

le Whare Tāwharau



A place of shelter to reduce the impact of sexual violence within our campus communities

Walk-in hours: Mon - Friday 10 - 4 Or by appointment: 0800 479 379 5 Leithbank. Dunedin.

The centre is one unified space that provides sexual violence related support and education to all students and staff.



Our survivor-led approach empowers survivors as they choose their own path forward.

- We provide a safe place for all members of the university community. Our doors are open to all genders, sexualities, ethnicities and abilities.

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- We provide confidential advocacy, information and guidance.
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- We support you to access relevant and appropriate community resources.

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> Flip the Script is an evidence based sexual violence prevention programme for women and was recently featured in the New York Times. Flip the Script training is fun, interactive, and takes place in

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2. Acknowledge: Explore personal beliefs which create emotional

3. Act: Learn verbal and physical self defence strategies.

4. Enhance: Clarify relationship preferences and desires in order

Women who have completed the programme sald: "It was very eye-opening and just an overall interesting experience." "It really changed my life... I would like to be involved to help other women feel the same freedom." "It was very engaging. Everyone had an opportunity to communicate these ideor."

their ideas.

We are also studying the effectiveness of this programme. As such we will ask you complete a survey at the beginning of the programme, once the programme is completed and again three months later. There is a full participant information sheet for the study on the Te Whare Tawharau website. This project has been reviewed and approved by the University of Otago Ethics Committee 16/079. If you have any questions email twt-prevention@otago.ac.nz using Flip the Script as the subject.

SEXUAL VIOLENCE RESISTENCE PROGRAMME FOR WOMEN

SCAN FOR

MORE INFO

(AND IT'S FREE)



OR VISIT: https://www.otago. ac.nz/te-wharetawharau/education/ index.html

t's a new semester in the wonderful world of North D. The clouds are out, the frost is on the ground, and the rain glitters on the footpath. All is good in our peaceful corner of the world.

The new semester also brings with it a fresh batch of exchange students to welcome into our warm embrace. I would like to take a moment to address the new kids. While all of you should listen up, this mostly applies to the Americans among you.

1. Welcome to our beautiful city (OK, "beautiful" is a stretch. It's cool if you like the architectural styling of 1960s Ukraine).

2. Sorry in advance for the dozens of punishing questions you're going to get about your President. Just say you hate him and change the topic. If you like him, NEVER ADMIT IT TO ANYONE.

3. Stop playing Beer Pong with water.

Water Pong isn't just an American problem, several kiwis are guilty of it too. But international flats are by far the worst offenders.

It's an idea that is good in theory. You fill all the cups up with water, then when a shot goes in you just move the cup out of the way and take a drink from your bottle. You don't get dirt in your drink, and you don't have to wash the cups as much.

But it defeats the entire point of the game. Beer Pong is a drinking game, and the drinking should take priority. If you're not getting through a minimum of one to one and a half beers per game, you're wasting your time. I know that's technically possible when you're playing Water Pong and drinking from a bottle, but let's be honest, it barely ever happens. You sink a cup and your opponent takes a pathetic little baby sip that could barely quench a sparrow.

When you're playing proper Beer Pong, you not only need to fill the cups a reasonable amount so that there's enough weight to stop the cups falling over, you're given no choice but to finish the entire cup. If your opponents sink a bunch

Editorial



in quick succession, it's a genuine punishment. You're going to get drunk.

But the greatest crime of Water Pong is that it opens the table up to people who aren't willing to drink at all. On a lazy afternoon that's a fine way to get some practise in, but in the middle of a party you're wasting everyone's time and hogging the table. Tables take up a lot of valuable party space, especially in our tiny flats. If you're going to use it, at least make sure you're getting fucked up.

Much love,

Your pal Joel.

P.S. Enjoy Kendrick Lamar, and remember: Don't use the N Word if you're white.



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Letter of the Week

Michael Glover:

If walking through the uni's link It may feel empty, you might think Something missing, not here nor there Pause, relax, take a chair

You reach for something light to read Then you realize what indeed Where is the critic, reputable be If it is here, I cannot see

A campus watch with stacks in arms Passes you by, you ask him your qualms "Where are you taking these magazines?" "The uni's banned them, they are obscene!

A naked woman with period blood? This is a uni! Our name's not mud!" If this censorship is fixed, I do not know It's only Wednesday, there's still days to go

Issue 15

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Student Associations Left Out in the Cold After NZUSA Stops Support

University of Canterbury Students' Association lodges dispute against NZUSA

The University of Canterbury branch of the student sexual violence campaign Thursdays in Black (TiB) say they were left without support and several hundreds of dollars out of pocket after a sexual harassment scandal ended NZU-SA's TiB campaign.

Critic reported last week that a high-level staffer within NZUSA sent a dick pic to other staffers, which led to the suspension of a \$1.4 million ACC contract to provide sexual violence training and awareness on tertiary campuses throughout NZ. 13 students were made redundant and the campaign was put on hold.

Although UCSA is not a member association of NZUSA, NZUSA promised support to the UC TiB society. This was not delivered on.

In a public statement on the sexual harassment incident in May, UC TiB said, "there has been no support for Thursdays in Black around the country or any action taken by NZUSA to end sexual violence. Ever since the end of 2017, Thursdays in Black UC has been existing due to the dedication of our volunteers and the support of both the University of Canterbury Students' Association [UCSA] and the University of Canterbury".

UCSA bought \$700 worth of official TiB t-shirts from the Thursdays in Black Aotearoa Trade Me account, run by NZUSA, and they never arrived, so they had to lodge disputes. Neither the UCSA nor NZUSA provided more insight into whether or not this was resolved. The Trade Me account, which sold official merchandise, is now empty.

The president of the UC TiB club, Kaitlyn White, said that the NZUSA Vice President and National Women's Rights Officer, Nikita Skipper, "promised the world to [Canterbury's] Thursdays in Black club and failed to deliver. Promised to send all this stuff to us, come down and help us, have monthly calls. Now she ignores our emails when we asked when the badges were being sent."

Nikita did not respond to these accusations.

James Ranstead, president of the Lincoln University Students' Association, said that their NZUSA support was in the form of a Lincoln-designated field officer, who also assisted with their University Sexual Violence Prevention Policy draft. As NZUSA sunk further into internal despair, Sarah* – who believes that she is the field officer James is referring to – said that, "[Lincoln University Students' Association President] was constantly trying to contact me to get us field officers out to help them with Thursdays in Black, [but] NZUSA wasn't letting us reply. Then redundancy was confirmed."

Without the money, it appears that NZUSA is in no position to put their weight behind the few national campaigns that currently exist.

However, students haven't given up on fighting sexual violence on campus. At least Otago, Canterbury and Lincoln are still working hard on their TiB groups with the resources they can spare.

Otago's TiB survives due to strong OUSA and student support, funded by the welfare officer Abigail Clark's budget and coordinated by second year Tanya Findlater.



WANTED

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Alternatively, just pop in to the University Flats Office at 109 St David for a Kiwi Host Application Pack.

By Sinead Gill

Critic | 06



OPINION: Is It Just Me or Was Re-Ori Kinda Shit This Year?

By Bryn Massey

Am I just an ancient out-dated old-timer refusing to let go? No, no it is the kids who have gotten boring.

What happened to Re-O Week? Isn't it supposed to be second semester's version of O-Week or is the name just for fun? I'm not saying Mario Kart isn't neat, or the winter food festival isn't adequate – they are! But I'm looking for something that doesn't feel like a school holiday programme planned by the mums on the local PTA. In all honesty the only Re-O event that is remotely exciting is Hybrid Minds, which I would be wrapped about if I were a drum and bass fan. But unfortunately that's not the case. For sad pop normies like me there's really not a lot on offer; it's either Mario Kart or an upgraded version of a night at Suburbia.

What sucks most is all the students that start uni in second semester are just being ignored. They are the students that have come to uni at an unconventional time, that have been on an OE, or those that have simply waited before joining the rest of us on our somewhat harrowing university experience. Do those people not deserve an O-Week that rivals that of the people that begin their journey in first semester? I don't think I'm alone when I say that the cultural festival, while good, is in no way a substitute for the toga party.

Does no one remember the Illuminate Paint Party, when OUSA dropped four tonnes of paint from the ceiling? It was an annual event; everyone got messy and had a great time. Or even the 2012 Re-Ori, where Ladyhawke, Kora, Chopper Read and Paul Ego all performed. That's at least four well known performers that appeal to completely different demographics, on top of all the other cultural events held that year. Have we really limited ourselves to one headliner show per Re-Ori?

An article in everyone's least favourite newspaper (the ODT) has stated that there's been an effort to migrate activities to not be solely around drinking. Cool, run some hopscotch for the wee ones, but what about the rest of us that only have a one week-long compulsory bender to look forward to per semester?

It's almost like OUSA has forgotten that literally since the dawn of time young people have been boozing, snoozing and having sex in strange places. Let us do our thing. Run big events as well as wholesome easily accessible options. I'm not trying to shit on the current events; I'm just of the opinion that there was no effort made to make this first week of study as exciting as the events of February.

On one hand I'm willing to accept that my views are old, out-dated, and alcoholic, but on the other I can't help but wonder what in the name of fuck I've got to look forward to in second semester.

Guess it's time to get fucked up and go play Mario Kart.



OUSA Rejects Re-Affiliation of "Cult"

Young Nats Still Allowed Though

By Charlie O'Mannin

The OUSA Executive have rejected a proposal to affiliate a club on the grounds that the club is simply a rehash of a previous club that was disaffiliated in 2017 for "bringing OUSA into disrepute, ignoring OUSA directives and breaching [OUSA's] constitution".

In 2017, the Elohim Bible Academy, the Otago student wing of the World Mission Society Church of God (WMSCG), which is a Korean-based religious movement that has been called a "cult" by many ex-members, was disaffiliated from OUSA after reports that the group was going round to people's houses and pretending to represent OUSA to get students to complete "surveys" and watch videos which mostly consist of religious propaganda. Lachy Stark, a student who encountered the group in 2017, said they were "pressuring people into uncomfortable, and in some cases unsafe situations. Even trying to identify which church they belonged to proved almost impossible. They repeated certain phrases and answers and the repetition made it feel as though they were unwilling to leave until I was 'converted'." Another student, who was pressured into being "baptised" by them and giving them her contact details, said she didn't initially "realise how an innocent conversation with them could turn into something quite pressured and hard to escape from".

In June 2018 a new group, "Save the Earth from A to Z" which apparently goes by the initials

ASEZ, tried to affiliate to OUSA. ASEZ is also affiliated to WMSCG and was described by OUSA President Caitlin Barlow-Groome as "the same people in the same positions". Caitlin said that the group "didn't acknowledge the reason they were disaffiliated," and showed no indication of changing their operation. The OUSA Exec voted unanimously to reject the affiliation.

Lisa Shin, President of ASEZ, told Critic that "I think there are some misunderstandings of the club. ASEZ has nothing to do with bible studies or surveys at all. It's just a volunteering club cooperating with UN Sustainable Development Goals. I hope no students will suffer from hate speech in doing good deeds."

Cumberland College Head to Leave

He's coming back though

Cumberland College staple and former head, Nick Bates is taking temporary leave to act as interim Head of Student Experience for the University of Otago. This came as quite a shock to both current and past residents. One resident said, "I'm devastated aye," and that mentality was felt college-wide.

Bates is regarded as an icon within Cumby and is beloved for his hats, selfies, and fantas-

LIKE A BOSS

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ookieTime

tic formal dinner speeches/songs. He will be returning in March of 2019, but in the meantime will be sorely missed.

Various college students who spoke to Critic described him as an "absolute legend", "a fucking champ" and said "his warm disposition and smile truly light up the gloomy Dunedin days". It's unclear whether they actually felt this way or were just trying to suck up in order to escape alcohol fines.

By Sophia Carter Peters

In Nick's absence, Cumberland will be run by Rosemary Tarbotton. Rosemary is currently also head of Te Rangi Hiroa, just down the road. She called Cumby home as senior tutor for nearly seven years and is looking forward to returning.

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Knox Church Hails Jacinda Ardern as Incarnation of God on Earth

Getting Winston Peters to choose Labour credited as her first miracle

By Charlie O'Mannin

In a move that probably should have caused more controversy, Knox Presbyterian Church has confirmed New Zealand's Prime Minister Jacinda Ardern as God, the supreme being.

The church recently wrote "May Neve and all God's children flourish!" on their blackboard facing the street, clearly stating that Jacinda, as the parent of Neve, God's child, is God herself.

Critic are able to confirm that three men were in the vicinity of Neve's birth, and as they were all doctors had to be at least sufficiently wise to attend medical school. Critic knows some med students and admits that the bar isn't particularly high.

Critic has not approached Clarke Gayford for comment on whether Neve had an immaculate

conception as it would have been awkward and uncomfortable.

When asked whether he stuck by the claim that Jacinda Ardern is the supreme divinity, Gregor the Mighty, Chief Shaman of the Presbyterians (we don't know the hierarchy of the Presbyterian church and neither do you) took off his elaborate stove-pipe beret (we don't know the ceremonial dress of the Presbyterian church and neither do you) and proclaimed "Fuck yeah, she's the best". Or maybe he didn't. Critic weren't really listening. We were high if you must know.

Leader of the Opposition Simon Bridges said of the church's statement, "Well I wasn't aware of Jacinda's divinity up till now, but if a church has said something, then that thing must be true."

Critic did not approach Jacinda's corporeal form for comment, but we did offer her some prayers and sacrificed a goat in her honour (we don't know what Presbyterians believe and neither do you). Some time later Critic saw a cloud shaped like a sausage and watched a swallow fly north to south, then change its mind and turn east; clearly Jacinda was saying "I appreciate the compliment from Knox Church, however I am not the divine omniscience force that created and controls the universe, I am the democratically elected Prime Minister of New Zealand".

Critic suspects Jacinda knows more than she's letting on.





OUSA Trials Free Food Fridays

The scheme unlikely to return despite popularity

By Thea Bailie-Bellew

Forget dumpster diving: OUSA is now looking at giving away edible leftovers as free meals to minimise the amount of food waste produced by residential colleges.

A trial run in early June saw students queuing for fifteen minutes for eighty frozen meals saved from UniCol kitchens over two weeks. All the meals were given away within the first minute of serving. The scheme has been on hold sine June after concerns were raised about the amount of disposable plastic containers being used.

In New Zealand, enough food is thrown away annually to feed the entire population of Dunedin for two years. The aim of OUSA's scheme is to reduce the amount of food thrown away by residential colleges; however, only 1% of all food waste is generally edible.

A kitchenhand at a residential college said chucking out food was the worst part of their job. "Sometimes it's just trays and trays of food at once, which really pisses me off".

However, a kitchenhand from a different college said that the scheme meant that staff had lost out on free meals, a key perk of the job.

OUSA President Caitlin Barlow-Groome said the enviormental impact of the plastic containers was more than the the environmental gain of reducing the food waste. Colleges are currently looking at biodegradable alternatives to plastic containers, but the food service industry charges a higher premium for eco-friendly take-away containers. In addition to this, stringent rules enforced by Healthy and Safety New Zealand require thrice tested protocol specialised to second hand and defrosted meals to ensure minimal risk of food poisoning.

Alternative solutions include keeping the meals as a late dinner option for students living in the residential colleges or introducing portion control education to colleges.



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HOW THE OUSA EXEC ARE DOING

HOLDING OUR LEADERS TO ACCOUNT/DEMOCRACY DIES IN DARKNESS/ SPEAKING TRUTH TO POWER

By Charlie O'Mannin

In a move that shocked the world to its core, the latest OUSA exec reports were even more boring than first semester. So instead of covering the reports, we're just going to give you a general update on how the exec are doing based on our half-awake observations.

CRITLIN BARLOW-GROOME, PRESIDENT

Caitlin seems pretty stressed most of the time. She's been training for the Charity Boxing event and apparently everyone else is afraid to box with her because she's been taking her pent-up frustration out on her opponents. "It's not my fault that my definition of 'light boxing' is not the same as theirs," she told Critic indignantly.

UMI ASAKA, INTERNATIONAL OFFICER

She's great.

Jusa

ROGER YAN, CAMPAIGNS OFFICER

Roger is either not doing all that much or isn't great at remembering stuff during exec roundups, the bit of exec meetings where everyone says what they've been up to. One week he admitted that, apart from attending a wine and cheese event, he "hadn't really done a lot". Having said that, Roger's a delight and gave us a muesli bar as we were writing this.

SAM SMITH, FINANCE OFFICER

Sam seems to be doing a fine job. It'd be hard to tell if he wasn't though. Numbers are hard.

JOSH SMYTHE, RE-CREATION OFFICER

Still uses emojis. Still spells recreation as re-creation. Still trying to legalise LSD.

ABIGAIL CLARK, WELFARE OFFICER

Abigail works too hard and she's just too gosh darn nice. Critic recommends that she do her job less.

NORHAN EL SANJAK, COLLEGES OFFICER

After a first semester that seemed to mainly consist of organising banal events like colouring in competitions and cuddle fixes, Norhan seems to be doing some more serious work lately. She's organising a campaign to increase RA pay after 86% of students said in the last referendum that they wanted RA pay to fully cover the cost of accommodation. OUSA are currently accepting submissions on this, so we'd encourage anyone who cares to email your thoughts to colleges@ousa.org.nz.

JAMES HEATH, EDUCATION OFFICER

James has taken the title of 'serious boi' to heart. He also regularly tries to interest us in his boring education meetings and submissions. We're not interested.

CAM MEADS, ADMINISTRATIVE VICE PRESIDENT

Cam's obsession with the OUSA Constitution in all its intricate detail has not been diminished this semester. He's recently spent a lot of time re-writing policies to change minor details that might be very important or might be not important at all. For all we know he might be secretly taking over the organisation. Also, Critic recently found out that Cam lives a secret double life as a "Tropical House" DJ named "Meado".

KIRIO BIRKS, POSTGRAD OFFICER

Kirio faced an incredibly narrow vote of no-confidence last semester; 65% of students at an SGM voted to remove him. The vote needed 66% to succeed. For someone who has a lot of people who think he can't do his job properly, Kirio seems to be fairly unfazed. He's recently tried to get away with not setting up a Postgrad Committee, which is literally the most basic part of his job. The exec ordered him to form the Committee. He reluctantly agreed. Stay tuned for updates.

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OUSA's Charity Fight Night Kicks Punches Off

Cailtin Barlow-Groome officially scariest OUSA President ever

By Esme Hall

26 brave (or maybe stupid) students, including OUSA President Caitlin Barlow-Groome, trained for two months and raised thousands of dollars for charity to fight each other in OUSA's inaugural Charity Fight Night.

The goal was to make a "flashy high production new event," said OUSA Events Co-Ordinator Scotty Godsall. The event, hosted by former Highlanders prop Kees Meeuws, was black tie and the fighters walked out to the ring through vertical smoke machines with an entourage of two friends and a thirty second song of their choice. Tickets ranged from \$35 to \$55 and there were around 250 attendees. Each fight consisted of three two-minute rounds.

Making it a "flashy" event was a priority for OUSA so that fighters "get a really rewarding experience for the journey they've undergone". The fight was sanctioned by New Zealand Boxing as an official match, with all the safety considerations that entails.

Godsall said he was happy the event wasn't "male-dominated," with seven female fights and six male fights.

The fighters underwent eight weeks of training with NZ Fight and Fitness. One fighter, Tom "The Tank Engine" Tremewan, said that before this event he'd never picked up a boxing glove in his life. "Training has been incredibly fun though, and I look forward to it every day. The flip-side to that is that training for two to three hours every day for eight weeks straight takes a serious physical toll on you. I've put on 5kg since the first bootcamp started, but being so tired all the time has made me late for work for about two months straight now."

All this training is, of course, for charity. Each fighter chose a charity that has personal meaning for them and had a minimum fundraising goal of \$500. The fighters put "heaps of effort" into fundraising, said Godsall, with three of the female fighters pledged to get matching tattoos if they each hit \$1500.

"The goal was to allow fighters to undergo personal physical and mental growth. It's not all about punching each other in the head, but about building friendships and relationships. Some walked in never having boxed before, but now they can stand tall and walk out in front of a crowd of people."

Laura "Crusher" Cairns is splitting her donations between Rape Crisis Dunedin and the Male Survivors of Sexual Abuse Trust. As of print, she'd raised close to \$900. Laura said choosing those two charities was "a no brainer."

"Sexual violence is a massive problem in our community; both charities run life-changing and often life-saving support services".

Alongside fundraising, Laura signed up because she wanted to get fit again. She used to be in

the army and "it is super awkward when people hear you were a soldier and assume that you are fit and strong when you are actually nowadays horrendously lazy. I needed something like this to kick my butt back into it. Turns out the thought of being punched in the head in front of 300 people is a pretty good motivator."

Tom "The Tank Engine" Tremewan also entered the fight for personal reasons. "After a long history of struggling with alcohol abuse, at the start of 2018 I decided to give up drinking for good. As part of trying to keep myself sober and not bored out of my skull, I've been doing a lot of sport and exercise. Boxing is something I'd always wanted to try, and I thought that entering this event would be a great opportunity to motivate me to undertake a physical and mental challenge while raising money for a great cause."

He raised over \$1800 for Rape Crisis Dunedin. "Working within the music industry, sexism and misogyny is sadly something you see every day, and I think the onus is on all of us to be proactive in stopping it. Run by a number of extremely dedicated workers and volunteers, Rape Crisis Dunedin are severely underfunded. It's my hope that raising some money will help an incredible organisation continue their life-saving work in our community."



Terms and conditions apply.



Executive's Column





Hey all!

Remember that \$800 you paid at the start of the year in service fees? It's put on your student loan so you don't have to save up from stacking shelves all summer. You might remember paying it but you probably don't know exactly where that money goes. Unless of course, you have no life like me and make it your life's mission to find out.

\$800 is 33 beer towers at Starters. Except the difference with 33 beer towers is that you know where your money is going - probably on tequila shots once you've polished off the local draught and a dusty fry-up the next morn.

If you Bing'd the Otago Compulsory Student Services Fee - who uses Google nowadays anyway? - you'd see that 37% of your fee goes to recreation. To the average person in stripes and a puffer vest, it would appear that \$295 goes to Unipol! In fact, over half of that money funds other recreation Say hi to yah mum for me, services on campus, such as clubs and societies and many OUSA events.

Another big slice of the pie goes towards Student Health. If you've eaten too many pies and feel sick, this is the place to go.

The Student Services Fee funds almost every activity you see around campus. But like the true Commerce graduate I am, I want to know exactly where our money is going. In the pursuit of student interests and putting my Commerce degree into practice, I have found out where every one of our dollars are spent. This Wednesday I am holding an expo in the Link explaining where our money goes and why. If you're like me and only read picture-books, you'll be pleased to know that the expo will have a strong visual presence and minimal text.

What's more, there'll be an opportunity to submit feedback on the fee and services provided. Every bit of feedback will inform what you value most and we will make sure the University hears that.

Caity x

Caitlin Barlow-Groome **OUSA** President presidenteousa.org.nz





The Week the ODT Urinated All Over Tauranga

Welcome back. This week the ODT is reporting on some ground-breaking research,

Information changes some minds

In sinister news,

Eve on the universe reopening

after five years

I've seen the Lord of the Rings; I know how this ends.

Next, the ODT wrote a front page story about two teenagers from Tau-

ranga who came to Dunedin and liked our museum.



Putting aside the fact that the ODT probably shouldn't be poking anything with a stick, let alone 'culture', we at ODT Watch are not going to stand aside and let the good city of Tauranga be slandered; what about the Tauranga Classic Flyers Museum or the Tauranga Historic Village, where you can apparently "Experience the charm of yesteryear as you stroll the cobbled streets of the Village". Ah yesteryear, back before anything bad ever happened.

We don't know what's happening here.

Still crowing over the clucking

Maybe the ODT got a chicken? No clue.

Next, a sad insight into the ODT's headspace.



We're here for you if you ever need to talk.

Then the ODT wrote a long opinion piece about why Dunedin is the best city in New Zealand. It was gold.



I wonder if there's a reason that question is seldom asked.

Later in the same article, this weird nonsensical analogy

But to focus on the impersonal Dunedin without celebrating its humanity is akin to a paralysed genius bemoaning his body while ignoring his brain. Or a blind opera singer focusing only on his lost sight, ignoring his voice. Is Dunedin the best city in New Zealand? How is that judged? Who decides? And who really cares?

I'm going to take a stab in the dark and say that you care, ODT. You care a lot.

Same article.

The people who leave aside their PlayStations and televisions and web-browsing to drive into the city to support, laugh, love and be enthralled by what Dunedin really is. People.

But who wrote this exceptional piece, you, the reader, must be wondering?

 Craig Borley is a former ODT journalist.

Was the article was so bad that the ODT fired him immediately after he finished it? If so it must have been hard for them; it's well known that it's physically painful for the ODT to fire anyone called Craig. The Critical Tribune Dunedin's Most Accurate news Source Since 1653



Thai Government Announce Cave Was a Metaphor the Whole Time

The government of Thailand has confirmed that the cave that twelve boys were recently rescued from was actually just a metaphor for puberty. Maha Vajiralongkorn, the King of Thailand, told the Tribune that "The Cave clearly represented the difficult journey to manhood that these boys underwent. The grotto that the boys were trapped in clearly represented childhood and it was only with the help of society – the divers – that these boys were able to navigate the dark oppressive waters of adolescence to emerge resplendent into the self-actualised daylight of maturity."

"After all," said King Vajiralongkorn, "There are times in all our lives when we have to crawl through 4km of flooded cave tunnel aided by two professional divers while the world looks on in suspense".

"It was a real bildungsroman," one Thai Navy Seal told the Tribune, "They went in as twelve boys. They came out as 12 men."

Elon Musk was reportedly devastated at the news. "I want my submarine back," he told the Tribune before bursting into tears.

Plato, who pioneered the unrelated allegory Plato's Cave, is currently suing the nation of Thailand for copyright infringement.



Young Nats President Resigns After Allegations He Had Sex

The Southern Young Nats have been rocked by scandal after accusations that President Raymond Waters may have had sex.

A 3rd year woman, who asked to remain anonymous, told The Tribune that she and Mr Waters had met at a party and ended up in conversation for several hours. They later went back to her flat, where they kissed, before removing each other's clothes. At this point he allegedly fingered her for 1-2 minutes, before he opened a condom, accidentally ripped it, opened another condom, put it on, and proceeded to roger her silly for approximately 45 seconds.

The woman said the experience was "not unpleasant".

"I certainly wished he would have lasted longer, but it was understandable given the circumstances. It was cute really."

Initially, President Waters vehemently denied the allegation, saying it was a "loonie leftie conspiracy".

"I am a virgin. Like all members of the Young Nats, I took a vow of chastity when I signed up on clubs day."

However, despite his denials, further information came to light in the form of a leaked snapchat video which appeared to show Waters in a flat bedroom smoking the devil's lettuce and listening to rap music.

The final straw came when Waters liked a picture on instagram that described baby Neve Te Aroha Ardern as "cute".

While he maintained his innocence, the scandal-plagued President announced he would resign "for the good of the organisation".

Newly installed President Englebert Borklefeld said he planned to "uphold the strong Young Nats tradition of being annoying fuckwits that everyone hates".

DUNEDIN BAR STEREOTYPES



STARTERS BAR:

Name: Jess 18 years old Has a REAL I.D. Also seen in: St David, Arana, Central Library. Lives on Vodka Cruisers and Jägerbombs. Shows up at 9:30. Has way too much energy. Puts everything on daddy's credit card but still complains about being "a broke student".

UBAR:

Name: Marcus

Wannabe music elitist. Will make fun of you for not knowing of Mac DeMarco and personally knowing Soaked Oats. Thinks \$5 is a good deal for a handle. Waited 40 minutes to get in. Trying to convince himself it was worth it. Very good at doing a sober face to trick the bouncer.

THE COOK:

y Chelle Fitzgeral

Name: Kat

Actual music elitist Real name is Kate, but dropped the "e" because it's too mainstream. Has very strong opinions about the 'New Dunedin Sound'. Not clear whether she's for or against. Doesn't drink any beer you can find in a supermarket. Wears fancy shoes and a gross-looking jacket that cost \$300.



<u>DUNEDIN</u>

SOCIAL CLUB:

Name: Stu Wears brown leather jackets to pair with his beard. Uses words like "hops," "aromatics" and "mouthfeel". Refers to Speight's as "GMA" so it sounds fancy. Thinks drinking craft beer gives him a personality.

It doesn't.

SUBURBIA:

Name: Steve 29 but still hits on freshers. Desperate for a pash tonight. Won't get a pash. Surrounded by the alluring aroma of Pall Malls. Even his mates consider him a pest. They ditched him to go to Social Club.

MAC'S:

Name: Steve Couldn't get a pash at Suburbia. Can't get one here either, despite trapping a fresher girl in a corner for 3 minutes. Drinks dark beer to suit his personality.



BAA:

Name: Gus

Age: 18 but looks 30; or 30 but acts 18. Either way it's not good. Dropped \$20 on the TAB. Watched the wrong horse

race (he bet on a dog). Drinks \$8.50 jugs of Baa Draught, after pre-drinking SoGos.

Doesn't know any better. When you catch him playing the pokies in there at 4pm on a Tuesday, he makes up a hasty lie about waiting for some laundry to be finished at the launderette across the street. Wants you to know that his drinking team has a rugby problem.

TOAST:

Name: Thom

31 but dressed in NOM*d and beanies so looks about 28.

Definitely has a French Bulldog.

Doesn't like the commercial street art around town because it's not underground enough.

Half the girls in Dunedin are in love with him but he only dates super artistic cool manic pixie dream girls.

Hangs out at Slick Willy's on a weekday drinking coffee and talking to his super cool friend who works there.

PEOUENO:

Name: Meghan

Is above going to the student bars and listening to top 40 now that she has a job in HR.

Goes to live jazz nights and shouts loudly over the music (because even though she's too good for top 40, she's definitely not smart enough for jazz). What she really wants is to go to Carousel but had a falling out with Erica

and Hannah, so isn't keen to show her face there anymore.

Illustrations By Chelle Fitzgerald



CAROUSEL:

Name: Erica Says she's "not like other girls". Is pretty much like most girls. Will have a vodka lime and soda please but only if you're also buying one for her perpetually unluckyin-love friend Hannah. They are a two-girl wolf pack after a few wines,

you see.

INCH BAR:

Name: Amy Is into gaming. Is not into being around lots of people. Enjoys podcasts and food purchased from caravans. Will most definitely come back to yours for a bong. Low-key considering trying some standup comedy next year but is still planning her set (it's going to be really good though so watch this space.)

HEFF'S:

Name: Shane Age: 49. Is on ACC because he "did his back in," therefore keeps a strict 10am - 5pm pub schedule. Reads the ODT at the same table that he sits at every day while watching the

Is starting to get really worried because when Heff's closes his entire world will be flipped upside down.

horses.

Is incredibly sexist, racist and into Bathurst.

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Don't stray too far from home. Definitely don't go to Hyde, it's scary there.

Lucky Drug: Ethanol



Remember hopscotch? That shit was fun. You should play some more. Try turn it into a drinking game if needed.

Lucky Drug: Injecting marijuanas



Wear a feather in your hair to bring good luck wherever ye shall go. Do not wear anything else, as it could mess with your luck.

You should probably try go to class at least

once this week. Not essential, but give it a go.

Lucky Drug: P



You might learn something.



You've been going through a shit run of beer pong lately, but that's all about to change. Just cut out all distractions, and let the energy of the ball flow through you.

Lucky Drug: Southern Gold



Make a long, poorly worded Facebook post with lots of inexplicable CAPS LOCK words and a vague political slant. Your friends will respect you for it.

Lucky Drug: Heroin









corpio

5



Happy Birthday. Don't worry if everyone is

ignoring you, it's probably because they're

Your lecturer is looking lonely. Stay after

Beware the heavenly wonders of the McDon-

ald's loose change menu. A single apple pie at

2am will lead to a lifetime of addiction.

class and give them a handy.

Lucky Drug: Viagra

Lucky Drug: Sugar

If you show interest in two opposing clubs (i.e. Young Nats and Campus Greens) they will fight over you, desperate for your membership. It will be a nice boost to the ego.

Lucky Drug: Socialism

It's semester two and it's still cold. This is the perfect time to find yourself a cuddly plussized fuck buddy with an insulated flat.

Lucky Drug: Seratonin



Oct 23 - NOV

Smoke some meth. Lucky Drug: Meth



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Horoscopes | 20

PHAKE PHACTS

- The Northern White Rhino is easily the most racist rhino.
- Camels do not store water in their humps. On hot days they prefer a chilled sav blanc.
- If you whisper quietly enough, no one can hear you.
- Radio 1 is actually just Erin's copy of Now 14 playing on repeat.
- Dunedin is named for the Gaelic word for 'cold as fuck rainy shithole'.
- Edinburgh is famously known as 'The Dunedin of the North'. Aberdeen is also known as 'The Timaru of the North'.
- Welsh is just Portugese without vowels.
- Football's coming home.
- If you count backwards from 100 under your breath, you will actually have counted to 100 in your head.



George: Always rolls their sleeves and has a durry behind their ear. Refuses to file a tax refund.

Andy: Loves candy and sandy beaches on cloudy days.

Eli: Hates dogs. At first you were like, "get fucked, why would you hate dogs? That's messed up." But later, you were like "nah, fuck dogs. Eli's hot."

Brock: Is an aspiring doctor. He is also the former Gym Leader of Pewter Gym. He loves his family and looks after all his little brothers and sisters after his no-good dad left. Tends to get a bit obsessive with girls though.

Kendrick: A very famous and clever artist. Comes to visit you but only on Tuesdays. Makes you feel special and when you are alone together he lets you call him Kung Fu Kenny.



Ways To Save Money

1. When cooking dinner, swap chicken out for cardboard.

2. Dump your sugar baby. She's a leech.

3. Goon is good for at least another 12 months after it expires.

4. With a piece of hosing, your neighbour's car, and the ability to suck, you'll never have to pay for petrol again.

5. Go vegan. Better yet, stop eating.

6. Join the Young Nats. Lower taxes, plus you never have to go on dates.

7.Go to church. Free bread and wine! Ca-ching Ca-ching!

8. Press it flat on the bench, and lightly run along it with a good five blade razor. Oh wait, that's a way to shave money.

9. Make your own Tui by mixing rainwater with rusty cutlery and dirt.

10. Drop out of uni, ya ding-dong!





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TELEPHONES TO ANOTHER WORLD

Dunedin's Bone Artist & Collector of the Strange & Mysterious

by Charlie O'Mannin

Bruce Mahalski collects skulls. Porcupine, tui, crocodile, human, cow and giraffe skulls decorate the front half of his Dunedin home, which he has turned into the Dunedin Museum of Natural Mystery, showcasing his skulls next to bones, fossils, "ethnographic" art, and whatever weird or interesting objects take his fancy.

Bruce is also an artist. He makes sculptural installations out of bones. For Bruce, the roles of artist and collector are inseparable; items from his collection make their way into his art and his art is displayed next to his collection. More than this, he sees the whole collection as a work of art in itself.

A lifelong pacifist and environmentalist, Bruce started collecting when he was eight, following in the footsteps of his scientist parents. He says he "used to think it was what normal people did ... I used to skin small animals and things like that and bring back their skins".

The price for exotic remains varies but Bruce says that something like a lion skull costs two to four thousand dollars in New Zealand, depending on the size and the condition. Bruce's dream skull is a hippo skull; "When I've got a hippo I'll rest happy, because they're the biggest skull that still looks like what it is," says Bruce, pointing out that elephant skulls don't actually look much like elephants without the tusks, and with the tusks, they start to veer into ethically dubious territory because of the illegal ivory trade.

While he says it would be "crazy", not to mention unethical and illegal, to try sneak things through customs now, Bruce says that a remarkable amount of exotic animal remains are brought into the country legally; "I have bought amazing things on Trade Me".

According to Bruce there are at least two people legally importing remains from North America and North Africa on a semi-professional basis. "There're quite a lot of species there that are quite common, but to us they're very exotic, and there's no laws against bringing them into the country". Customs let exotic bones into the country as long as they're clean (and have a CITES permit if they are protected); if they're not, they'll confiscate them or charge you for fumigation.

According to Bruce there's a surprisingly large community of exotic bone collectors in New Zealand; he thinks it's because "these things are harder to get here; there's more of a rabid desire" to possess them. Most of the other bone collectors he knows are primarily interested in animals and the natural world; they can't get a live bear or racoon, but they can own a bear or racoon skull; possessing the animal by proxy. "I've always felt a little bit of cultural cringe and inferiority about coming from this perceived backwater," says Bruce, "and wanting to have a broader take on the world than I can get from just living here". For Bruce, bone collecting allows him a connection with a wide range of animals; a connection with the wider world.

In addition to exotic animal remains, Bruce also has the remains of native species. Legally this is a far more contentious area. Under New Zealand law it is illegal to possess the remains of any native species, except for black backed gulls and pukekos, however the law has grey areas and the Department of Conservation has insufficient resources to fully police collectors.

Bruce and some other collectors are

- 1 The museum's wall of skulls
- 2 Border Collie skull with bullet hole
- 3 Bird skull collection
- 4 Mummified cat







currently asking that the laws around native remains be changed to something more like the laws surrounding the ownership of Māori artifacts; when you buy an artifact you get a certificate saying you're a registered collector and then your artifact gets a number and is registered to you as a collector. Bruce argues that this is a far more common sense approach than putting blanket bans on ownership, de-incentivising legitimate collectors to register their collections with the proper authorities.

The remains of certain native bones, like whale, are more heavily policed than others because of their connection to tangata whenua. Bruce says that for this reason, selling





whalebone is considered taboo in the bone collecting community; he has some whalebone in his collection but they're bones that he's inherited from his father, who picked them up in the sixties. "I don't think DOC is going to come and confiscate my whalebone. What they don't want obviously is people coming up and chain-sawing whales to pieces on the beach. So if you find one bone you're probably good to pick it up (although check first as some iwi don't want anyone picking up any bones at all on their beaches). If you find part of a whale then you've got to tell DOC and tell local iwi."

Bruce is also interested in mutations. His prize mutation is the skull of a "unicow," a cow born with a single horn coming out of its forehead.

As well as collecting animal remains, Bruce also has a number of human skulls and bones. Most of the skulls in New Zealand come from old medical specimens; back in the day every medical student had to get a skull for their studies. The human skull on display in the Museum of Natural Mystery is one of these specimens, with a special hinge for taking off the skullcap.

Selling human remains is illegal under the Human Tissue Act, but remains can legally be 'gifted' to other people. However, Bruce says that human skulls are occasionally sold quietly, "no one will say that any money changed hands; it's often done with swaps". It helps that the pool of people who are interested in buying human remains is quite small and they're likely to already know each other, "it's not like there's a big market for these things".

For Bruce, collection of remains is about celebrating and respecting the natural world, which is why one of the things conspicuously absent from Bruce's collection is taxidermy. "With taxidermy, you've got to be an expert, you've got to be a sculptor, to make an animal look alive". While he's fine with taxidermy done by experts in a way that respects the animal, he says that, "generally anything you can afford is not going to be very good". For Bruce this kind of taxidermy "risks degrading the animal". For the same reason, cryptozoology, the practise of joining remains of different animals to make so-called 'mythological' ones, like joining

centrefold image (overleaf) Manu Ika, Bruce Mahalski, 2018. A life size mask made from the pelvic bones of four free-range chickens (Gallus gallus), the lower jaw bones of six snapper (Pagrus auratus) and the pelvic bones of six black-backed gulls (Larus marinus) and some other assorted bones and fish skin.

- 5 Oves Dei, Bruce Mahalski , 2005. Paper, sheep vertebrae, rabbit bones and snapper dorsal spines
- 6 Mummified possum joey
- 7 Turtle head



monkey and fish remains to make 'mermaids,' really annoys Bruce. He also doesn't like it when people carve skulls. "I'd never do that; you can't improve on a skull".

For Bruce skulls are special, even sacred: "with a skull you've got that sort of purity; if a life-force could return to this world after dying, the skull is an obvious hard drive to return to". This is part of Bruce's animism, the belief that objects, creatures and plants contain unique spiritual essences. For Bruce, animism is "basically seeing humans as part of nature rather than being separate from it". He uses the example of a New Guinea tribal person holding onto the skull of their dead

grandfather as a connection to that person. "Animism is the belief that you can actually communicate with some aspect of your biological past if you do the right things; it's basically a belief that all life is equal and all life is perpetual."

An important part of Bruce's collection, alongside his skulls and bones, is his collection of what he calls "ethnographic" art, art that comes from animistic societies. "It's about the connectivity of it; the skull is

art; I'm interested in going and looking at collections of ethnological art and trying to make objects myself in this modern, Western context that have the same sort of animistic qualities and the same aims and ambitions as some of the work that people were creating 200 years ago, before Western contact."

The different objects in Bruce's collection, his skulls, his fossils and bones, his ethnographic art, his own art, all occupy their place as part of a larger artwork: the museum itself. Objects are moved around,









a vessel, and these objects are vessels. So I see skulls and these objects as like spiritual telephones to other dimensions, and with my own art I'm trying to do that as well; I'm trying to make connection points between this world and other ones."

Bruce's art consists of entangled arrangements of bones; forming remains together into new shapes while always respecting the material itself; he doesn't alter or paint his bones: he revels in and celebrates their brittle and bleached glory.

While Bruce says that some might think of him as a little-known contemporary artist, he's really "not interested in contemporary

objects leave, objects arrive, but the museum itself remains. "Sooner or later," Bruce says, "everything in here might get recycled; it's constantly changing; it's always being added to and taken away."

Bruce's Museum of Natural Mystery is really cool. Check it out. It's a ten-minute walk from campus, at 61 Royal Terrace. It's open 10am-5pm Friday-Sunday. The entrance fee is \$5. Bruce's book, Seeds of Life - The Bone Art of Bruce Mahalski, about Bruce's art, environmentalism, and the process of ethically collecting remains, is available at UBS.



Approaching the funeral home, I encountered a woman smoking outside. Her eyes were red-rimmed, and the hand cradling her cigarette was trembling. Passing with my eyes respectfully downcast, I entered the pastel-coated reception of the funeral home. Staff member Chester materialised almost immediately, his soft footsteps barely betraying his presence. I guess when you work with the dead and the grieving, you become really good at stealthing around silently.

Dressed in a dark shirt and tie with grey suit pants, Chester led me through a hushed labyrinth of hallways. There were many closed wooden doors behind which families were no doubt being comforted by staff.

Chester had studied law, health sci and commerce, but nothing had stuck, so decided to take a break from study, find a job and save some money.

He went along to a WINZ work seminar where he was confronted with an odd question: 'what are you like with dead bodies?'

- ENU

A local funeral home was looking to hire an assistant

By Chelle Fitzgerald

<u>What it's like</u> <u>to work in a</u> <u>funeral home</u>

К

with a bit of IT knowledge, so Chester started almost immediately. Initially his job was just IT stuff, but when they realised that he was okay with it, he was moved into mortuary."

Leading me past what looked like a clean lab entrance, I ventured in a loud whisper, "is that, you know ... the morgue? What's it like the first time you see a dead person?"

Chester chuckled. "In movies, it's always some dimly lit room – well it's nothing like that. It's a really pristine, bright place. The first person I saw was a man with blood all over his face. I walked in, felt sick instantly and had to leave – they say you always remember the first dead person you see. He was under a sheet, and one of the mortuary technicians pulled back the sheet to expose his legs and said, 'look, it's just legs, it's ok, you've seen legs before.'"

Passing through another door, I suddenly

found myself surrounded by what looked like a hundred coffins. It was surreal. Immediately, I blurted out, "HAVE YOU BEEN IN ONE?"

Almost as quickly, he shot back, "I have. I've had it screwed down on me".

"Was it a dare at work drinks or something?" I joked. Laughing, Chester shook his head.

"I'm usually the person who makes up the caskets. And I thought, I make so many of these, I have to know what it's like. They're not comfortable. They usually have a mattress which is about an inch thick, but this one just had plastic lining with a very rough pillow. I said, 'look, I NEED to get in and you NEED to screw it down'. I was like, I HAVE to do it." He paused, recalling the experience.

"So I got placed in one, and sure enough, you hear the drill going six times. It's incredibly dark. I tried to take a photo but when you're lying down there's just no room to move. It's incredibly dark and lonely and scary and I wouldn't want to spend much time in there. But it was a good experience, because now I know what all the dead people go through. I think I'm the only one at work who has ever been drilled down into a coffin."

Trimming the caskets is one of Chester's

If you let the pressure get too high, the blood will shoot out and hit the wall



usual duties, and this involves lining them and fixing handles to the sides. Another task that crops up often is a trip to the hospital. "You go underground to the mortuary in the hospital, there are four big fridges – the police fridge and three others, which are walls with drawers. You sign them out from the hospital and you bring them back in the hearse for embalming and their service."

Intrigued, I asked about embalming. Embalming the dead is a standard procedure carried out by funeral home staff, and Chester is currently learning the art of preservation. Embalming fluid is injected down through the femoral artery in the right leg, and as that happens, pressure builds up in the body, so the jugular vein must be nicked to relieve that pressure. "But if you let the pressure get too high, the blood will shoot out and hit the wall; I haven't seen that happen yet, but it's common enough. Before that first leg is embalmed, it's usually a pale grey colour, but then it turns back into a normal coloured leq. So in the space of about 20 seconds, you watch this leg come back to life."

Chester considers himself truly lucky, as there are only around 800 people in New Zealand working in the industry. "Funeral workers look so normal, if people in the supermarket knew that you'd just glued a skull on, or put a face back together, they'd freak out."

I positively dived at this. "In what context are you gluing a skull on? And what are you gluing it on to?"

He laughed. "If someone's been post-mortemed at the hospital, they'll take the organs out. They'll remove the brains, and take the skull off and we'll put that back on and close it up. They do an incision around the back, but they'll fold the skin right forward – you can almost fold someone's forehead over their eyes and detach all that. The pathologist will take out each organ, and with this massive blade, like a loaf of bread, he'll cut it into very thin slices to examine.

They say you always remember the first dead person you see

Then it gets put into a viscera bag, all together with the other organs."

"One of my jobs is where you put it into a huge sink and cut it up into smaller pieces then add all this embalming fluid. It's quite fascinating cos you can put your hand in and in one handful you'll have their brain, their heart, like a pick 'n' mix. It's quite bloody and messy but you can tell the organ pieces apart, it's different matter with different weight and textures."

Because I'm incredibly morbid and creepy, I ask Chester to describe some of the more unusual causes of death that he has seen.

"Burn victims are the most interesting. Like the people of Pompeii, you just see the outline. When you see the charred remains of people, that is just incredible. You'd think they would smell bad, but it's just like a barbecue. It's not nice, but it's not bad. The smell really clings to your clothing. I made a very rookie mistake once; I went home and jumped into bed without showering. I woke up in the morning and could smell it on my sheets — it was such a bad decision."

As I sat there digesting this jarring imagery, Chester moved onto the strangest death he has ever heard of. "A man was driving and some object flew in the windscreen, went straight through his face, and disappeared through the back of his car. They never found out what it was, but assumed it was a piece of metal. The people at work had the job of putting him back together for the viewing. Seeing him before and after having such an impactful force going through his face and then still having him be recognisable for his loved ones is a true testament to their ability with makeup and reconstruction. That would be for me the freakiest thing I've ever heard about – an actual freak accident. Definitely not your normal work day."

Makeup is a big part of the mortuary process. "It's incredible. I was blown away when I first saw, for example a car crash victim, just how much you can hide with makeup — it's like magic, really. They actually have makeup lines for cadavers. I found that hilarious when I first found that out. I think normal makeup is meant for warm skin, so this is for cold skin. We have very extensive makeup kits at work."

As with all jobs, there are definitely downsides. The smile fading from his face, Chester explains the worst part of the job. "Babies are the saddest part. It's very rare thankfully,



because it's just awful. That's a very hard day at work, when a baby dies —I've only seen one baby and it's been heartbreaking to see someone who didn't get to live to the same age we are. That was really tough and I don't think you get used to it."

Chester's colleagues commence each day with a team meeting. "I think it's really necessary when you're surrounded by so much sadness and unhappiness and grief; it's good to be able to come together as a team, to combat all the horrible stuff we deal with," Chester explained. "It's nice to start the day knowing we've all got each other's backs." We softly made our way out of the coffin room toward the garage.

One thing Chester enjoys about the job is "the intrigue – no two days are the same. It's morbidly interesting, and it definitely challenges you in many ways". The best part though, is "being able to make people happy, or give them closure, and allow them to heal. It teaches you a lot about empathy and sympathy. Even though you can't imagine their exact grief and loss, you can try. And that ensures that you can do the best possible job for them." Chester's sincerity was evident as he continued. "For the people we have, we'd cross mountains for them, to give them back that little bit of happiness in the ocean of grief that they're in at that moment. You'd really go a million miles for them; nothing's too big of an ask."

As we quietly entered the dark cavernous garage, we found ourselves surrounded by gleaming black hearses.

Chester briefly paused to flick on the garage lights before summing things up. "If you'd asked me in the past, I'd have said 'never in a million years'. But now I wouldn't have it any other way. The word "boring" doesn't exist when it comes to working in a funeral home."

Nadia Reid By Jamie Green

unedin's own folk singer/songwriter Nadia Reid has been described as the saviour of folk music. Dave Dobbyn called her "spellbinding," "transporting," and "inspiring". Her second album, Preservation, was ranked No. 2 on Mojo Magazine's list of the 50 best albums of 2017. Jamie Green caught up with her before her Dunedin show on the High & Lonely Tour

The last few years have been quite big for you. How do you find success and how do you find life within this murky industry?

I don't let myself really think about it too much. I guess the biggest thing that's changed is that I get to focus 100% on my art and I have a lot of time. For a musician or an artist the most valuable thing is to have time to create. Sometimes in the early years I had to work and that really hindered my processes. It's a tough question. Nothing's really changed. I think if I thought about it too much or got tangled in all the success or whatever, I think I would get.... I've just got to not think about it.

What is success? How do you quantify it personally?

I think the way I measure it is sort of seeing my shows grow. Doing a New Zealand tour and having 90% of those shows full is really important to me. It just indicates that this work is of value and it's meaningful to people. Other things like awards and reviews you've just gotta keep it at the sidelines.

You've been touring New Zealand a bit lately, and your Dunedin show is this Friday July 20 at Fifty Gorillas. Do you get an itch to perform?

I've been playing heaps actually, I don't even know why I'm going on tour. But I do [get an itch], that's kind of what it's all about.

Some of it is just needing to play and keep playing. My band and I did a couple of festivals, we went to Australia and I thought it would be good for us to have another little run before going on to make album three.

You get the itch to play, then you play for long stretches, do you get the low after that? Like 'oh jeez I've played heaps I can't be bothered right now'?

Yeah there are definitely cycles. Like last year when I got back from Europe and I'd been there for two months I felt really depleted. Because there is a lot of energy output touring and playing, you need to have a break otherwise you'd lose the plot. I had a bit of a break, and coming back to Dunedin was part of that, just to lay low for a bit.

In your line of work, which first and foremost is writing a song – putting the bones together and covering it with skin and muscle and whatnot. Do you need to be in a place like the comfort of a home for that?

I actually find the road a pretty good place to write. I think I need both. Like seasons in my hometown then seasons on the road and travelling and experiencing different things, I definitely need both. Otherwise it would get really boring.

What's been the fodder for new songs? Because in the past it's change and love found and lost and moving on, that's always been really important for your songwriting.

It's pretty much the same thing I guess. I'm a little bit older and maybe smarter and wiser.

Have you ever sabotaged a relationship just because you've got writer's block? Like "shit, I need something to write about, I'm gonna make this relationship real bad".

No... well it had crossed my mind. No, no, no, the answer's no.

I was surprised about your decision to play at such a small venue. I reckon you could have played at the town hall.

Well, maybe. I guess this tour isn't really about playing the big halls. I mean I'm playing in a wine cellar for three nights but I've got a deep history with that place. These shows are more about being with the people that want to be there. I want them to be intimate shows, you know? I only want 200 people to come. But also, there are not actually a lot of other venues for 300-400 people.

A lot of artists I think sometimes get recognition relatively instantly. Do you feel like that or do you think everyone puts in the hard yards?

I think you're right, I think some people have to work harder than others. And that's unfair, but that's how it is.

I mean I guess when you get to a point where this thing now is sustainable and is my career, it feels like I've worked for it, you know what I mean?

I just became obsessed and never stopped. Which is kind of what you need really.

Being Maor at Otago University

By Taylor Terekia

Being a fresh Māori navigating through University, I had a tough time dealing with identity when I arrived at Otago. In first year I was so overwhelmed by white non-Māori people I thought I was going to lose my reo, my culture and tikanga. I mean, I was already losing my tan and turning pasty in this freezer of a town – so I was afraid of change in every sense.

But I was blessed to have found an abundance of Māori support on campus, and had nothing to worry about (except for my tan, R.I.P). I can write assignments and exams in Māori, annoy Aunty Pearl and the Māori Centre staff when I miss whānau, and have a safe haven in the form of Te Roopū Māori. Because of all that and more I can confidently call Otago my kāinga rua.

So while I am comfortable enough living here, I was having a revelation in classes. Studying made me more critical about the state of Māori across the board – low education, poor health, drug abuse, high prison rates, shit housing, low employment, dying language, treaty settlements, youth suicides, I could go on. I started asking myself questions: what can I do to turn these concrete tables that force my people and culture to suffer? Why is institutional racism a thing? Why do these problems exist in the first place?

So in the small ways we can, many of us young Māori come to University to try and close the gaps, to turn that damn table. Being Indigenous to this land and treated as the Black Other we feel the impacts of colonisation keenly, and no shit it makes me mad as hell. But I can recognise where change is slowly happening, like when people want to incorporate reo Māori on signs and ask you to perform pōwhiri for important guests. But while this is the shiny side of the coin where society is embracing multiculturalism, I am afraid of the other side that calls o800-Dial-a-Māori when it suits their needs but continues to ignore ours. It's frustrating finding a balance between trying to be a strong leader for your people, and a token native to others. So this is my challenge to my Māori peers: remember the words of Tā Apirana Ngata and continue to use the tools of the Pākeha as a means to sustain you, while holding firm to your Māoritanga. For my non-Māori peers, I implore you to open your mind to Māori, our culture, our struggles and our strengths.

Through my ups and downs at University one thing I know for sure is that "nā tō rourou, nā taku rourou ka ora ai te iwi" ("with your food basket and my food basket we will all thrive").

It's 2018 and I ain't no Jacinda but let's do this.

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Rākau

My ancestor advised his descendants You were born with two hands to use Hold your rākau and maintain independence And use theirs to deflect the abuse

Racism, cultural appropriation... 'don't be sensitive, we're joking around' Words louder than your inaction God defend all, except for the Brown

Being Māori isn't something to envy At least that's what your media portrays Yet my survival will be my legacy Like the land, it will remain for all days

I am a rākau, my roots here run deep But your words make my ancestors weep

By Taylor Terekia

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CRITIC REVIEWS

FOOTBALL WORLD CUP

By the time of publishing, all of the English fans will finally have shut the fuck up, as football is not coming home. Harry Kane will continue to be a mouth-breathing peasant, Jordan Henderson will be back to being robbed on a daily basis in Liverpool, and Neymar will almost have finished rolling all the way home to Paris from Moscow.

A few thoughts:

1. VAR has been a fucking joke. I was all for the introduction of goal-line technology, but VAR has been a step too far in the wrong direction. It seems to give the referees an excuse for indecisiveness and/or incompetence, and it takes away from the true beauty of football – simplicity. Rugby is already being ruined by its TMOs, and VAR provides ominous signs that football is going to follow suit.

2. Neymar could be Brazil's first duo-Olympian. This was meant to be the tournament where Neymar signaled that he was ready to take the throne from Messi and Ronaldo, but all By Charlie Hantler

he managed to achieve was worldwide hatred. He spent more time on the ground than he did putting the ball in the back of the net, and all he scored was an underwhelming quarterfinal exit. Mbappé the ninja-turtle's emergence for France suggests that Neymar may well miss the boat to ever win a Ballon d'Or. He'll be fizzing for a dip in the pool with the national diving squad, though.

3. Russia definitely held a few hostages. In all seriousness, this was one of the more impressive runs in the tournament by a host nation for some time, as the Russians played some beautiful football in the face of predictions of group stage elimination. Unlike the Koreans and Japanese in 2002, they did it free of corruption (but watch this space).

4. Belgium and France show the future. Unlike the England team of the mid 2000s, both of these nations look like they actually might make the most of their golden generation. Despite being a piss-poor manager with Everton, Roberto Martinez has really got this Belgian unit hissing like a breather on a quarter-pinger at Macky Gee, with De Bruyne pulling strings from deep, and Lukaku, the man who had to be ID'd in Under 16s football, finishing more clinically than a fresher at the Col after half a slab of Diesels. France have had the emergence of Kylian Mbappé and the chemistry of Griezmann and Pogba largely to thank for their results, and either team is thoroughly deserving of clutching the trophy (unlike Golden State, you fuckwits).

5. Luka Modric is a Ballon d'Or dark horse. Modric has done absolute bits for Croatia in the motherland, on the back of another outstanding season for Real Madrid in Spain. He's been running the midfield like a magician, and however Croatia's tournament ends from here, he's been up there with Mbappé as the outstanding performer of the tournament. It's common knowledge that the true Ballon d'Or winner is the dude who stands on the podium alongside Messi and Ronaldo, and so while Ronnie probably wins another one (fuck off, Khaled), Modric gets a bronze there to put on his phenomenal CV. How different his career would have been had he never left Tottenham, who have won absolutely fuck all since, by the way.


By Lisa Blakie

Hey buds, you know what's weird? Sex. You know what's weirder? Sex in video games.

Sex is a reward mechanic. Traditionally, there has not been a history of discussion of consent prior to sex rewards in games. Players assume that sexual rewards will always be given after performing tasks. It does not have meaning other than acting as a trophy.

Recently, a subversion of this has become popularised, where consent and sex are intertwined in the gameplay. Sex is not the reward, it's the agreement. Realistic Kissing Simulator, Ladykiller in a Bind and Consentacle are a few that have been highlighted in games media. One creator I want to highlight who also ensures that this is an integral part of intimacy is Robert Yang. Yang is by trade an academic but creates his own games which are all free to play and mostly focus on gay sex and sexuality.

Hurt Me Plenty is a game where you agree on terms with your partner before spanking them. My first run through I didn't spank him enough, he wanted me to go harder. As a total normie, this made sense, I wasn't sure when I was meant to stop so I stopped when I thought it was appropriate instead of listening to my partner's wants. However! I still got the chance to rub his back and listen to how he felt after the spanking ended. Yang has stated that if you ignore your partner using his safe word and continue to spank, the game can lock you out for weeks. This is a game where your actions have meaning and consequence! Incredible.

However, Yang's games have been historically banned from being played on popular streaming service, Twitch. What's even more bizarre is that they censor his content without any attempt at communicating this to him.

Another one of Yang's games, The Tearoom, is a fuck you to this unabashed censoring. His content is sexy and it's gay and while he stuck with these themes in The Tearoom, he did change one thing. The dicks in the game are guns. It is described as a free "historical public bathroom simulator about anxiety, police surveillance, and sucking off another dude's gun".

Because video games love guns right! But definitely not dicks, especially in a sexual tone. So GOD FORBID we see a historical account of violent homophobia in the United States. Absolutely not. Disgraceful. Never mind the history of unrealistically hyper masculine bodies, sexualised bodies and low-poly titties. That's fine. Butts? All good. Pornographic sex scenes? Totally fine. In fact, rape is more commonly depicted in video games than a flaccid dick. This game is absolutely worth playing, the guns start as flaccid and flesh-coloured and as they harden, they appear to become more gun-like. It's a look at how police used cameras in bathrooms to "catch out" homosexual acts which were illegal at the time.

Rinse and Repeat, Succulent and Stick Shift are a little more obscure, focusing on eroticism rather than sex acts themselves. Stick Shift lets you change gears in a car, gently arousing it. Rinse and Repeat lets you wash a dude in a shower. Succulent lets you stick an ice block in a topless dude's mouth. Do these sound bizarre to have in games? Of course, because historically games have had little, if any, attempts at exploring these themes. However, films, books, and television series all build on this. Tension, foreplay, consent; it's the build up and intimacy being celebrated and explored. These are just a handful of games attempting to explore sexuality and eroticism in a way that isn't simply "press x to cum." It's funny, it's uncomfortable, it's heart-warming and it's exactly what games culture needs.



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DOWN

- 1. The order/disorder of a system. (7)
- 2. Host of Project Runway. (5, 4)
- 4. An obsession with eating only foods that one deems to be healthy. (10)
- 5. Vodka + tomato juice + spices = _____ Mary. (6)
- 6. Common material used to make fishing line. (5)
- 8. Of the heart. (7)
- 9. Jacinda Ardern's baby. (4, 2, 5)
- 10. Oxford's rival university. (9)
- 13. Legendary wearer of the Chicago Bulls number 23 singlet, Michael _____. (6)
- 14. NZ law firm under current scrutiny for unprofessional behaviour. _____ McVeagh. (7) 16. Otago University's marine research vessel that frequents the Auckland Islands, the
- II. (7)

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ACROSS

- 3. One thousand-millionth of a second. (10)
- 7. Scholionophobia is the fear of _____. (6)
- 11. Classic NZ sheep fencing wire, number _____. (5)
- 12. The branch of chemistry and physics dealing with heat transfer. (14)
- 15. The yellow caravan selling delicious treats outside UBar, Hussey & _____. (6)
- 16. The period directly after the big bang, _____ epoch. (6)
- 17. Shinbone. (5)
- 18. Animal that cannot jump. (8)
- 19. Rhodes and Fulbright scholar and former Critic feature writer, Jean _____. (7)

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Mr Sandler, Bring Me a Dream

A review of every bloody Adam Sandler film: The Wedding Singer

By Henessey Griffiths

In the last review I wrote, I talked about how Adam Sandler's filmography can be divided into Old Age and New Wave. After diving into New Wave Sandler with Grown Ups, it seems only reasonable to take it back a notch, to let's say 1985, to examine peak Old Age Sandler. That's right, after a lot of requests for this film (thanks Emily and Theo x), it's time to watch the classic Sandler hit: The Wedding Singer.

Now, I feel like a bit of a fake Sandfan since I'd never actually seen this film before, but much like that can of Diesel that's been in your flat for months, it's only grown better with age. The Wedding Singer is about Robby, a prime wedding singer who was soon to be wed himself – until his bride to be left him at the altar. He then develops feelings for a waitress named Julia, who is getting married to her fiancé Glen after years of waiting. However, Julia's fiancé has no real interest in her, and spends most of their relationship having affairs without her knowledge. Robby and Julia start to gain feelings for each other and get confused by love and then find out about Glen's affairs and you get the drift.

I can't believe I'm actually going to say this, but here we go.

I genuinely enjoyed this film.

For probably the whole time throughout my column, this is probably the first Adam Sandler film I thoroughly enjoyed for a mixture of reasons. Firstly, the film seemed so nostalgic even though I'd never seen it. It reminded me of those films you'd see late on Saturday night on TV2 before your parents got home from the pub. Secondly, the soundtrack was sick as. It has all the classic bangers you only hear now in the depths of Suburbia. But what really stood out was how pure Sandler actually seems.

It's so nice to watch as Sandler seems so genuine in the film. He's not an empty shell of a Netflix Original like we see him now, but rather an actor that is excited to make this film. The

plot for this film is actually wholesome and doesn't rely solely on crude and offensive humor. Although it is seemingly basic in the sense of a forbidden love story, it's been done so well that it actually makes you captivated watching. Maybe it's how innocent Drew Barrymore's character is, but something about their chemistry actually made me feel something. Like I genuinely started tearing up at one part and had a reality check about Adam Sandler. There are so many well-defined characters and cameos that actually help the film progress rather than just being plot filler. And I just can't get over Adam Sandler's acting. He actually seems like a likeable person, someone passionate about his role and not just thinking about his paycheck from the film.

I'm honestly lost for words. I really liked this film, and I miss the Old Sandler. Adam, if you're reading this, it's not too late. Please go back to this style of humour.

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Let's Talk About Syphilis

By Doctor Sash

Back in the day, syphilis was one of the most common sexually transmissible infections (STIs), with around 1 in 10 people contracting it. Without treatment syphilis can kill, in fact it was responsible for the deaths of Oscar Wilde and Al Capone. Thankfully along came penicillin, which can cure the disease! Sweet!

BUT recently there has been increase in the rates of syphilis because of unprotected sex and a lack of testing. These rates are particularly high in men who have sex with men.

The Basics

Syphilis is a bacterial STI that can be treated and cured. Syphilis is spread through contact with a sore called a chancre during oral, vaginal, or anal sex. Syphilis can also be passed to a baby from an infected mother. Left untreated, syphilis can cause serious problems and increase your risk for HIV infection.

Symptoms

Symptoms occur in three stages: primary, secondary, and latent/late stages. Symptoms of syphilis usually appear about three weeks after infection. In the primary stage, there is typically a single chancre that appears at the site of infection. It is firm, round, and painless. The sore lasts a few weeks before healing. Although the sore will heal, you need treatment to avoid secondary syphilis. Untreated syphilis also increases HIV risk because sores may allow HIV to enter your body more easily.

During secondary syphilis, a non-itchy rash usually appears on the palms of hands and the bottoms of feet. The rash will clear on its own, but you will move into the latent stage of syphilis without treatment.

Latent syphilis begins when all symptoms go away. Latent syphilis can last for years if left untreated. After one year, it is called late latent syphilis. During this stage, internal organs may be damaged and cause paralysis, heart disease, and even death.

Syphilis is often called "the great imitator" because there are many possible symptoms that look like symptoms of other infections.

Protection

The only way to completely avoid syphilis is to not have oral, vaginal, or anal sex. If you are sexually active, use latex condoms to lower your risk. Even with condoms, you can get syphilis if you come in contact with sores not covered by condoms during sex.

You can also reduce your risk by encouraging sex partners to be tested and treated for STIs.

Treatment

Treatment is usually a single shot of penicillin.



Hey Team

My name's Sash and I'm a human who happens to be a doctor. I'm always live Mondays at 8.30pm NZ time. So, jump online and ask me anything.

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How To Be a Less Shit Cook

G nocchi has got to be just about the most filling thing on the face of the planet. No matter how much you think you're gonna need, you're going to be feeling like UBar on Wednesday before you get halfway through your plate.

The thing about gnocchi is that you can pretty much substitute it for any pasta. Chuck it with tomato, or pesto, or a cheesy garlic & spinach type operation. Make the sauce exactly the way you normally would, then chuck these beautiful potato bites in to make yourself look like a fancy gourmet chef.

You can buy gnocchi for like \$5 at the supermarket, which is OK. But you can make a massive heap of it at home for practically no money; it's a sick option when you've got a bag of potatoes sitting in the corner slowly growing roots. **1.** Get your biggest pot, a whole bunch of peeled potatoes and boil 'em up.

2. Strain the potatoes, and then either run them under cold water or just leave them alone and go play Fifia until they're cold enough for you to touch. Then put them in a massive bowl, and mash it up with some flour. You want it to be somewhere in the ballpark of 50/50 potato and flour by volume.

3. Crack an egg into a cup and give it a quick beat with a fork, then dump it in the mixture and stir it all through. Don't be afraid to get your hands dirty and really mash it all in together. You want to form a nice dough – add another egg or some water if it's too dry, add some flour if it's too wet.

4. Sprinkle some flour on the bench and knead your ball of dough. It doesn't need much, just a minute or so will do the trick.

5.OK, now you get to bring out your Year 2 Play-Doh skills. Grab a chunk of the

dough and roll it out into a big long snake about 2cm thick. Then chop it up into 3cm long bits.

6. OPTIONAL STEP: OK, you've put a bit of work in at this point. If you want to cut down on all that effort in the future, put a couple bags in the freezer. Spread them out on baking paper or a tray and put them in the freezer, then once they're frozen, stick them in a snap lock bag, that way they won't all freeze into a big potato-y lump.

7. Cooking the gnocchi is easy. You just grab your pot and fill it with boiling water, add some salt, and throw a handful of them in. You know they're done when they float to the top. Don't overload the pot with gnocchi, it's best just to do a handful at a time.

8. Add them to whatever pasta sauce or ingredients you're going with, and bask in your flatmates' compliments.



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Critic Booze Reviews

Atlas Super Strong 12%

G enuinely, my first reaction was a full-body shudder. I put on White Snake's "Here I Go Again" as motivation to get me through it. It didn't help.

By far the best part of this beer is the cool picture of Atlas holding up a very inaccurate globe. In a real game changer for Greek art, Atlas appears to be sporting a massive dong approximately the same size as the can, if not bigger.

Upon opening, the scent was not overpowering, and for a moment even smelt like a normal beer. I thought it was going to come out a thick, treacly black, but to my surprise and disappointment it was less Guinness and more Rheineck/water in colour.

While sipping this beer, you need a constant, vigilant awareness of your gag reflex, or you're going to find yourself vomming on the bar. Actually, I'm pretty sure no bar in the world sells this beer. You'll find yourself vomming on whatever public park/front stoop/Countdown carpark you're drinking it in.

I hate it so much. So goddamn much. It does not deserve to call itself beer. Beer has done too many good things to have its name sullied by this atrocity.

There is a leading theory among some scholars that Atlas Super Strong 12 is not in fact a strong beer, but is secretly just a regular strength wine. A number of factors corroborate this theory.

It comes in a 500ml can, which is very close in size to a 750ml bottle. Another reason it is like wine is that it is 12%, which is what wine should be/not a strength that beer can be. It also tastes just as bad (actually, definitely worse) than that three-year-old goon you stole off your grandma when you were 14. Also, if you shotgun it you will arrested for being TOO MUCH OF A BADASS.

Fuck this beer. Don't drink it. If you see a mate drinking it, call the poison hotline.

By Swilliam Shakesbeer

Taste Rating: Literally the worst thing I've ever put in my mouth/10

Froth Level: Well, the ingredients list is: Water, barley malt, maize, hop extract, caramel, and colouring agent. I couldn't taste any of the first five, so I'm assuming that the main flavour is colouring agent.

Pairs well with: Losing your job, coming home, and find finding your wife in bed with your best friend. And also your dog died.





The hopeful lovers on the Critic Blind Date are provided with a meal and a bar tab, thanks to the Ombrellos and Cello. If you're looking for love and want to give the Blind Date a go, email critic@critic.co.pz

Caitlin

About a year ago I sent Critic a drunk message. "Help! You've got to set me up on the blind date, I'm wearing out my vibrator." It only took a year, but I finally got the message I'd been waiting for. I was going on the blind date. I didn't have the time or money to pregame with anything except the three-month-old bottle of Nitro I found under the couch a couple days prior (talk about fate). I pounded half of it while my flatmate did her meal prep for the week and headed off to Ombrellos. My date was already there. I'm pretty shallow so my biggest fear was that he was going to be ugly or have no lips or something. But fortunately, he was cute and super sweet. We actually got along so well I was worried I would have nothing to write. Four glasses of Sav later, we were discussing mutual friends. He asked my opinion of one guy in particular, to which I sort of choked on my food a little bit. He took this to mean I despised the guy, so I didn't have the heart to tell him it was because I'm a hoe and I'd already let his friend stuff my taco.

He was a perfect gentleman and walked me home. Unfortunately I didn't have that feeling in my vagina to seduce him, so we parted ways and I stumbled through the door. According to my flatmate I thought he was so nice that I had to tell her twenty times. Sorry.

I'd never been on a blind date before, but I totally think it should be more of a thing. It wasn't awkward or weird, just a super fun way to meet new people. 10/10 would do again, especially if Critic is paying xx As I sat there staring at the message, I realised I had finally made it to the big league. The Critic blind date! Full of excitement I grabbed a beer and washed my balls in the sink after a long day in the office. With another beer in hand I rocked up 5 minutes early to Ombrellos.

Cam

It had a nice atmosphere and good music playing whilst I sat there twiddling my thumb and a ½. A little late my stunning looking date arrived half pissed. The conversation was lacking substance, although I learnt a lot about her. As I quickly progressed through my drinks, and my date got drunker she developed some interesting quirks, for example a fresh breeze came by the table and she NAEED like horse. Not the most fun one but the funniest.

Our meals arrived, I had a 5 star pork belly which I enjoyed greatly whilst my petite vegan date stared me down. As we finished it became apparent that there was only one of us there for the free meal. After a mindless hour about how she liked to get her hair done I made my excuses to go to the bathroom, there I rang my mate I had teed up. Told him to "mate ring me back in five say you need help burning a body or something.... I don't know or give a fuck just something".

Wouldn't you know it five mins later my mate had a mental break down.... Not a big stretch for him but hey at that point I had been thinking "maybe jail's not that bad"

I know it's sexist in 2018, but I am still a chivalrous gentleman so I walked my now intoxicated date home. Using my pre-scripted exit strategy, I motion for a hug that turned into a slobbery drunken kiss.

It was only a kiss. How did it end up like this?

It was only supposed to be a huwg ...



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