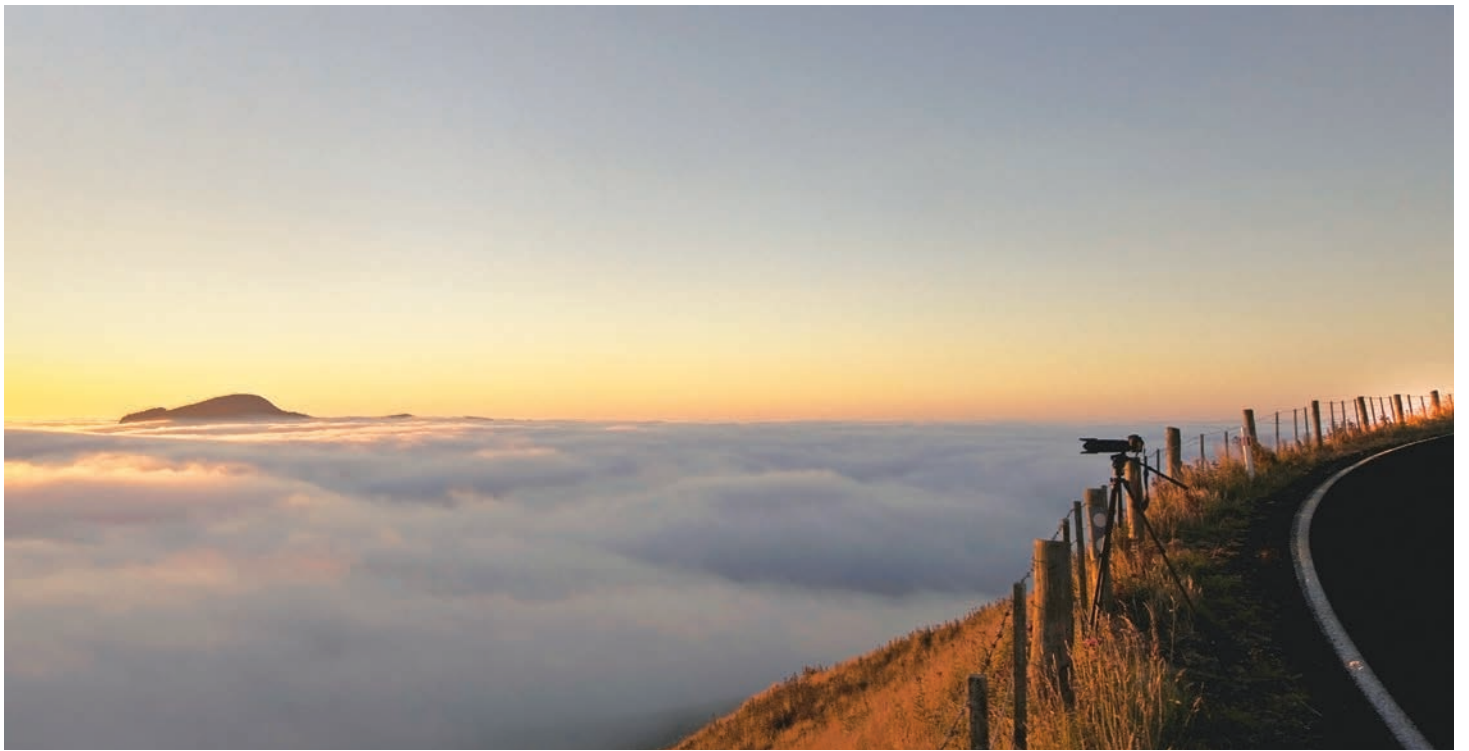
Photo taken on Highcliff Road near Sandymount looking parallel of the Otago Harbour.

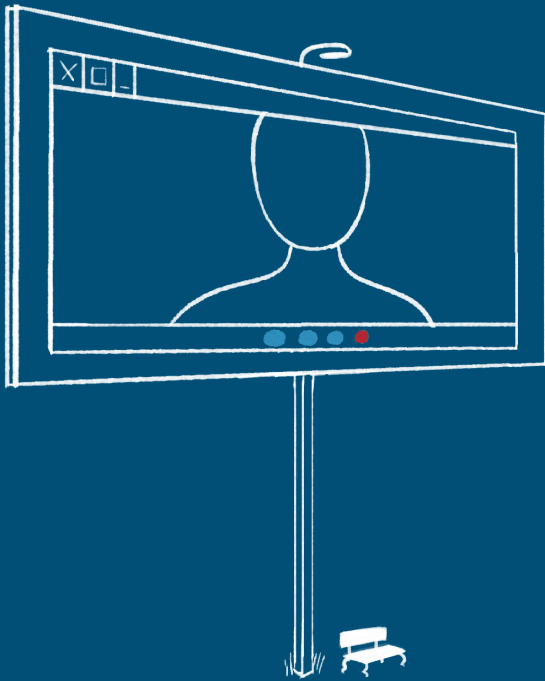
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Downtown Dunedin disappeared under a blanket of fog before sunrise last Friday while farther up the hill the air was clear and warm. Pre-dawn travelers seemed to vanish into the slowly expanding wall of fog caused by a temperature inversion, where a warm layer of air traps cooler air below it.

Photo taken on the Highgate bridge overlooking Stuart Street towards the Octagon.

Trevor Cokley is a photographer and Otago University student. Find more of his work here: www.instagram.com/trevor_cokley www.TGNCphotography.org





Kirio Birks

ELECTRIC EYES

Vault 7: the CIA's hacking arsenal and you

8:35. WAKE UP. CHECK REDDIT, FACEBOOK, Twitter, Instagram, Snapchat, emails, and texts. Sing your lungs out in the shower (you're never too good for Adele). Send nudes to bae. Get dressed and pocket your phone. Head to lectures. More lectures. Lunch. Lectures. Get home and make dinner. Drink with friends. Take photos you'll be ashamed of tomorrow. 02:47, put your phone on charge and go to bed... fall down the porn rabbit hole. 03:22, close tabs and go to sleep with a sense of shame and satisfaction. Your phone is with you more than any person in your life: it's seen some shit, you're brothers in arms – no phone gets left behind.

On March 7, WikiLeaks began publishing Vault 7, the largest ever archive of confidential documents on the CIA. 'Year Zero' is the first instalment, covering 2013 to 2016, and contains 8,761 documents and files, "from an isolated, high-security network situated inside the CIA's Centre for Cyber Intelligence in Langley, Virginia." These documents were

given to WikiLeaks by a U.S. government hacker or contractor after they were circulated around a network of former hackers and contractors without CIA authorization.

WikiLeaks claims that the CIA has lost control of most of its hacking arsenal. This arsenal includes, amongst malware and viruses, weaponised 'zero day' exploits. These 'zero day' exploits primarily try to access US and European consumer electronics, including iPhones, Android devices, Windows phones, and Samsung smart TVs – all of which can now be turned into covert microphones.

The Samsung smart TV exploit was developed in cooperation with the UK's MIS. The targeted TV no longer turns off, but instead will enter a faked off state and remain operational as a recording device, relaying conversations back to the CIA – a literal manifestation of 1984's Telescreens. Infected phones are even worse, they provide the controller with access to microphones and cameras as well as the user's location information, phone calls and texts.

Apple's iPhones make up less than 15% of the global market share of smartphones, yet they are heavily favoured by politicians, diplomats, and top figures in business. WikiLeaks confirms that a "specialized unit in the CIA's Mobile Developments Branch produces malware to infest, control, and exfiltrate data from iPhones and other Apple products running iOS." A similar unit targets Android phones. Your phone, which never leaves your side, doesn't work for just you anymore.

The CIA has also developed tools that target various internet infrastructure and web-servers, along with "very substantial efforts" to infect and control Windows users. Part of that effort includes 'air-gap' jumping viruses hidden on USBs, CDs, DVDs and other removable media. This infects the machine of anybody who has kept their machine forever free from connecting to the internet, thus being 'air-gapped'. Air-gapping is one strategy used by government officials, whistle-blowers and journalists to

keep information safe from remote attack. But air-gapping also extends to ordinary databases, including police records, medical records, and insurance records. Any database that was never connected to the internet is now almost as vulnerable as it would be if it was connected. In October 2014, the CIA began looking into infecting the vehicle control systems of cars and trucks. Gaining control of someone's vehicle allows for an almost perfectly undetectable assassination. But don't worry, this will almost only ever be used by terrorists and foreign governments targeting other government officials, diplomats, or industry leaders.

Since Edward Snowden's NSA leaks in 2013 people have largely been aware that these sorts of programmes existed. While in 2013 there was significant public outcry at these activities, this has since died away, allowing the CIA to become the next hub for surveillance activity. This leak has also confirmed that there are other foreign agencies who are willing to cooperate with the CIA in developing their tools, which is to say that these agencies (and, to an extent, the corresponding government) agrees with their use and see no significant moral harm in them. Most importantly, the CIA has lost control of its arsenal. This is precisely the sort of situation that has been predicted for years and is perfect evidence that the people were right to ask, "even if we trust you with these tools, why on Earth would we risk them falling into the wrong hands?" Now we stand at a point in history where these tools are falling into the wrong hands. But why do we care if the government is listening in on our conversations? Why do we care if every country in the world is listening in our conversations? We have nothing to hide. We didn't do anything wrong. We don't care if some government official knows that we prefer milk chocolate to dark chocolate, or tea to coffee, if we hate one university paper or another, or how frustrating it is that our grandfather still can't come

to terms with the fact that "the gays" can legally marry.

In many instances, we don't care. These are the sort of innocuous facts about our lives that don't reveal very much at all. Even in aggregate this is usually harmless information for an ordinary person to know. Beyond some indignation that our rights have been violated, we're likely to brush this off as another unsurprising fact of the world we live in: we're always being watched. Yet, the principle does matter. We are supposed to protect our rights when they're violated. It's our responsibility to stand up to tyranny.

We've embraced surveillance like a meme: we self-censor, we joke about "being watched" or that we are "on a list" now, and if we aren't busy demonising those who want to maintain their privacy then we socially exclude them by placing so many obstacles in the path of anybody who wants to live a life free of Facebook. We are internalising our own oppression. Tyranny didn't come into our homes using violence and force; tyranny piggy-backed into our minds riding on changing social norms, consumerism, and a growing culture of fear. Even if the government doesn't have a reason to watch you, because you don't want to rock the boat, can you be comfortable knowing that any attempt to make significant political change could result in a loss of your basic rights?

Though government attention may mean that some authority is going to 'get' you, likely it just means that you're being monitored. There are two problems with that. Firstly, the more people being watched the harder it is to detect actual threats to national security. Every additional person makes the haystack larger and the needles more difficult to find. It's like trying to find Wally while more and more people are always being added to the page – good luck.

Your phone
is with you
more than any
person in your
life: it's seen
some shit

The Paris attacks were planned in the open, without encryption, and nobody caught onto it. It's why the Boston Marathon Bombing happened even though Russian intelligence specifically alerted the FBI. It's why 9/11 happened despite repeated advance warnings. There's just too much information on too many people to effectively monitor for security threats. Not only do our taxes pay for this inefficiency, we also pay in lives lost. Secondly, the people who watch are grossly violating your privacy. In 2014 the Government Communications Headquarter (GCHQ) programme 'Optic Nerve' watched unselected Yahoo users just to test its facial recognition algorithm. Unselected meant that the users were watched at random. Worst of all, the GCHQ admits that anywhere between 3% and 11% of all the communications it monitored were explicit and the webcam feeds were pornographic. I don't know about you, but I don't want some

22-year-old intern fapping to Skype calls between my partner and me (unless they want to pay, maybe... Those student loans won't pay themselves). Fast-forward to 2017 and the technology is more sophisticated and about to be available to whichever nefarious people are in the know or want to pay the highest price.

This isn't even the first time that the CIA has royally fucked up. The CIA is one of the most reckless and careless government institutions on the planet. From training and supplying the Mujahedeen (Operation Cyclone, if you don't know the Mujahedeen you'll know one of their members, the poster-boy for America's fuck ups in the Middle East, Osama bin Laden, co-founder of Al-Qaeda), to taking one of the world's finest mathematical minds and drugging him up to the point of becoming the Unabomber (Project MKUltra), to selling weapons to countries under an arms embargo in order to fuel political tensions (Iran-Contra Affair).

Once the CIA loses control of its arsenal, the results are catastrophic for the American people and whoever gets dragged in to help them out. But this time the stakes are much higher and the costs are paid globally, by everybody. Eventually this arsenal will extend beyond those who are willing to pay the highest price, because code isn't a finite resource. Weapons are physical; they must be manufactured, transported, and stored. When someone sells weapons on the black market, they exchange those weapons for cash. When someone sells malicious code on the black market to some script-kiddies (amateur wannabe hackers who don't write their own code but use other people's code), they can do so at a greatly reduced cost because they're only ever selling copies. The very act of selling this code is proliferation. In 2011, the 11 hackers of LulzSec organised themselves well enough to engage in the 'AntiSec Operations', operations that

involved collecting and dumping data from corporate and government sources including the Arizona Department of Public Safety, the president of Brazil, and AT&T. If 11 guys in England can manage all of that on their own merit, how much more damage could be done with CIA grade cyber weaponry? We're looking at anything from major crime to the wild vigilantism of Black Mirror's 'Shut up and Dance' episode.

If traditional print media can already report on Bill and Monica, on a British MP railing coke off a prostitute's ass, Anthony Weiner's dick pics, and a never-ending shit show of political scandals, then just how much worse is that going to become? Blackmailing political figures just got easier for everyone and we all lose because of it. How can a president or prime minister stand up to the TPPA, or defend net neutrality, or represent their nation's interests at all, if the cost of doing so is that their partner or kids know they've had affair? Few are brave enough to do the right thing when faced with such a steep personal cost.

They are watching you, but "they" could be anybody. Your phone isn't your bastion anymore. Your home isn't your castle. When the digital world came to you, you welcomed it with open arms. With each passing day, your sources of freedom become your invisible cage. They know what you like, they know what you think, they know how you think, they have every intimate image you've sent, secret you've shared, and shameful Google search you've made. In a world of selfies and social media, everyone carries a set of electric eyes with them.

Don't give up your freedom so readily simply because you're privileged enough to have never directly experienced what it's like to live without it. I'm optimistic that we'll get through this relatively OK, but damage will be done, a price will be paid, and this cat doesn't have any lives left ■

We stand at a point in history where these tools are falling into the wrong hands

"You think you've private lives, think nothing of the kind
There is no true escape, I'm watching all the time
I'm made of metal, my circuits gleam
I am perpetual, I keep the country clean
I'm elected electric spy, I'm protected electric eye."
Judas Priest - Electric Eyes



THE GHOST BOOBS

A romantic thriller by Mat J Clarkson

Angela had never been very good at making friends. Now that she had moved to a new town and knew barely anyone, she would have to dig deep and find the courage to be social. This gloomy town would be best enjoyed with at least one companion, she thought. One day in class, she got talking to a cute guy sitting in the row in front of her. His name was Daniel and had strong looking forearms that drove everybody wild. They got to talking and left class together, and after a lull in the conversation, each asked the other at once: "Want to grab a coffee?" They chuckled and agreed to meet each other the next day.

That evening Angela asked her housemate Sarah about local coffee places. Sarah reeled off about five places with boring sounding names; Angela had no time for useless information as she was busy scanning Wikipedia pages with genius precision, taking in information from all realms of human wisdom.

"... And then there's the Coven, it's pretty close to campus," said Sarah.

"Ha! Coven? Like, witches? I wish people would abandon these silly superstitions!" announced Angela. "It's 2017 for goodness' sake!"

"Well it's only called that because it is near the old nun's home that is abandoned now. I think its real name is coffee beans or coffee balls or something like that," said Sarah meekly.

Angela thought to herself and decided to go there with Daniel the next day, and, owing to the fact it was close to campus, she would have extra energy to edit the *Finnegans Wake* plot section on Wikipedia.

The next day she and Daniel made their way to the Coffee Cauldron, a block away from their class and next to an imposing gothic building with boarded up windows on all three stories.

"This looks like the place," said Angela.

"Oh yeah! I think I've been here before," said Daniel. "It feels like I'm getting déjà vu, do you ever get that?"

"Déjà vu is a sign you're not being mentally stimulated enough, Daniel. You should do some long division or something."

"Ha! Yeah check out this long division."

Angela laughed, "Oh Daniel, you do good jokes and are so funny and cool."

"Thank you Angela," said Daniel.

The two entered the Coffee Cauldron and each enjoyed a 'witches' brew', a house special. They sat and talked for a long time about their lives and future dreams. Daniel had a similar background to Angela, both coming from across the country to this small town to study, the major difference being that Daniel was a typical frat-boy type that Angela did not usually go for. Angela was wearing sheer stockings that she had hoped Daniel would notice. As they talked, she slipped off her shoe and gently brushed Daniel's muscular yet supple leg with the side of her foot. Angela was not usually prone to this kind of behaviour, but there was something in the air, something about the smell of the bubbling coffee, something about Daniel that made Angela feel as free as a bird.

"That coffee has me all pepped up!" said Daniel.

"Yeah, it really had some power to it didn't it," replied Angela.

“Angela was not scared of any superstitious nonsense, and she would prove how much of a grown-up she was.”

As Angela spoke she looked over to the barista who had made their coffees. The barista was a woman that Angela thought looked around eighty years old. She only took notice because she was wearing a hood that Angela thought looked odd for a person her age. As they left, Angela and Daniel thanked her and she lowered her head in a friendly yet solemn nod, never making eye contact.

As the two walked from the shop, Daniel shuddered as if struck by a cold wind.

"What's wrong?" asked Angela.

"It's that building," said Daniel. "It looks so familiar, it gives me the creeps, brah."

"Oh don't be silly, Daniel It's just an old building!" said Angela, looking around. "Hey, I know something fun we can do."

Angela took hold of Daniel's super cool and muscly forearm and yanked him towards a half pried off board on one of the windows.

"Oh no, Angela please don't, I'm scared," cried Daniel.

"Shhh! It's ok, we'll just have a look around," whispered Angela. She quietly took off the plywood board and coaxed Daniel through the darkened entrance. She placed the board back over the hole, so it was very dark inside. Angela was not scared of any superstitious nonsense, and she would prove how much of a grown-up she was to Daniel, who was using his phone screen as a flashlight in the gloom.

"Let's go down there!" said Angela, pointing to an arch-shaped doorway in the far corner of the room. There was an old stone staircase that led down into an even darker level. She gripped Daniel's arm and moved forward.

"Oh god, this is so freaking bad Angela. I think I'm getting déjà vu again, I think we should get out," Daniel murmured.

"Come on, I want to show you there is nothing to be scared of" Angela replied, leading him into the doorway.

Halfway down the staircase, the door swung shut and Daniel let out a yelp. "Oh god, what was that?"

"It was the wind or something, keep walking and it'll be fine," said Angela reassuringly.

They made it to the bottom of the stairs and peered around the stone room with their phone flashlights. A windless chill swept over the room and they both felt it.

"I feel funny," said Daniel. "Oh, oh what is that? My chest! What's happening?"

"Let me see!" Angela said, looking with her light at Daniel's letterman jacket.

"Oh my god."

Daniel now had two large lumps on his chest under his jacket. They were being forced out by something.

"They are not mine, I mean I can barely feel them there," said Daniel.

"They look like... boobs," said Angela, inspecting the shape.

"Boobs?" asked Daniel.

"Boobies," replied Angela. "You got titted."

"I got boobed!" yelled Daniel.

"You got tittered," replied Angela.

"I got knocked up," whispered Daniel, looking down.

"You got ta-taad," consoled Angela.

"I got tay-tayed," sighed Daniel, beginning to accept it.

"You got tay-tayyyed!" cried Angela.

"Yes!" a voice rose abruptly from the top of the stairs, "He has been tay-tayed!"

"Oh my god, who is that?" yelled Angela and Daniel at once.

They pointed their lights towards the doorway, and at the top of the stairs was the old woman from the coffee shop. "It is I!" she called down with a cackle. "You have trespassed on sacred ground, so I have cursed you with ghost boobs! This basement used to be a witches' coven back in the 1800s, and the nuns' convent was built on top! But it was cursed from the beginning! I curse anybody who entered this basement as I wish! And I have given you the ghost ta-tas!"

"So, you're a witch?" asked Angela.

"Yes," spoke the woman with a gravelly chuckle. "Oh! My eyes! My eyes!" she suddenly screeched, "I could not let anyone know that I was a witch otherwise I would be killed by a curse!"

The old woman began turning into smoke and steam while shooting sparks from her eyes. Angela was not paying attention though; she was tenderly inspecting Daniel's new sweater puppies over his shirt. She growled softly and looked up at him with a deep longing in her eyes.

"Oh damn! I messed it up!" cried the old woman with her last breath, before she disintegrated into smoke and dust.

Angela and Daniel walked up the stairs and climbed back out the window. Daniel's boobs disappeared and never returned. A few months later they were walking hand-in-hand by the coffee shop, and it had been boarded up and sold. They heard later that the owner just disappeared one day and was never seen again.

"I am sad that those big and nice ghost boobs have gone," said Angela.

Daniel agreed, "I kind of got used to them, they were cool and good." ■

TV SERIES

Riverdale

Developed by
Roberto
Aguirre-Sacasa

Review by
Saskia Bunce-Rath

★★★★★

Riverdale is a new show from the CW based (loosely) on the Archie comics and is streaming on Netflix. It's set in a town illuminated by neon lights that has been rocked by the recent death of beloved high school jock Jason Blossom. Archie (played by New Zealand's own K.J. Apa) stars as the newly minted hottie, Betty is his straight-laced best friend and then there's Veronica, who has just moved to town from New York.

I don't know about you, but I think the last five years has been particularly lackluster for teen television; the Vampire Diaries is probably still dragging its corpse along the road somewhere and I don't even want to know what happened to Pretty Little Liars... But maybe Riverdale is our salvation and will give us some much needed guilty pleasure watching.

Yes, it has its clichés and stereotypical

characters, but something about Riverdale is just working, from the moody cinematography to the on point casting choices, even some of the more ridiculous scenes lend it some needed charm and light-heartedness. Fine, I'm just digging it guys, I'm digging it. The melodramatic voiceovers that start and end the episodes, the repeated shots of red neon diner signs and mysterious blue forest scenery, Veronica constantly walking intimidatingly towards people, yelling about how they shouldn't mess with her because she's rich and from New York, or something. There's also a particularly great (and angsty) character called Jughead Jones who wears a beanie made of triangles and is really nailing the tortured writer aesthetic. I do wish they would've incorporated more of Jason Blossom in the flashbacks so we got to know more about the character, other than him being a red-haired hottie obsessed with wearing white and tucking his shirt in.

But, if you've been looking for a new teen TV show that straddles the gap

between ridiculous and entertaining and gives you that mildly delighted feeling of guilty pleasure as you click the play button on Netflix, then this eclectic mix of One Tree Hill, Twin Peaks and Gossip Girl might just be for you.



TV SERIES

Buffy the Vampire Slayer

Created by
Joss Whedon

Review by
Laura Starling

Rating:
Cult Classic

In March 1997, the first episode of Buffy the Vampire Slayer was released. Little did the cast, crew, and creators know that this supernatural teen TV show would turn out to be incredibly successful, hailed by both critics and fans. In fact, Buffy went on to inspire many other shows like Veronica Mars, Supernatural, iZombie and even the recent Crazyhead. Twenty years on Buffy is still a cultural phenomenon, influencing our TV, books and film.

Buffy the Vampire Slayer follows the titular Buffy Summers and her endeavours to lead a somewhat normal life while also being the one and only Vampire Slayer. You see her tackle bullying, abuse, awful teachers, love, sex and friendship while also decapitating and staking demons, vampires and other monsters. Those monsters in turn become metaphors for issues that Buffy tackles.

Buffy expertly explores characters and

relationships, developing them slowly and unexpectedly, often challenging the stereotypes and roles toted in teen dramas. Buffy's relationship with the people around her is what makes the show shine. It isn't married to having a character remain stagnant in the same role for the duration of the show. You will see best friends turn evil, demons become good, and everything in-between.

The Slayer is supposed to work alone, protect people and keep her double life a secret. Instead, Buffy includes her friends, and together they help her prepare, train and research. Previous slayers died and struggled alone; Buffy survives because her friends are there to support her. While essentially a drama, the comedy and humour running through the show give it life – Buffy never takes itself too seriously.

Even after all this time, people still engage with this amazing and groundbreaking TV show. Buffy remains relatable and relevant. Fans range from young to old, from those who saw it as it aired, and those who binge watched it all last year.

If you want to see something simultaneously painfully '90s, while also incredibly before its time, I would highly recommend taking on seven glorious seasons of Buffy the Vampire Slayer.



FILM

Gold

Directed by
Stephen Gaghan

Review by
Marlee Partridge

★★★★★

The latest flick featuring our shirtless cowboy, Matthew McConaughey, has an almost disturbing difference to the toned Texan we grew accustomed to in *Magic Mike*. Set during the decline of mineral mining, *Gold* is loosely based on the true story of the 1993 Bre-X mining scandal, where a large gold deposit was allegedly discovered in the Indonesian jungle. For legal reasons, and to enrich the plot of the film, this storyline was set a decade earlier, during the '80s, with names and specific events changed.

Gold features an overweight and alcoholic Kenny Wells (McConaughey) who is down on his luck in the gold mining business. Enter the suave Venezuelan, Edgar Ramirez, who plays geologist Michael Acosta, and you've got yourself a dynamic duo. Wells is on a downwards spiral, working from the bar where his girlfriend works and sleeping together in

her single bed. Wells is trying to sell his idea of a gold deposit in the previously unexplored Indonesian jungle when he hears about geologist Michael Acosta. Acosta had previously found one of the largest copper deposits in the world. Rumours of the Indonesian gold deposit begin to circulate. Acosta and Wells's hunt for the gold is filled with intrigue.

From the get-go, I knew this film wouldn't be a universal crowd pleaser. The opening scene featured a mind-numbing description of the mineral prospecting process that left me scratching my head. *Gold* also felt eerily familiar, I couldn't quite put my finger on it until the ultimate alcohol fuelled breakdown and I realised that it was very similar to *The Wolf of Wall Street*—minus the perpetually handsome DiCaprio. However, *Gold* still managed to hold its own through action scenes set in the Indonesian jungle.

Although the film featured some 'edge of your seat' moments, it lagged in parts where knowledge of the mining business was probably a necessity, although *Gold* also features a sprinkling of stunning aerial shots of Indonesia.



FILM

A Street Cat Named Bob

Directed by
Roger Spottiswoode

Review by
Maisie Thursfield

★★★★★

James Bowen sits playing guitar and singing "Beautiful Monday" in a busy Covent Garden street. People are walking past this homeless man, but no one looks at him, he seems invisible. Then Bob, the cat, enters his life and things start to change. It is actually James's social worker, not the feline, who gives James his first real chance in life by getting him into state housing. But what we should really thank her for is my new Saturday night catchphrase when people in town just won't shut up: "silence over bullshit". However, she is using this catchphrase in response to a recovering heroin addict. This is when we first see James in his true state: a shivering, manic mess (in contrast to the skilled, peaceful, unlucky musician in the first scene).

We don't learn too much about James's past, except that there was a messy divorce, instability at home and then voila,

another heroin addict on the street. His past is not what Roger Spottiswoode wants us to concentrate on. Must we always know why someone ends up on the street? Can the homeless not be worthy of help regardless of how they got there? *A Street Cat Named Bob* presents us with James as he is, not why he is, and still compels us to root for him.

Bob is just a cat who lets himself into James's home one day. His presence helps James make more money busking than ever before so, naturally, he keeps him. Bob is also the perfect wingman and helps James meet Betty the vegan hippie who doesn't believe in the patriarchal holding of surnames. The hold of James's addiction never leaves the audience's mind. You'll stay on edge throughout as cracks appear in James's chirpy persona. Still, the film will take you on a journey you will love as you see a beautiful cats-eye-view of London.

The soundtrack perfectly accompanies the movie with James's acoustic busking songs. This movie is simple, but beautiful: a beautiful journey, a beautiful relationship, and a beautifully imperfect life.



ALBUM REVIEW



ALBUM:

WHAT I SAY

ARTIST:

MOTTE

by Reg Norris

Some time back there was a memorable performance in my hometown; someone was using loops to construct a soundscape of weird vocals. I can't remember the name of the group, but I do remember

the Hitchcockian scene as the loud repetitive squawking attracted an agitated flock of seabirds. I couldn't figure out then how they were doing it. There was no tape deck or Walkman to be seen. It

was all coming from a small metal box: an effects pedal. It really highlighted the limitations of our crude cassette hacks. Speak into box; hit the button, and sound gets played back eternally, or until the battery runs out. They had control. They had the technology. But now everybody has immediate access to it. You buy it off a shelf. You buy it online. And now it's fucking everywhere.

Australian musician Mick Turner, the guitarist from the noisy trio the Dirty Three and formerly of the excellent band Venom P. Stinger, performed in Dunedin recently. Great unhinged guitarist. Massive expectations. Made the journey out to Port Chalmers. Spent an evening watching a guy jam along to his



loop pedal. Did he not trust someone enough to play the basic rhythm parts? Is it an economic way to travel? Sure, on a recording you may not notice the absence of a musician, but on stage there's a virtual rock 'n' roll three piece with only two fleshy members! He did have the decency to perform with a real life drummer. It seems such an uncreative use of technology (especially in the context of improvised rock). Fight automation dear comrades!

But occasionally someone comes along with a loop pedal and completely floors you. Evelyn Morris (aka Pikelet) has been touring through Aotearoa pretty much every summer for the last few years. Morris uses vocals, keyboards, drum machines and

acoustic percussion to create vast songscapes. In these hands, or feet, the loop pedal is an assembling agent and an organising tool. The music still maintains its organic roots even though it's largely digitised by the time it's received by your body. It's wonderful. It's generous but not overdressed. It's full of love and hate. But mostly love.

Anyway, this was going to be a review of another god awful song sent into the Critic office by some man apologising to somebody through a distracting mist of looped vocal noises, ranging from woo to ooo to ahhh to oomshooshtika, that has been produced by some other famous guy. He's apparently performing in Dunedin soon so keep your schedule

full and inflexible. This negative transmission has been interrupted. Please do not adjust that dial.

A few weeks ago I was listening to a radio show broadcast straight outta Hobart called 'What I Say'. It's programmed by Ben, who has exposed me to a lot of excellent music. One of the songs on this particular show was performed by the artist Motte. Turns out Motte, or Anita Clark, is based in Christchurch and has a new album called 'Strange Dreams', which just came out on CocoMuseReleases (which is shaping up to be another great local record label).

Last night I got my hands on a copy of 'Strange Dreams' by Motte and it's wonderful. Six tracks of layered violin peppered with occasional light and no nonsense vocal melodies. There is some exceptional synth accompaniment provided by Indira Force on here. It's an ominous whip cracking in the distance. At first I didn't associate the low frequency bass modulations in 'Give It To Me' with the record. I mistook it for the rise and fall of an engine's pitch in peak hour traffic. It's a familiar breath in these parts of Caversham. It's great when a record opens these valves of awareness. It's a rare quality. The music is truly affecting. It's lovingly suffocating. It's like walking through a dense fog, or driving in the rain, lost in the glow of rear tail lights.

It was the track 'Bathhouse' that got me thinking about the loop thing. How the different layers of strings fall and cascade over each other. If this is a looping technique it has been employed naturally, intuitively, in the short passages of plucked violin strings. Maybe it's hard to think, in these days of technological dependence or cynical suspicion of it, that these could be played individually as unique segments. After all, Clark's playing is remarkable. There is no reason to doubt it. The bedrock of the title track 'Strange Dreams' is undeniably a regular loop. But by what means is this generated? There is nostalgia to it. I could be imagining it. I swear there is a familiar grind. It's something mechanical. Something hand-made.

Magnetic.

**RESTAURANT
REVIEW**

Madam Woo Dunedin

by Hugh Baird

When looking for an eatery in Dunedin to truly satisfy the taste buds, it's hard to look past Madam Woo. Founded by Michelin star chef Josh Emmett and well renowned and respected restaurateur Fleur Caulton, Madam Woo is one of (if not) the best Asian eateries in town. Madam Woo has a strong focus on Malaysian and Chinese dishes such as rendang, shredded duck salad, and stir fry pork belly, as well as a whole host of entrees and smaller meals including, but not limited to, prawn and coriander dumplings or the incredibly popular hawker rolls, where you can choose from pulled pork, percik chicken or soy sesame eggplant, all wrapped in a delicious roti.

To kick things off at Madam Woo, I decided to sample both the prawn and coriander dumplings, and the pork and lup cheong wontons. For mains I decided to dabble in both the stir fry pork belly and the shredded duck salad. The pork belly was delicious and slow cooked, finished with an oyster sauce and completed with a spiced crackling crumble, which I can assure you was just as awesome as it sounds. However, for me, the jewel in the crown was without any shadow of a doubt the percik chicken hawker. If you haven't tried one of these little gems before I would recommend clearing any dinner plans you have tonight and heading on down. These tasty little morsels are so good I dare say they would have made Hitler happy.

If you're looking to wet the whistle, I'd recommend trying some of the house beer, Woo Brew. Or if that's not quite your cup of tea, or beer, Madam Woo offers a wide range of both alcoholic and non-alcoholic drinks to keep the



whole dinner party happy. So, if you've been keeping an eye on that special little someone down on second floor in Central, I'd recommend showing them the sights and sounds of Madam Woo. You'll be sure to find yourself in for

a second date. Or, alternatively, with graduation season on the horizon, why not get in fast and book a table at Madam Woo; ideally located just below the Octagon, it's a great way to kick off a big night.

GAMES

PlayStation VR

rating:



by Brandon Johnstone

We are truly in the midst of a Virtual Reality (VR) renaissance. In the grand scheme of things the technology is in its infancy, but the days of Nintendo's nausea-generator Virtual Boy are firmly behind us and the new generation of VR headsets are finally on the market. Not to mention the smaller, mobile options, there are three higher-end brands of VR gaming headsets competing for dominance: the Facebook-owned Oculus Rift, the higher-end HTC Vive and the current leader of the pack (in terms of sales, at least) Sony's PlayStation VR.

It doesn't take much investigation to figure out why PlayStation VR has sold more units than its competitors. Though its hardware isn't quite as powerful, PS VR weighs in at a not insignificant \$630, a couple of hundred dollars cheaper than the Oculus Rift and around half the price of a Vive. Even factoring in the hidden costs of a compulsory PlayStation camera and PS Move controllers, PS VR is more financially achievable and isn't really a huge graphical step down from its competitors.

In terms of actual functionality, the PS VR headset can do a little more than just play VR games. You can view anything on your PlayStation through it, with your screen hovering in front of you, offering you your own private cinema. Nothing on the headset looks quite as impressive as it does on an HD monitor, but it is a fun novelty being able to play games and watch YouTube this way, bypassing the need for an actual television. However, in a large hit to its usability, VR videos can't yet be viewed simply by browsing the web – to watch that sweet It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia VR special you'll have to download it to a flash drive or load it up on the PlayStation's media server first.

Putting on PS VR for the first time is extremely impressive. Fiddling with the headset until it's comfortable and clear can be frustrating at first, but once you're there you're dropped into a new world, your entire field of vision is a vast cosmos, or an alien, dinosaur-filled planet, or... a cartoon fast-food kitchen, whatever floats your boat. Surprisingly, this immersive experience works best not in hyper-realistic settings, but in stylised worlds not trying to convince you that you're literally somewhere else. Playing horror game Resident Evil 7, for example, is pretty grim and terrifying – you're surrounded by a viscerally uncomfortable environment, every gross and frightening fixture is disturbingly real. Unfortunately, a lot of this is lost in translation to VR – edges appear jagged and pixels are visible, giving a vague screen door effect. It's not game-breaking, but it does damage the intense immersion that the game is striving for. This issue just isn't a factor for less technically ambitious visuals, so more minimalist, stylised worlds offer a more appropriate visual experience.



One of the best experiences I have had using the PS VR is Robinson, an exploration game that has you searching through beautiful wildlife and hanging out with giant dinosaurs. The game itself hampers the player with frustrating puzzles and a general lack of direction, but as a VR experience and introduction to the hardware it works wonders, showcasing the potential of a VR environment. Space-dogfighting game Eve Valkyrie is another excellent introduction to the system, and maybe the best offering for PS VR on the market right now, giving the player exactly what they want from the hardware: beautiful visuals of deep space, exciting, freely controlled spaceship dogfights and, despite constant movement, very little of the motion sickness which seems to catch many players unawares in other titles.

One huge bonus of these games is that they don't require the player to use PS Move controllers (though Robinson recommends it). Sony has begun strongly pushing PS Move (their brand of camera-detected motion controllers) with the launch of PS VR, rendering them almost compulsory. Unsurprisingly, Sony has repackaged and marked up the six-year-old technology, forcing players to invest in expensive peripherals in order to appreciate the full PS VR game library. VR should absolutely make the most of innovative, experiential gameplay, but pushing arcade-style games rather than supporting larger, mainstream titles could force PS VR into Sony's peripheral-limbo, alongside the past EyeToy and PS3 Move catalogues.

Fortunately, most PS VR games aren't too expensive, many costing around \$30, plus there are plenty of free demos on the PlayStation store to try out. Unfortunately, most of these games have a very short lifespan offering maybe a couple of days of true fun, unlikely to keep the player coming back for more. For anyone struggling to decide whether to invest in PS VR, I'd suggest waiting for another six months or so and watching how the catalogue of VR games (and Sony's support of the technology) evolves. Unless, of course, money is not a factor for you, then buy a headset, download some games and enjoy the new, underexplored, chaotic frontier of gaming!

ART

Open Air, Still Life

Dunedin Public Art Gallery

by Monique Hodgkinson

If you're new to art history and can't tell your Rembrandts from your Renoirs or your Monets from your Manets — no stress, it's all good. But you'd probably benefit from learning the name Frances Hodgkins, who was one of our country's most famous artists and a pretty rad chick all round. Working in the first half of the 20th century, Hodgkins used wild colours to portray abstracted, collage-style landscapes and still life scenes. At the time her work was pretty cutting-edge, and wowed a society more familiar with traditional realism.

It has been 80 years since Hodgkins finished *Still Life with Fruit Dishes*, an abstract still life featuring various articles of fruit and a dreamy, mermaid-esque blue background, and in recognition the Dunedin Public Art Gallery have curated the exhibition *Open Air, Still Life* inspired by it. In this unique show, several major Hodgkins works are placed alongside pieces by contemporary artists, all sharing the 'still life' subject as a springboard for creative exploration. The result is something both whimsical and wonderful.

Erica Van Zon's works are the first you encounter upon entering the space, immediately establishing the fun quirky tone that flavours the whole show. Rather than paint abstracted fruit in bright colours, as Hodgkins did, van Zon has broken down the different aspects of a still life into physical, literal pieces; flat, gaudily-coloured clay watermelons and bananas rest like oddly shaped pancakes in their glass case. Van Zon's work is a clever and playful comment on the flattened, layered style present across Hodgkins's oeuvre.

Imogen Taylor's *Jug by the Sea* provides a pleasing contrast to Hodgkins's *Red Jug*, and the work of Saskia Leek and Joanna Margaret Paul are also thoughtful additions to the exhibition.

But for me the real unexpected highlight was the series by Ronald Grierson and Vanessa Bell, tucked away at the back of the space. Both artists approached their still life subject matter with an excellent eye for line, texture and tone, producing delicate interpretations of the theme. While clearly connected to the same concerns as the other works, these pieces offer a unique alternative to the gaudy and bold style otherwise dominating the show, the two styles complimenting each other.

An enjoyable wee exhibition, *Open Air, Still Life* does a great job at exploring the work of an excellent artist from new perspectives.



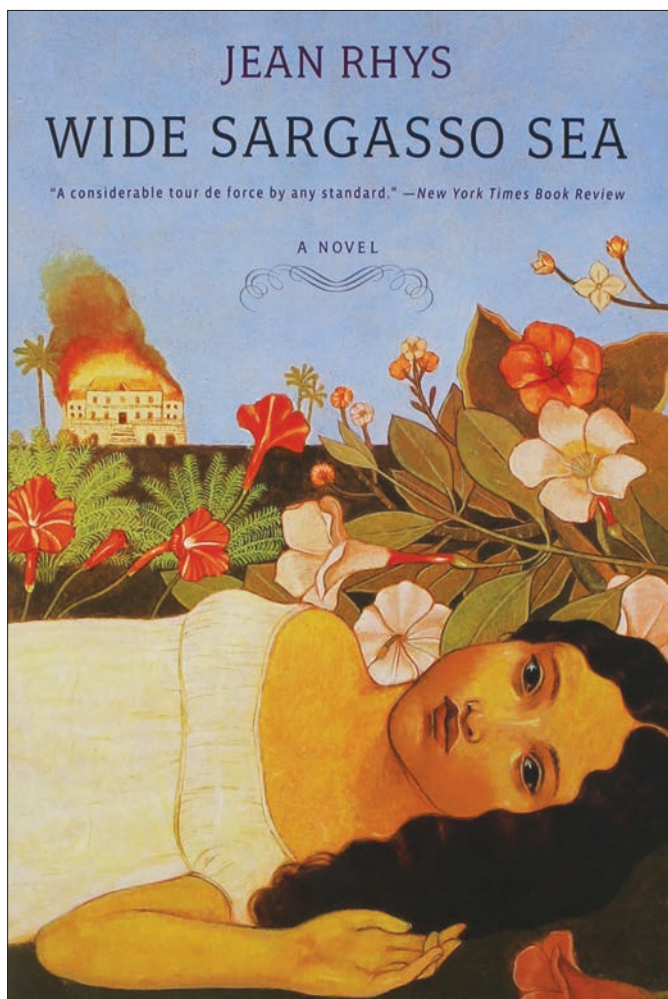
BOOKS

Wide Sargasso Sea

by Jean Rhys

rating

★★★★★



by Zoe Taptiklis

This book lives on my bookshelf, in a case, with a plaque underneath: 'A Modernist Triumph of Femme Freedom'. In 1969, Jean Rhys published *Wide Sargasso Sea*, a prequel and intervention to *Jane Eyre*, much like the prequel and intervention of my flatmate telling me I am cunty vomitty person the day after a party. However, where my flatmate sets a house on fire, Rhys burns it to the ground. This novel deconstructs the hysterical woman, especially as portrayed in the 'feminist' gothic text *Jane Eyre*.

Where Bertha in *Jane Eyre* is an elusive creature, so too is the tumbling narrative of *Wide Sargasso Sea*. The way the protagonist's focus sways from the heave and seethe of the Caribbean jungle to her decomposing marriage lends itself to post-post-colonial dialogue. The diverse backgrounds of the novel's characters result in jumbled conversations – imagine an onion or a meme, but with more layers. Each character's neurosis informs the neurosis of the next. I'm not going to lie; by the end of it all you should probably feel just as confused as the protagonist, Antoinette, feels. I was reminded of the random gift shop one sees as they drive through Ashburton called 'Intangible Gifts', I don't know what intangible gifts are, but this novel certainly feels like one.

The re-imagining of 'black-faced' Bertha Mason to coy, coquettish Antoinette Cosway gives a sense of youth to the protagonist, thus *Wide Sargasso Sea* could also be classified as a post-modern bildungsroman. The three-part structure creates a hashed and sutured romance, with all the romance left out. Antoinette is lost to this tangled narrative, the threads all running away with the entropic ends of time. As a child, Antoinette is like a hatpin to her mother's extravagant and unsustainable life style, by the time she is a teenager, her creole status finds her abandoned by the locals and the civilising British class. However Antoinette, finding herself alone, is never an independent character, her conversations are loose strands of the societally held prejudices that she guilelessly navigates through. It is never clear whether Antoinette is aware how different she is to the people that swan in and out of her life. Enter loaf-ish, dismissive Rochester, the same paternalistic, dramatic, patronising man that *Eyre* naively falls for. Arguably, it is whatever that marks Antoinette as other that staves off Rochester.

This is a baffling read and for such a short novel, it is surprisingly dense. Not because of the content, but because of the space that the narrative is meant to occupy. *Wide Sargasso Sea* alleviates the limitations of *Jane Eyre*, and celebrates the existence of a) humans and b) women, no matter their mental state, background or role within society. Like a Lana Del Rey song, *Wide Sargasso Sea* works to validate and celebrate self-indulgent sadness; it is a love letter to the tides of hedonistic apathy, commiserating the vilification of those who suffer loss without need for redemption or forgiveness. Most importantly, Rhys drives for the continuation of the human voice through dissolution to insanity. In short: it's a good time.

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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

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University Book Shop



LETTER OF THE WEEK

'THE GLASS SMASHERS' —BY ANON.

I enjoy the students
My children were once
My children still are
I was once –

They provide vitality. I want the students here.
bit of Partying—to be expected.

I drove my car on the way to a dinner outing recently.
5.45pm. Cruising along. I was stopped, blocked.
Broken glass, smash, throwing.
A young fellow(s) wedged something under my tyres
Glass bottles I learnt two seconds later.

It's...
Bullying
Aggressive Vandalism
Attention seeking
And just fucking senseless.

and

For those who sit back, watch and let it happen, you are just
as bad.

Stop it.
Start stopping it.
Stop drinking if that's what you do when you drink.
Others stop it.
You are all better than this.
Be better than this.

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

TERROR, TERAH, AND TERRA

Dear Joe & Lucy – Critic Editors,
In the name of the father of Abraham, I call for an
end to the war on "terror". Because, in Genesis
"Terah" was the name of the father of Abraham
(Abram) (Genesis 11: 24 – 32).

And Abraham is the father of all Jews, Christians
and Muslims. Jesus calls him "Father Abraham"
(Luke 16: 24) . In Jesus' parable Lazarus is "carried
by angels into Abraham's bosom" (Luke 16: 22 King
James Version)

Also, because, Chris-
topher Columbus' ships'
first words on discover-
ing America in 1492
were "Terra, terra firma"
(which is Latin or
Spanish for 'Land
ahoy').

Yours faithfully,
Anthony Skegg

NOTICE: RELAY FOR LIFE

It's that time of the year, the one we literally wait
all night for...Relay For Life! Relay For Life began in
1985 in the United States. Today, it is a global move-
ment, and held in over twenty communities in New
Zealand alone. This year, at 6pm on April 7th 2017,
groups of students will band together to run for the
fight around the Clocktower building, and help raise
funds for the Cancer Society. With various forms of
entertainment and performances from heaps of
local Dunedin artists, this is something you won't
want to miss. In 2016, over 1200 students partici-
pated in the student relay, and raised over \$70,000!

The Otago student relay is the only 'student run
relay' in New Zealand. The organising committee
consists solely of university and polytechnic stu-
dents, with minimal guidance from the Otago
Cancer Society. This relay is specifically aimed at
staff and students at the University of Otago and
the Otago Polytechnic, from both local and national
backgrounds. In 2017 we aim to have more than
2000 participants, with a fundraising goal of over
\$100,000! So what are you waiting for? Get your
mates, flatmates, classmates, and help make a
difference in someone's life by running all night for
the fight!

CORRECTION FROM CORRECTIONS

Hi there

To add to the "Hepatitis
C Continues to plague
NZers as Govt fights
losing battle" (Issue 04,
Mar 2017). Corrections
would like to respond as
follows:

The prison popula-
tion does have a higher
incidence rate of
Hepatitis C compared to
the general population

but, rather than the reasons you suggest, it is due
to the fact that many prisoners engage in high-risk
behaviours, such as tattooing with homemade
tattoo guns, that increase their chances of infection.
Often prisoners have engaged in high risk be-
haviours prior to arriving in prison and may not
have accessed medical treatment or been diagnosed
before being imprisoned. The Department is

committed to ensuring that as far as possible our
patients have the same access to treatment as
people in the community and Prison can be a key
opportunity for these people to get a diagnosis and
medical treatment. With the support of Corrections
nursing staff, local District Health Boards and phar-
maceutical company AbbVie, a cure for some of our
patients with Hepatitis C is now possible. To date,
around 500 prisoners are Hepatitis C positive, many
of whom are currently being treated, waiting to be
assessed, or are waiting for the all-clear to say they
are cured.

–Bronwyn Donaldson, Corrections Director
Offender Health

Kind regards,
Corrections Communications |
National Office | Department of Corrections Ara
Poutama Aotearoa



medical advice from 1923

Spermatorrhea

I have faith that the young gentlemen of Otago University are too intelligent to indulge in the evils of self-pollution (masturbation). However, without careful vigilance, a boisterous lifestyle and impure thoughts, even without action, can lead to night-time ejaculations that will drain the vital energy of a healthy young man, leaving him sickly, ill-tempered, and sallow.

Spermatorrhea is a disease characterised by involuntary discharges of seminal fluid. This may occur either with or without pleasurable sensations. Impotency is an accompaniment, or, more perfectly speaking, the sequence of spermatorrhea. These discharges may occur in the daytime or only at night.

Causes - The causes of spermatorrhea are masturbation, sexual excess, mental emotion, nervous prostration, or diseases of the sexual organs.

Symptoms - The symptoms are very plain; the seminal fluid is passed in an involuntary emission at night, more frequently than it should be. After this is continued for a certain length of time the emission may come in the daytime or upon any emotional excitement of the genital organs; later the semen often comes away while water is being made, or while at stool, even in perfect health. Impotency, as has been before said, is an accompaniment of spermatorrhea, although not always.

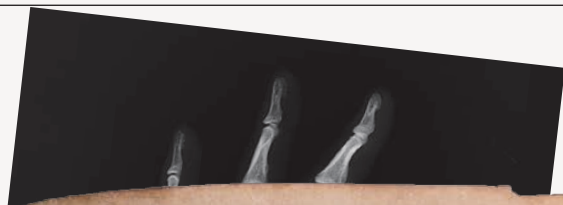
Treatment - The milder cases will often, when the cause is removed, recover themselves. Proper attention to diet and the state of the bowels should be given, and a system of cold sponge baths in the region of the loins will do a great deal to assist nature.

An injection (enema) of cold water will also stimulate the parts and bring them back to their normal state.

Sleep in a hard bed, and, in exercising, do not ride on horseback or a bicycle. The use of electricity is often of great benefit. Apply electricity directly to the part.

Be prudent in regard to diet, eat common, easily digested food, but little meat; no condiments, pastries, pies, cakes, or highly seasoned food; arise early in the morning, keep the bowels free, eat fruit in the forenoon freely, sleep regularly, avoid excitement and everything in its nature calculated to arouse or awaken sexual thoughts or desires.

This information was taken from Vitalogy, a real medical book published in 1923. This column is for entertainment only and should not be taken as advice by anyone, ever.



SCIENCE, BITCHES

Bees

by Ben Cravens

When most people think of bees, they think of the adorable insects that give us honey. However, they're much more than that. Our future is inextricably linked with theirs. Close to a third of America's food supply requires honeybee pollination. But, since 2007, bees have been disappearing at an alarming rate.

This pattern has now become known as Colony Collapse Disorder (CCD). CCD is thought to be caused by a combination of things, like pesticides, habitat loss, and climate change. The worst offending pesticides are neonicotinoids, chemically similar to the popular narcotic nicotine found in tobacco. Numerous articles in journals like *Nature* have linked these pesticides to declining bee health, to the point where the EU has taken action, passing restrictions on four of the pesticides. Furthermore, habitat loss has left bees starving. As green spaces become urbanised, the plants that bees rely on for sustenance disappear. Climate change also,

predictably, reprises its extremely depressing role. The warm winters caused by global warming have caused plants to shift their schedules, meaning some bees come out of hibernation too late to pollinate. If bee numbers continue to decline worldwide, so will our food supply. According to experts at the National Resources Defence Council, we will still have food, but it will be overpriced and taste bad. To put this into context, think of having the \$8 sandwiches from the campus shop for every meal.

There are a few ways ordinary citizens can help save the bees. Most revolve around cultivating better environments for bees to thrive in. Starting a garden with lots of flowering plants is a good way to help bees in your area stay healthy. Pressuring your government representatives for stricter regulations on pesticides like neonicotinoids is another effective way to safeguard the bees. Backyard beekeeping has also become wildly popular recently, both worldwide and here in Aotearoa. If you're interested in becoming an amateur beekeeper, there has never been a better time to start, with a wealth of information online, as well as cheap beekeeping supplies for sale. Make sure you buy new equipment as used stuff may be infected with mites. It's surprisingly inexpensive to start your

own hive. Consider getting in touch with the Dunedin Beekeeper's Club at:

<http://dunedinbeekeepersclub.org/>



However, at the end of the day, it's less important how much you help and more important that you help. If everyone does just a little bit it will make a large difference. The security of our future food supply depends on it.

ECONOMICS EVERYWHERE

The Sunk-Cost Fallacy

by Wee Doubt

Do you ever order what turns out to be way too much food at a restaurant, and then eat it all anyway to "get your money's worth?" As well as greed, you've fallen victim to the sunk-cost fallacy. You paid good money for the meal, and you don't want to "waste" it by not finishing it. But, when you keep on eating, who is winning?

In economics, a sunk cost is any past cost that has already been paid and that cannot be recovered, so you may as well forget about it. For example, a business may have invested five thousand dollars on a new computer. This money is now gone and cannot be recovered, so it shouldn't figure into the business's decision-making process.

But often, because of the irrational fuck-up controlling the show in your head (your brain), our sunk costs influence our future decisions. You can't forget the money, time, or energy you've spent, so you keep on dishing stuff out to your hopeless cause,



even though ditching the cause would be better for you in the long run.

If your car breaks down and requires \$3,000 worth of repairs, but you could buy a new, better car for \$2,500, you may feel that to ditch your old car would be wasting the \$5,000 you spent on it initially. And if you get it fixed and it breaks again, this time needing \$4,000 worth of repairs, it seems like you are wasting \$8,000 if you ditch it. The same goes for anything you own that you spent a lot of money on and now never use, but refuse to sell cheaply or give away because it would feel like you were losing the money you spent (even though it's already gone).

Another example of this phenomenon could be that you've paid to go to a film, realise within half an hour that you hate it, but grit your teeth and sit through the whole thing. Or you sign up for a series of classes and go to each one, despite not enjoying yourself or getting anything out of them. You could even be in a sunk-cost fallacy by staying in an unhappy relationship—to leave would feel like you've 'wasted' the time and energy you have put into it up till now.

The sunk-cost fallacy is an example of how economics permeates our lives beyond matters of money.

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

THE
CAPTAIN
• COOK •
HOTEL

Cookin' Up Love



Of Charming

On Monday afternoon, Critic slid into my DMs asking whether I would like to go on a blind date the next day. I've never been one to turn down free food and a good story so I happily accepted. My flatmates and I must be in our last year of Uni because what would have previously been the perfect excuse to sink a few brews on a Tuesday, ended up with me getting steamed on the couch while the others sipped away at a pity beer so I wasn't drinking alone. Once I was a sufficient number of flamés deep and I'd taken my lucky swig of vod I skipped out the door full of slightly drunken confidence.

I rocked up to The Cook about on time and hung out in the booth acting interested in the menu to avoid any judgmental couples glaring at this single guy taking up a whole booth by himself. Luckily before I'd memorized the whole drinks menu I was greeted by a beautiful blonde with the most genuine smile. I gained instant respect for this girl when she explained that she'd signed up for the blind date trying to break the mold of the typical exchange student and meet some New Zealanders that aren't just kiwi hosts. I loved her sense of adventure and spontaneity.

After not being able to decide what kind of drink she wanted she resorted to asking for a "Fun drink" and giving the bar staff some creative freedom. Hours of conversing later I felt like I was beginning to know my date quite well. We ended up in a competition with the couple on the other side of the bar to be the last people to leave. Eventually, we left the bar and I decided to turn into a tipsy tour guide showing this gorgeous exchange student around the most irrelevant places in North Dunedin. We ended up at my favorite spot by the Harbor where I stole a cheeky kiss. I suggested that we should have taken a drunken skate around to which she informed me she couldn't skate but could ripstick with the best of them. This chick just continued to surprise me.

After walking back towards her flat and saying our goodbyes I decided that we'd already had two dates in one night, why not top it off with a trip to get ice cream. We then stretched the date out a little longer and finally called it a night. In the whole night nothing seemed forced or awkward, it was just a nice date with a cool girl. I grabbed her digits and will hopefully catch up with her again some time soon.

Cinderella

Ok so I've heard these things are either a train wreck or an intense sexual escapade. Either way, it wasn't too difficult to convince me to take some warm up shots to soothe the nerves. I was told to arrive late because obviously the guy would be trashed and late as well. Little did I know that I would arrive to find a perfectly punctual and very gentlemanly young man waiting for me at our table...

We chatted the entire evening away and to my glorious surprise we had a lot more in common than I could ever expect. It was so comfortable and fun getting to learn about him and he was fabulously mannered – he ordered my meal and drinks for me, held the door, held my hand, the whole shebang. We made use of our tab with adventurous surprise drinks and super nice meals, which we shared with each other lady-in-the-tramp style while playing footsie. We were practically the last people at the Cook, we got the idea that they wanted us to gtfo so they could close.

Insert phase two of the date –romantic Harbor stroll adventure! Because I am a Boston girl—born in the USA baby—I can appreciate a good Harbor walk. He was a fabulous Dunedin tour guide, and I had to thank him with a kiss by the water.

Phase three – He had walked me nearly all the way back to my flat, kissed me goodbye at least three times and then we decided; "How could we end a great date without ice cream?" We couldn't – so it was desert time!!! Yum! Like a sweetie, he paid – who said chivalry is dead? Then, after teasing me about not getting hokey pokey, he took my hand and led me back to his place ... and the rest is history. Just kidding!

Phase four – We chilled for a bit, kicking it old school style and listened to a Beatles record in "the vinyl room." After an ideal date night, Prince Charming lead me back to my flat at 2am. If I was Cinderella, my car would've turned back to a pumpkin by now...but it was well worth it.

Thanks Critic!!! ☺

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THE HELLHOLE

Tinder review

By Chelle Fitzgerald

As a single person of the female persuasion, I decided to give this whole Tinder thing a whirl. The whole thing started out somewhat innocently; I naively thought that it would be the best place to meet other single people, and so, armed with some deceptive pseudo-attractively "well-lit" and carefully-posed photos, I joined the fray. I carefully spent a huge amount of time on my bio, because, again, I naively thought that people actually gave a shit about what you have to say.

'Nobody would ever NOT be interested in me after reading this bio,' I thought to myself smugly as I posted my awesome profile for the world to see. 'I'll have a harem of men by sundown.'

And so I began to swipe.

After 30 minutes, I was wondering if I had inadvertently joined a website for fishing, beach, and tiger enthusiasts, because every single photo I had seen thus far displayed a male either holding a large fish, posing with a drugged-up tiger in Thailand, or standing shirtless on a beach.

Bewildered, I began reading the bios:

"Likes: travel, beach and fun." (Wow, so deeply unique and interesting – it's so rare to meet someone that likes those things.)

"Pubs Not Clubs." (That's such a weird thing for almost every guy to feel that they need to state in the tiny amount of space

that they are given to tell prospective partners about themselves.)

"If your a chatbot or prosthute dont fucken message me." (Spelling/grammar mistakes galore; angry guy who is sick of hot girls turning out to not be real girls.)

I began worrying that all of the men on Tinder were THE SAME. But surely even Tinder has some sort of bell-curve distribution of personality?

I continued swiping. By this point my bone was beginning to show through my thumb. Sweat was beading on my forehead as I anxiously swiped beach photo after fish photo after tiger photo. I tried to focus on my phone screen, but every time I closed my eyes the tigers, fishes and beaches were looming closer and closer in my mind's eye. I began to panic, frightened tears streaming down my face; my now fully exposed thumb bone carving a horizontal notch into the glass screen of my phone. With every swipe, my anguished mind became more tortured. Tigers and fish became one horrific entity, a large tiger body with a fish head prowling across a beach. I passed out in sheer deranged panic, waking up hours later to find myself lying on the floor, with no thumb left and only the broken remains of my mobile phone for comfort.

Tinder: 0/10, do not recommend.

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DRINKING



In Memoriam

Honoring our favorite shitty
Drinks of years gone by

Cindy's

Cindy's burst onto the scene with the aggressive enthusiasm of a fresher whose parents didn't let them drink in high school. Orange Cindy's changed the game with its Fanta flavored ethanol, allowing even the pickiest drinker to get blotto with ease. Then we had Green, Purple, Blue, all named after cities I can't remember. Cumby Super Liquor could barely keep up with demand. And then, as soon as they arrived, they were gone. To everyone's mild surprise, but nobody's shock, it turned out Dunedin was the only city where they were selling.

Southern Draught

So-Drau never really got the respect it deserved. It was the same price as SoGo, with the same can (except it was red). While SoGo is a terrible attempt at Export Gold, So-Drau was a terrible attempt at Speights. It was nothing special, but at least it had a little bit of maltiness to cover up how terrible it was. I always suspected that the legendary Cook Draught might have just been rebranded SoDrau all along.



8% Diesel

The 8% Diesel was deadly. Those were dark days that I pray to which we shall never return. The first can was like drinking crude oil, but once your body had adjusted and your spincter had undenched, it was way, way too easy to forget how strong it was, sip your way through 11 more of them and wake up in a dumpster outside the Hunter Centre.

McDuffs Brewery

The most recent and most heartbreaking loss. McDuffs (previously known as Duffs before they got threatened with a lawsuit from the makers of the Simpsons) served the scarfie population loyally for decades. Their re-fillable spirits were among the cheapest in town, and their icebreaker kegs were legendary. They probably stretched themselves too thin on the beer—too many different styles, none of which were special. They gave us the Hyde St Kegs, hundreds of 21sts, and years and years of Red Cards. R.I.P.

ETHEL & HYDE



Dear Ethyl and Hyde,
My lab partner is a fucking dumbass and keeps interrupting me during my calculations etc. to ask questions. It messes up my train of thought and as a result I'm not getting stuff cemented mentally. How can I get them to stfu?

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

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



Ethel says

If you cannot change lab partner by sitting in a different seat at the start of the lab, the best approach is to have a conversation with them about how you are affected by their questioning interruptions and set up some boundaries. Often people who ask too many questions have some form of anxiety that they are trying to alleviate, and just ignoring them will make them ask even more questions. To avoid increasing the number of questions tell them that you cannot answer their questions while you are doing your calculations because it makes you muddled and puts you off, so they at least have a chance of seeing the situation from your point of view. Give them a time slot when they can ask questions, and suggest they write down ones they think of outside of that. A couple of lines you could pull out if the boundaries are breached are: "I'm not sure ask the demonstrator," "I'll talk to you about that after I finish this," "I can't concentrate, please stop."



Hyde says

Talk to the hand cos the face ain't listening. Sounds like it's time for a crash course in Classical Conditioning. One of the most effective ways to condition a beast to behave appropriately is the use of electric shocks. This technique is used in many labs around the world, so perfectly appropriate for your setting. Fortunately for you, there is a great product on the market called a Hand Shock Buzzer, for only \$US10.99. Once you have this devise, super glue it to the end of a collapsing umbrella shocking side facing outwards and put the umbrella sleeve back on. Take this with you to every lab. It won't take long for you to see the questions in their eyes trickle down to the oral cavity, wait a moment longer until they are half way through their question, and gently lift your shockbrella and softly touch their side. Do this every time they ask a question until they have learnt their lesson and S T F U.

President's Column



Hey everyone! My name is Caitlin, the Recreation Officer from the ol' OUSA Exec. Hugh needed a break so unfortunately you're stuck with me for the week. I hope you all saw the Highlanders game on Saturday where they got absolutely whipped by the reigning champions- the mighty Hurricanes!!!!

For those of you that don't know, my role essentially involves me being a key voice for us students in terms of help and support for clubs and societies. Did you know over three quarters of Otago University students are involved in a club on campus? So if you're in that rare quarter, have a look at what we have to offer because there is something for everyone!

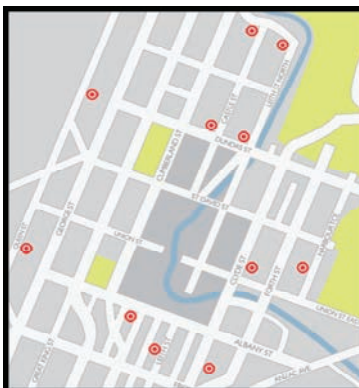
If you suffer from commitment issues, then you could always check out what the Clubs and Societies Centre offer on a causal basis. From \$5 lunchtime yoga to the sauna, there's \$3 lunch, dance lessons and pottery. If you can think of it, we probably offer it. And if we don't, flick me an email so I can see what I can do for you.

As much fun Dunedin is (r.i.p. weekly trips to Boogie and Capone) remember to get out and explore your surroundings. Pick up a surfboard and head out to St. Clair. There is so much to see in the Otago region so you don't want to miss out!

I'm gonna give you one piece of advice for while you're here at Otago. It's that you get involved. There is no easier way to make friends than to do something that interests you. Get out of your comfort zone or get the courage to try something new. Whatever it is, make sure you make the most of being here, cause it's a bloody great place.

If you catch me around campus, come say hi, I'm always down for a yarn. So, I'll see you when I see you and all the best for those up coming mid-terms!

Caitlin Barlow-Groome
clubsrep@ousa.org.nz



Skips will be out on campus THIS FRIDAY!

Head to
<http://bit.ly/SKIPDAY>
for more info.



Not having an awesome time?

Student Support are here to help with anything and everything! A friendly advocate will be on hand in the Link every Tuesday 11.30am till 2pm to answer your woes or direct you to someone who can! Pop along and see the team.



YOUR LANDERS

VS REBELS

FRI 31TH MARCH 7.35PM

FORSYTH BARR STADIUM, DUNEDIN

**TICKETS AVAILABLE
AT OUSA**

HIGHLANDERS



**THE POWER BEHIND
THE HIGHLANDERS**