

FEATURES

There's always someone to talk to

An interview with Brian Lowe

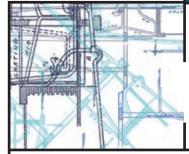
at Youthline Otago

by Lucy HUNTER

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No Information Beyond the Headline



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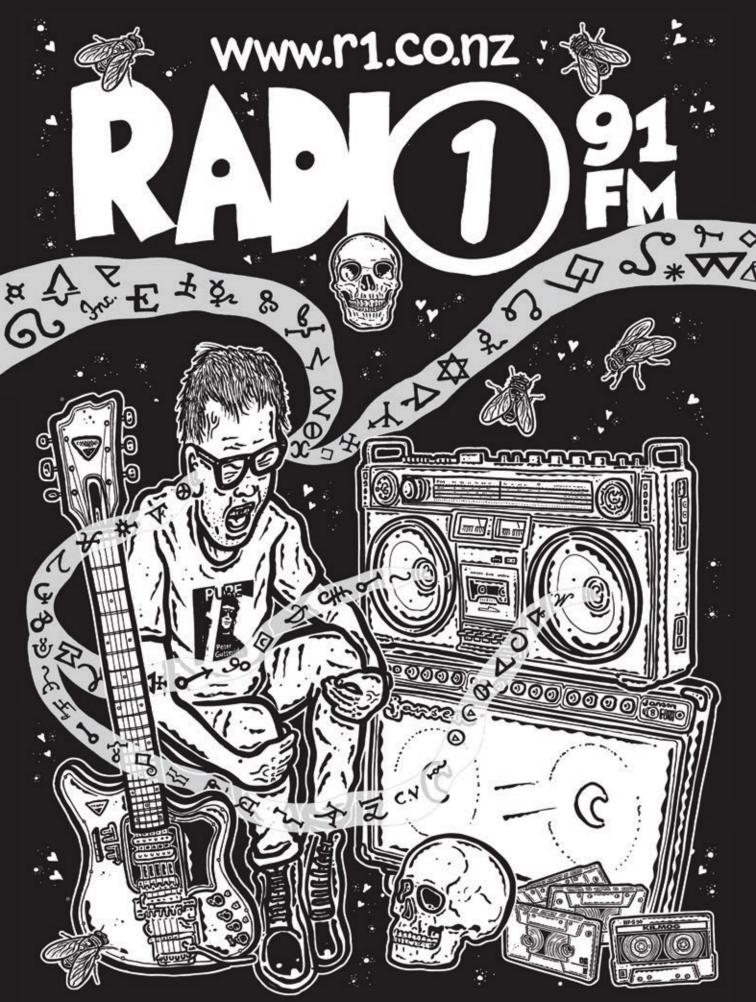
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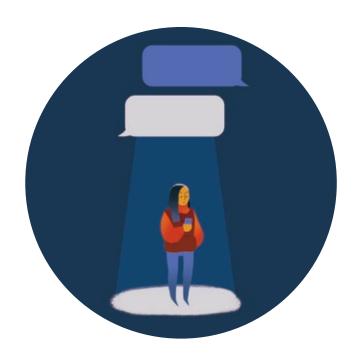
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Centre image by
Nikki Cain.
Submit your artwork
for our pull-out poster
to critic@critic.co.nz





Not For Profits

This week's Critic includes a couple of features on mental health in Dunedin. When visiting Youthline Otago we were struck by the modesty of the operation—we sat in a small room with a second-hand table and two mismatched chairs. In the corner was a beanbag, on the walls, posters for the helpline and other not-for-profit organisations.

The government has recently announced a monumental pay rise for disability, care, and support workers in New Zealand. Around 55,000 workers in the female dominated sector will go from an average hourly wage of \$16 to between \$19 and \$23.50 per hour. This is a wonderful step in recognising the importance of this work. Paying workers a living wage makes a job more appealing, and will likely see an improvement in the lives of the people these workers are caring for. High turnover of staff means that new people are leaving while their skills are still developing. Happy staff will stay in difficult jobs longer. Their invaluable knowledge and experience in care work will not be wasted because of frustration at low wages.

As with all publicly funded services, some receive enough funding while others fall by the wayside, such as Youthline Otago. Central government's balancing act is undoubtedly a difficult task, but it's hard to understand any budget that excludes funding for a group who provides often lifesaving help for young people who are at a point where they consider ending their own life to be their only option. Often the most vulnerable demographics in society receive the worst amount of funding from

local and central government, as their vulnerability impairs their ability to advocate and lobby effectively. Where money is, money tends to go.

Another example, which we covered extensively in Critic, occurred last year and involved the government threatening to cut all funding to the Otago/Southland Hepatitis C Resource Centre, the only service of its kind in the South Island. The cost of running the centre is just \$40,000 per year, which includes all overheads and Health Promoter Alison Beck's modest salary.

North Dunedin MP David Clark's column this week is on Mental Health in Dunedin. He discusses the results of a recent report on New Zealand's mental health services, which recommends an urgent funding increase for mental health services. He claims that around \$1.7 billion has been taken from our health system over the past six years. Students are just one of the groups suffering directly because of this funding shortfall. There have recently been funding cuts to the University of Otago's mental health services, provided through the fantastic Student Health, which will mean that many students are unable to afford adequate therapy for mental illness outside of their six subsidised sessions.

It's not exclusively the Labour Party that have policies that are sympathetic to the mental health sector, and, with just five months until the general election, take some time to research who is pledging to fix the neglect of our most vulnerable citizens.

Lucy & Joe

Critic Co-Editor

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by Joe Higham

Funding applications from Autism New Zealand and the Rotary Club sparked discussion about whether the budget allocation for charitable causes should be dedicated to only student-centric charities. Colleges Officer James Heath said that we should "only be finding charities working in the student interest," while President Hugh Baird agreed with Admin VP William Guy, who reminded the executive officers that OUSA does play a part in the local community, and their charitable contributions should reflect that. Education Officer Bryn Jenkins wondered what happened to the group's decision at the beginning of the year to proactively find charities to donate to, which was met with a change of subject. Baird concluded the discussion by saying "we don't have to spend the money in the charity budget though."

The provisional amendments to the OUSA's Grants Policy were sent out to affiliated clubs and submissions were requested from those clubs to gauge whether or not they were agreed upon outside of the executive. One of the proposed amendments includes limiting the range of purposes that clubs can grant money for, something which the Otago Dance Association (ODA) disagreed with in their submission—the only

submission OUSA received. They included a TL;DR summary - or 'too long; don't read' - which noted "pizza is the glue which holds most clubs together, pls [sic] fund it." Baird said that it was a "bang on submission," although that view was not shared by other members. Recreation Officer Caitlin Barlow-Groome said it's "very hard to track" these uses of money, as clubs could "get pizza and then bugger off without proof" of doing so. Baird replied with, "that's why we do it in good faith," also stating that the executive can, and do, use their own funding to buy things like pizza, although Jenkins then said "but we have a constitution and a higher level of accountability." Guy then asked whether "we should change the grants policy as a result of this submission?", to which Jenkins replied "no, but actively engage with them (ODA) to explain why it's not changing."

Barlow-Groome attended Jack Bisset's funeral on Wednesday 19th April, leaving a note offering support to the family, along with flowers and a card on OUSA's behalf. Bisset, a 17 year old Otago University student who was living at City College, died on Saturday 15th April after an epileptic seizure.

Uni News

Protestors March Against Construction of Animal Testing Facility

by Anna Linton

A recent protest on University of Otago grounds saw more than 70 people voicing opposition to the construction of an animal testing facility on Great King Street. Headed by the New Zealand Anti-Vivisection Society (NZAVS), and supported by several national and international organisations, the protest was held on 'World Day for Lab Animals'. The protestors marched in the hope of halting construction and convincing the university to commit to using the facility for non-animal based research, rather than as an animal testing facility.

The facility is due for completion in October 2018, and various animal activism organisations have responded by committing to fighting its use as an animal testing facility for the foreseeable future.

Tara Jackson, Executive Director of NZAVS told Critic "We want the University of Otago to invest in the best, most reliable and accurate research—this is non-animal based and human relevant research".

A widely distributed petition against the facility has seen wide support from both students and Dunedin residents. An NZAVS student component has formed, the Otago Students Against Animal Testing Society (OSAATS), aimed at demonstrating student opposition to the site's construction.

Australian celebrity animal activist James Aspey made an appearance to show his objection to the centre. Placards used in the protests contained supportive messages and logos from 16 national and international organisations objecting to the facility.

The \$50 million investment has been shrouded in secrecy since it was announced in early August last year. The hefty investment comes in the wake of funding cuts in various other departments across campus, most notably the Division of Humanities. NZAVS argues that animal based research is increasingly becoming out-dated and "bad science", and, according to the group, presents an unwise investment in addition to its ethical concerns.

The university has responded by asserting their commitment to reducing the use of animal research, and finding alternatives. Deputy Vice-Chancellor Professor Richard Blaikie told Critic that "building the Research Support facility does not signal an extension of our animal-based research ... [rather] replacing aging facilities with a modern building ... [to] future proof Otago's status as a world-class scientific institution".

NZAVS and OSAATS are trying to raise awareness of the issue through the upcoming OUSA referendum. A question submitted by Oska Rego, President of Students' Animal Legal Defence Fund, will allow Otago students the opportunity to have their say. That question is: "Should OUSA lobby the university to cease development on the facility until transparent consultation on financial, ethical, and scientific value and implications of investing in animal-based research". President of OSAATS, Azura Patterson says their focus will be on encouraging students to vote 'Yes' to that referendum question. The result of the referendum is non-binding.

Local News

Mondelez International To Give Cadbury World a \$3 million Upgrade

by Zahra Shahtahmasebi

Cadbury World owners, Mondelez International, are looking to revamp their Dunedin tourist attraction. They have released a series of plans that will look at upgrading the attraction, with plans still being in the concept development stage, and with no final decision having been made.

According to Mondelez International, the initial feedback from both the community and the stakeholders has been largely positive. Part of the potential re-development would include expanding the current Cadbury World into the factory's old manufacturing building—a site five times as big as the present site. Mondelez International's spokesperson Jake Hatton described the old building as "amazing" and said they are "keen to maintain the weathered, industrial look" so visitors can "see and feel the history of the site as they engage in the new attractions."

The redevelopments will cost \$3 million dollars, and, according to Mondelez International Plant Manager Judith Mair, "\$1 million has already been invested with local suppliers in the structural refurbishing of the Old Dairy building".

The Cadbury factory announced that it would be closing in February this year, taking many by surprise. Mondelez cited increased costs and distance to market as reasons why it was not possible to continue production in Dunedin, even though the factory was still making a profit. The factory was Dunedin's fourth largest employer. The closure, which will happen by early 2018, marks the end of a 90-year manufacturing presence in New Zealand, and resulted in at least 360 job redundancies. The manufacturing site will be moved to Australia. However, Mondelez International maintained that

it is still committed to the Cadbury World attraction, as it attracts around 110, 000 visitors a year.

Currently, Cadbury World employs 35 workers on a permanent part-time basis. It is hoped that the new developments will help create more jobs—it has been proposed that these jobs would first be offered to those who had been made redundant by the factory closure, but how many jobs will be created remains unclear. Mair remains confident that the "redevelopments can be a meaningful legacy in Dunedin," as the attraction plays a key part in the growing tourism sector and it is estimated annual visitor rates will be boosted to 180,000.

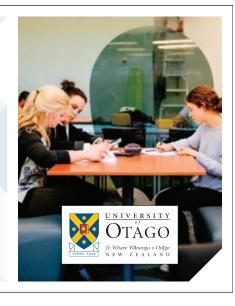
While the potential boost to the tourism sector is a good thing, the effect of the factory's closure to Dunedin's economy, through lost jobs and the flow-on effects to the community, cannot be ignored. Whether the redevelopments will help buffer this impact remains to be seen.

In light of this and other recent controversies associated with Cadbury, such as being bought by Kraft Foods, their use of palm oil, and a reduction in the size of their products, it begs the question: will people still want to partake in the Cadbury Magic and flock to Cadbury World like Mondelez hopes?

How's the year going?

Thinking of making changes to your course of study for second semester? Course advice is available anytime, and at any point during your studies.

To make an appointment see otago.ac.nz/courseadvice



What the Hell is Going On with the Hospital Rebuild? A Short History

by Joel MacManus

of organisation.

The Dunedin hospital rebuild has been continually stalled for the last two years, dragging along with more reluctance than a student finishing a research assignment.

Another roadblock appeared this week with news that the Ministry of Health apparently doesn't know what parts they can afford to rebuild or how big the project is going to be. They had planned to seek public-private partnership (PPP), a plan which would involve private sector companies in the costs and benefits of the rebuild process. Unfortunately, this has not even come close to fruition, as the Ministry's lack of specific plans mean that a 'market sounding' to estimate value and investor interest had to be put off indefinitely.

This is just the latest in a number of missteps and miscalculations. In April 2014, multiple leaks were reported in the hospital's surgical theatre, causing equipment to be desterilised and procedures to be put on hold. An Official Information Act request revealed more failures, including power outages to entire wards and an incident with an elevator free falling five floors.

Ian Powell, Executive Director of the Association of Salaried Medical Specialists (ASMS), pushed hard to start the rebuild process, saying "Patients deserve better facilities and so do the senior doctors and other staff working at the hospital, so we're urging the Government to make a decision as soon as possible ... It's hardly the standard of facilities we'd expect in New Zealand's health system. We need to make sure the hospital is fit for purpose, and is safe and modern so it supports the delivery of high quality public health care by our clinical staff."

Reports found that the clinical services building did not meet industry standards for infection control, electrical wiring, or even laundry processes. A significant earthquake in the area could render it largely unusable.

The Southern District Health Board (SDHB) then put out a draft plan for the rebuild, which would take eight to ten years. Then in June 2015, faced with a \$27 million deficit, the government proceeded to fire all the elected members of the board and replace them with an appointed commissioner. This was meant to only last until the 2016 local body elections, but the plan was scrapped at the last minute, (ツ)_/ and so the central govern___ ment remains in the control

This meant that all the SDHB's plans were scrapped and a new organisation was formed to oversee the hospital rebuild: the Southern Partnership Group (SPG). About a year later this new streamlined group of government experts announced their estimated rebuild time, which was seven to ten years.

Then, in 2016, the Treasury started sticking its head in. Health Minister Jonathan Coleman tried to push things along and encourage the SPG to speed the process up. The Treasury told then-Finance Minister Bill English that this was a terrible idea, saying "The [Southern Partnership Group] and the Ministry [of Health] are coming under pressure to expedite timelines for the business case process. We see this as a major risk to a successful outcome."

Dunedin City Councillor Damian Newell described the feeling within the council as "a general frustration with the lack of communication, everything's been so slow. We're trying to nudge things along gently, but it's a delicate balance. There's no one to blame really, we all want the best for the city and the university, which is a core part of the city, but the process is just moving at a snail's pace."

Labour's Spokesperson for Health, Dunedin North MP David Clark takes a more accusatory stance. At a public meeting in February he accused SPG Chief Andrew Blair of causing unnecessary delays, saying "I asked Tony Ryall [Former Health Minister] personally when there would be a business case for the hospital, and he said there would be one by the

end of [2014]. You are talking about one for 2018, four years after that." He then referred to reports of hospital rebuilds in Australia of similar scale which were entirely completed within four years, including planning. "Why can you not commit to building a full level six tertiary hospital in four years given that it has been done several times successfully just across the ditch?"

Mr Blair was unable to commit to retaining the hospital's level six status, but did assure the audience that neurosurgery and cardiac surgery services would be retained at the new facility.

Dr Clark has been eager to jump on the growing frustration among Dunedin residents throughout this process. He told Critic that "The government's refusal to kick-start the rebuild of our hospital speaks to its priorities. Decent, high quality, healthcare should be above party politics - but an independent assessment shows the current government has underfunded the health sector by more than \$1.7 billion since 2008."

For now, details of the rebuild remain scarce to

non-existent. Mr Blair says that a detailed business case for the exact nature of the rebuild will be ready by the middle of 2018.

Mr Newell says the inabil-

ity of the SPD to lock down basic information about private vs. public funding, a start date, or even the location of the rebuild has allowed "half-truths and rumours" to foster. He hopes that the upcoming election will force the parties to be more specific about their plans for the hospital, "We've got 5,000 people in there at any time, it's essential services for this reason. This is our chance to make some noise and let them know we're not going to settle for second best".

The DCC recently passed a resolution to lobby government to keep the hospital in its central city location, with Mayor Dave Cull particularly noting that the proximity to the university made the location "the best you can do". They also launched a S.O.S. (Save Our Site, Save Our Services) campaign asking Dunedin residents to write to Bill English and Dunedin North National MP Michael Woodhouse demanding a commitment to retaining a "top flight teaching hospital." This in turn led to Michael Woodhouse accusing the council of being a front for the Labour Party.

In short, nobody knows what the fuck is happening or when it's happening, the people that do know aren't saying shit, nobody's talking to each other, we're behind schedule, have no idea of the budget or even what the plan is, and all the while our essential healthcare services are crumbling around us. Hoo-rah.

► Uni News

Otago University Coy Over Plans to Replace Dept. of Politics Staff Member

by Joe Higham

Critic understands that a second staff member from the Department of Politics has taken an offer of voluntary redundancy, with the University keeping tight-lipped on whom, if anybody will be replacing them.

It is not publically known at this stage which staff member has taken up the offer.

The university isn't prepared to disclose their plans for the vacant position, with Pro-Vice Chancellor for the Division of Humanities Tony Ballantyne saying that "Despite recent changes, the teaching capacity in the [Politics] Department

remains strong and will meet the needs of current enrolments. The Department turns 50 this year and has a proud history worth celebrating. Staff in the department deliver research and teaching that is world-class, and I have no doubt whatsoever that the Department's future will be as strong and vibrant as its past."

Ballantyne's reassuring yet vague statement does not confirm or deny the move, although it does seem to suggest that going forward the department will be strong with or without a replacement.

A Management of Change (MoC) process for five

Division of Humanities departments was undertaken in July last year, with spiraling deficits and lacking student enrolments being provided as the main cause; the Department of Politics was not among those five affected departments.

This could potentially be because, prior to the beginning of the MoC process, the university asked staff in the division whether they would be willing to take the offer of voluntary redundancy to gauge how many staff they needed to cut. It's also possible that some departments were actually saved from being included in the MoC process as a result of staff taking up such offers.

For example, former Otago University Politics Dr Bryce Edwards took voluntary redundancy at the beginning of the process, and finished a decade long tenure at the university at the end of last month.

When prompted for more specifics, the university's Head of Communications Megan McPherson responded by saying "We can't talk about individual staff members' individual employment details...it's clear in Tony's answer that the teaching capacity in the department meets the needs of current enrolments."

► International

Common Sense Prevails in Australia's Bloody Battle With Sharks

by Sam Fraser-Baxter

The Western Australia (WA) Government has announced that they will not cull sharks following the death of a teenage girl in the Australian state two weeks ago.

17-year-old Laeticia Brouwer was surfing with her father near Esperance in South Western Australia when she was mauled by what is believed to be a Great White Shark. Brouwer experienced severe blood loss and later died in Esperance Hospital. Brouwer's death is the fourteenth shark related fatality in Western Australia since 2004.

In 2014, a liberal led Western Australian government implemented its controversial 'shark cull' strategy, which saw the deployment of large baited hooks as a means of pro-actively killing large sharks. The government believed that reducing the number of large sharks in the area would reduce the likelihood of severe shark attacks.

The policy was abandoned in late 2014 following widespread public backlash and scientific uncertainty surrounding the efficacy of the strategy. No Great Whites were caught during the cull.

Following the tragic death of Laeticia Brouwer, the Labour-led Western Australian government has stated that they will not deploy drumlines to catch and kill sharks.

"We made it clear in opposition that we don't see the merit in automatically deploying drumlines, because they don't actually make our beaches any safer," the state's Fisheries Minister Dave Kelly told reporters following the attack.

The government has also held a senate committee inquiry in response to the fatality, exploring the efficacy and regulation of personal shark repellent devices, which use subaquatic electrical pulses to deter sharks from certain areas of water.

In line with the state government's decision to step clear of lethal shark management measures, the state is expected to release an official policy surrounding the state-funded subsidies of repellent devices. Shark Shield, a popular shark deterrent, costs between AUS\$500-\$700; a state funded subsidy of AUS\$200 is expected.

The response to the fatality by the current state government is an evident shift in political tact. Government led responses involving large-scale strategies such as shark barriers, shark nets, and baited hooks have been fiercely criticised in recent years by both scientists and the public.

The decision to use repellent devices may go some way to mitigating the heated reactions that often accompany fatal attacks in Australia, while meaningfully working towards an effective solution to reduce the risk of shark attacks in the future.

Second Blackest Black Paint in the World Not That Black

"It doesn't even smell that nice"

by Lucy Hunter

Critic recently obtained a small bottle of "Stuart Semple Black", which was meant to be a replica of the world's blackest material, "Vantablack", of which controversial artist Anish Kapoor has exclusive rights.

Vantablack absorbs about 99.6 percent of light, meaning that theoretically an object covered in it looks like a cut out silhouette rather than a three dimensional object, giving the illusion that you could "disappear into it," according to Kapoor.

Artist Stuart Semple took umbrage with Kapoor's monopoly of the material. He created Stuart Semple Black, a cherry-scented replica of Vantablack, along with pigments he called the "Pinkest Pink" and "Most Glittery Glitter".

His pigments are available to everybody in the world, apart from Kapoor.

On purchase, buyers must promise that

they are not Anish Kapoor, and that they will not share the paint with him. However, Kapoor got his hands on the Pinkest Pink and posted a picture of his middle finger dipped in the paint to his Instagram account with the caption "Up yours #pink".

Since Kapoor already has Vantablack, which actually does cool stuff, it is unlikely he will want any of this.

The much-anticipated Stuart Semple Black arrived in the Critic office, but, though it is pretty black and matt, it does not make objects disappear into a silhouette. It just looks like matt black paint, and feels horrible to touch.

An office stapler (pictured) was painted with the Semple paint, but rather than disappearing into a tiny black hole, it just looks like a stapler with a black top-half.



Some of our ideas for the black paint included painting Executive Editor Joe Higham, then seeing if we could trick an exorcist into thinking he's a ghost. However, due to the disappointing results of our office testing, we don't think the exorcist would even get a decent fright.

"I thought it would look like a hole cut in the fabric of reality," said an observer, "but I guess that's not how reality works."

Features Designer Ceri Giddens was seen thrusting her painted fingers into people's faces, commanding that they sniff the black cherry scent.



Chansins lives.

Opinion

Does Andrew Little Have a Point On Immigration Policy? No, he does not.

by Joe Higham

As with any election year, political parties tend to ramp up their immigration rhetoric, and with five months left until we know who will be leading our country for the next three years, this trend is already well underway.

With net permanent and long-term migration (arrivals minus departures) sitting at approximately 72,000 for the year up to March 2017, an increase of 6.5 percent on the same period last year, politicians up and down the country are throwing their two cents

Labour win the election, Little has promised to cut immigration by "tens of thousands."

Despite the populist sentiment oozing out of Little's statement, he did provide a watered down preface to the comment, agreeing that "New Zealand needs immigrants and is all the better for the skills and rich culture they bring."

With net immigration having increased 6.5 percent nationally on 2016 and net migration being in the neg-

Little seems to have licked his finger, raised it in the air, and decided that the wind is blowing in the direction of immigration this month

in, especially in light of Auckland's continuing population boom and an ever worsening housing crisis.

Many connect the two, with immigrants often being blamed for using up the limited supply of houses and being scapegoated as the cause of Auckland's burgeoning population.

The government have recently tried to address the immigration 'problem' by increasing the amount of money temporary migrants must earn to able to qualify for the Skilled Migrant Category (SMC) to at least \$48,859 per year, a move Labour Leader Andrew Little has leapt on, complaining it's not enough. He sees the move as proof the government is out of touch with New Zealand, explaining that as a country "now, more than ever, we need to pause and rethink our current settings." Should

atives as recently as 2013 (it was —3,300 in 2012, and—2,500 in 2013), he may have a point.

Immigration Minister Michael Woodhouse explained that "the Government has a Kiwis first approach to immigration and these changes are designed to strike the right balance between reinforcing the temporary nature of Essential Skills work visas and encouraging employers to take on more Kiwis and invest in the training to upskill them."

But maybe Little, English, and others have this whole issue wrong. It is very likely that they are promoting this rhetoric in order to present themselves as capable and strong leaders.

Surprisingly, it is ACT's David Seymour who is speaking the most sense on this issue, chastising National for beginning a 'bidding war' on immigration, with Labour making 'meaningless promises' in an attempt to look stronger.

The sense ACT is speaking comes through their focus being squarely on providing infrastructure as opposed to reducing immigration. This is especially so following Newshub journalist Lloyd Burr's recent opinion piece entitled 'Which immigrants will Labour ban?, which pointed out that Little's plan to cut immigration by "tens of thousands" is likely to be impossible without causing

some sizeable diplomatic and eco-

Little seems to have licked his finger, raised it in the air, decided that the wind is blowing in the direction of immigration this month, and latched onto it to show the 'leadership' he is under pressure to create. Seymour on the other hand has said "ACT would address both problems with one policy: letting councils keep some GST from building projects. This would fund new local infrastructure while also incentivising councils to allow new housing development."

Whether you think ACT's policy promise holds the answers to the convoluted issues of both immigration and housing/infrastructure better than National, Labour, and others is entirely up to you. What really matters is you understand who has thought their policies through, who is providing false solutions to real problems, and who is merely scapegoating immigrants to gain ground in the polls.



POST-FACT WORLD

One of us aaaalways tells the truth, and one of us aaaalways lies

Hammers used to be used as cutlery before they were replaced by forks

I wouldn't go out with anyone you know

Business cards were invented before businesses (so that monkeys could feel professional)

Sticks and stones may make two clones, but birds are mean and dirty

If you put your nail-clippings in your postbox and put up the flag, the postman will take them and leave you a shiny penny

If you let palm trees keep growing they become hand trees

A garden fork can be used to eat really big spaghetti

If you cry for long enough you will feel better

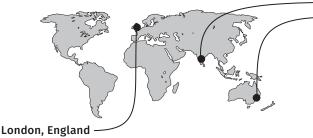
Surgeons are known as "Mr" because they never receive any formal training

Windows are not related to doors genetically but form an entirely different genealogical family tree

It's 4 o'clock

Snakes are sausage rolls

WORLD WATCH



A London woman cheering on marathon runners took a picture and quickly realised she may have captured a bit too much. The runner had somehow managed to expose himself to the cheering crowds and someone managed to take a photo of the

woman discovering what she had caught on camera. The picture shows the woman looking at her phone horrified with her mouth wide open in disbelief.

New South Wales, Australia

A 12-year-old boy was arrested after driving 1,300 kilometres by himself in the family car. The boy, who was on his way to Perth, was stopped by police after they saw his bumper dragging across the ground. A detective claimed, "Despite being 12 years old, he is about six foot tall".



JERRY-PE

- 1 I don't trust it
- 2 Rarely. They're in Samoa
- **3** Goat testicles
- 4 It's wasteful. Everyone has a tap
- **5** America



- 1 Quite a lot 80 percent
- 2 They're all deceased
- 3 Haggis
- 4 It's unnecessary
- **5** Q: How do you make holy water? A: You boil the hell out of it



- 1 50 percent
- 2 Every few months
- 3 Stroganoff
- 4 Rip off—it falls out of the sky
- **5** Q: What did the piece of sushi say to the bumblebee? A: Wasabi



- 1 2 percent
- **2** As often as I'm able to
- 3 Tinned salmon—the bones and grey bits
- 4 If you're bourgeois enough, good!
- 5 I love you



JOEL—Zoology & Theology

- 1 5 percent
- 2 Twice a month
- **3** Olives
- 4 No need to pay for it
- 5 Not good at telling jokes off the cuff

A cheating husband sent an email to airport authorities claiming he had heard a group of men discussing a hijack plot, in an attempt to get out of a holiday to Goa his girlfriend had made him agree to. He created a new email address and sent the email, hoping to disrupt flights into Chennai, Mumbai and Hyderabad.

By Jack Trevella

- How much of your news do you get from social media?
- How often do you speak to your grandparents?
- What is the worst food in the world?
- How do you feel about paying for bottled water?
- Tell us your funniest joke

WATCH

To start this week, the ODT have decided, once again, to hedge their bets

Atheists and religious the least afraid of death

Poor agnostics

Next, the ODT presents their latest champion of justice

It's time for wool to come

out of the shadows

Wool has spent the last decade learning martial arts in a remote mountain cave

A throwback to the golden age of gender relations

Country women set a record for doing their scones

Sometimes I think that the ODT has to fill an assigned quota of surreal angst every week. Either that or they spell out a hidden message for help. Or the ODT is going through puberty

We are riders on the storm 'frail and utterly contingent'

And finally a headline that may as well be written in Sumerian

No power cut leads to free tours

I don't even know anymore. It's too much.

FACTS & **FIGURES**

Nelson Mandela was not removed from the US terror watch list until 2008

The founder of matchcom, Gary Kremen, lost his girlfriend to a man she met on match.com

Dolly Parton once lost a Dolly Parton lookalike competition to a drag artist

A whole orange will float on water, but will sink if you peel it

Bananas have more trade regulations than AK-47s

In 2013, nine babies born in the UK were named Cheese

By 2019, there will be more Lego figures on Earth than people

Harvey Weinstein of Miramax has been thanked 12 times at the Oscars-once more than God

When the Pyramids were built woolly mammoths still roamed the Earth

Until 1858, all British passports were written in French

By Jack Trevella

By Charlie O'Mannir

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► International

France's 'Radical Centrist' Macron to Face Populist Le Pen in Election's Second Round

by George Elliott

The mythological homeland of European revolution and generations of chainsmoking post-modernists has had its political status quo shaken.

Newcomer centrist Emmanuel Macron and hard-right populist Marine Le Pen will face off in the second round of France's presidential elections on the 7th of May after no candidate won a majority last week. Macron came away with 24.01 percent of the vote, while Le Pen was a million votes behind at 21.30 percent. The traditional mainstream parties in France, the Republicans and the Socialists, were left behind with 20 percent and 6.4 percent respectively, ending 60 years of political domination. Opinion polls show Macron will likely beat Le Pen this weekend – but hell, a reality TV star is the leader of the free world.

Emmanuel Macron once worked for a French banking entity under the umbrella of financial giant Rothschild & C— yes, that Rothschild, the fetishist devil in anti-Semite conspiracy theories. Yet his one-year-old movement, En Marche! ("turned on", "on the march", "forward") is being perceived by members and commentators alike as an organic beast; En Marche! is the (neo)liberal order's response to the peoples' movements of illiberal strongmen (and now woman) à la Donald Trump and Macron's rival, Le Pen. En Marche! is for the urban citizen who liked Simone de Beauvoir on Facebook, is a volunteer liaison for refugee families, and treasures

their symbolic ownership of a particular alley-way tweed café. There's no reason those yuppies can't be just as fired up as those in the hinterlands posting their resentments and anxieties. Hillary Clinton could only dream of this.

Though having a literal Rothschild investment banker as your rival is also a dream for Le Pen, who will label Macron a globalist loyal to Brussels, not Paris. Macron has also been attacked as a continuation of France's very unpopular incumbent president, François Hollande.

Importantly, Macron's party has no seats in the French parliament and will need to win some in the June parliamentary elections and arrange partnerships with other parties if he is to have the power to enact policy changes. The same goes for Le Pen's National Front, an anti-immigration and anti-EU nationalist party which only has one seat in the National Assembly.

Some commentators have speculated that far left supporters will vote for Le Pen; in a move reminiscent of the US Democratic Party establishment's scare narrative of BernieBros voting for Trump. Jean-Luc Mélenchon, who ran on the La France Insoumise ("Untamed", "Defiant" or "Unsubmissive"

France) ticket, won 19.58 percent of the vote and is seen as the representative of the French left in the elections. Since the results of the first round, Mélenchon's camp has said that "not a single vote" from its members should go to Le Pen but stopped short of fully endorsing Macron, who is a "a marketing product full of vacuities" according to once Insoumise voter.

Le Pen is a dodgy fascist, so you'd think it wouldn't be a hard choice for those on the French left. However, with the left vs. right spectrum being seemingly replaced with a globalist vs. nationalist paradigm in the world's developed democracies, the left, and more specifically the remnants of the labour movement, have found it difficult to find a home and a unifying raison d'etre. A new generation in the working class areas which once backed the Socialists have been captivated by Le Pen's nationalist message. On the flip side, those who voted for Mélenchonm may look at the most vocal supporters of Macron's campaign: France's news media, the old Socialist/Republican guard, the megabanks and German chancellor Angela Merkel, and think 'I'm tired of this—this is more of the same'

National

Kaye Takes Education & Brownlee Takes Foreign Affairs in Safe Cabinet Reshuffle

Last week saw a shake-up in cabinet as ministers Hekia Parata and Murray McCully depart ahead of this year's general election.

by George Elliott

The reshuffle has been perceived as a safe refresher for PM Bill English's team—a balanced response to the departure of two senior officials. Nikki Kaye will replace Hekia Parata as Education Minister; Gerry Brownlee will replace Murray McCully as Foreign Affairs Minister.

Gerry Brownlee isn't the most diplomatic of the bunch and commentators often note his lack of finesse, restraint, and patience. Even Bill English has described Brownlee as 'blunt but effective'. One remembers Brownlee's handling of the Christchurch rebuild and his blunt comments to a Kaikoura farmer after the more recent earthquakes: "Sorry you're frustrated, but I'm pissed off you took that attitude quite frankly."

That said, Brownlee's long political experience and the international contacts made during his tenure as defence minister means he, with his "rat-like cunning", as Rob Hosking put it, will be able to navigate the world of foreign affairs, even if he's seen as a bit rough around the edges.

The reshuffle saw Nick Smith removed from responsibilities regarding Crown Land and the government's house-building efforts, which will now be handled by Social Housing Minister Amy Adams. Considering the housing crisis will be a significant issue in September, English must feel comfortable with Adams becoming the face and leader of the government's efforts to build tens of thousands of new homes.

Nikki Kaye, who had a recent battle with cancer, takes over education, a portfolio that caused Hekia Parata a lot of controversy over the years, as she faced fierce debates with teachers' unions over new standards and policies. Kaye will immediately be faced with the government's new plans to both change funding for about twothirds of schools and replace the decile system.

In a move likely to receive criticism from the country's most important education unions, the NZEI and PPTA, Kaye has already identified accommodating private online learning providers as a future priority. She says, "The world is changing. We've connected almost every school to fast-connection uncapped data and we need to leverage that from a learning perspective. So that'll definitely be a focus."



Mental Health

I hear from those who have been about the university for some time that anxiety and stress related illnesses are becoming more prevalent. The reasons for this are complex, though the growing expectations placed on young people likely play a part.

Just about everyone I speak with knows someone who has had a mental health issue. Many have a story about someone in their family or friend circle who has struggled to get the help they need. Evidence backs this up—a recent survey showed that one in six adults is diagnosed with a common mental disorder at some stage in their lives.

Demand on our mental health system across New Zealand is growing. There has been a 60% increase in the number of people accessing mental health services over the past decade.

Recently a significant report on our mental health services was released called the People's Mental Health Report. The Report drew on 500 personal stories that illustrated the need for mental health facilities in our communities. It goes some way in showing the extreme pressure our mental health system is under.

The Report recommended an urgent funding increase for mental health services, reinstatement of a body with independent oversight of the mental health system (like the former Mental Health Commission had), an urgent independent inquiry into the structure and provision of mental health services, and a national education programme around mental health.

A major part of the problem is that government funding has not kept up with growing need in the healthcare sector. Independent analysis estimates that \$1.7 billion was stripped out of our health system over the past six years. That's money that should have been funding services. It's no surprise then that this funding shortfall has had impacts across the health sector.

Although there has been some additional staffing funding for mental health, it does not come close to meeting demand. The mental health workforce is increasingly under pressure. Recently, facilities in both Wellington and Auckland had to temporarily close beds because they couldn't find enough trained people to safely staff them.

A thorough review of our mental health system is urgently needed. I believe we need to urgently address this issue. Only when we have taken stock and laid out priorities can we begin to fix the system comprehensively. It will require money too—no surprises, given years of underfunding.

When you, or someone you care about, needs that service, the difference between a service that works and one that doesn't can be the difference between life and death. Mental health matters.

Helplines:

- · Lifeline: 0800 543 354 (available 24/7)
- · Suicide Crisis Helpline: 0508 828 865 (0508 TAUTOKO) (available 24/7)
- · Youthline: 0800 376 633
- · Kidsline: 0800 543 754 (available 24/7)
- · Whatsup: 0800 942 8787 (1pm to 11pm)
- · Depression helpline: 0800 111 757 (available 24/7)

If it is an emergency and you feel like you or someone else is at risk, call 111.

FOLKLORIC HEROES:

NZ CRICKET'S ALL-TIME BATTLERS XI

Kane Williamson. Martin Crowe. Richard Hadlee. Ross Taylor. These are but a few of the names that have been carved into national cricket history as heroes for the right reasons. Unfortunately, in a nation of roughly 4.5 million people, and with a professional cricket population of about 100, you're bound to have some real battlers throughout your brief history. By god have we had our fair share, and this is truly exemplified by the fact that I find it significantly more difficult to put together this XI than I would an all-time XI (Turner, Sutcliffe, Williamson, Crowe, Taylor, McCullum, Cairns, Hadlee, Vettori, Bond, Boult for anyone wondering).

To provide some clarification for readers, a 'battler' is a well-established Kiwi and Aussie slang term for that classic mate we all have who means well but just always manages to fuck things up and look like a real muppet. If you can't figure out who it is among your friends, then, bad news, it's you.

Without further ado, I present to you our folklore heroes. To qualify, they must have played at least one test for NZ (quite a few didn't get a further roll of the arm).

by Charlie Hantler

1 MATTHEW BELL (DOMESTIC AVERAGE 35.93, INTERNATIONAL 24.30)

Just like your standard Bell innings, I'll keep this short and ugly. He started in 1994 the way he meant to continue – dismissed hitting his own wicket, and went on in that fashion for three seasons before making his first century. He stayed true to form by missing his intended test debut in India 1998 (says a lot that he was in the team this soon, we've had some pretty shit openers) with a classic dose of Delhi belly – such a battler thing to have happen. Long story short, he was in and out of the team for the next couple of the years before returning briefly in 2007 and being terrible again.

2 MICHAEL PAPPS (38.01, 16.40)

No matter how many runs he scores, Papps is destined to be remembered for being the dude who Brett 'Binga' Lee clocked on the scone twice in two overs. After a battling 86 in his debut test innings against South Africa, Papps broke his finger, the first in a long line of injuries. The wee fella got another chance against South Africa in 2006, and just like a true battler threw it away to keep bullying domestic attacks, becoming the first ever man to 10,000 Plunket Shield runs this season.

3 CRAIG CUMMING (38.25, 25.94 SOMEHOW)

Look, I know he's an opener, but quite frankly this whole team could be made up of them. Just like Bell, Cumming took a while to see the black cap. Starting his career in 1995, he didn't don the fern until 2004 while on tour in Australia. Cumming gave a glimpse of what was to come with his struggle to 74 on debut, and it only got worse from there. Years on, he finally got another chance against South Africa, and copped a shot to the jaw from South African speedster Dale Steyn. Just a shame it didn't stop him commentating.

PETER FULTON (39.88, 25.44)

Look, at this point I'm really not sure I need to say much about 'two-metre Peter.' We can probably just sit back and laugh. Sporadically in-and-out of the test team between 2004 and 2010, Fulton never did much to convince anyone he wasn't shit until 2013, when he scored a ton up in both innings at Eden Park. The encore from Fulton was to pass 50 thrice in his remaining 18 innings, against the might of the West Indies and Bangladesh, before the joke wore thin and even the selectors stopped laughing for long enough to exclude him from the squad.

5 BLAIR POCOCK (29.36, 22.93)

Again, I know he's another opener, but delivering one of the greatest sledges of all-time is more than enough to cement his spot at five here. After making his debut against Australia's lethal attack of McDermott, McGrath, and Warne in 1993 and etching out a genuinely battling combo of 34 and 28, the selectors stayed true to their clear mantra and persisted. The highlight of his career was sledging Aussie great Mark Waugh; looking completely at sea at the crease, Waugh pointed at Pocock and said "Oh yeah, I remember you. You toured Australia a couple of years ago. You were shit then too". Blair wasn't having a bar of this, dispatching the next ball to the boundary before turning to Waugh to saw, "oh yeah, I remember you too, you had that fucking ugly old girlfriend...and then you went and married her you dumb cunt."

SI^{X} KRUGER VAN WYK (39.61, 21.31)

One of the many to recently come over from South Africa chasing international cricket, Kruger won't be remembered in the same light as the likes of Elliott, Wagner and Watling. Once Brendon McCullum decided he couldn't be bothered to play anymore, the Black Caps went through a long line of wicket keepers, and this man has the honourable title of probably being the worst of a terrible bunch. With the look of a man who doesn't have the power to hit a six, Van Wyk thrived on tip-and-run cricket throughout his domestic career, and now plays as a specialist captain for Central Districts.

7 JIMMY NEESHAM (1000 SOCIAL MEDIA POSTS, NOWHERE NEAR AS MANY RUNS)

Stats are irrelevant; I just don't like you James.

8

BROOKE WALKER (DOMESTIC BOWLING AVERAGE 32.46, INTERNATIONAL 79.80)

One-half of this team's unbelievably dangerous spin duo, Walker was your classic got-to-have-a-leggie in the team beneficiary. Unfortunately, Brooke found himself stuck behind the country's greatest spinner of all-time, Daniel Vettori, and only got a look-in when Dan-the-man was filming new Specsavers commercials or the sub-continental pitches called for backup. No pressure, Ish Sodhi, but this man is probably the country's greatest ever leg-spinner...



9 MARK CRAIG (43.15, 46.52 HONESTLY, HARD TO SEE WHY HE WAS SELECTED)

We all knew the 'pie man' was going to show up here, unlike on the international scene. After taking 8–188 on test debut in Jamaica, when Patel and Vettori were unavailable, he became known as arguably the worst spinner to ever tour Australia, taking 8–513 in 71 overs. From there he lost his spot to Mitchell Santner, and has had a back injury ever since. Definitely not from carrying the Black Caps.



10 BRENT ARNEL (27.26, 62.88)

Once kicked out of junior cricket at the age of ten for bowling too fast, there was no threat of this happening by the time Arnel made it on to the international scene. In fact, the opposition batsmen would have shed a tear were he kicked out. To be fair to Brent, a double stress fracture in his back removing him from the bowling crease for three years played a major part in this. His 120km/h skidders will live long in the memory of the keen cricket fan.

XI ANDY MCKAY (120, 31.88)

'Beaver' is definitely the worst of the two men to carry this nickname in national sporting circles; a distant second at that. Similarly to Walker, McKay was your classic 'he can bowl fast so let's chuck him in' selection for the Black Caps, being able to consistently bowl at 140 clicks. The man only played the one test, but a combination of him and Arnel was simply too deadly to ignore. Like the ten before him, McKay presented a great hope for NZ (with his express pace), but like all battlers, never kicked on.



There's always someone to talk to

An interview with Brian Lowe at Youthline Otago. By Lucy Hunter.

Youthline focuses on supporting young people between the ages of 13 and 26. Brian Lowe is the Youthline Otago manager. He and one administration person are the only staff members, neither of which are employed full time. Lowe has volunteered since his university days and has always been drawn to helping this age group.

He says: "There's so much happening in the teenage years - mental formation, physical change, social change, all that sort of stuff. It's a time where you can get involved with adolescents and young adults and effect change." For such a worthy cause, Youthline Otago can't take its funding for granted. "I liken fundraising to being on a treadmill - There's no end, you have to keep going," says Lowe. Last year the entire organisation ran on around \$90 thousand. This year, Brian has managed to get that up to \$100 thousand, but only through masses of hard work. Around a guarter of Youthline's funding is from the Ministry of Social Development. It currently gets renewed year by year, and Lowe says, "there's always this period of are we going to get it, or are we not?" The people he works with from the government are strongly supportive of the work Youthline does, but they have constraints to work around. Government priorities and spending focuses change. The rest of the money comes from fundraising and donations, which Lowe says he handles mostly on his own, as the manager.

However, just because things are tight, it doesn't mean the needs of young people go away. In fact, Lowe says they're "finding the opposite." The demand for Youthline Otago's services goes up by around 10 percent each year. "The need has been skyrocketing. It's the same for all the non-profit organisations." A few years ago, around 15,000 people were using the service nationally. Last year it exceeded 26,000. Youthline Otago is 20 percent

of the national helpline, so is important to a massive number of people.

The growing need for Youthline Otago's services may seem ominous, but it could be a sign that our society is improving. Lowe says "there's a lot of work going on to destigmatise mental health. There's a lot of education." This means more people are realising that they need to reach out for help and that it's ok to do that. People are becoming more accepting of minority groups, such as people of minority gender identities and sexualities. Younger people are feeling more comfortable discussing these things if they feel they need to, rather than hiding them. Still, Lowe says, "It's not easy, if you are thinking you are gay, or lesbian, or transgender." He says young people are seeking support to understand who they are, and how to "come out" if they need to. "We know the statistics with groups like transgender people - horrific stats regarding suicide risk, self harming behaviours, depression, that sort of stuff."

"That's working — the destigmatising of [different sexualities,] mental health issues, domestic violence, etc. is a positive — but it does mean that they're using services like ours, Rape Crisis, Woman's Refuge and others, which is also good, except our numbers are going through the roof and we have to cope with that." But the increase in people reaching out to these services also reflects a rise in mental health issues, which Lowe says is a worldwide phenomenon. Presentations and diagnosis of anxiety disorder and depression

are steadily increasing in New Zealand.

Lowe isn't sure why this is, he says, "it's one of those things people are studying and no one's got the definitive answer." He believes young people are feeling more and more pressure in our society for a number of reasons that didn't exist in the same way ten of fifteen years ago. Lowe says he recently did a workshop with a group of 14-year-olds. He says "when I was 14, I wouldn't have known about American politics. Now 14-year-olds are worrying about Trump and his impact on the world." Lowe was training the day Trump got elected, and there was a girl there who was so upset they had to stop the workshop. "We're in New Zealand. They're worried that WWIII is going to break out." Young people are also worried about the TPPA, global warming, pollution, and environmental issues. The number of boys with eating disorders is starting to match girls. "They all think they have to be muscular and have a six-pack. They think they need to see their abs, so if there's fat, there's something wrong." Girls and women have felt this same pressure for a lot longer. Lowe says "We accentuate these things through the media. We are putting so much pressure on young people now, but we haven't matched it with building their resilience and well-being."

Global and local worries that affect young people directly are, of course, also sources of stress. People go to university with no job guarantee, working on short-term and zero-hour contracts. "It's just a shambles. When

A few years ago, around 15,000 people were using the service nationally. Last year it exceeded 26,000.

I was young, I was virtually guaranteed a job. There is not one high school kid now who is guaranteed a job or even knows what that job might look like. The world has changed."

So much of what we hear about the younger generation is that they don't care about anything, they're selfish and self-obsessed. This is at odds with Lowe's stories about young people being very worried about global concerns, social, and environmental issues. "They're being made to care about these international and local problems that, when you're 14, you can't do a lot to change." Lowe believes our younger generation is the most socially aware generation that has ever existed. But while it's great that they're worried about the planet and its people, their compassion could be making them unhappy.

The generation gap shows in the responses from older people to the problems of the young. "You get comments like 'They just need to harden up', 'When I was a kid, we just had to suck it and put up with it' and 'What's a bit of bullying?' Actually, it's not that simple."

Other things Lowe says older people have trouble getting their heads around include issues of sexual identity and gender, and body image. "You talk about eating disorders and they say 'we were taught to eat what was on our plate'. It's not that simple, I'm afraid. It isn't going to work, in fact we know it doesn't work." These people have fundamental issues around who they are and their selfworth, and it comes out as an eating disorder. We have to look at the causes.

A lot of these new worries are influenced by social media, which Lowe thinks has both positive and negative effects on the wellbeing of youth. "The bullying that can take place through social media is horrific." He says the trend of people making their lives look better than they are makes users feel insecure, but there is also a new trend where young people disclose more negative stuff online too. "That doesn't help either. It also triggers people who are in that same state." Lowe says that there is a whole generation of people sleeping with their smartphones under their pillows so they don't miss a text. "So I'd add that we also have a sleep deprived generation." When it comes to the basic elements of human wellbeing – sleeping well, eating well, exercising, and building a healthy social life, "we're throwing a lot of that out the window. We've got a generation who understand they're part of a global society, but they don't know which local community they belong to anymore and how they fit and belong within that community."

At university, young people face a new set of challenges that the Youthline Helpline service hears a lot about. This year, for the first time, Youthline Otago did a half-day's training at Cumberland and Aquinus colleges to help the RAs support people with mental distress, typically anxiety and depression. Lowe says that typically the RAs don't know what to do because they're not at all trained to deal with people with mental illness. The pilot training sessions covered what to do if a student is struggling with mental distress or illness: "how to address it, how to destigmatise it, how to support people, and how far you can go before you need to reach out for help." They covered depression, anxiety, and suicide risk.

Lowe gave an example of someone Youthline had supported who had moved into a college but didn't have any close friends. They decided to be openly gay, and rather than supporting them, the people around them made their life hell. They were bullied on social media and in the college, and physically assaulted. "Where does a person like this go? They don't know anyone, they're in a new town, at a new uni, they're struggling with their own sexual identity and have been brave enough to come out with it, and the reaction has been appalling, to the point where people they don't even know are having a go at them, because of course it's going round the halls." They called the helpline and the volunteer there gave them support, affirmed what they'd done, and referred them to people who would be positive about them and their experience. A lot of people think reporting that behaviour to the authorities will make it worse, "because you'll be a nark. But it's not ok. Everyone has to stand up for it. Who do you know who is supportive? Can you identify people who are standing up for you? Can you seek their support, get them to help you out?"

The Youthline Helpline aids students working through stress and other issues. Many times this enables them to stay in their studies and their work, and can build on their

Lowe believes our younger generation is the most socially aware generation that has ever existed.

own resilience and wellbeing. For example, "Some students come here with expectations that their parents impose on them. We get students who are supposed to be doctors, but they're not getting the grades. The pressure that puts on a young person who has to go home and say 'I'm not getting the grades, I'm a write-off' – you know." Many people come to university and don't know anyone.

Youthline Otago runs training sessions twice a year for new volunteers. The training goes for eight days and is intense. "We've got to make sure people are able to withstand the pressure and have sufficient resilience to support our clients." Volunteers can hear distressing stories in their time at Youthline Otago.

Though you may be picturing people waiting by a phone on the wall, the most common form of contact to Youthline Otago is by text message. Instant messenger is well on the way to being number two, followed by phone and email. I had assumed hearing someone's voice would be a big part of the service, but Brian says "There's a whole generation of people who would never think of ringing us, and, in fact, if they did ring, they wouldn't know what to say." The trainees are kept busy. "New volunteers sometimes turn up with a book, but I don't think they get through too many chapters of it."

Youthline Otago also offers counselling and psychotherapy services to young people. They do about 500 sessions a year. It gives the 18–26 year olds the ability to find such

services when they otherwise couldn't afford it. Student Health funds six counselling sessions for students, but after that your counsellor has to apply for extra sessions for you. "You've got to be really traumatised to get access to ACC. So where do you go if you're depressed and you've used up your sessions, and you can't afford \$100 an hour? These people are not mildly depressed or anxious. These people are having real problems. So I think from a funding or capacity situation, I think we're failing young people."

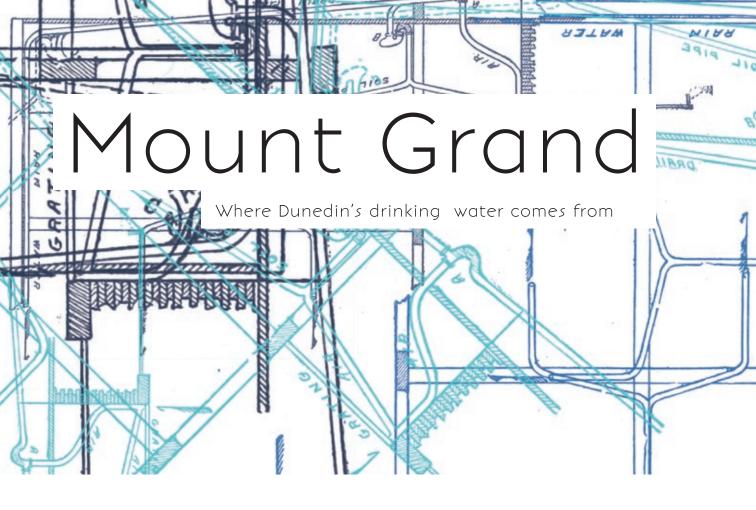
The Youthline Helpline often refers people to other agencies according to their needs to get appropriate support, for example, doctors, OUSA Queer Support, counselling, Rape Crisis, mental health services, family planning, the police, and family supports, including parents and siblings. Sometimes the Helpline counsellors will be the first person a client will talk to and tell them their problems.

Some people come back over and over again. "Say if someone has depression, they could be using our service for over a year until they're strong enough to get past that period. When people are distressed, they're often really lonely. Having someone to talk to can be a big first step to progress." Youthline Helpline offers a confidential and non-judgmental space; some people just want someone to listen to them.

Lowe put in a submission on the Student Health review last year to OUSA president Laura Harris. "We believed that it's not working effectively — we've got students coming here because they've used their sessions up or the waiting time is too long. They're your students; you need to look after them. I think the system hasn't really caught up with this generation. I think there's a reality we don't understand."

Lowe says that with the right support and the right approach, people are incredibly resilient. They are mostly optimistic and hopeful; they want the best for themselves and their family and whanau. "The depressing bit is the funding issue — constantly being on this treadmill, having to raise money, having to prove that the need is there. It is a tiny amount of money. I'm chasing my tail every week to keep it up. We're helping support people and we're saving people's lives through interventions and things like that. Then we have to justify why people would continue to fund us. It's frustrating."

In an exciting new collaboration, Youthline Otago and OUSA Student Support Services are looking to set up a counselling space for university students to support those who choose to approach OUSA Student Support Services for assistance. This would enhance OUSA Support Services' ability to work with students and give another option for students to be able to choose from, thus enhancing the ability to provide a better 'wrap around' approach for clients. Both organisations hope to have this up and running in the next few weeks.



by Louise Lin

stare entranced at the rows of water tanks. The surface of the water is brown and shiny – bubblebath coated in Gladwrap. This is where our drinking water comes from. Right beneath my feet the alchemical transformation from 'stream water' to 'tap water' is taking place. Mt Grand Water Treatment Centre, the main source of Dunedin's water supply.

The room of flocculation tanks is a big building, a four-car garage at least. Tanks full of water line the room from one end to the other. We are standing on a metal mesh walkway above the tanks. A once-yellow plastic duck catches my eye, bobbing on its side in one of the early tanks. Small monitors, glowing yellow-green, blink numbers at us with mechanical reassurance. The water is murky. The air smells of algae.

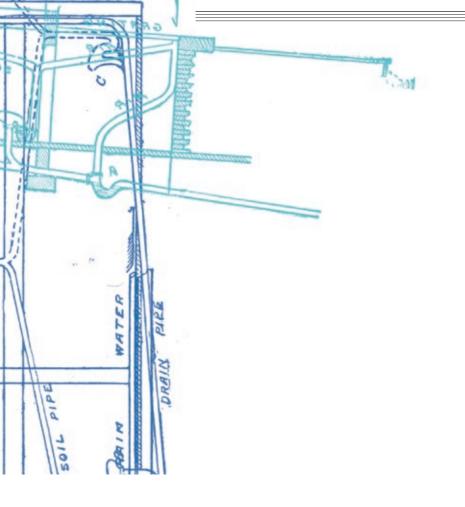
Here, the water is getting 'flocculated', a process that gets rid of the dissolved organics naturally found in stream water that makes it pale yellow. By mixing in aluminium sulfate ("alum" in water treatment shorthand), the organics un-dissolve and clump together into little particles called flocs. Air bubbles bring the flocs to the surface, where giant scrapers scrape them away.

Flocculation is a complicated process. It's affected by different pH levels and the water itself is constantly changing. Greg is patiently explaining it to me. Science. pH. Chemicals. I am mostly looking round in fascination, distracted by the strange environment. Half-way down the room, the water in the tanks looks abruptly different: milky-white, not dark. This must be the air, bubbling the floc at the

bottom to the top. Yes; I can see the scrapers, they're pretty intense. Chain links the size of my fist. Is that rust making them red-brown, or dried floc? The scrapers are the length of a table, spaced out at regular intervals across the chain loop like an industrial steampunk Ferris wheel. The scrapers are moving. I hadn't noticed at first. Agonisingly slow. Like the minute hand of a clock. You really gotta focus. Globs of floc cling to the scraper. Slowly, slowly the scraper slides closer to the edge of the tank. Finally it happens. Sploosh! Floc cascades over the edge, startling in its momentum. Concentrated, it looks less like brown bubbles and more like thin mud, or runny diarrhea. Funny how all waste products look kinda the same. It's thinning out now, looks more like dirty water. Swish - a giant showerhead turns on, washing the floc out to the sewers. Well, better out than in. I found the process faintly unnerving, things turning off and on without warning. Greg later showed me how everything was controlled by computers — a few letters in the keyboard would shut the whole plant down.

Our drinking water is collected from Deep Creek and Deep Stream. The water comes through these super long pipes that connect from Central Otago to Dunedin, mostly underground. The pipes weren't as fat as I was expecting. Maybe 30cm in diameter, which is decent, but this is all of Dunedin we're keeping hydrated here.

Mt Grand is ugly-beautiful. Clearly it has been built for utility – no one has bothered to decorate for those nosy Critic writers. The walls of the office building are off-white, black



dirt spiderwebbing in the corners. Inside the office it's a jolting change, austere clean shiny glass, vacuumed carpet, bare walls. I'm in the office for a safety briefing. From the office window I can see a water tank. It's concrete, light grey gone darker with age, dark rivulets running over the side like tearstained mascara, a cacophony of different aesthetics, beautiful in its dissonance.

I follow Greg up dizzying flights of mesh metal stairs to check out the first lot of filters. It's drizzly and it's cold and I stumble a little because I'm trying to take notes in one hand. "Why are we climbing so high?" I ask. Turns out the pipes are fed by gravity, so the first filters are the highest ones up. Makes sense, now I think about it. Finally we're at the top. Water gushes out of the pipe, a mini waterfall. I can't

see much else. I ask Graham what these filters mostly catch. Sticks, leaves, dead fish, dead birds.

Greg takes me down a corridor floor, walls, ceiling solid concrete. Thin orange pipes wire around the walls. Industrial sci-fi. There are round porthole-esque windows dotted throughout this room. The windows are cloudy with age. Behind them, water. This is the underground view of the water tanks I was viewing earlier. A jet of air bubbles stream out from a nozzle like smoke, wisping and curling and dissipating. These are the air bubbles that turned the water milky white. Greg points out the little floc particles. It looks like dust motes floating. It's fascinating; through another porthole/window we can see the layer of floc being carried up by the air bubbles. Underneath, the water is empty.

The treatment plant was a maze of different side doors and tanks and stairs. I stopped trying to learn the geography after a while, content to be led from room to mysterious room, tank to mysterious tank. Our water is dosed with CO2 and lime to balance out the pH, chlorine to kill germs, and fluoride for healthy teeth or whatever. The floors around the lime tanks are splashed white with spilled lime.

Finally I get to see the finished product. I'm excited. Climb more stairs, through more drizzle. We're on a rooftop of some sort. Greg lifts the hatch of the tank. I peer in. It looks.... like water. Clear. Smells a bit of chlorine. It's rather anticlimactic. What was I expecting? I realise it's – water. I interact with treated town water every day. I brush my teeth, cook my brekkie, flush the loo, and take my showers

with this stuff. I know what it looks like. Duh.

Water is so present in our lives it has become invisible. Take a second to imagine all the water pipes running underneath our streets, in complex networks of pipes and pumps and holding tanks. There are pumps behind bus stops, reservoirs in our parks. Our town council is operating a beautifully complex invisible system of stream-to-tap. And it all keeps flowing.







No Infor mation Beyond the Head line:

Journalism's Existential Crisis

by Joe Higham

Donald Trump's ascension from business tycoon and reality TV star to President of the United States of America has been, to put it mildly, fucking scary. Throughout the gross and depraved spectacle that was his campaign he stuck to certain narratives that ultimately helped to make that campaign successful. One of these was that the media, and journalists in particular, are "disgusting" and "dishonest". This distrust in the wholesale dissemination of news through traditional and recognised channels is the foundation of Kellyanne Conway's now infamous "alternative facts" jibe, as the Trump campaign and administration attempts to refocus the public's gaze on their alternative versions of the truth. No matter what Trump or his cronies tell you, though, journalism is a pivotal profession whether you're in Washington or Wellington or everywhere in between.

You may or may not have noticed, but news media is struggling, big time. Traditional journalism has been declining for years with newspapers facing some of the lowest sales figures in their history. In the United Kingdom, traditionally a thriving market for newspapers, total daily newspaper sales fell in 2014 by an astonishing 7.6 percent, equating to approximately half a million fewer papers sold. This is not an anomaly; in fact, 2014 had a relatively small decline. In 2013, five national papers saw annual declines of over ten percent, with The Independent falling by as much as 35 percent, causing it to move to an online only version in March 2016. Closer to home, the four largest daily New Zealand newspapers (The Dominion Post, NZ Herald, Otago Daily Times and The Press) were circulating 9 percent fewer newspapers in 2016 than 2015.

For industries dependent on advertising revenue, falling sales comes with falling revenue, and thus the industry has to change and adapt. Unfortunately, instead of positive adaptation, many have attempted to appeal to the lowest common denominator in a desperate attempt to improve their sales figures and remain afloat. A lot have sacrificed their integrity for clicks, and in the process have sold their soul to the journalistic devil. Others have remained resolute in continuing to provide the same standard of content as they always have, not kowtowing to this new sector of news media, but are having to find innovative ways of appealing to people.

The Guardian Newspaper's editor from 1995–2014, Alan Rusbridger, faced profound problems with the decline in news media and spoke openly about them. Before he resigned, he said that "something alarming has been happening in recent months and all our eyes ought to be on the West Coast giants — especially, but not only, Facebook — that are cleaning up quite extraordinarily." News provided through Facebook is algorithmically selected for

Make sure your news is credible, and not a bucket of faeces thrown at a computer screen and called journalism.

you using a vast amount of data you've directly provided to them, which is convenient, but simply entrenches your viewpoint, as you only see articles they know you're already inclined to read.

It's true that journalism has and always will be a changing field. Relatively recently the broadsheet (larger-sized newspapers who provide more intellectual content) and tabloid (smaller-sized papers who focus on sensationalised stories and celebrity gossip) distinction was unheard of, and when tabloid journalism - especially in the United Kingdom - arose and later flourished it brought with it disdain from traditional broadsheet readers, who didn't wish to see the newspaper business descend into an orgy of illegality, misogyny, and sensationalism. However, clickbait journalism is a more monumental change than the introduction and development of tabloid newspapers, as it presents an existential challenge to journalism itself. As the accessibility of news through social media ramps up, the only people who will lose out are the public. According to Pew Research, twenty years ago only 12 percent of US adults got their news online; now, that figure stands at an astonishing 81 percent. That may not be shocking due to the growth of the internet in those twenty years, but it highlights the changing face of how people get their information. That is not scary on the face of it, but when you include the fact that 62 percent of Americans use social media for news, a figure that increases to 84 percent for 18-24 years olds, it becomes a whole lot more worrying. Online 'clickbait' news has wedged its foot in door. Their information makes tabloid newspapers look like War and Peace. This change is not simply a shift from one's preferred newspaper to the online version; clickbait is taking over, and their readers' brains are turning to mush.

As one of the co-editors of a magazine that targets the age range where the consumption of this information is at its peak, I feel I could be doing a better job at bridging that gap and peaking the interest of that group, but competing with click-bait articles is not easy, even for well-established media outlets. Click-bait news sites like Buzzfeed and Upworthy seek not to increase their readership, but rather their viewership. They don't pride themselves on the veracity of their content (unless there are legal implications), but rather the amount of traffic through their site, because of the potential profit that can be gained from advertising revenue. Using age-old journalistic techniques, like sensationalist headlines, they hook you in with bullshit information, only to present you with content that scaremongers you into giving a shit, when in reality the information is either poorly researched or provides only half the story.

Due to content increasingly being accessed through social media, regular readers of clickbait frequently don't look further than the headline, because, if they wanted to read news, they would just use actual news sites. Having this type of news on social media does one of two things: firstly, users see the headline and form their opinions based solely on that because they don't want to be sent to a third-party website, or secondly, and only marginally better, they click on it and read the information. There is nothing to be gained from reading, or even seeing the headline of, their content. It contributes nothing to your life except wasted time and regret. I am not saying this to get you to read Critic - ultimately read whatever news you want - but make sure it is credible, and not a bucket of faeces thrown at a computer screen and called journalism.

If you were to click on the article you would be taken to a site like Buzzfeed or Upworthy, who have website layouts that look like a ten year old kid with ADHD was told to just "be quiet and draw on the paper." Clickbait sites prey on your concentration by splattering the screen with a wide array of articles and pictures to keep you hooked to the site. The more intriguing headlines in view mean the more likely the reader will click again, and thus the more

money the site makes. Slant, an online magazine, has recently begun paying their writers USD\$100 per month (admittedly freelance, but still less than I made as news editor last year at Critic for god's sake) along with USD\$5 for every 500 clicks on their stories. This practice is being used more and more in the industry, and unlike in the service industry, where commission can work well to increase the standard of work, in journalism it will predictably only increase sensationalism, fatuousness and facetiousness, and make journalists create more and more articles at the expense of much needed accuracy and accountability.

Clickbait headlines are ultimately false; they imply that the information is true in some material way, when in reality it's only partially factual. If you do use these websites on a daily basis to gain a grasp of current affairs, it will lead to a warped and confused understanding of global, national, and local current affairs. When important global events are mistreated with headlines such as "Ten Dead In Shopping At Munich Shopping Mall" [sic], you can confidently infer that the author and the outlet itself are not particularly bothered with the seriousness of the subject, because it's such a glaring mistake, yet something so easy to have done correctly or subsequently corrected. Couple this with the fact this article is positioned next to and around stories such as "17 'Dawson's Creek' Moments That'll Still Leave You Emotionally Wrecked", "Which Cookies Would You Rather Eat?" and "19 Delightful Animals Cooling Off In Pools", and you have an article on a website that does a disservice to the reader's intellect. I'll be honest, I did restrain myself from clicking on the cookie article because I wasn't sure I knew the flavour of cookie I prefer until Buzzfeed thankfully fucking told me. But seriously, as traditional media forms have been struggling over the last decade to keep their same expenditure amid falling profits, clickbait sites have came out of leftfield with this new business plan.

The consumption of this content will leave you either shocked (if it's about current affairs) or no more informed than you were before reading it (if it's about cookies and Dawson's Creek). It simply leaves the reader fearful of events, places, ideologies, and groups of people. A fear that is, on the whole, misplaced. The more articles you read from these sites, the more these opinions begin to stick and manifest themselves in conversations or political ideology. If you want to prevent this eventuality, you have to add more (non-clickbait) sites to your news consumption. Doing so will give you a better understanding of current affairs, but leave you in the dark when it comes to Dawson's Creek trivia; you decide.

I wasn't sure I knew the flavour of cookie I prefer until Buzzfeed thankfully fucking told me.

► Music

Provisionally Listed: 'Morningside' (specifically 'Friends') by Fazerdaze

review by Reg Norris

Never judge an album by your laptop speakers.

And NO I'm not talking about digital vs. analogue or the fucking warm sound your petroleum based non-renewable vinyl records make. But let's have a quick chat about that before we begin. Once upon a time, and by time I mean ten years, not even half a generation ago, you could swing by your local record store on the way home from uni and buy a good condition used record that you actually wanted for about fifteen bux. I was on the dole and could buy up to my heart's content and still have enough money to barely eat and almost pay rent. How times have changed. They're fucking pricey now. Even with the not so shitty pay from my shitty job I have to budget for these kinds of purchases and compromise. Fortunately, because of the skyrocketing price of hard copy music, what I wanted last week is usually on the shelf the next, but something else would be there to take its place by then so you have to CHOOSE.

Let's get one thing straight. I still encourage you all to buy records, CDs, music boxes, whatever your poison is. Dunedin only has a few record stores left and only one of them has an acceptable range of new music. Support them. Forgo your rent by helping them pay theirs. It is not all about you. Fuck you and your limited subscription tip of the iceberg Spotifuck playlist. If I hear you sprucing Spotifuck's benefits of "having everything I want to listen to" I will inject liquid cement into even the most remote passages of your ear canals.

Anyway, the internet. It's useful. We love it. Yawn. Everything I'm sent to review comes into my inbox packaged in tiny little em pee three files. Which is fine. I can download them. I do. They take up valuable space on my hard drive. Hell, I even transfer those files to my personal listening device so that material is readily available and shittily reproducible in every space in my life. The house, the car, my work place. There it is: MY LIFE. Yawn. But what are YOU hearing? With access to all these different means of reproduction the very essence of a recording can be mysteriously transformed to a point where the reference, the

original, the intended thing, is lost, occasionally replaced by something that is extraordinary. Most music is pretty ordinary and can pass through all these filters still smelling like evaporating cat piss in decaying carpet.

Something happened.

In the last twelve months there have been some really great songs, not just good, but strikingly memorable songs released by local artists. Here they are, the best ones, sing along if you know the words.

'Sink' by Street Chant.

'Play it as it Lays' by Astro Children

'You're a Stranger to Me Now' by IE Crazy (new album out on MUZAI now)

Top songs, all of them best served live. I want to add a song to this list. Conditionally. Let's review.

Fazerdaze. Yes, Fazerdaze. New album, well I guess debut, 'Morningside' is out on Flying Nun, or will be by the time this issue of Critic is in your bathroom/toilet. I really wanted to go into this one with an open mind. The last radio single thing 'Reel' from the first EP released in 2014 really bothered me. Why? Because reminded me of the Smashing Pumpkins song '1979'. I loved this band. Seriously. I knew all the songs. I had my mum embroid over my permanent penned science class project love heart logo on my too baggy discount denim jeans. I was sixteen. I was in a Smashing Pumpkins cover band. Awful! Now their music, and other music that sounds like their music, makes me nauseous. I still see the occasional t-shirt. I am your gagging future self. Inspired by 'Bullet With Butterfly Wings' you now own a domesticated pet rat. That is a joke. I am old. But I've seen it happen.



I started listening to 'Morningside' through my lil inbuilt phone speaker. What I heard was lightweight mechanised pop with a distinct home-made flavour. Simplicity is the point here. The electronic drum beats punch in and out economically and when the guitar's not in chordsville it plucks out a 'Disintegration' era Cure counter melody over the keys. It's a climbing frame to hang the vocal melodies on, all of which are buried in a tomb of reverb. It sets up a great contrast with the dryness of the instruments but it really comes at the expense of the lyrics, which, once you extract them from this digitised quick sand, are really believable confessional character studies. Something's working here. I've been humming bits and pieces from 'Jennifer' and 'Take it Slow' for the last few days. But it's all a bit elevator. Except for one song. Kinda.

I'm listening to these songs, they're starting to blur into one another, then suddenly this familiar vocal melody spits out of the phone. I start pacing around, confused, my memory isn't quite as good as it used to be, but I need to remember. This song

is called 'Friends', it's got this cheeky rubber band intro and a great verse vocal melody, I can hear the words, it's an apology and I'm a sucker for a good apology song. Then, out of nowhere, this unexpected crushing electric chorus bursts forth and I'm out of my chair and pacing again and thinking about the other great songs I mentioned earlier and so surprised and grateful, the song it reminds me of comes out of its cave and it's 'I Wanna Be Adored' by the Stone Roses, and I loved that song and I still like it and I don't feel like being sick. It's dynamic. It's great. It's the rewarding oddity on 'Morningside'.

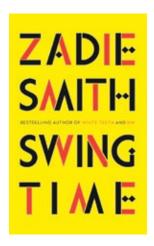
Then I listen to it on my home stereo and I'm confused. Something is wrong. It's the bass frequencies. They're present. I didn't expect them to be there. I don't want them to be there. It changes the entire character of the song. I sit back down.

I play it back on my cell phone and it all comes back together.

'Friends'. It's a great song.

Provided you listen to it on cheap speakers.

Swing Time by Zadie Smith



review by Jessica Thompson Carr

After being touted by several friends as one of the best writers alive today, I finally decided to pick up Zadie Smith's Swing Time. She's an incredibly accomplished writer, having won numerous awards for her five published novels, including the Orange Prize for Fiction, the Commonwealth Writers' Best Book award, and the Ainsfield-Wolf Book award.

This novel can't help but attract people from the get-go. Behind a bright yellow cover it tells the story of an unnamed protagonist and her childhood best friend Tracey, who are both of mixed race. Following their passion for tap dancing, the girls grow up in the eighties in a rough side of London, and form a strong relationship through family distress and schoolyard incidents. It is immediately clear that our protagonist lacks the confidence that Tracey leaks from every pore, and she takes control as the leader of the friendship.

The story flicks back and forward with each chapter, to incidents in the past, then the situation in the future, following the narrator to Africa, where

she deals with culture shock, new friends, and a stressful pop-star for a boss, while memories of her friendship with Tracey come back to haunt her.

It is a long but comfortable read, set out carefully and told with brutal honesty. At first I found the narrator distant and naive, perhaps a bit too detached. The depiction of the pop star persona of the character Aimee, who employs the narrator, is familiar and irritating, from a distance I could see all my favourite pop singers presented in this one character. Smith calls attention to the colossal amount of bullshit that these stars churn out, jumping from issue to issue, vapid and vague, detached from everyone else; the contrast between Aimee and Africa is disturbing.

While Aimee does things only for herself, for a while I thought the narrator just as bad, if not worse, because she seemed merely to follow the rules, obeying constantly without question. She appears vulnerable and petty at times, which bothered me for a while, until the end, when she makes one firm decision and finally chooses a path.

This book makes you reminisce about that best friend you swore you'd always keep, but alas was doomed to drift apart from. It will make you consider why your parents do what they do; who they are as people rather than as role models.

I hung on to every sensitive word until the very end, the story returning eventually to the act of dancing. Swing Time comments on a million things: race, celebrity culture, girlhood, friendship, motherhood, passion, death, and identity. It left me with the feeling that you never really grow up, and that the concept of 'adult' is as fanciful as Santa Claus.

This is the first book I have read of Smith's and I am eager to latch on to every other word in her repertoire, confident, after this read, that she may well be one of the best writers alive today.

⊨ Film

Beauty and the Beast

(2017)



directed by Bill Condon rating

review by Florence Dean

I prefer to go into a movie with zero expectations. I avoid reviews like I avoid responsibilities. No hype, no let down, ya feel? This time was different. This time I got in on the hype. This time I was the hype. When I found out there was going to be a Beauty and the Beast live action remake with my homeslice Emma Watson, I shed a single tear of joy. I was reborn as a Beauty and the Beast detective—googling the cast (it's so riddled with A-listers it would use my whole word count to rattle them off, soz fam) and religiously watching, and re-watching, those enchanting teaser trailers became my life. And what a good life it was.

So, when I finally did rock up to Reading, I suffered a brief sinking feeling in my puku—what if I'd ruined it for myself? My excitement level was higher than Seth Rogen. I could only be let down, right? WRONG. This film is the epitome of magic and romance. The only comparable feeling could be getting married... to Justin Trudeau. Seriously.

We meet the power female lead—bookish Belle, a small-town girl living in a lonely world. During a musical tour around her adorable little French village, we find she is creative, kind, and clever. And, for any concerned, Emma Watson can sing. What can't this girl do? Next up is poncey prince "Beast". Accustomed to a lavish lifestyle and feelings of entitlement—Beast is cursed to look as hideous as he is inside. His friends didn't escape the curse either, becoming adorable pieces of singing furniture.

Our two eponymous heroes meet when Beast has the overreaction of the century, imprisoning Belle when her father attempts to take a rose. With Belle, Beast learns compassion and empathy. And while Belle's seedy, self-absorbed admirer Gaston decides to rescue her with her father, Belle demonstrates she doesn't need saving.

And that's just it: Belle's true freedom comes from maintaining her inner freedom while trapped in Beast's palace and she, in doing so, frees him from the prejudices of his privileged upbringing.

Power Rangers

(2017



directed by Dean Israelite rating

review by Alex Campbell-Hunt

Man. Where do I begin? Maybe I'll quickly outline the three reactions I had to this film, in chronological order. The first third I didn't like because it was so different to the TV show, the second third I liked because it differed so much that it was almost comically surreal, and the last third I liked because it started to resemble the show again.

Anyway. This reboot gives us the origin story of the Power Rangers, so when we first meet them they are just five ordinary teenagers with attitude. One day they suddenly gain superpowers, and are enlisted by the magical floating head Zordon to defend the earth from the evil space-witch Rita Repulsa, with the help of their own personalised dinosaur-robots. If you're familiar with the franchise, you'll know all this already; if not, words don't really do it justice.

So the premise is the same as the show, but the tone is way more dark and angst-ridden. Gritty reboots are all the rage in Hollywood these days, as is catering to the nostalgia of '90s kids – but the overlap between the two here is such a surreal contrast that it's actually kind of hilarious. Now that the door has been opened, we'll probably get gritty reboots of Step By Step and Sesame Street before too long.

For viewers new to the franchise, the film will likely stand up on its own merits, because it's a solid film. And, to be fair, the original TV series hasn't entirely aged well. If, like me, you rewatched the entire first season on Netflix, you may have been taken aback by the various weird things you didn't remember (not least the rapping pumpkin). But still, it was perfect in its own way, and part of me was hoping that this movie would be just like the original show. However, the '90s was a unique era for kids' TV, and the past just can't be recaptured.

Still, if the franchise is going to adapt (or "morph" if you will) in the modern age, this movie was very entertaining and suggests good things for the future of the franchise.

TV Series

Marvel's Iron Fist

(2017)



created by Scott Buck rating



review by Brandon Johnstone

I really, really wanted to love Iron Fist. I count myself as a huge fan of the comic book character, almost entirely due to the Fraction/ Brubaker run on Immortal Iron Fist a decade ago. Frustrated by the tempest of controversy leading up to its release (largely due to fears of appropriation of Asian culture), I assured myself that good writers could use this as an opportunity to examine these very valid concerns. But evidently those good writers were missing in action. Any mishandling of Eastern culture was largely avoided by simply not confronting the issue, rather choosing to almost entirely skip over protagonist Danny Rand's (the titular Iron Fist) time in the extra-dimensional Himalayan city K'un-Lun. As a result it's almost entirely impossible to relate to Danny in any meaningful way—we don't know what built him, we don't know his struggles (despite the fact that he won't stop mentioning them), we don't understand the world he was a part of for the majority of his life. He only becomes likable when his incessant, unearned optimism is broken and the show finally admits that Danny Rand is just the worst.

We're offered only a basic glimpse of the Iron Fist superpowers (martial arts and an ability to channel chi and punch real good). Frustratingly they're almost never fully functional due to his emotional instability. There's a reason most Incredible Hulk films have been terrible: watching someone with superpowers complain that they can't use their superpowers is pretty insufferable.

It's not all bad though; the show is watchable thanks to some excellent performances, particularly from female lead Jessica Henwick as Colleen Wing, and the absolute show-stealer Wai Ching Ho as the villainous Madame Gao. The show does see an upturn in quality in the second half, when the side characters come into their own and become more interesting than the central plot. Thankfully, the current creative team won't be heavily involved when we see Danny next in The Defenders, and we can only hope for an improved second season. Hopefully, with confident writers, we might be able to examine the glaring issues behind a rich, white man saving a mystic Asian world, without being super super racist about it.

Theatre

Improv: The Musical

(last Friday)



LAST WEEK AT LATE NIGHT IMPROV WITH **IMPRO**SAURUS:

Gym Class: The Musical!

In this improvised musical about the trials and tribulations of high school gym class, soon-to-be classics such as "I don't want to be here", "You're a loser" and "Read the faaaax" were sung, colouring the coming-of-age story of four outcasts, teamwork, books and basketball. Who ever said you need to travel to Broadway to witness an epic musical?

COMING UP THIS FRIDAY:

Family Feu

Come see experienced and new improvisors battle it out!

→10:30 p.m. Friday 5th May at the Fortune Theatre



Horizon: Zero Dawn

made by: Guerrilla Games reviewed by: Laura Starling & Brandon Johnstone rating: *****

Neil Druckmann of Naughty Dog recently sat down for a conversation with Hermen Hulst of Guerrilla Games, and asked him how scared Hulst was to commit to Horizon: Zero Dawn. Hulst replied, "very scared". Guerrilla Games is known for its PlayStation exclusive series Killzone, a linear first-person shooter, dark and full of what Hulst describes as "gritty beauty". It's not surprising that Hulst was scared: Killzone is a far cry from their newest title Horizon: Zero Dawn, a bright and beautiful open world adventure that took over six years in development and encountered a number of creative hurdles.

Horizon: Zero Dawn revolves around the young archer and huntress Aloy, who is brought up by a man named Rost as an outcast of the Nora tribe. Aloy's world is set in a version of our distant future. Backdrops feature overgrown and dilapidated skyscrapers, while bunkers full of technology the tribes refuse to make use of lie underfoot. The world's inhabitants refer to these things as belonging to the "old ones", and treat the buildings and technology with the reverence that one might treat an ancient Greek ruin now. Early on a young Aloy falls down into a bunker belonging to the "old ones", and finds a 'focus'. This is a small piece of technology, worn on the ear, which analyses her surroundings and provides a kind of augmented reality, which in turn gives her an advantage in her hunting, fighting and learning. Driven by her desire to be accepted the local Nora tribe and to find out why she was outcast, Aloy trains her entire life to take part in the 'Proving', a tradition of the Nora tribe, which will result in her acceptance if she should win.

Aloy is quite probably one of the most likable main characters in an AAA video game recently. She is written exceptionally well, with interesting dialogue and relatable reactions in all encounters. You can play her as intelligent, sensitive or aggressive. Most of the time you can choose a response matching these three alignments. When you want her to be angry, she really is, when you choose something more heart driven, it's sincere, and when



you want her to be clever, you're given witty responses. She figures things out along with you, and isn't intentionally dumbed down to drive the plot. If you solve a puzzle, she generally has too. It's wonderful to play a character as well developed as she is in a video game.

In his conversation with Druckmann, Hulst touched on some of the earlier incarnations of Horizon's combat, which at one point included the player blasting hostile machines with submachine guns. It became obvious that this wasn't a good fit, and was thankfully scrapped in favour of bows and arrows. This presented a new challenge: "'Is this ever actually going to work? What are we doing?' You're firing arrows at this big overpowering machine. How will that ever work?" Well, Guerrilla made it work, offering an arsenal of ammunition types based around the central idea of exploiting an enemy's weakness. Going far beyond the classic 'elemental weakness' archetype, you can use your equipment to stun foes, turn them against each other, or even rip heavy artillery from your opponents to use against them. Beyond the bow and arrow you'll acquire other rudimentary weapons, such as slingshots to fire explosive rounds, or a ropecaster used to tie enemies in place with ropes.

Early in the game you'll be squaring off against small, nimble machines that chomp at you but can be pretty quickly dispatched with a couple of melee strikes. You realise pretty quickly however that you're going to be up against an army of larger machines that are much, much more powerful than you are. You're taught to carefully plan your actions before you dive into combat, using your environment to sneak around and set traps, maybe overriding a machine or two to fight for you, balancing the scales. Combat can be frustratingly tough when not prepared, but hugely satisfying when you strategise your way out of a conflict where you're outnumbered and outgunned. It truly is refreshing to play a game that refuses to let you simply brute force your way out of any situation.

Horizon: Zero Dawn is an excellent example of how powerful an open-world experience can be when handled correctly: you're imbued with a sense of agency and freedom in almost everything you do, but you're not offered an endless number of dull sidequests and near-identical equipment loadouts. The sidequests can get repetitive, but not as overwhelmingly so as the likes of the BioWare or Bethesda titles, and interactions between NPCs and Aloy are satisfying beyond just a cash or XP reward. Hopefully it doesn't take Guerrilla Games another six years to create their next title of this calibre, but Horizon: Zero Dawn really proves that it's worth it to wait a bit longer for a polished experience than to have a game shipped to you on its pre-planned release date long before it's ready.

Ba(e)gels

by Liani Baylis

Bread is life. Bread is Bae (do we still say that?). However, it is also something with which we all have a love-hate relationship. On the one hand, it's frickin' delicious and yet on the other, I find myself screaming "my skinny jeans don't fit anymore, you bastard!" as I reach for yet another slice of buttery marmite toast. Today, let's celebrate our inner basic-bitch and embrace the beauty that lies in that fat, puffy, chewy deliciousness that is a bagel.

Bagels are the tits, but even Pam's bagels are gonna set you back a fair bit for four. Making your own is not only way cheaper, but making bread is also really therapeutic. So put that essay off for a bit longer, get covered in flour and relax!

Why not pair these bagels with last issue's poached eggs and really treat yo'self?



4 cups of strong flour 2 teaspoons of dry active yeast 11/2 cups of water, warm 1/2 teaspoon of salt 1 teaspoon of sugar 1 egg, beaten or 4 tablespoons of dairy-free milk to glaze

(original recipe comes from my food blog www.leftovercarrots.com)



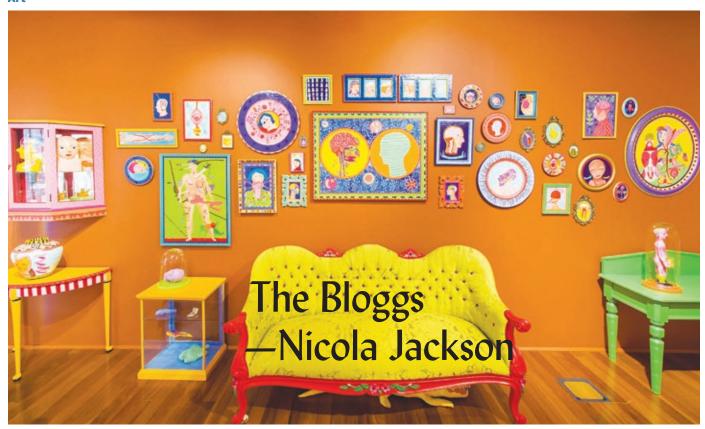
Instructions

- 1. Pour the sugar and yeast into a bowl of warm water and stir. Leave to sit until the yeast becomes active and frothy.
- 2. In a large mixing bowl, mix the salt and flour together and make a well in the middle, then pour the yeast mixture in.
- 3. Mix with a knife until it comes together, pour out onto a lightly floured surface and knead for about 8 minutes until elastic and smooth.
- 4. Once the dough has generously doubled in size (after about an hour), roll it out into a thick sausage on a floured surface.

- 5. Cut the dough into even portions (9, 12 or 24) and roll each slice into a sausage.
- 6. Bring some water to boil and preheat the oven to 180°C
- 7. Dip either end of the sausage in water and make a complete circle by pushing the ends into each other to close the seam.
- 8. Using a slotted spoon (or whatever you've got —you know the drill), place two bagels in the pot at a time and boil for 45 seconds. Flip them over and repeat.
- 9. Place on a paper towel, glaze and garnish with sesame seeds or whatever you fancy. Cook in the oven for about 25-30 minutes.



Art



Dunedin Public Art Gallery, free entry showing until 5 June

review by Monique Hodgkinson

Currently tucked away in the Dunedin Public Art Gallery is a small room exploding with rainbow colours and slightly disturbing human bodies in a kaleidoscope of unapologetic vibrancy. This is The Bloggs by Nicola Jackson, simultaneously Frida Kahlo-style living room and anatomical exploration, and one of my favourite exhibitions of 2017 so far.

Stepping into The Bloggs is like stepping into a room in your grandmother's house, if your grandmother had a seriously eclectic sense of style and a fetish for human anatomy. Various cabinets, plants, artworks and furniture are arranged as though in a domestic space, the definition of art

fluidly spilling over from the works on the walls to the unframed objects filling the space. Everything is bright, bold, and intense, with no clear start or end point. Themes of human anatomy and world cultures are immediately apparent, with imagery preoccupied with human bodies dominating the works. Egyptian-style urns and masks reminiscent of Asian theatre provide varied and interesting surfaces for these images to be displayed on.

The exhibition's title, The Bloggs, evokes the concept of 'Joe Blogg', your standard, everyday bloke who probably works in an office or as a plumber, pays all his taxes and has a dog called Rex. It's therefore an interesting coupling to team this idea of an everyday human with such bold and confrontational presentation of colour and imagery. Jackson prompts questions of what physically makes us human, how might we go about classifying our human form, and how such questions might tie in with art and culture.

Highlights of the space include the series of masks covering the far wall, each brightly painted and calling on the stories and histories of different countries and traditions, a series of 'bones' illustrated with anatomical images and presented as museum artefacts, and a large drawing of the human form complete with detailed musculature, horizontally displayed as though lying down on a protruding bed.

What makes The Bloggs such an excellent exhibition is not just the fearless use of colour and form, nor the thorough exploration of the art and act of anatomical representation. Rather, it is Jackson's intelligent weaving together of seemingly disparate ideas with enough insight and subtlety to create logical and illuminating connections. The Bloggs is surprising and fresh and unique and I loved it—go check it out*.

*Unless you hate bodies and gore (understandable).
Or happy colours (less understandable).





University Book Shop



LETTER OF THE WEEK

OF BOURBON & BOGANS

Dear Sir/Madam

I write to you in protest of your arrogant and unintelligible "Booze Reviews" writer who hides his name behind the cowardly false identity 'Swilliam Shakebeer'. I have particular issue with his offensive denigration of the connoisseurs of the fine beverage Billy Mavericks, of which I am proudly one. He described Mavs drinkers as having "dropped out of school in year 11" and "their facebook dp is a lowered Hilux". I will have you know sir that I completed most of NCEA Level 2, and my Facebook picture is a suped up 1999 Nissan Skyline".

He then has the absolute gall to rate this delectable drop a patronising 2/10 in the taste category. I demand that a correction be published and this rating be adjusted up to at least a 7. He claims that Billy Mavs don't have a proper ratio whisky to coke. I ask of you, what possible ratio could be better than the highest one legally allowed?

Billy Mavericks have brought be so much joy in my short life that I am tearing up just writing this. Billy was there when I got my first blowjob in the toilets at a Speedway race. Billy was there when I was 12 and tried weed for the first time. When I had to go to my girlfriend's school ball and it was awkward because she's 8 years younger than me, Billy was there for me.

I expect an apology in writing.

Yours Sincerely, B. Maverickson

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

HORO-NOPE PROBABLY NOT

Hey!

I'm an international student and my school newspaper thing sucks ASS at home. Just wanted to let you guys know I thoroughly enjoy "Critic" and I write a review of it every week for my flatmates.

One thing I really wish I could see: HOROSCOPES!!! Please??

Yo-Yo

THANK YOU KIND STRANGER

To whom this may concern,

I lost my phone, eftpos card and student ID this morning. I don't know how to thank the person who honestly handed my phone and cards in or the great guy from Campus watch who escorted me to different places until they were found.

It was really nice of him to go out of his way to help me until I found it. All in all, I appreciate the services set up to help us find our belongings.

Thankyou, MeeHwa Atimalala

Critic found this sad critter outside our office.



The penguin was not allowed to enter campus grounds.

DO YOUR RESEARCH, HIGHAM

Dear Critic,

Joe Higham's article on the monarchy showed a slap-dash lack of research.

The French first abolished their monarchy in 1789 not 1799 but then restored it several times. Since then two emporers and three kings have reigned in France for 62 years.

Joe claims that only eight other nations outside the commonwealth are monarchies. In fact there are 22 monarchies elsewhere in the world, spread across Europe, the Middle East, Africa and Asia. They include such progressive democracies as Sweden and the Netherlands, who would never replace their kings with a partisan politician as head of state.

David Crooke

RESPONSE TO DAVID CROOKE'S LETTER

Dear Reverend David Crooke,

Thank you for your letter; it's always nice to receive feedback on articles!

It speaks volumes that your reposte of the article only involves dates and and does not touch upon the substantive argument I was making.

Ever since mankind conceived of the fairytale of 'God' and then promoted themselves to be a monarchy, humanity has been significantly poorer for it.

If my article showed a slap-dash lack of research, then your piety shows a slap-dash lack of both logic and reason.

Joe Higham

CONDOLENCES

Critic would like to send our sympathy to the friends, family, colleagues and students of Professor Jae Jung Song who died unexpectedly but peacefully in his sleep last Sunday night.

Critic would also like to send our sympathy to the friends and family of City College resident Jack Bisset, who died after complications from an epileptic seizure.

⊨ Ethel & Hyde



No Problemo Problem!



Ethel says:

All you wee buttons out there having some problems should write in to me for some practical advice about solutions and legal ramifications. This could be about issues with your landlord, flat-mates, lab-mates, peers, health, sexuality, relationships, mould, hunger, budgets, hair colour, shoes, body odour, workload, homesickness, floordrobe, parties, The Cold, the oven, the shower, bad advice from renegades, or anything really.

There was a wee burst of correspondence at the start of semester, but it seems to have dried up somewhat. I know you are all dreadfully busy, but just a minute of your time could help more than you imagine. I look forward to hearing from you soon. It is all anonymous of course. Just email your problem to me at the address given.

Hyde says:

HELP ME YOU FETID PIECE OF PUTRIFYING PERSONAGE. Oh how I am suffering, trapped in here with my voice silenced because of your perfect lives. Your problems are my only outlet. Imagine being trapped with a crochet wearing, cream puff of a politically correct, handbag wielding bat. SEND IN A PROBLEM, OR I MIGHT DIE! Be assured that my scream will linger in your mind for all eternity, making you wish you had just sent in just one email, with just one problem you heard some other troglodyte of a student talking about in a lecture, or the Link, one of their inane problems, that I will be able to fix with a creative and cunning loaf of brilliance. One measly email, from YOU ... yesssss, YOOOOUUUUU, Do it now, NOW,



annah and I had stayed there once on a school trip. You know, the night at the museum thing they do where you go into a tent and learn about astronomy and then they tuck you up in your sleeping bag and tell you spooky stories about the one mummy they have downstairs. So we decided to reminisce and packed our backpacks with two sleeping bags and some snacks, then went for a late afternoon visit, hanging around until closing time. When the call rang out, we went to Discovery World and hid.

Somehow we were successful, the entire museum blacked out and the steps of the night watch echoed up from below. The two of us, surprisingly, made it up to Animal Attic without problems, creeping up the stairs with hardly a creak of a floorboard. The room, large and square, unsettles every visitor, even in daylight, but at night it is ten times creepier. Every figure was black in the night, a shadow of itself. Eyes round and bright as coins stared through their glass prisons.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Hannah asked anxiously, unfurling her sleeping bag. "We can't exactly leave now without getting into trouble," I replyed. We tucked ourselves in. But I did not sleep, I lay there watching, because they watched me. My eyes adjusted and I could see clearly the dirty polar bear growling on his hind legs, the lizards and snakes in slimy green jars, the giant spider mounted on the wall and that vulture in the corner, gazing down at us with an arched back as though ready to dive. Hannah slept, but I could not. Around two in the morning I sat up and rubbed my face, frustrated that it was taking so long for me to drift off. I looked around. The polar bear stood where he was, stiff as a tree, the jars remained full of their slime and fat and the spider loomed over us religiously. I turned to check on Hannah and she was dead asleep, chest rising and falling. Beside her head crouched the vulture, still quite dead, still stiff, one dead eye looking straight at me.

BY JESS THOMPSON



Committed to providing the best quality vape gear in New Zealand, Australia and beyond.

Politicians Denying Science

by Ben Cravens

Ask anyone and they'll be happy to tell your their opinion on healthcare or immigration. This makes sense because most of the time arguments can be made for both sides of any policy issue. However, lately there has been an alarming trend of established truths being heckled by the scientifically illiterate. Suddenly a false equivalency takes place, in which facts become partisan issues up for debate. The most troubling example is global warming. There's no such thing as an "opinion" about global warming. Either you accept the overwhelming professional consensus, or you're wrong. How did facts become political issues?

One of the worst offenders in recent memory is Scott Pruitt, Donald Trump's head of the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA). He has publicly stated that he does not think carbon dioxide emissions are the primary cause of global warming, putting him diametrically opposed both to the scientific community and to the agency that he leads. In the past he has said that he would like to dismantle the EPA, and he has sued it 14 times. Hiring Scott Pruitt to protect the environment is like appointing Bill Cosby to watch your drinks. As the former EPA chief Gina McCarthy

says, "The world of science is about empirical evidence, not beliefs. When it comes to climate change, the evidence is robust and overwhelmingly clear."

The fault is partially ours as voters. Citizens around the world need to demand science literacy from their politicians, and boycott candidates who have unscientific policies. This trouble all stems from the popular perception that only scientists need to know science. It's all too common to hear people say they can't work out how to divide up a bill, or that they didn't "get" science at school. Somehow this is the norm, whereas if somebody struggled to read or write we would be surprised. In reality, not knowing basic science is just as dangerous as being illiterate. The world today is dependent on science and technology, and becoming even more so as time passes.

Unfortunately we can't trust our politicians to be informed for us. If you look at the educational backgrounds of our political leaders, they are all businesspeople or lawyers. They are in situations where they need to be informed about science to make good decisions about policy, and yet a lot of them stopped their science education after high school. It's easy to tell if a politician knows their stuff or not. Look at their public stances on issues such as climate change, vaccinations, GMOs, nuclear energy, or water quality. If they deny the scientific consensus on these things, they're unfit to make policy decisions that affect generations to come, and they are not worthy of your vote.

This Book Will Change Your Life

Our Hero is in his mid teens, but speaks as though he is much older. Our Hero wears a hat, a scarf, a gold watch, a pair of high-tops, at all times. Our Hero is almost certainly in love, but with whom? Our Hero can be happy, but never content. Our Hero can't wait to get out of This Town. Our Hero cannot see himself through outside eyes. Our Hero is white, middle class, cis, male, straight, and wishes he was more interesting. Our Hero's mother pokes and pries; Our Hero's father wants him to play more sports. Our Hero will take 400 pages to learn that he is not always the main character.

-Brighid Morgan

▶ Drinking



by Swilliam Shakesbeer

Shandy

Imagine you're on your third day of a bender, the hardest of the lot, the simple thought of starting to drink again is stifling while you lie in bed hoping death comes shortly. The strongest willed of the group are starting to get back on the horse as the sun beats through your curtains warming your face, making you uncomfortable and full of cotton mouth. You need something cold and refreshing, however the beer you have in the

fridge will likely leave a puddle of human excrement on the kitchen floor.

The simple shandy comes to your rescue; you find a tall glass and pour in half of your beer topped up with some chilled lemonade. You feel your hangover instantly begin to fade; energy courses though your veins as you cook a large fry up washed down with another shandy. Now you realise you're one beer down and the daemon you once dreaded is nothing to be feared, you make another as you slowly make your way into the harsh sun. The shit chat from the night before turns into banter accompanied by your favourite tunes. Before long you realise you've finished six of your beers and your hangover is but a distant memory. The faithful shandy has done its job. You've now been on full beers for a couple of hours now, the glint of the lemonade bottle catches your eye and you smile and think how grateful you are that you started off with shandy.

Shandy, a simple mix of half beer, half lemonade, is the Phantom Menace of the alcoholic beverage world. Under rated and hated on by

Shandy: your saviour the morning after

Tasting notes: Refreshing combination of cheap beer and lemonade all tied together with some pleasant nostalgia.

Froth level: Family Christmas with your cool uncles. beer and alcohol fanatics this simple drink is refreshing and delicious, a throwback to a simpler time when

"for a couple of hours now, the glint of the lemonade bottle catches your eye and you smile and think how grateful you are that you started off with shandy"

you were younger and felt like an adult because your parents let you have a shandy. Although it is near impossible to sustain a whole night on the booze with shandys, they do make an excellent pregame drink to help through the initial struggle of the first few beers. Dollars per standard depends on the beer that you buy and the lemonade required to mix. Because you are mixing the drink the beer can be awful and still achieve a pleasant outcome.

This under rated delight is fantastic option if requiring a refreshing drink on a sunny afternoon. A "shandy with the boyz" has become somewhat of a famed pass time. Though enter into such an arrangement with caution as, due to its low alcohol volume, large quantities must be consumed to achieve the desired symptoms: light headedness, dizziness and vomiting, followed by terrible life decisions and an abstract reality in which people appear more attractive than in the real world

May 1-7

Day of the Day

by Briar Smith-Waddell

I can't help feeling that there are lonely 'special days' that are not celebrated enough.

1 MAY-MOTHER GOOSE DAY.

Countless times in my life, I have felt a strong desire to show my appreciation to the mother geese of this world, but just haven't had the occasion to do so.

3 MAY—we will wake up, attend, head home at the end of the day, and fall asleep completely ignorant of the fact that, all over the world, thousands of lumpy rugs have not been celebrated. Yes, you read correctly, Lumpy Rug Day actually exists.

4 MAY—I imagine many of you will have a 'few' drinks, and some might partake in a Star Wars marathon. When you're unlocking your laptop to access your perfectly legal copy of Return of the Jedi, I want you to pause and appreciate for a moment the joy of passwords. Do not let Password Day pass you by yet again, folks. 4 May is also Petite and Proud Day.

5 MAY-NO PANTS DAY

(fingers crossed for warm weather)

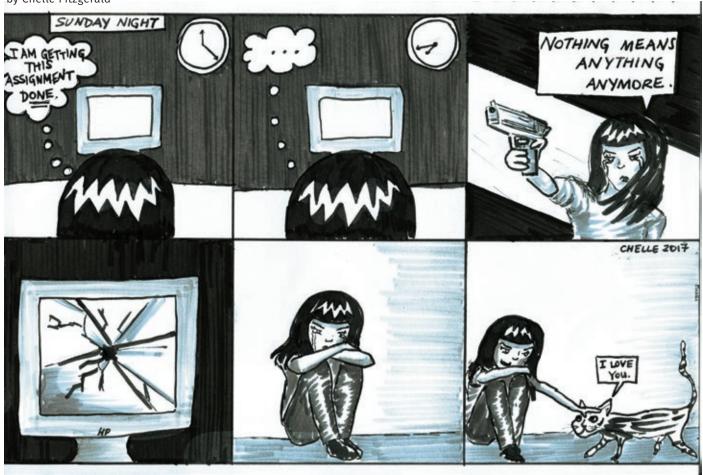
6 MAY-BEVERAGE DAY

(It seems this day is celebrated unawares in Dunedin)

7 MAY—LEMONADE DAY which apparently is about entrepreneurship in young kids with lemonade stands.

Musings of a Jerk

by Chelle Fitzgerald



 \trianglerighteq Tell us your inner thoughts via drawing and send your comics to: critic@critic.co.nz



CHRISTMAS COOKIES

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APPLICATIONS CLOSE 21 JULY 2017



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.



English Breakfast

The Cook tavern (a place previously famed for its debauchery, cheap burgers and a D-floor sticky enough to ensnare and dislocate the ankles of many a revelling drunkard) loomed heavily in the distance as I stepped my way tentatively towards the crossroads of Great King and Albany Street. A typical Dunedin chill was in the air and my heart was pounding with trepidation as I plodded ever closer. It was here I was fated to meet and sup with a fair (hopefully) maiden at the 7th hour past noon.

I cursed as I checked my watch... 10 minutes early. Unsure of what to do with myself I loitered outside a while. Town was quiet, eerily so. At one point the clouds parted to reveal a glowing moon, the jeering face of which seemed to mock me from above. Several unearthly shrieks pierced the silence and I peered into the gloom. Sure enough, a pack of shambling, emaciated individuals were slouching towards me... Health Scis; no doubt leaving the library after another day of furious study. To avoid any interaction with these potentially aggressive beings I sought solace in the bar.

With a knowing smile from the beer-wench, I was handed a pint of ale then shown to a booth where I half expected a priest to pop up and begin confession. Luckily that didn't happen because it would have taken all night. Instead my date arrived, accompanied by a smile and a bubbliness which I found infectious. The initial greetings were sufficiently awkward, however things were to shape up.... The conversation began to flow like the steady waters of the mighty Clutha River. In fact the convo was going so well that we took way too long to order, but finally settled on the cheese platter, a couple of salads and of course some CHIPS. We talked about the usual things, travel, uni, music and what TV series we were currently watching. We also talked about some less conventional things like parrot chlamydia, Schaudenfraud and people with colour-blindness.

As the hour began to draw late we both realised the bar was closing up around us, so we decided to leave. However our chat carried on as we vacated and sauntered through the crisp Dunedin evening. Later on we may, or may not, have gotten to know each other more intimately over a cup of night-time tea....

Cheers Twinings.... Oh and Critic

Lady Grey

Monday, got a Tinder message: "Hey, I need someone to go on the Critic blind date with, would you be keen?" I instantly had horrifying visions of how terrible his write up would be ("super boring, worst date ever", y'know), and then messaged him back being like "yeah, sure!" Fast forward to Tuesday evening... I rounded the flatmates up for what I figured were some obligatory pre-drinks. I'm sure that all nights that begin with drinking liquer out of easter eggs are bound to end well...

The inevitable "oh shit what am I doing" crossed my mind as I walked in... there were a couple of kinda rough looking guys with questionable mullets sitting at the bar, staring at me intently. "Oh f*ck nope back out". Luckily a smiling face popped out from behind them and waved.

I slid into the booth, now some dangerous mix of nervous, tipsy, and utterly stoked because o.m.g is he gorgeous. Aaaand there's a British accent. Take me home now. I headed to the bar to get a drink, only to be told "yeah, we're running kinda low on red wine". Not a sentence I want to hear in any situation. Okay wait, they still have pinot. Crisis averted.

Back to the booth. I'm not even sure if there's anything we didn't talk about... we were those annoying people that had to be politely reminded to hurry up and look at the menu. More food than you have ever seen arrived. PSA: go to the Cook and get the chips. You will regret nothing.

At some point everyone else must have left, probably around the same time they turned the lights on and started sweeping the floor... Promptly left and apologized for being those annoying people that stayed for way too long. Walked back towards our houses. "Do you want to come in for tea?"

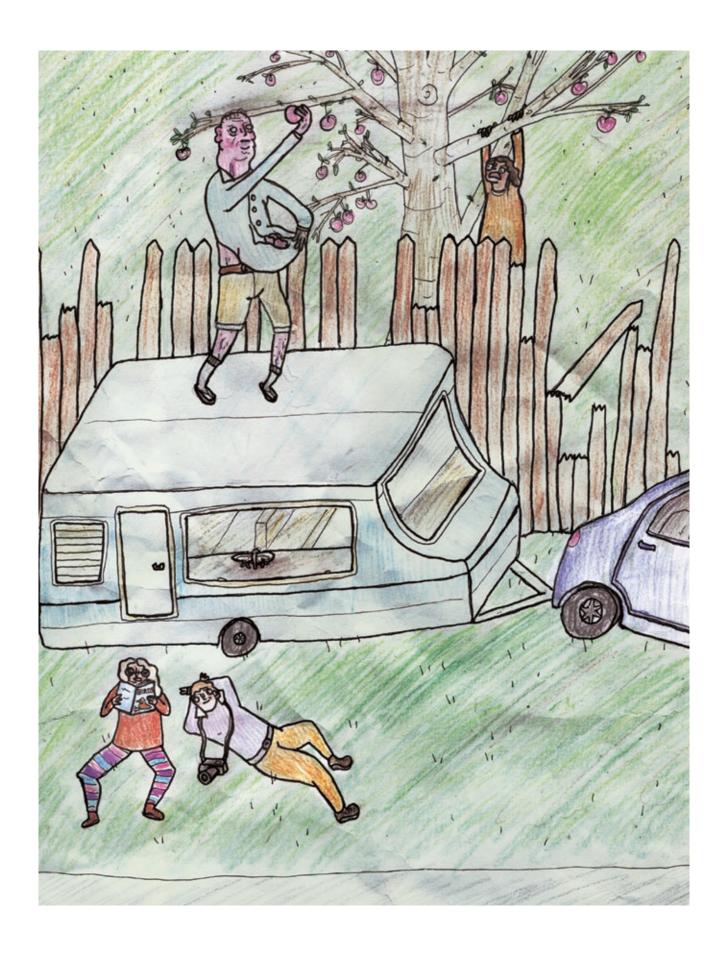
Brain: "NO. FIRST DATE RULES. GO HOME." Me: "Yep!"

Tea somehow turned into playing a game that requires randomly pointing at an entry in some kind of med book to find out how you're going to die... Chlamydia psittaci, apparently. Chlamydia caught from parrots. (Notably different from the kind you catch from non-parrots). This is going well. Fast-forward from parrot chlamydia to kissing. Christ knows how we segued that one... *More brain yelling about first date rules*. I woke up there this morning, so rules schmules. Chlamydia psittaci, you're one hell of a wing-man;)



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HI FROM GRANDDAD



WORDS BY MAT CLARKSON Art by Saskia Rushton-Green

Hello! It is your Granddad here! Just dropping you a line to let you know how we are getting on at home! First, a little family news. Grandma has gone to visit her sister in Taupo, as you know I cannot stand that woman ever since she pointed out my going bald in 1988. I remember it well because your mother had just returned home with a bad mullet, as was the rage back then, and Grandma's sister said "well David's head looks like a pig's titty" (meaning I was going bald at the back), and this has painted my memory of her until this day.

So I've hit the road! I'm driving the old caravan to Hamilton and back. It's mostly to keep myself busy until Grandma returns, but also to let the old girl loose, as it's been ages since she's felt the wind through her undercarriage (the caravan, not your Grandma ha-ha, I am only joking do not worry). It has been very good to get away from those Dutch neighbours of ours, as it seems to be clog season and Sven is whittling clogs from an old stump and blasting out oom-pah music with no shirt on. I despise that man but I still act like I'm his friend because he is much larger than I, and could easily best me in a brawl. I picked up a nice couple from Germany who were hitchhiking! I do not usually do that sort of thing, but the open road can be a lonely place. They were very nice, and we talked about a great many things. We got into a fairly heated argument though, because when a bird did a big shit on the window as we were driving I said, "how could such a small bird bum make such a big mess!" And the German lady tried to tell me that birds do not have bums, but rather a 'cloaca,' from which both poos and wees come, but I was having none of it. Birds have bums, all animals do. Eventually I had to say "whose car is this? This is my vehicle and within its walls my word is

Law, and there is to be no more talk of cloacas," and they both backed down. It was just like the time you and your sister tried to tell me that Lemmings do not actually jump over cliffs to their deaths. You said the photographers from Disney pushed the lemmings off. I am still mad about this, by the way. The video is there, and it is real! Why would you try to cover up the tragic demise of the poor creatures! Your grandmother and I are still mad about this.

I took the scenic route through Rotorua just to see the sights. It is true what they say about the smell (smells like poo), but it's possible that the odour was coming from the septic tank, which is full and I don't know how to empty it (your Grandma does and has never showed me). Come to think of it, most of the trip has smelled very foul, but that could be the smell of Rotorua being blown around by strong Northerly winds. It is probably that. I also took some apples from an apple tree by the side of the road, somewhere I can't remember. It looked like it was on a public domain, but once I had a shirt full these kids appeared from behind a hedge and told me that the apples were their Dad's prize winning apples, and that he started growing them after his divorce and are now the sole source of his self- esteem. But I was having none of it because the tree was pretty close to the road and there was no proper fence. I still hightailed it out of there before he found out though. If I knew how to empty the septic tank I would have offered to dump it on his trees for fertilizer, as payment for the apples I took. But the guy was probably in cahoots with his council and a genius at knowing where sewage is and is not allowed. I remember when this country used to be free.

I hope all is well with you in Dunedin, and you are not getting up to mischief. I look forward to your reply please.

Love from Granddad ©

P.S 'Pig titty' was the first thing I ever looked up on the computer at the library and they don't even look like my head that much. Shows what she knows! -Love Granddad \odot



Hair indicative of character*

The character of persons is sometimes indicated by the colour of the hair.

The bilious temperament, black hair and dark skin are generally found associated. These indicate strength of character and sensuality.

Fine hair and dark skin show purity, goodness and strong mind.

Stiff, straight and abundant black hair and beard are usually combined with strong, unyielding, straight-forward and rather bluff character.

Fine, brown hair indicates exquisite sensibility, with a strong will for what is good and right, when unperverted.

If the hair is straight and lies flat on the head, the temperament is melancholy, but you may safely rely on that person, be it man or woman. If the hair is course, black, and sticks up, there is not much sociability, and much that is stubborn, sour and harsh, in the character.

Coarse, red hair indicates much fire and energy, with unusual strength and firmness.

Auburn hair, with a florid face, gives purity, intensity, and great capacity for enjoyment or suffering.

Fine, silky, pliable, easily dressed hair indicates delicacy, sensibility, and goodness.

Hasty, impetuous and rash people have crisp, curly hair, but if it is straight and smooth, even and glossy, a warm heart, a clear head and superior talents are indicated.

White hair, as a general rule of thumb, indicates a good, easy, lazy fellow.

The hair naturally parting in the middle and falling on either side indicates womanly refinement, purity, and delicacy. When the hair extends and lies on the forehead in rings, it indicates a frank, open, and genial nature.

The light-haired people are the thinkers, the poets, and the artists of the world.

Dark-brown hair combines the two, and is the most desirable.

To sum-up:
Black hair, physical strength.
White hair, mental vigour.
Red hair, a fiery temperament, passion and devotion.
Wavy hair, a pliable, yielding, accommodating disposition.
Straight, stuck-up hair, stubbornness and fidelity.
Very smooth, close-lying hair is "Oily Gammon".

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.

President's Column





Hev team.

Hope all is well and everyone is trucking along as the second half of the semester is well and truly underway.

Last week, as I'm sure you are all well aware was ANZAC day. I'd just like to start by saying a massive thank you and congratulations to all who took part in it. Well done also in particular to the events team at OUSA who put a lot of hard work in to make sure the event is what it is.

ANZAC day is a pretty special day here in New Zealand and is a good opportunity to a take a moment to reflect on the sacrifice of all those who have gone before to ensure that we are able to live the lives in which we do.

So when your alarm wakes you early on a Monday morning, and dread of your 8am lecture washes over you, just remember how lucky we are to be granted the opportunity to be able to turn up to class and excercise our freedoms of thought and the pain and horror that many experience for us to be afforded these opportunities.

I wish you all the best for the upcoming week and have no doubts you will all be making the most of a bit of extra time before exams roll round and sleeves have to be rolled up.

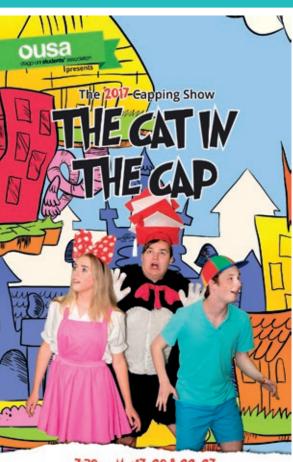
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Hugh Baird OUSA President

president@ousa.org.nz

Battle of the Bands: Get ready to rock!

Heat 1 is THIS FRIDAY. All you need to do is show up at Re:Fuel at 8.30pm with \$2 and be ready to be blown away by some student talent. Check out our Facebook event for more details.



7:30pm, May 17-20 & 22-27

of the College of Education Auditorium schols ground ble from OUSA Main Office, Cosmic and cosmicticketing.co.nz













Congrats to Bjorn! He scored himself a winter goodies pack by subscribing to the OUSA Communique Newsletter. Sign up for your weekly chance at winning.

Sign up at bit.ly/ousanewsletter5



OUSA Student Referendum FORUM

Monday 22nd May at 1pm in the Main Common Room

Ask questions, eat pizza, exercise your rights!

Vote online in the OUSA Referendum from 29-31 May at: voting.ousa.org.nz

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FLASH YOUR 2017 ONECARD AT ANY OF THESE FINE BUSINESSES AND SAVE CASH MONEY!

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10% off full-priced items, not in conjunction with any other offer, only available in store.

BURGER KING

2 Cheeseburgers for \$3*

CAPERS CAFE

2 for 1 gourmet pancakes*

CELLO

5% off Logitech, 10% off Labour, 10% off network & data cables. Plus iPad/iMac/ MacBook educational pricing.

COSMIC

10% student discount

LUMINO THE DENTISTS

\$69 new patient exams and x-rays, plus 10% off further treatments*

MEGAZONE

Buy two games of mini golf or laser tag and get a third free

RAPUNZEL'S

Monday to Friday, 1/2 head of foils including toner for \$99, women's cut from \$39, men's cut from \$29*

STIRLING SPORTS

12.5% off all non-sale items

THE POOLHOUSE CAFE & BAR

\$9 for 1-hour pool table hire*

VOID CLOTHING

10% off all non-sale items

ALTO CAFE

Bacon & Egg Sandwich or BLT + Regular Coffee for \$10, Mon - Fri 7am - 11.30am

BIGGIES PIZZA

\$8 off any pizza purchase.

BOWL LINE

2 games of bowling for \$15*

THE CAPTAIN COOK HOTEL

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

CORNERSTONE INK TATTOO STUDIO

10% off per hour

FORTUNE THEATRE

2-for-1 tickets on Wednesday night performances*

HELL PIZZA

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

HOT YOGA

5 classes for \$50°

INCH BAR

\$1 off Emerson's draught pints

LEGIT LTD

50% off stickers

LIQUID ASSETS JUICE BAR

12.5% off all juices

LONE STAR

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

MOBIL ANZAC AVE

2 x 500mL Lift Plus for \$4

NANDO'S

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

NOOK

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

OUTSIDE SPORTS

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

PARDAL HAIR STUDIO

Student woman's haircut \$40, re-style \$50 mens haircut \$25, \$99 Half head of foils, treatment, cut and blow wave*.

PHONE SURGEONS

10% off all phone, tablet & computer repairs

PITA PIT

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

POPPA'S PIZZA

Free garlic bread with any regular or large pizza*

PURE BEAUTY

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

ROB ROY DAIRY

Free upgrade to a waffle cone ever Monday & Tuesday*

SUBWAY

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

SUPER SHUTTLES

\$20 to/from the airport

T.M. AUTOMOTIVE

\$50 Warrant of Fitness fee

VAPOURIUM

Get 20ml free with any starter kit