

Critic

Est. 1925

ISSUE 11 15 MAY 2017



2 NIGHTS OF fun

DESSERT & STUDENT COOKING

WITH

Chelsea Winter

Join celebrity guest Chelsea Winter over 2 nights as she shares some of her favourite **dessert recipes** (Wed 19th), and some fantastic **cooking tips** and tricks created specifically for students (Thur 20th)



DESSERT NIGHT

Wednesday, 19th July, 7.30pm

Emerson's Restaurant

(doors open at 7pm). R18.

Dessert samples, bubbles/beer, goodie bags, mini pamper sessions and Chelsea Winter!

Tickets \$50pp. (\$5 from every ticket goes to the Look Good Feel Better Charity). Available from Cadbury World, 280 Cumberland St or Emerson's, 70 Anzac Ave.

STUDENT COOKING NIGHT

Thursday, 20th July, 7.00pm

College Auditorium, Union St East

Chelsea presents tips and tricks created specifically for 'student budgets', with delicious samples and door prizes.

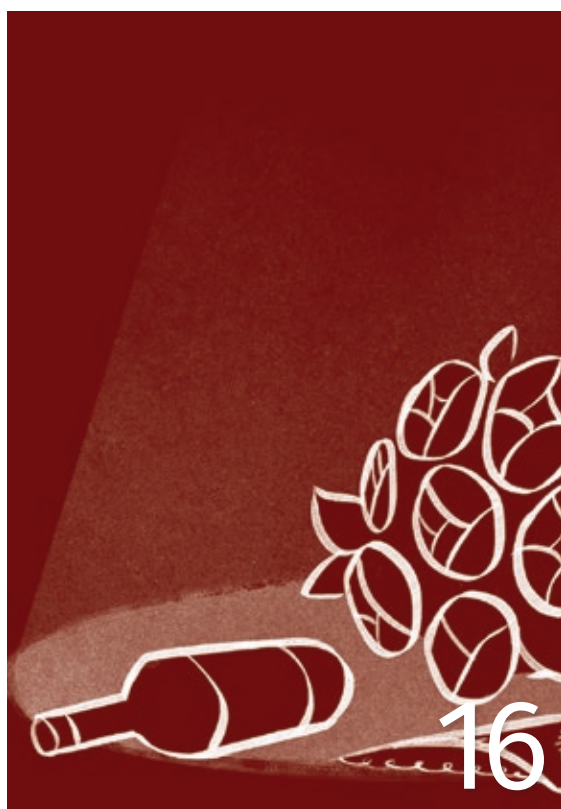
Tickets \$10pp. Bookings essential! Get your tickets now from Cadbury World, 280 Cumberland St or OUSA.

LIMITED TICKETS AVAILABLE
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DUNEDIN N.Z.

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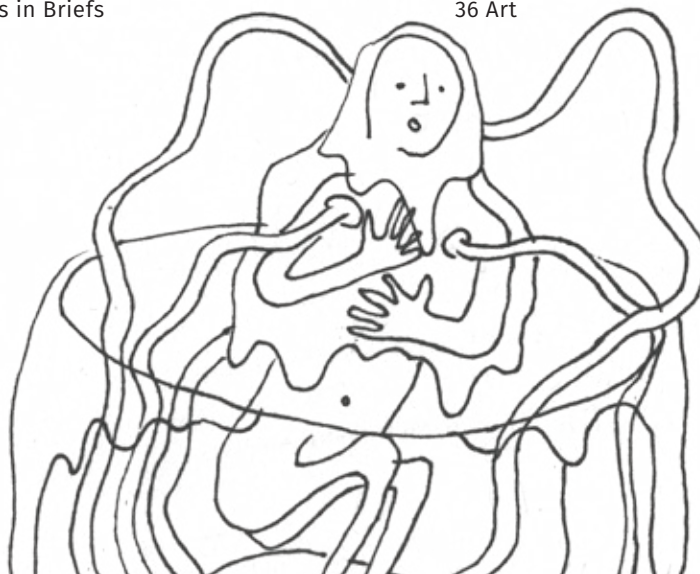
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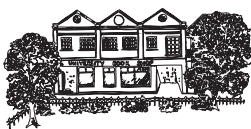
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University Book Shop



LETTER OF THE WEEK

MISSING MOON CUPS

The article in last week's critic that was 'on behalf of people everywhere with uterus' was highly opinionated, generalising all female's experiences and thoughts. Yes, sanitary products are expensive but there are other alternatives such as moon cups that are far cheaper, better for the environment and reduce the risk of toxic shock syndrome. They can be purchased for as little as \$10 and can last for up to 10 years.

It would be logical to subsidise moon cups rather than tampons because they are far cheaper and last longer. If there were to be subsidies for sanitary items, it is only fair that males receive subsidies for razors and shaving cream. The suggestions at the end of the article do not promote gender equality; they suggest that men should have to pay for subsidised items from their tax deductions. It does not seem fair that they would be forced to pay for something that they would never use.

Sincerely,
Uterus.

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



AND YOU KNOW IT

Hello Critic,

I have been distressed to see the sort of content that you allow to masquerade as 'Poetry' in your 'Poetry Corner'. It seems to me that nowadays any old string of words with pass for a poem. When I was a student at Otago, I studied the delicate and artful work of Keats and Wordsworth. I know what true poetry is, and it doesn't include alcohol related content and certainly not the words 'Naughty Goose'. Please refer your 'poets' to Frost or Auden, so they can see a real poem. Frankly, I'm not sure they've ever seen one.

Kind regards,
Athena Bear

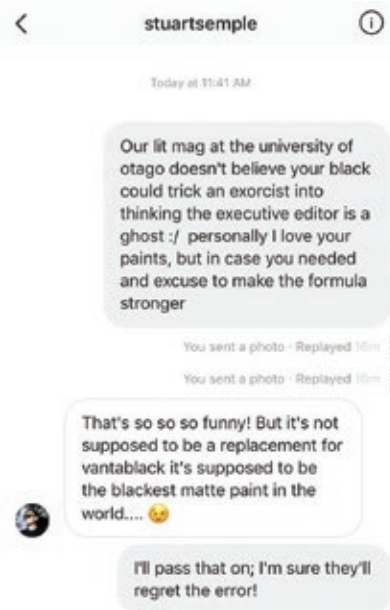
NOTICES:

SHOW US YOUR BRAIN

Pub Quizzes your cup of tea? Stuff daily quiz get you going? Love the Chase? Then you should try out for University Challenge! Trials are in ... and are on... and it is a written test.

University Challenge is a televised quiz show between New Zealand's Universities. To try out for the University of Otago team, you need to prove your worth. Trials are on Monday 15th May at 5:45pm-7:15pm and Wednesday 5:30pm-7:00pm and trialists can come any time during these sessions. The trial involves a written test and takes about 40 minutes. They are located in the Clubs and Socs building in room 3.

CORRECTIONS CORNER:



OUSA QUESTIONS FOR REFERENDA

May 29-31 2017

1. Should the Otago University Students' Association Annual Audited Financial Statements for the year ended 31 December 2016 be received and accepted?
2. Should the Otago University Students' Association Annual Report for 2016 be received and accepted?
3. Should PricewaterhouseCoopers be appointed as Auditors for the Otago University Students' Association for 2017?
4. Should Anderson Lloyd be appointed as Honorary Solicitors for the Otago University Students' Association for 2017?
5. Should OUSA financially support the redevelopment and structural strengthening of its fully owned subsidiary the University Book Shop?
6. Should OUSA directly ask the Tertiary Education Minister to, "Commit to wipe all student loan debt by 2025 and make University attendance free within five years?" and then upload the Minister's response in an appropriate form on the OUSA website as soon as practicable?
7. Should OUSA establish an online poll to determine the most offensive costume at the Hyde Street party and then publish the three most offensive costumes each year?
8. Should OUSA support the Dunedin Hospital SOS campaign to keep the Dunedin Hospital rebuild in the centre city?
10. Should OUSA lobby the University to cease development of a new animal research facility until the University has transparently consulted with students on the financial, ethical, and scientific value and implications of investing in animal-based research?
11. Should OUSA support a change of government at the 2017 general election?

Send your letters to letters@critic.co.nz



The Never-Ending Squeeze Your Parents Don't Believe In

When the time came for you to flee the nest and travel to university, you're likely to have heard your parents or guardians notice your anxiety and reassure you by saying something along the lines of, "Don't worry. Your university years will be the best years of your life." If you haven't heard this from family members, you'll no doubt have heard it in some welcome speech from Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne or the lecturer in your first lecture.

That message is so vague that it can be applied to any part of your life, no matter how miserable you may feel. When you ask your parents about the phrase after calling Studylink for the tenth time that day to get them to pay you and you're starting to worry about how you will afford food, they will predictably say, 'but you have the freedom to study anything you like, and you're free to sleep in in the mornings, have drinks with your friends whenever you want, and just have fun.'

The only problem is, it is unlikely they will have endured the grievances and pains the modern student has to deal with on a regular basis. The Labour Government, as recently as 1989, introduced university tuition fees for all students, bringing the average fee to a whopping(ly low) \$129. The following year, tuition fees saw a 969 percent increase, before the National Party won the 1990 election, and allowed universities

to set their own fees. Apart from Labour's eradication of student loan interest at the turn of the millennium, the news on the student loan front has been overwhelmingly bad. Universities now increase their fees as often as they can in a never-ending squeeze on the most important constituent part of their institutions, safe in the knowledge that we're unlikely to argue with them due to their seemingly minimal (approx. 2-4 percent) increments; it all adds up.

My point is that listening to advice is no doubt a necessary part of life, but don't believe it off the bat, just because that person is older than you, dressed more professionally, or in a position of ostensible authority. Most New Zealanders of our parents' age, won't understand the stresses of living on just \$180 a week, in the knowledge that you're racking up an average student loan debt totaling \$26,000 (some even exceed \$100,000), and with dire financial records will struggle to enter the property ladder and find time, amid the financial stresses, to engage in a system that systematically ignores them.

The truth of the matter is, the phrase is fast becoming a thing of the past, as the financial constraints that a large proportion of the student body face become tighter and tighter. Perhaps a more fitting maxim should, from now on, be: "your university years will be a struggle, and that struggle will continue for the foreseeable future, where you will spend the next few decades paying the money you borrowed back." It's catchy, right?

Joe Higham
Critic Co-Editor

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Otago University Votes To Increase CCTV Cameras Behind Closed Doors, Without Prior Student Consultation

Cameras Will Spread Outside of Campus Grounds To Residential Areas, Though Several DCC Councillors Remain Unaware of the Plan

by Joe Higham

A procedural mistake made during the latest OUSA Executive meeting (Monday 8th May) has provided Critic with an unintended and exclusive insight into Otago University's controversial plans to drastically increase the amount of closed-circuit television cameras (CCTV), the large majority of which will be located outside of the University's campus.

These plans involve implementing 60 extra CCTV cameras through four phases at a total cost of \$650,000, a figure that does not include ongoing maintenance.

The first of the four phases to be implemented (see map) will see 17 cameras being installed in the 'north zone', with five on Castle Street and seven on Leith Street North among others; the second, 'south zone', will total 10, spreading along Albany Street, Hyde Street and Frederick Street; the eastern zone, with 14 in total, include four cameras as far east as Harbour Terrace; the fourth, most numerous, and the last phase to be implemented, will involve 18 cameras, which will be spread from the top of Albany Street to the corner of Warrender Street and George Street.

Although the university has been working on this plan since at least 2015, Otago University have stated they "are still waiting to hear back from OUSA, what form they wish this to take. However, we are also looking at other ways to communicate with a potentially wider body of students who may not be represented by OUSA...Discussing this plan with Critic is one step in this process."

Despite several meetings with Proctor Dave Scott, Vice Chancellor Harlene Hayne, and weekly

communication with the Otago University Communications Office, Critic has not been approached nor spoken to in relation to this plan at any stage this year or last year. The only information we have received is that which we requested last week.

Apart from President Baird, OUSA Executive members had not heard of these plans until the meeting on Monday 8th May, with complaints being levelled at Baird for not having informed them of what Deputy Proctor Ferguson would be speaking about in the meeting.

Additionally, when asked to outline "specifically what form(s) of student consultation will be undertaken?" the university's response was: "So far, the consultation discussions we have had have been with yourself, Joe [Higham], and also with Hugh and the student reps on council [of which the OUSA President is the only one]. We are currently trying to work out a way that students can have input—probably via student media, but also further discussion with student reps is welcome."

"We would like to see what students think about the plan before we consider what we will do as a result of their feedback. At this stage, we are unsure what that feedback is, apart from a Facebook survey that has shown students may be in majority support of this initiative." Critic informed Andrew Ferguson of this survey on Wednesday last week, the day before his response.

Now that their plan to increase CCTV cameras has been revealed, some may see their sudden willingness for student consultation as being

somewhat convenient given the wider picture.

The university claim that "following a long hiatus during most of 2016", the final procedural step in this process was taken by the Vice-Chancellor's Advisory Group (VCAG), who "approved the plan in principle" according to the Deputy Proctor Andrew Ferguson. He went on to say that this "enabled further consultation to occur with the DCC, Police and ultimately students when they returned for the academic year."

"The day of the [university] Council meeting, the Deputy Proctor also met informally with the President of OUSA, and outlined the concept, kicking off a consultation process with OUSA and students", according to Vice Chancellor Harlene Hayne. That Council meeting occurred on 11 April, and though it began the consultation process with OUSA and students, Critic understands that nothing further was discussed with OUSA or students until Ferguson spoke at the Executive meeting almost a month later.

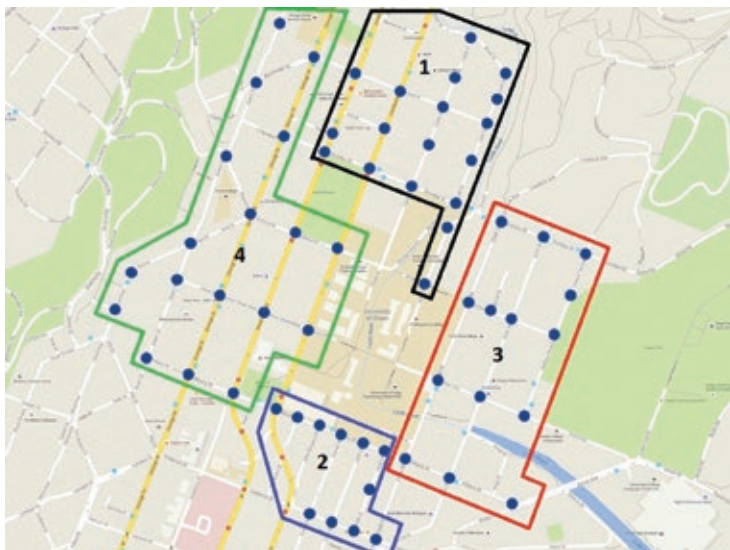
If consultation had occurred throughout that month, presumably the OUSA Executive would not have needed to call an emergency meeting to rush through a referendum question on whether they approve of CCTV cameras or not.

Critic spoke with former OUSA President (1979–1980) Paul Gourlie who disputes the claim that the university has been in contact with the DCC, claiming himself that he has spoken with a "hand-

"The jury is seemingly still out among experts on the correlation between CCTV cameras and the decline of crime rates in the surveilled area."

ful" of councillors "who have not heard anything about this plan at all."

He went on to say the failure to consult the student body before agreeing on this plan cannot possibly be true because, "It's not credible in 2017 that the university would not consult students on this issue. If this is true, it shows a small, greedy, fear-driven group have taken control of our community" and wished to remind the university that "students are not demanding this."



Map of camera locations



The group who approved this plan, VCAG, is, according to the university's website, an "Advisory Group which comprises the Senior Management Team." The group "meets twice monthly to consider strategy, policy and current projects and issues."

The information provided on the University's website for VCAG is minimal, with meeting minutes not being available publicly. When Critic requested the VCAG minutes for the meeting in which this CCTV proposal was discussed and voted on, a screenshot was provided of the one agenda item, which read: "Received and Discussed. Endorsed a recommendation from the Chief Operating Officer that formal consultation commences covering the project as a whole".

What The Next Week Holds

OUSA held an emergency meeting on Friday morning with the aim of drafting a question or set of questions to add to the upcoming OUSA referendum.

OUSA President Hugh Baird said that "As an executive it's our intention to take the matter to the student body in the upcoming referendum to declare a clear mandate of the position of the students in regards to the cameras and to hopefully gauge the students' concerns."

Where They Stand On The Effect of CCTV Cameras on Crime Reduction?

The jury is seemingly still out among experts on the correlation between CCTV cameras and the decline of crime rates in that surveilled area.

University of Otago Vice Chancellor Harlene Hayne herself has said that "We are confident the cameras just by themselves will have a preventative effect on crime, and will provide a sense of safety, as reported in other cities where CCTV is deployed."

During Baird's presidential campaign he spoke out on several occasions about how, if elected, he would "work hard to ensure Otago students rights and freedoms" and that "North Dunedin does not succumb to liquor bans, party registers or CCTV cameras."

The only insight into the student body's views on this issue is an OUSA straw poll conducted in 2016, which revealed that from 466 total votes, 52 percent were in favour of the cameras, while 48 percent were opposed to them, meaning an extra 18 people voted for the cameras than against them.

The Campbell Collaboration, in a review of 44 research studies on CCTV schemes, found that "they do have a modest impact on crime overall but are at their most effective in cutting vehicle crime in car parks, especially when used alongside improved lighting and the introduction of security guards."

According to British Home Office-funded research, "the use of closed-circuit television in city and town centres and public housing estates does not have a significant effect on crime."

An earlier independent report conducted by the British Home Office in 2005 stated: "It has been shown that the CCTV schemes produced no overall effect on all relevant crime viewed collectively."

Inspector Jason Guthrie, Otago Coastal Area Commander explained that "Police support the use of CCTV, whether they are in public areas and managed by the Council, or if business owners and private citizens use them to protect their property."

New Zealand University Students' Association President Jonathan Gee explained that "the University should be extremely cautious when planning any form of extensive surveillance, particularly in student living quarters. I would expect that the University ensures students are meaningfully consulted and made specifically aware of the purpose of the surveillance and how it might be used by the University or third parties like the police."

New Zealand Council of Civil Liberties media spokesperson Thomas Beagle said that having numerous CCTV cameras in an area worried him, explaining they are likely to cause "constraints on people", making them act in a 'middle of the road' fashion because "people behave differently when they're being watched."

The DCC were unable to respond to Critic's questions before the article went to print.



by Joe Higham

The University of Otago's Deputy Proctor Andrew Ferguson and Team Leader for Media Engagement Jo Galer were both present to inform the executive confidentially about the university's plans. Ferguson began his pitch selling the initiative to the executive, although, approximately two minutes in, OUSA President Hugh Baird said: "this is confidential information isn't it?" The meeting then immediately entered 'Committee of the Whole' (CotW)—meaning that from that point there was a restriction on reporting or speaking about anything said. For more on the university's plans regarding increased CCTV implementation, see pages six and seven.

There was discussion concerning the referendum, specifically the reasons why the results are non-binding, meaning that the executive are not bound to the result of the vote. Education Officer Bryn Jenkins said that if we want to increase voter turnout and attendance at the upcoming forum, we should make it a binding one, explaining that this would "add more weight to it." Jenkins went on to say that he had "assumed it was binding," before Hugh said "we'll look at that next time," to which Jenkins explained that he thought the general concept of non-binding referendums are

bad and by changing it we will be "leaving a better legacy for future executives."

OUSA CEO Debbie Downs provided her Operational Report for March, which details how well each branch of the association is working, which includes Critic, Radio One, Clubs and Societies, Marketing and Communications, and many others. In addition to these, there were statistics on participation in OUSA run events, including the number of visitors to Clubs and Socs in February (26,228), number of room bookings (2,159), and the attendance for the Tinie Tempah (770) and Marshmello (880) concerts.

A proposal from Bryn Jenkins and Finance Officer Cody Kirby entitled "empowering students" involved allowing non-OUSA-affiliated groups and individuals to access OUSA's financial grant system. Kirby said this initiative would "allow students the means to do something they wouldn't be able to do otherwise." William Guy responded by saying that we should be "actively encouraging students to make clubs, because if they do they're more likely to continue these initiatives - not just do one off events." Debbie Downs said that this needs to be a "very clear policy and not subjective" or it could become problematic.

University Unwilling to Speak Specifics On Future of Re:Fuel



by Joe Higham

Following the University of Otago's instigation of a management of change process (MoC), Re:Fuel's Bar Manager Scott Muir has lost his job.

This decision means the management of the bar is now under the management of the university's Conference and Events division, which will encompass all hospitality services the university provides.

Rumours were circulating following Muir's departure that Re:Fuel was going to become a student-only venue, something which the university would not explicitly confirm nor deny.

Campus and Collegiate Life Services Director James Lindsay responded to this question by quoting the university's Master Plan, specifically: "It is the Master Plan proposition that a vibrant community should indeed be a clear objective in which case a comprehensive study needs to be done to determine how this can be achieved in such a way as to complement rather than compete with the establishments and services of the wider city."

Lindsay went on to say that Re:Fuel "will be considered as part of a larger, overall strategy for the food and beverage, retail, and hospitality on campus—to create a more vibrant campus after 5pm for all campus users. A core part of developing that strategy will be consulting students."

The University of Otago confirmed that they were currently getting quotes from specialists in the industry who they hope will "ask the right questions and develop a proper strategy that will align with the Master Plan."

Lindsay concluded by saying "the development of these types of strategies is becoming very specialised, and the most efficient and effective way of developing this type of strategy for the university is to engage industry consultants who specialise in this type of project."

Re:Fuel had on average 1,600 customers per week through their doors during April, although data is not collected on how many of those patrons were students.

There has been a 4 percent decline in customers this year in comparison with the same period last year (January-April).

'Love Another Mother' Campaign Begins, Helping Dunedin's Vulnerable Women

by Anna Linton

Te Roopū Pūtaiao (TRP), the University of Otago Māori Science Students' Association, has expanded their 'Love Another Mother' volunteer initiative, which is aimed at giving gifts to vulnerable women in the Ōtepoti community for Mother's Day.

The drive began in 2016 in response to TRP identifying a large number of less fortunate women in the Dunedin region, and as an opportunity for the student organisation to help mothers in the community. Collecting donations via online charity platform GiveALittle, they aimed to reach a \$5,000 target, which would be spent on pampering gifts to be distributed by Te Whare Pounamu Women's Refuge Dunedin on Friday 12 May. Other means of

fundraising included a quiz night, at which TRP held a silent auction for donated goods and association merchandise.

Women's Refuge is a national organisation, providing round-the-clock support, advocacy and emergency housing for women and families suffering due to domestic violence. The Dunedin Refuge aims at promoting mana wahine, or the power of women, a natural partnership for the Māori Science Students' Association who aims for the empowerment of Māori Science Students.

The coordinator for TRP's Love Another Mother Campaign, Meg Paterson, told Critic that, in her capacity as Tumuaki Tuarua (Vice-President) and

accompanied by the Association Tumuaki (President) Ella Walsh, she met with Wenda Parata-Muir, Manager of Te Whare Pounamu. Parata-Muir relayed positive feedback, which encouraged the repetition of the drive this year.

Inspired by 'Helping with Handbags'—a similar initiative in the United States—Walsh stated that their motivations were "to show these women that we appreciate, love and care for them and to treat them, as their circumstances may lead to them having to make huge sacrifices for their whānau".

Successful in their endeavours, the packages that were distributed included many amenities such as beauty products and entertainment vouchers for mothers who may otherwise have not celebrated Mother's Day in such a material way.



Some of last year's gift packages:



After Hours Oral Pleasure Cumming to Campus

University tries to satisfy students with more eating out

by Joel MacManus

The University of Otago is seeking to revamp and extend its campus food and beverage offerings, with a specific focus on increasing availability and atmosphere outside of typical study hours.

A tender has been put out to consultants to provide a "campus wide food, beverage, and retail strategy. The aim of which is to maximize the relevance of services, excellent customer experience and surplus returned." This plan would potentially include leasing outlets to different providers, including branded fast food chains, though special effort will be made to develop offerings which do not subtract from businesses in the immediate surrounding area that rely heavily on the student market (so don't expect to see any more sushi shops popping up).

It is hoped that new and more vibrant dining outlets could create more of an atmosphere on

campus after five o'clock, an issue that was identified in the 2010 Campus Master Plan, "At present the sense of life and activity on campus is restricted primarily to times at which classes are being held, which means the campus is substantially "dark" at night, at weekends, throughout semester breaks and end-of-year holidays." Contractors who apply to tender have been asked to come up with a solution for this. The plan goes on to say, "One way of addressing this is to increase the retail and other services available on campus to stimulate its public use and enjoyment, and strengthen the desired sense of campus community. It would also assist security by increasing activity and passive surveillance."

The university did raise some concerns about the proposal for more after dark atmosphere, with some saying it would decrease the esteemed regard



in which a university should be held, saying that it was a "question of propriety and the desired 'character' of the campus—august institution or vibrant community?"

Companies submitting to tender have been asked to make their submissions by 22 May, at which point the campus's retail future will become clearer.

Local News

You Can **Count** On Us To Keep Workplace Gender Identity Issues **Down**

by Joel MacManus

Countdown supermarkets have garnered praise from LGBT support organisations after releasing a new policy to support employees transitioning between genders.

The policy, which has been introduced at all Countdown supermarkets, distribution centres, processing plants, and support offices allows for transitioning team members to take leave, using any leave entitlements they currently have, for any medical treatments while transitioning, without having to disclose personal medical details. Employees are also free to use whichever

bathroom suits their gender identity, decide which pronouns they wish to be addressed by, and adopt a workplace dress code which matches their gender identity, at a time that's right for them.

On top of this, employees have been provided with free access to confidential counselling and support through Countdown's employee assistance programme.

Countdown's General Manager of Corporate Affairs James Walker says that as one of the largest employers in the country, Countdown has a "Responsibility [to] ensure that we are leading our sector and are a great place to work ... We think it's extremely important that we had a proactive and clear policy around our transgender team members because no matter your sex, age, ethnicity or gender identity, or sexual orientation, we want everyone to feel supported when they work at Countdown."

Managers have been given extensive coaching on how to provide the best work environment to proactively support transitioning employees. "A lot of the feedback we received from managers and team mates was worrying about using the right language with transitioning team members, or not knowing how to approach conversations or

questions. We have several coaches who have extensive experience in helping people through the gender transitioning process, and can assist our leaders with potential conversations they might have with their teams."

OUSA Queer Support Co-ordinator Hahna Briggs praised the move, saying "I think it's a really good, positive step, especially from such a large business, to not only come out with this policy, but to do so publicly. It's a great opportunity for them to be a role model for other businesses, large and small. In terms of the policy, the areas they've chosen to focus on are really good. If I were asked by a business to give my view on what kind of strategic steps they should take [to support transgender employees], my recommendations would be very similar to the steps Countdown has taken."

When asked if there were any further steps she would like to see Countdown, or any other large companies who want to provide better support for transgender employees, take, Hahna said "I suppose one area which could be better addressed is advertising. We'd like to see companies promote more diverse images to their customers, not just in terms of gender, but in all walks of life."



It's the Party Vote that counts

 **David Clark**

The Labour Party recently released its Party list for the upcoming election. Whether as number 26 last time or number 8 this time, I'm proud to represent Dunedin North. It is exciting to be part of a team that's passionate about making New Zealand a fairer place, with the vision and talent to make it happen!

And so this year, when the election rolls around, I will be asking people to give their party vote to the Labour Party. Growing the party vote is the only way Labour will get into government, and it is the only way to be sure the talented people on that Labour Party list make it into Parliament.

What is most notable to me about the Labour Party list this time around is the number of talented female

candidates putting themselves forward for election. Priyanka Radhakrishnan in Auckland, Jan Tinetti in Tauranga, Willow-Jean Prime in Northland, and Ginny Andersen in the Hutt Valley are pretty much certain to be elected on current polling. But other talented women I have been campaigning with are also in winnable positions including Kiri Alan in Gisborne, Jo Luxton in Timaru, and Liz Craig in Invercargill. Talented fresh thinkers renewing parliament is good news for the Labour Party, and good news for New Zealand.

What still troubles me from time to time is when I find people who don't fully grasp how our parliamentary MMP voting system works. They tell me they will vote for me as their local representative (for which I'm grateful!) but they then tell me they don't know which party they should give their second vote to, as though they are obliged to send it in another direction!

The truth is that Labour first and foremost needs a sizable party vote to get those talented list MPs into Parliament, and to achieve the necessary mandate to lead negotiations that will form the next government. Giving votes to a likely support party doesn't strengthen Labour's ability to lead that negotiation, and risks playing into the hands of our political opponents.

Ultimately, it's the party vote that counts for the make-up of Parliament. And a vote for Labour is the surest way to guarantee a change of government on September 23.



Radio One 91 FM

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Labour Floats “Māori-Run” Prison Idea

by George Elliott

Last week, Labour’s corrections spokesman Kelvin Davis mentioned an idea to turn the existing Ngawha prison in Northland into one run solely on Māori values:

“A prison based on Māori values, not exclusively for Māori but for anybody, but they’ll know that the values that the prison will be run under will be based along Māori lines.”

However, Labour leader Andrew Little stopped short of declaring the idea official policy, instead saying that it was an “idea” that exemplified Labour’s commitment to “look differently” at managing corrections.

On cue, NZ First leader Winston Peters gave his thoughts: “What’s next? All-Māori criminal courts? An all-Māori police force?”

Meanwhile, Māori Party co-leader Te Ururoa Flavell said his party was “flattered” that Labour was floating the idea. Flavell says a kaupapa Māori approach to corrections is Māori Party policy.

Half of Ngawha Prison’s inmates are Māori. As of January, Māori make up only 14.6 percent of New Zealand’s population, but 51 percent of our prison population.

Emilie Rāketē of the prison advocate group No Pride In Prisons says the idea is “simply ridiculous”.

“People are not in prison just because they are alienated from Māori culture,” says Rāketē. “People are in prison because economic racism has forced generations of Māori into poverty, producing misery in our communities.”

While some National Party MPs have warmed to the idea of a Māori prison, Prime Minister Bill English says,

“It’s incorporated into our prisons where appropriate, we just don’t see the point of trying to designate a prison as a Māori prison and other prisons as non-Māori because there’s going to be Māori in all our prisons because there are too many of them.”

ANALYSIS

Lacking some sort of reversal of colonial structures by the prison abolitionists at No Pride In Prisons, I’m going to have to agree with the PM on this one.

We don’t need a separate prison system. Yes, we have varying welfare and education guidelines for Māori, but the last thing we need is spatial segregation anywhere.

There’s no total reversal of colonialism. It’s one thing to celebrate Māori values and have them reverberate throughout our prison system. It’s another to start erecting walls.

Vividly demarcating (with concrete) where one culture ends and another begins is not productive; it does not produce new futures and sensibilities that we’ll need to think past a Pakeha-Māori binary.

Something’s got to give; the prison statistics show the cycle hasn’t been broken. I’m not advocating a Don Brashian “one-rule-for-all” change and I’m not calling for old school “colour-blind” homogenised assimilation. There just seems

“the idea is “simply ridiculous”...“People are not in prison just because they are alienated from Māori culture”

to be a permeating logic at play here, where the thinking is that actual segregation (of bodies and values) is required.

Do we really want to divide the country up into (1) the Pakeha who have “family values” but no “heritage” and (2) the Māori who need a hypodermic needle of value—juice that will somehow disappear their socioeconomic position?

Emilie Rāketē reminds us of the situation ex-prisoners find themselves in:

“It is illegal to discriminate against people seeking employment or housing because they are Māori, but it is not illegal to discriminate against ex-prisoners. The mass incarceration of Māori upholds economic racism. A so-called “Māori prison” would be no different.”

If we’ve decided that Māori inmates are lacking “culture” and “heritage” then we need to incorporate Māori values into all prisons—a box I’m sure is already being ticked to some degree through the Corrections Department’s ‘tikan-ga-based programmes’. Lowering (re)offending rates starts outside of prison, in the communities that were robbed of opportunity over the past 150 odd years.

An issue in prison we could work on is the poor conditions raised in the recent Human Rights Commission report on the use of seclusion and restraint practices in the country’s prison system. The report concluded that some practices were contrary to international law.

In the independent report, University of Oxford criminologist Dr. Sharon Shalev highlighted the disproportionate use of seclusion and restraint on Māori inmates. The segregation is already taking place, as Shalev writes,

“Last year, there were 16,370 recorded instances of segregation in prisons alone. As many as 62 per cent of those segregated were Māori or Pacific Islanders.”

Even outside of prison, Shalev says vulnerable children in Care and Protection residences are locked in rooms resembling prison cells. No amount of “culture” and “values” is going to stop the rising rates of Māori inmates without change in their socioeconomic situation and without ending the sorts of tortuous techniques they and their communities are subjected to.

POST-FACT WORLD

If Truth, as conceived by some ideologists, conflicts with freedom, then we have a choice. We may abandon freedom. But we may also abandon Truth
—Paul Feyerabend
(That's a real philosophy quote)

Water is just lazy clouds

Venus fly traps are the only aliens we acknowledge from the planet Venus

Hats used to be worn on the feet but then they got wet

You can help a tired bee by cheering it on and telling it you believe in it

Despite the common misconception, sex was actually invented by Nicholas Tesla not Thomas Edison

Te Reo Māori has no letter 'S' because there are no snakes in New Zealand

You lose 80% of your body heat through your belly button

Sheep are named after the noise they make "sheep, sheep"

Trees get degrees

Gunpowder is made from powdered guns

The first book ever printed on a printing press was Memoirs of a Geisha, written by Arthur Goldman, printed in 1997

WORLD WATCH



New York, United States

A man is facing animal cruelty charges after he shot a squirrel with a bow and arrow for an absurd reason. Jonathan Mangia told investigators he shot the animal because it "gave him a look". He had earlier tried to warn it away by throwing rocks at it.

Bormida, Italy

An Italian mayor is offering people around \$3,100 to move to his village. Daniele Galliano is trying to bolster Bormida's population in response to hordes of young people leaving the village to find work in nearby cities. He has said the money would be an up-front payment, and newcomers can expect to pay just \$80 a month to rent a house in the mountainous region.

BUNCH OF FIVES



MICKEY—Health Science

- 1 Burn it or pretend I never got it
- 2 The white rabbit tattoo
- 3 Nothing, I'm a poor student
- 4 Can't believe that was even a thing
- 5 Hot fish, maybe tuna



ALASTAIR—Geology

- 1 Call my parents
- 2 Morpheus—he's a 'g'
- 3 \$5,000
- 4 1995?
- 5 A warm curry or fish pie. Just something that would stink the place out.



MAHURANGI—Microbiology

- 1 Just never reply
- 2 I haven't seen it
- 3 \$0
- 4 Never heard of it
- 5 A burger



KATE—/Physiology

- 1 I would go, but be very confused
- 2 Don't know it
- 3 As little as possible!
- 4 '80s?
- 5 Tuna for sure



TYLO—Health Sciences

- 1 Just ignore it
- 2 Morpheus—he's serious and understands the situation well
- 3 Didn't even know he existed!
- 4 '60s?
- 5 Curry

Derby, England

A son's prank to swap a photo of himself with a picture of North Korean leader Kim Jong-un has still not been noticed by his mother. The son swapped the photo by the staircase two weeks ago, and is wondering if his mum will ever see it. The photo was put on Twitter, encouraging others to post the pranks they have played on their mums.

By Jack Trevella

Q's

- 1 What would you do if you got a letter drafting you into the army?
- 2 Which Matrix character are you most like? Why? (are we inside or out of the Matrix right now?)
- 3 How much money would you pay not to meet Max Key?
- 4 When do you think women were first allowed to perform in the Capping Show?
- 5 What's the worst food you could take on an aeroplane?

ODT WATCH

To start this week the ODT has evil tidings.

Ministry declares war on fungus

Expect military conscription to start any day now.

The ODT went to see a theatrical performance this week.

Show needs more children

Thanks ODT, we value your input.

The ODT didn't stop there. They started to think about all the things that need more of something.

Australians to be more considerate

No, they won't be.

Next, this just sounds bad.

It's cheese rolls for Africa. .

And finally, perhaps the most important news the ODT has ever reported on.

Small fire put out

Don't worry, it has been put out.

By Charlie O'Mannin

FACTS & FIGURES

Ian Fleming said "James Bond" was the dullest name he'd ever heard

When customers visited the UK's first supermarkets they were afraid to pick up goods in case they were told off

The proud owner of the first silicone breast implant was a dog called Esmeralda

Thomas Edison's last breath is held in a vial at the Henry Ford museum in Detroit

In ancient Greek the word "idiot" meant anyone who wasn't a politician

Under Chairman Mao, every Chinese family was obliged to kill a sparrow a week to stop them eating all the rice. The project was ineffective because sparrows don't eat rice

The first-ever edition of the Daily Mirror came with a free mirror

In 1999, Darlington FC acquired 50,000 worms to irrigate their waterlogged pitch. They all drowned

All but one of the ravens at the Tower of London died from stress during the Blitz

By Jack Trevella

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A
MONGREL

DEBATING

SOCIETY-TEA

FIGHT

ENTERTAINMENT

The History of the Capping Show

By Joel MacManus

"Capping is a glorious time. It is a sort of annually recurring twenty-first birthday, where you feel like drinking a thousand beers and kissing a thousand girls and laughing a thousand times a day." This quote from the 1929 University of Otago Capping Book expresses the culture of Otago's iconic Capping Show; Otago students sharing in each other's success. Ever since the very first capping ceremony, students have treated graduation not just as a celebration of one person's achievements, but also as a chance to commend others and support those who have helped them along the way. In 1879 the first ever public graduation ceremony, or 'Capping', was held in the university library. Just two students were graduating, both with BAs, yet hundreds of men and women packed the library to cheer their departing peers.

By all accounts this was a dignified affair, and most of the audience was probably sober. At the time, Arts students were ste-

reotyped on campus as studious and boring. Most were tee-totallers and opposed to liquor on religious grounds.

Ironically from today's perspective, it was the medical students who were the early rabble-rousers. They took pride in their boozing and considered prohibitionism an absurd trend.

By the 1880s the 'boozers' had taken over the culture of Capping. In 1889 three thousand people packed out Garrison Hall by 5:30pm, even though the event would not start until 8:00. Students in the crowd disguised themselves in wigs and moustaches, playing trumpets, violins, rattles, or whatever they could get their hands on, loudly singing dirty parody songs. One student reportedly even brought a skeleton from the medical faculty and was striking notes across its ribcage. The rowdy crowd was unapologetically harsh about speeches they found boring – any speaker who

droned on too long was met with loud snoring and chants of "turn it off".

In 1886 the crowd was so lively that Sir Robert Stout, Premier of New Zealand, struggling to get a word in edgewise, threatened to have the police clear the hall if the students would not quiet down. But he took it too far when started issuing legal threats, saying "I see one person at the back who is making a noise. I know his name and if I am interrupted again I shall see that a summons is issued against him tomorrow". This caused a mass walkout in protest. The students eventually returned to listen to the rest of the proceedings, but made no secret of their dislike for the Premier, booing loudly every time his name was mentioned. For the next two decades Sir Stout, who later became Chancellor of the university, was subject to various pranks at graduation ceremonies. Students would perform great hakas as he arrived, and chant "we want Stouty"

as the speeches began, but when he finally reached the podium the crowd would in unison pull out newspapers and ignore him completely.

Students revelled in their ability to get under the skin of dignitaries like Sir Stout, and started to prepare rehearsed songs and sketches to perform before the ceremony. For many years the Capping ceremonies had their own theme song, 'The Carnival Chorus', which near every student at Otago knew by heart.

*We're here tonight in force
The students of Otago,
To welcome you of course,
To this – our great farrago [farrago: a
confusing mess]*

*We know we can rely on you
Your nice discrimination
And trust tonight's good-natured fun
Has won your approbation'*

“
By the 1940s
Otago was the
only university still
excluding women
from performing, a
practise that even
then was described
as ‘medieval’ and
‘prejudicial’”

The official Capping Show began in 1894, and, like all great things, it was born out of a sense of rebellion. Fed-up with the unruly mess graduation had descended into, the university banned all public ceremonies.

Without a university-run event to crash, students took it upon themselves to create their own ceremony. A haphazard dinner and a series of concerts were thrown, which REVIEW (a predecessor to Critic) described as “a mongrel-debating-society-tea-fight-entertainment,” whatever that means.

When the university bowed to public demand and reinstated the graduation ceremonies in 1898, the Students' Association decided to keep the 'Capping Carnival', as it was known, as its own independent show.

In 1899 the Capping Procession was debuted, which grew wildly popular over the years. Clubs and Colleges would construct elaborate floats and parade them down the main streets of Dunedin. Male students dressed in drag would run alongside collecting money for worthy causes. If you did not donate you risked getting a kiss from one of the "ladies". Many of the surrounding shops would close as people packed the streets to see the show. Upon reaching the Octagon, a student impersonating the Mayor would declare that graduating students now had 'freedom of the city'. Going along with the joke, many shopkeepers would indeed provide graduating students with free drinks, meals and cigarettes.

In 1903 four boys known as the "Coon Quartet" dressed in blackface and sang a number of parody songs before performing a "Cake Walk". A Cake Walk was an unfortunately common part of the Jim Crow-era Minstrel Show, in which a group of white actors in blackface would mockingly perform as black people making clumsy, foolish attempts to fit in with white people. The "Coon Quartet" performed to

rave reviews for several years. In 1912 they increased their numbers up to six singers, and in 1919 they dropped the blackface in favour of clown costumes and renamed themselves the 'Sextet'. They remain today one of the most beloved and esteemed parts of the Capping Show, though thankfully much less racist.

The Selwyn College ballet, known as the "Selwyn Sunbeams" debuted to hoots and hollers in 1928 and continues to this day, making it the world's second oldest amateur ballet troupe, and by far the oldest all-male one. While today it is seen as a sort of initiation rite that all first year boys must perform in the ballet, in the early days it was seen as a prestigious honour, and residents of all ages would compete vigorously for a place on stage.

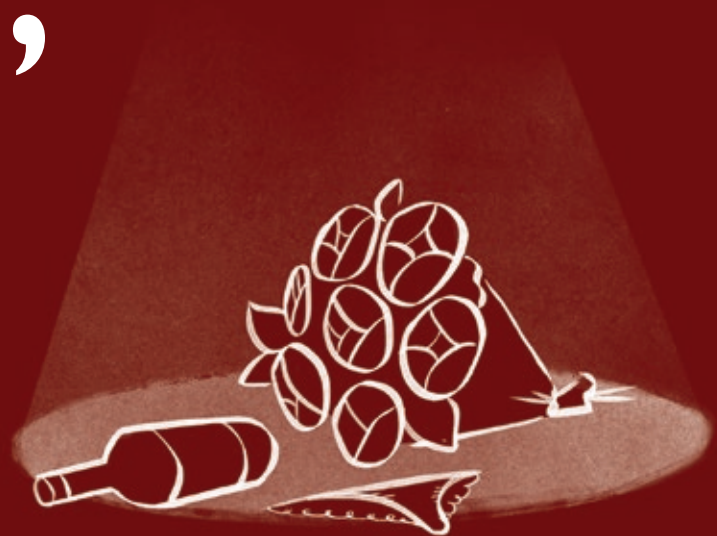
For a few years, the Selwyn Ballet was traditionally always followed by what was known as "the complete rabble". Drunk attendees from a dance which was held at next door's Victoria Hall would "simply charge through, get on stage, prance around for a bit, and then they'd go back to the dance".

The show was a hit. Students, visiting parents, and Dunedin residents all loved it, and it became a sell-out every year. In the 1920s it was consistently providing almost 50 percent of OUSA's annual budget. In 1922 the Otago Daily Times reported that 260 people stayed in line overnight waiting for tickets to come on sale at 8:00am Monday morning.

However, for all its successes, the Capping Show was disappointingly slow to adapt to the idea of gender equality. While it's hard to call the university culture or the early 1900s egalitarian by any means, it was at least somewhat progressive by comparison with the rest of the country; women had been represented on OUSA since 1902. Yet pushes for inclusion in the Capping

“

One student brought a skeleton from the medical faculty and was striking notes across its ribcage”



Show were repeatedly rebuffed. In 1907, the 'Ladies' Cloakroom', a student suffragette club, organised a successful boycott of the show after songs they deemed offensive were not modified.

By the 1940s Otago was the only university still excluding women from performing, a practise that even then was described as "medieval" and "prejudicial". In 1946 a petition was circulated to allow women to participate. The capping committee claimed they were simply trying to protect women from the "unsavoury incidents" backstage as a result of the "regrettable, but inevitable, amount of drunkenness amongst the men". The result was a minor riot at the Students' Association meeting, with Critic reporting "howls of rage" from both sides as women demanded a place in the show. After several minutes of indiscernible yelling, the motion was eventually passed.

Women were included in large numbers in 1947, but the men made it perfectly clear what they thought about it. One song from that year went like this:

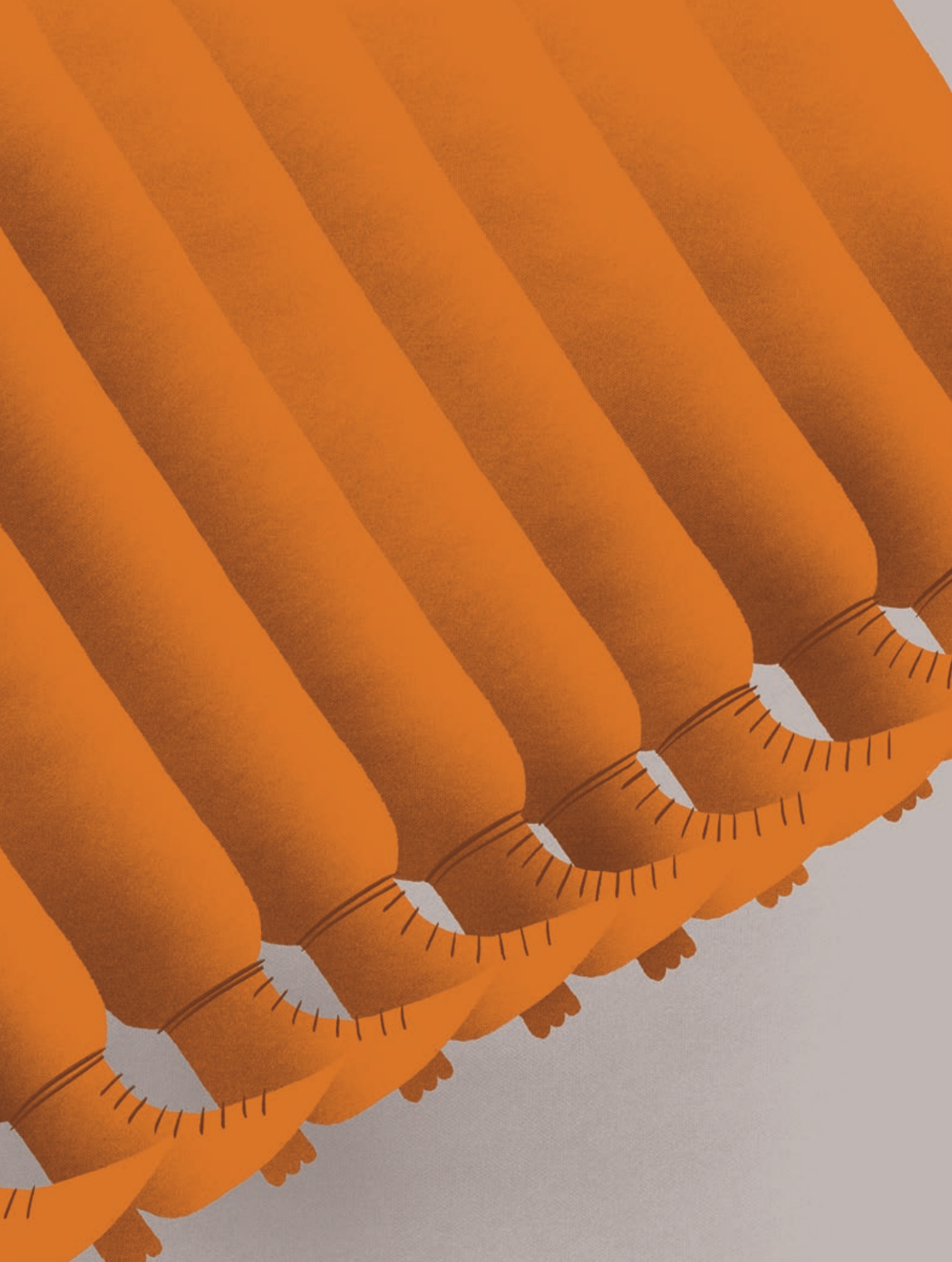
*Oh the feminists may sing
Of the improvements they bring
But the lesson that is taught us seems to
me so very clear
The ingredients of Capping
That will set Dunedin clapping
And the mixture as before, Sirs, that is,
music, boys, and beer!*

Since then of course, the Capping Show has a fine tradition of social commentary from all walks of life, and today is often among the first to mock public figures they perceive to be prejudiced or bigoted.

The Capping Show has developed and changed so much in its 123-year history.

We've lost traditions, and developed new ones and held on to some treasures. At its heart it has always been a cheeky mixture of prankster charm, deeper social commentary, and a fair amount of alcohol. The reviews from 1911 are as true today as they ever were; the show is inherently driven "by the influence of Johnnie Walker".

In 1967 the great poet James K. Baxter wrote "I have always enjoyed Capping Revue and attended them where I could - chiefly on account of their vigour and their freedom of satire, both of which the country sorely needs". It's this youthful energy and willingness to shove a middle finger at whomever they please that has borne such a long and proud history for the show. May it live on for centuries to come.



THE PRICE OF CITIZENSHIP

ISAAC YU LOOKS AT THE OTHER SIDE OF KOREAN SOCIETY AND WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A CITIZEN

Call me paranoid but airports always make me nervous. There is the ever-present fear that you might have forgotten something. That you might be late. That you might miss your flight having to go through yet another security checkpoint. And there was that one time when I was 19 when I was held in an interrogation room in Incheon International Airport before my flight.

My crime was the same as that of the 640,000 young men who are currently conscripted – that I was a Korean male of military age. The Republic of Korea (South) was forged in the bitter crucible of a civil war which has been on ceasefire since '53, with both sides signing an armistice that bisected the country at the 38th parallel – 50 miles north of Seoul – into the two Koreas we have today.

Since then, all Korean men between the ages of 20–30 are to serve in the 군대 (Guhn-Deh) the national armed services – ranging from Army and Navy to the Airforce and Riot Police – for a period of around two years (depending on the branch). For many young Koreans, the spectre of conscription hangs over their lives, as it is equal parts a rite of passage that turns boys into men, and an inescapable chore that they must do for fear of the consequences.

When your draft letter comes you have to report for a medical examination to determine what branches of the service you are fit to serve in. It is then your duty as a citizen to be physically isolated from the rest of society, with restricted access to media, and to perform gruelling menial tasks for a monthly salary ranging between 143–189 dollars for the next two years. I later found out that it was my neighbour in my apartment complex who had reported me to the authorities.

A tired looking 아저씨 (Ah-Josh-E – think stereotypical dad) walked into the room in a dark business suit. He wore no formal identification or badge but, given the gravity of the situation, I knew who he was. My interrogator. As someone born in Korea, but who had emigrated to New Zealand at the age of three, I fell into the grey zone of dual citizenship. I was extraordinarily fortunate in that I had a possible way out that didn't involve being press-ganged, or spending time in a prison cell. A luxury usually reserved for the sons of diplomats or the wealthy.

In some parts of the world citizenship comes with a cost. For 22 year old 오재환 (Oh Jae Hwan, Korean names begin with the family name), who had spent his teenage years growing up in Beijing but who identified as Korean, it meant spending 21 months in the Army's 28th Division. "The camp is placed in the front line of South Korea, so our division was defending the western border where Seoul could be attacked." For Jae Hwan, North Korean sabre rattling was more than a news headline, "On August 2015, North Korea fired a missile towards our region, so we had to shoot back to threaten them." While rumours spread that the war could be restarting at any moment in Seoul, "We were getting ready for an actual war, being put on standby for 24 hours."

While he identifies as Korean, Jae Hwan doesn't necessarily consider Korea home, "Although I was in Korea before 12 years old, I still have most of my teenage memories in China. I wouldn't really consider either of these countries to be my 'home', but I feel more comfortable and friendly in China." When he talks about his time in the Army, Jae Hwan laughs and admits that, "Many people were surprised I've done it for Korea" after all, Jae Hwan, like many Koreans who grow up overseas, had the option of obtaining residency or

dual citizenship, but chose not to, "All of my family members have finished their military service. I'm the youngest in my whole family, so I was the last to go. Although they were worried that I might have a hard time, I didn't want to disappoint my family."

My interrogator spoke to me in Korean, asking me if I knew why I was being held. Judging from his age and appearance I knew that I had three factors working in my favour: that he was tired and overworked, that his English would most likely be quite poor, and that I sounded like a foreigner. The only legitimate strategy for me to escape was to bamboozle him and convince him that I was a 외국인 (Wae-Gug-In – a slightly derogatory term for foreigner). If I could board my flight, then once the plane was in the air I would be safe.

a social stigma that could not be washed away. For the sins of my father I was ostracised by Korean communities wherever I was, whether in New Zealand or Korea. In their minds my every character flaw was inexplicably tied to me growing up without a dad, and there was a condescending pity in their voices as they spoke about me, not aware that I could understand them.

There is an irony in how the teachings of Confucius, who had stressed above all else the importance of benevolence and magnanimity, like the Christian view of charity, has been warped and reinterpreted by those who claim to practice it. It was Confucius who proclaimed the belief that those in authority carry with them the 'mandate of heaven' – so long as they act with virtue, they hold the consent of the governed and should they lose that mandate of heaven, it is your right to rebel.

THOUGH I HAD SPENT THE LAST TWO YEARS IN MY ANCESTRAL HOMELAND I HAD COME AS A FOREIGNER, STUDIED AS A FOREIGNER, AND INTENDED TO LEAVE AS A FOREIGNER

Growing up away from the hierarchical Confucian culture of Korea had forever marked me as an outsider when it came to my encounters with other Koreans. In a society that stresses blind obedience and respect to your superiors – whether they are older than you by a few days, or higher up the social pecking order – Korea's brand of Confucianism has created and justified what in practice is a caste-based society. This can be seen in the language, where different levels of flowery honorifics are used to reflect the status of the person you are speaking to, and in Korean Airlines' abysmal record of plane crashes in the '90s due to the co-pilots' tendency to not speak out against their superiors, even if it meant crashing.

In such a society, your lineage (traced from your father's side) and family are held as social markers of paramount importance and it was often these factors that dictated your destiny. For me, growing up with a single mother carried

A social contract between the powerful and the powerless. That those who demand blind loyalty and obedience need to be worthy of it first, is a doctrine that has been wilfully forgotten by many modern-day Confucian practitioners.

My decision to be a draft dodger carried with it severe social backlash. Korean males who renounce their citizenship to evade the draft are viewed by some as traitors – committing treason to the 대한민국 (Dae-Han Min-Guk – the Republic of Korea) by deserting their duty. In a country where all men are expected to serve in order to call themselves men, those who do not serve will forever be blacklisted in seeking employment within the Republic.

Jae Hwan described his experiences in finding employment after his service, "Some companies will have their own resume format, and in those resumes they will ask you if you have been to the military service or not. If not, there has to

be a serious reason [such as medical exemption, not seen as psychologically fit for duty, etc.] why you didn't serve your country, and, if not, it is mostly unacceptable." Jae Hwan thinks part of this has to do with what his time in the Army had taught him, "Most people change in a better way after the Army by learning teamwork, responsibilities, and patience. It means in Korean society; most people would prefer to hire or see people who have been in the military service rather than those who haven't."

The experience of many who are conscripted often boils down to individual attitude. While many view it as a hardship to be endured, Jae Hwan chose to focus on the positives, "I wanted to learn new things that I'd missed out on [from not being in Korea] and for some they are discharged as better people. So, I wanted to challenge myself." Despite not being particularly patriotic before his time in the Army, Jae Hwan found that his time had helped him develop a sense of Korean history and culture, although he still adds, "I wouldn't be the perfect guy to ask about Korean culture and life in Korea."

In many ways Jae Hwan was the other side of the coin – despite not feeling like Korea was his home, Jae Hwan had chosen to do his service, and used it as an opportunity rather than a cost to himself. Even though he felt as if his conscription had interfered with his life plans, delaying his university education in Australia by two years, he felt that it had helped him develop as a person.

"Everyone used to be a normal citizen, and in just one day, their identity is changed into a soldier. People get placed in random places where they've never heard of before, with random people from different backgrounds in a same place with regulations to everything they do. No one can be comfortable in such a new environment." For Jae Hwan conscription served as an equaliser that threw together Koreans from every background together and demanded that they work together for the common good.

I spoke to my interrogator in English, demanding to know why I was being held here against my will and that I did not speak 한글 (Han-Gul – the Korean language). A look of indecision passed his face, taken aback by my accent. Despite being visibly Korean here was undeniable proof that I was a foreigner. To demonstrate my point, I took out my old high school ID card to Seoul Foreign School and pointed my finger at the Korean characters for foreigner. In my back pocket, I had the paper shield of my New Zealand passport. Though I had spent the last two years in my ancestral homeland I had come as a foreigner, studied as a foreigner, and intended to leave as a foreigner.

I made this decision after my experience volunteering in orphanages in rural Korea the summer before I left. It was there I learned the price of the caste based Confucian society. Those who are orphaned – abandoned by their parents for one reason or another – are viewed as the "dust of the streets" the lowest of the low, the scions of nothing who can claim no lineage or bloodline. Growing up as an outsider had shown me the indifference and thinly veiled contempt with which Koreans treat those who do not fit within the confines of Confucian society. The pastor who led the volunteer program informed me at the end that at 18 these orphans would be cast out into the streets. With no family, they would never be accepted into universities, would never be employed by many companies and government agencies, and would be destined to be beggars and prostitutes for the crime of daring to exist.

My interrogator spoke to me in broken English, informing me that I was being detained for attempting to evade the draft and passport fraud – having not surrendered my New Zealand passport at 18 when I was legally obliged to renounce one of my citizenships. In my mind's eye, I saw the land of my birth – where if I were to walk down the halls of my ancestors I would be just as foreign to them as they were to me. A land which treated the most vulnerable members of society with nothing more than contempt for the sins of their fathers, a government which had lost the mandate of heaven yet demanded I give up my liberty as the price of citizenship.

It was a price that I would never pay.

I invoked my right to rebellion and informed my interrogator that of my own free will and volition that I renounced my Korean citizenship and would accept exile. That as a foreign national I could not be subject to the draft, nor be detained against my will in a country that no longer had any sovereignty over me. I would not serve in the armed forces of a government which had imposed a caste system upon me and many others for the crime of existence. I rejected the notion that because of the family I was born into that my destiny would be written by hands other than my own.

I severed the umbilical cord that connected me to the land of my birth, the old world, and with it set off – as many others had done before me, to the new world. To a place where I was proud to call myself a citizen. To a place where I could dream of a better life. To a place where all could meet as equals ■





1957





I Paid \$25 To Meet Max Key: An Analysis

by Henessey Griffiths

Do you ever have those moments in life where you reevaluate everything up to a point, and wonder "why am I like this?". This is one of those moments.

I paid \$25 to meet Max Key, and he pulled my hair.

Max Key is New Zealand's own Dennis the Menace and Richie Rich hybrid. As the son of former Prime Minister John Key, we have gotten to know him as a lovable scallywag. From claiming that "real men ride women" to vlogging inside of Parliament, he was the rascal first son of New Zealand.

Max is currently pursuing his dream of becoming a DJ. He doesn't care what people think, saying "they can hate me, but like the music, that's all I care about".

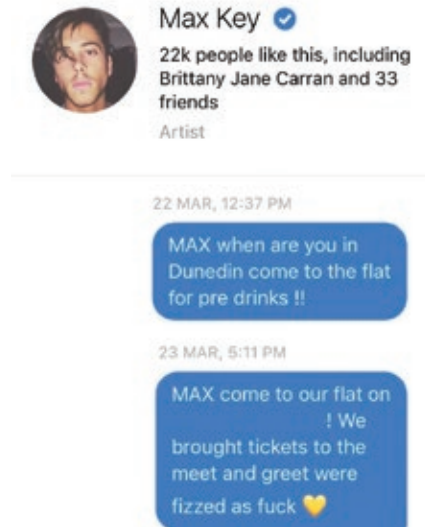
But the real question here is why was Max Key doing a meet and greet, and why would anyone go? The answer is simple. Why not?

I was on Facebook one day, and an ad popped up from Max, promoting his new single 'All the Way'. Max would be playing free shows around NZ for his #AllTheWay tour. As a poor student, I was aroused by the word 'free'. It mentioned a \$25 VIP package consisting of a meet and greet, which grabbed my attention. I mean, who would actually pay \$25 to meet Max Key and for what purpose? Then I realised it would be a good story to tell.

I asked two of my flatmates "wanna pay \$25 to meet Max Key?" to which they responded with "oh yeah alright," and the deal was done. What started off as a joke based on pure irony turned into something more surreal.

Before the meet and greet we experienced a fluctuation of emotions. Anger, confusion, ecstasy, regret, and a lot of self-reflection. We didn't know what to expect. What was Max like? Who would show up? After

What was Max like? Who would show up?



a few pre-drinks and a good dance to Robyn's "Dancing On My Own" we were ready to change our lives. But nothing could have prepared us for what ensued.

We arrived at the venue and there he was. Max Key. Standing in the middle of the Octagon in a Puma tracksuit, gold cross earring and all. We were in shock.

We shortly realised that this hyped up meet and greet literally consisted of five people. Five people. Three of us flat together and were taking the piss. Two girls drove from INVERCARGILL just for Max Key. No words could describe it.

We introduced ourselves to Max, and he pulled us in for a hug. We were surprised by how charismatic and sweet he was. His niceness threw us off as we didn't comprehend the possibility that he would grow on us as a person. We made polite small talk and he referenced the drunk messages I sent him.

He took the liberty of signing giant posters of his face as a memento of our wonderful time together. He bragged about using up six pens at previous meet and greets. We featured on his Snapchat story, and we thought we had peaked.

But then he muttered those eight beautiful words.
"Do you guys wanna be in my vlog?"

That's right. Max Key, DJ now Vlogger extraordinaire, asked us feature in his vlog. We started contemplating getting agents. This was our big break. His five person meet and greet is now immortalised in vlog form. We hit the big time. But surely it couldn't get better than this.

Author's note: if you listen closely at 0:05 seconds you can hear me scream "Daddy" at Max.



Anger, confusion, ecstasy, regret, and a lot of self-reflection.

Everyone took turns getting photos with Max, and he would pose with his typical scallywag tongue out and peace sign combo. I had one intention when getting photos with Max to help boost my social media brand. I wanted him to pull my hair.

Why you ask? Because, in 2015, a scandal dropped about Prime Minister John Key pulling a waitress's ponytail. Slowly more and more footage surfaced of John Key pulling young girls' ponytails. Everyone was so confused as to why he loved pulling hair so much. I thought, considering all the scandal around his father and ponytails, wouldn't it be funny to see if Max would pull my hair? There was only one way to find out.

So I asked, "can we get one of you pullinWg my hair?"

And, just like that, Max Key laughed and pulled my hair, no questions asked. I couldn't believe what happened. Maybe he didn't get the reference and thought I had some weird kink? But that couldn't justify why Max pulled my hair with no context whatsoever.

I was done. I couldn't process anything after that. He told me how much he loved my hair and to never cut it, and all I could manage to respond with was "YOU TOO BABE!". He destroyed his father's damage control.

He said he would consider me becoming his hype-man, and declined my invitation for shots. After one final hug, we decided to close this chapter. Once home we lay on the floor trying to process everything. The tracksuit, the people, the vlog, the hair, it was all so unexpected.

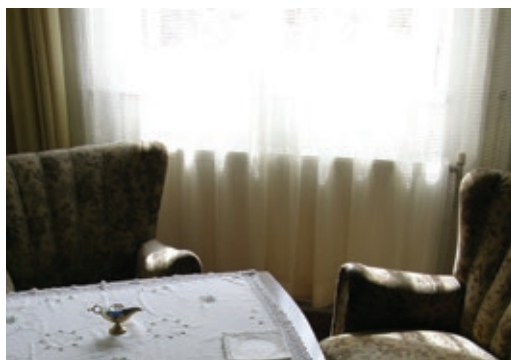
Although I lost \$25 and the respect of my parents, I gained more than \$25 worth of emotions. I truly cannot describe how bizarre this experience was, from growing to like Max Key to having him pull my hair on a Thursday evening. I am truly a changed woman.

Music

“There are words for some things—like paper bag & margarine—but not for this thing—not for this thing”

‘Non Compos Mentis’
the debut album
from I.E. Crazy

by Reg Norris



Once upon a time a younger unfamiliar version of myself left an empty buckets worth of die cast miniature cars in the long grass in our backyard. This silent convoy was uncovered by my dad as he was pushing about our two-stroke suburban Sunday soundtrack machine. Without notice, small colourful fractured pieces of automotive infancy, whipped from a standstill by rotating steel blades, tore through the catcher's hardened plastic and into raw autumn flesh. It's a faded memory but the loss of the treasured objects bypassed any feelings of guilt or remorse brought about by the fresh open wounds on my father's legs. All I know is that in the twenty years that I lived under my parents' roof I was never asked or coerced with money or such to mow the lawn.

And it was one of these days. There was activity in the backyard and the smell of freshly cut grass for me was always married to debilitating hay fever and if it wasn't garden maintenance that set it off it was the farmland that bordered our small housing commission estate. By its proximity to the nearby food cannery I had a feeling our neighbourhood was constructed primarily to house its workers. It was a floodlit groaning organism that never slept and the constant scent of cindered vegetables rarely abated. Accompanied by two friends we set off to circumnavigate the factory. We had found a narrow muddy path that traced the footprint of high chain mesh fence that bordered the facility. On our journey we stumbled upon two boys who had ventured out on what appeared to be a sewerage pipe spanning two muddy banks. One of the boys was stuck, crying and stranded five metres above a stinking ditch of stagnant water and god knows what else. We were in no position to help. We continued on. One of our party lost his watch and convinced us to retrace our steps in order to find it. The boys, the watch and our sense of time had disappeared. We returned home. The lounge was silent except for the television. In Paris bodies were being untangled from the wreckage of a black Mercedes Benz.

I remember eating breakfast as a five year old watching Challenger explode and return to earth in long arcing trails of white smoke, all the time thinking which bits are the people? It was easier to grasp and more gratifying than watching the grainy footage of a smouldering Chernobyl or watching the children's current affairs television program 'Behind the News' explain to a room of nine year olds why Iraq had invaded Kuwait and why a distant America was intervening. Ten years later my parents scolded their deranged teenage son who interrupted another bout of weekend gardening with the distastefully fabricated tale of a gunman at the Port Arthur historic site.

Martin Bryant would eventually kill thirty-six people.

Two years earlier, Ayrton Senna would crash and die on an easy curve, Kurt Cobain would top himself, and on the other side of the world, in a place that I'd never heard of, David Bain would make an emergency call

"They're all dead... I came home and they're all dead".

Tragedy is everywhere. Sometimes it appears all memory is bookended by bad experiences, so when the music publicity machine reduces music to cliché dark, challenging or difficult it's maybe only describing the conditions in which it germinated, not its production and definitely not the actually recorded thing itself. You only have to turn on the television, the radio, social media, or go for a walk to find dark. Dark is not art.

'Non Compos Mentis', the debut album from I.E. Crazy should not be celebrated solely for its dark tone and difficult subjects. That ignores the lushness of the orchestration, the crushing vocal performance—it's Annie Lennox colliding with Diamanda Galas, and it's great storytelling too. It's these elements that make this record unique and why you must own or at least listen to it. Do it. By whatever means necessary. It's ecstasy.

Late Night Theatre

Improsaurus Feud

(last Friday)

LAST WEEK AT LATE NIGHT IMPROV WITH IMPROSAURUS:

A fierce battle between Team Impro and Team Saurus issuing challenges to ramp up difficulty! From scenes in restaurants, bathtubs and 1950s Noir murders, the spirit of competition was rife throughout the show.



Netflix

13 Reasons Why



developed by Brian Yorkey

review by Laura Starling

13 Reasons Why is a recent addition to Netflix and is a show about suicide. It is centred around a teenage girl who commits suicide and organises for 13 tapes to be sent to the 13 people she blames. The show attempts to address the complications technology has added to bullying and abuse, and appears to be trying to make people think about how their actions might affect other people.

There has been a lot of controversy around 13 Reasons Why—New Zealand has even created a new classification for the show (RP18) in an attempt to mitigate how the material might impact young people.

I have heard multiple people defending the show by saying that it is important to talk about suicide and the issues surrounding it. However, this is only true if it is done in a meaningful way. 13 Reasons Why treats suicide like a chess game, as a reaction to a specific series of events. The whole concept is a revenge fantasy—maybe the kind of thinking that a teenager might have: "if I kill myself then they will feel bad." Suicide isn't being discussed in this show; it's being used as a plot point to drive a thriller and a drama. The show doesn't address the underlying issues; suicide is only there to be edgy. The controversy surrounding the show is only adding fuel to the fire—it's successful because we keep watching, the drama pulls us in, we want to know what all the fuss is about.

The only thing 13 Reasons Why actually captures is the feeling of immense guilt many people do feel when a friend or loved one commits suicide. However, the show turns around and tells you that you should feel that way. The message of 13 Reasons Why is not meaningful or helpful, and it is not a good start to important discussions around youth suicide. It's purely a teen drama focused on being a teen drama, and nothing more.

Guardians of the Galaxy: Vol 2

(2017)



directed by James Gunn
review by Maisie Thursfield
rating
★★★★★

Let's praise the Lord one more time for Chris Pratt! Although Andy Dwyer will always hold the number one place in my Chris Pratt dedicated heart, Peter Quill has come a mighty close second after the latest instalment of Guardians of the Galaxy.

In this film, we learn about Quill's heritage and we're introduced to his father in a creepy af opening scene. Creepy because it involves a 2016-aged Chris Russell making out with a much younger actor while his makeup and hair are trying (but failing) to make him look 30 years younger.

But in all seriousness, this is a movie which will be enjoyed by all types of people. Even if you don't like a single Marvel movie, you should go see this flick.

We are reunited with the Guardians just as we left them except with a much smaller, far cuter, Groot, as they are hired by the Sovereign planet to protect some valuable batteries. In true Guardian style, Rocket steals some of the batteries they were supposed to be protecting and they are then pursued by the Sovereign and crash into the nearest possible planet. The ship is in a bad way after the landing but Ego, Peter's dad, finds them and takes Quill, Gamora and Drax to his own personal planet while Rocket repairs the ship. Only of course, all is not as it seems with Quill's happy reunion and other people/aliens are after the Guardians.

Thus, we are reconnected with Nebula, the crazy blue sister with serious self-love issues and Yondu, Quill's blue foster father of sorts. There is unrest in Yondu's crew and mutiny occurs but as per usual, people should never mess with someone who can control a deadly arrow with his whistle.

The soundtrack is full of epic '80s jams as expected and Drax's literal language is not over-played. Basically, Volume 2 has it all – love, jokes, tears, giant slug monsters, redemption, guilt and reconciliation. Once again, Marvel is killing it in the cinematic world.

Personal Shopper

(2016)

directed by Olivier Assayas
review by Alex Campbell-Hunt
rating
★★★★★



It's best to go into this movie knowing little about it, so that you can be taken on a mysterious ride and not know what to expect. So I won't reveal too much. But you'll know from the title that it's about a personal shopper (played by Kristin Stewart); a 20-something who lives in Paris and does clothes shopping for a celebrity named Kyra. On its own this probably wouldn't sound that compelling, so fortunately the movie is also a spooky-as-hell ghost story.

The title character, named Maureen, is a stoic and lonely individual with a recently deceased twin brother. The two were both spiritual mediums, and had made a deal that if one of them died they would send the other a message of some kind to confirm the existence of an afterlife. Maureen is more sceptical about spiritualism than her brother was, but still hopes to hear from him. And again it's best not to give too much away, suffice to say that some scary shit starts happening.

The first half of the movie is pretty flawless, zeroing in on the central character and her increasingly eerie day-to-day life, with real tension and foreboding, all excellently filmed and acted. In the second half things start to branch off in different directions. This isn't entirely a bad thing; it makes it harder to predict which direction the film will take, and differentiates it from other supernatural thrillers. But the consistency of the first half is more effective.

Possibly the film gets a bit self-consciously arthouse-ish towards the end – there's unresolved ambiguity with certain plot elements, and I can't decide if this was cool or just a bit lazy and/or pretentious. But I'll reserve judgement until I give it a second viewing, as I expect things might make more sense upon re-inspection. One thing that can be said in Personal Shopper's favour is that it certainly isn't boring; it holds the attention firmly from start to finish. And as mentioned above, it isn't predictable either. It also provides a reminder that K-Stew can act extremely well when she has a good movie to work with.

The Travel Salad

by Liani Baylis

I'm first to admit that I am the stingiest bitch out when it comes to parting with money at crappy roadside stops. There is nothing worse than paying six euros for crusty stale bread and guaranteed salmonella—thanks, but no thanks.

I'd much rather save my money for the real goods (or duty free as the case may be) when I get to my destination, which, for this week, is Melbourne.

People get all hung up about taking food on the plane. First things first, you can really take whatever you want as long as you're not taking fresh produce, nuts, dairy, etc. through quarantine internationally. I remember my dad's face when I asked him to keep my mandarins in his carry-on from Dublin to Berlin, I thought he was going to have an aneurysm—rookie! It doesn't matter though if you're just whipping home to Christchurch for the weekend or bussing up the West Coast, or, if you are going slightly further, I've got you sorted.

The travel salad is usually presented in my Aunt's collapsible tupperware bowl ft. a lid; it has reached quasi-sisterhood of the travelling pants status by now. Alas, what I've got will have to do just this time 'round.

Scout out the local supermarket and make use of tinned legumes and veg that doesn't go flaccid in five to make a quick hearty salad on the go for next to nothing. Melbourne is absolute foodie heaven but it's not exactly the cheapest place to be living off Studylink. Lucky for us, all you need is a slither of space in a hostel fridge and this no nonsense salad is all yours.

I got three meals out of this and I managed to grab all the ingredients for \$5.60, which boosted my gin allowance quite substantially! I've made variations of this salad so many times and it never fails to get me through, even if all I had was a Swiss Army Knife to prepare it with.



Ingredients

Leafy Greens
1/2 a lemon
1 tomato, scoop out the seeds
1 zucchini, ribboned
1 can of lentils/legumes
Optional harder-than-soft cheese
2-3 tablespoons of pesto

Method

Dress salad leaves in lemon juice
Rinse lentils and coat in pesto
Slice veges in any old fashion
Toss
Cover with cheese



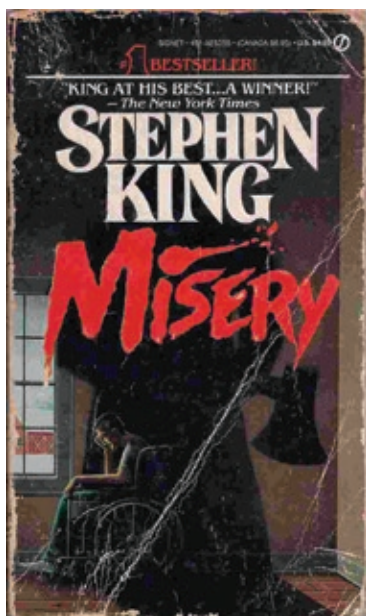
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Misery by Stephen King



by Jessica Thompson-Carr

More often than not I come across a book I wish I had written myself.

Stephen King's *Misery* is one of those books —not for any clever reason, simply because it is quirky, weirdly relatable (to a writer), and shit scary.

Word of advice folks: don't read when living alone in the country for two months. You'll end up biking to your granddad's house at 2am just to feel safe.

An oldie but a goodie, *Misery* tells the tale of humble writer Paul Sheldon, famed for his period series about the character Misery Chastain. Paul gets into a car accident on an icy road and is 'saved' by former nurse and

seemingly homey Annie Wilkes, who drags him into her little farm, well out of the way of civilization, and sets up to nurse him back to health. Here's the kicker—turns out Annie Wilkes is Paul Sheldon's number one fan, what a coincidence!

As time progresses and the book moves on through Paul's excruciating pain (his legs are shattered), we are almost fooled into thinking sweet Annie is just a lovely little spinster eager to help. But things go from 0-100 real quick when she learns something about her beloved fictional character Misery Chastain that she didn't want to.

Annie makes Paul re-write his last *Misery* book.

Annie gets Paul addicted to pain killers.

Annie won't let Paul leave.

Annie is a psycho.

I love this book!

It is gruesome and surreal, but the characters are so solid that despite how violent and outrageous the situation gets it is always believable. King's writing, in all of his work, completely envelops you in his world, so that no matter how painful it gets you just can't leave. *Misery* is a book every writer should read; it shows the power of storytelling at its best; it never gets boring. The long painful process of writing is represented in Paul's relationship with story and his return to the basics: just a chair, a typewriter and his mind. If only there wasn't some maniac in the other room threatening to chop off his legs every day, it would be an ideal set up. Regardless, Paul moves into the flow of his writing (after the initial struggle), he even begins to enjoy it. Oddly enough some dark part of me kind of desired this situation...when you think about it, what surer way to crack out a complete book. What motivation!

Misery dabbles with the frustration most people feel when their favourite writer takes the story down a path they never wanted (eg. *Charlotte's Web* #neverforget) and makes the fair point that it's best to separate the artist from the art.

The book was also a response to King's fans rejecting his novel *Eyes of the Dragon*, because it was fantasy, not his usual horror gig, and for some reason they felt cheated. King is chained to a genre as Paul is chained to his sickbed. The characters of Annie Wilkes and Paul Sheldon also stand as symbols of King's addiction to dope, Annie being the drug, never really wanting to leave.

The whole book is riveting, every page will hook you and when you hit that last chapter you'll want to flip back and start all over again, I promise. After a breather, of course.

Guardians of the Galaxy: The Telltale Series—Episode I

developed by Telltale Games

reviewed by Laura Starling

rating:



There's something particularly exciting about a game that is influenced by your decisions. Telltale Games have definitely got this structure down, taking on stories from multiple different franchises such as *The Walking Dead*, *Fables* and *Game of Thrones*. This time around they've delved into the world of *Guardians of the Galaxy*.

We meet up with the familiar crew—Peter Quill, Gamora, Drax, Groot and Rocket—who are on their way to deal with Thanos. As per usual, the mismatched, ragtag team of criminals-turned-heroes is bickering while crashing. The group is attacked in space by Thanos, and follows him down onto a nearby Kree planet at the request of the Nova Corps. They find their way through into a temple, pass several dead Nova soldiers, and make their way to battle with Thanos—who is satisfyingly big, purple and arrogant. This is definitely not canon with the film franchise, and actually steps away from the current plots, instead looking into the *Guardians'* world and exploring other possibilities. Mostly, the first episode is just setting the scene for the rest of the series.

One of the first things I noticed was the character design. Their appearance and their personalities more closely match the comics, but their costumes seem to fit the characters of the films. Each character is an amalgamation of both mediums, giving a different spin on these characters. The voice acting is obviously film-inspired, with the voice actors exhibiting the same kind of inflections that Chris Pratt, Zoe Saldana and Bradley Cooper bring to the table.

Gameplay is basically what you expect from any Telltale game—it's plot and character driven, your choices and actions impact the story you are told, and action sequences are run like quick-time events. You have a couple of opportunities to control other characters, but mostly you play as Peter Quill.

After this first episode, it looks like this series has a lot of potential to offer some original character-driven storytelling without relying too heavily on bombastic action sequences. This episode is fairly short, sacrificing length for choice and replayability, but there's a lot of heart, despite being essentially an episode dedicated to setting the stage for the rest of the series. Hopefully, Telltale delivers, as they have so many times before.



Five Offbeat Illustrators Doing Interesting Things

by Monique Hodgkinson



John Kenn Mortensen

Post-it notes become canvas for this artist, who crafts ghoulish creatures and fanged monsters in miniature using a ballpoint pen. These illustrations ignite the imagination of some kids and completely petrify others—skeletal wraiths floating amongst dying winter trees, enormous shadowy giants wading across desolate ocean waves. Fun, fearsome, fantastic.

Jeffrey Fulvimari

He illustrated for Madonna, is big in Japan and is among the most glamorous picture book artists working today. Fulvimari draws women who are varied, romantic and abstracted, with splotchy colouring and imperfect linework. Somehow his messy style, coupled with a keen sense of fashion, pattern and texture, always results in effortlessly chic and captivating images.

With books on the brain following the annual Dunedin Writers & Readers Festival, writing about illustration seemed a logical choice this week. These five contemporary artists each take the concept of illustrating for children in completely different directions, showing that the picture book page can be just as versatile a platform as a canvas or gallery space.



Kate Knapp (Twigseeds)

To finish with something closer to home, the Twigseeds brand was started in the '90s by Australian artist Kate Knapp. Dubbed 'feathered philosophers', the birds which dominate Knapp's art serve two equally important purposes—to illustrate inspirational quotations, and to look darn adorable while doing so. Twigseeds is a unique and comforting world to delve into, and I look forward to seeing where Knapp takes it from here.



Shaun Tan

Surreal and breathtaking, the detailed worlds created by Shaun Tan are easy to get lost in. Tan is never one to shy away from the big issues, and has illustrated books dealing with colonisation, ecological destruction, immigration and alienation. Years ago in *The Arrival* he told the story of a family moving to a new world, filled with the daunting complexities and delightful surprises of an alien culture. More recently Tan has delved into the dark realm of Grimm's fairy tales, creating unique takes on these culturally intrinsic stories.



Wolf Erlbruch

Recent winner of the Astrid Lindgren Memorial Award, illustrator and writer Wolf Erlbruch creates stories that are warm and full of character despite their minimal approach. In primary school you were probably read *The Story of the Little Mole Who Knew it was None of his Business*, a simple and hilarious book geared to make children crack up about poop jokes. But then there's also *Death, Duck and the Tulip*, a beautiful and moving story about death and the afterlife. Death is a caring skeleton carrying a flower, at once arresting and intriguing.

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LAZARUS SYNDROME

by Carl Pinter

In the New Testament, Jesus reportedly performed a miracle when he raised Lazarus from the dead. 2000+ years later this event still permeates our culture, with even a Doctor Who episode named after Lazarus. Of all of Lazarus's namesakes, potentially the most interesting is Lazarus syndrome; Autoresuscitation after failed cardiopulmonary resuscitation, or simply the return of circulation after CPR has been attempted and failed. Lazarus syndrome has been noted in the medical literature 38 times since it was first described in 1982 and was only named in 1993. Exactly why this happens is not understood, but it has been suggested that it is caused by a buildup of pressure in the chest due to the compression from CPR. Other hypotheses include high levels of potassium and the delayed actions of some drugs.

While these cases present an interesting insight into our physiology,

they pose a more practical dilemma; when someone is declared dead how can you be sure? During the time of cholera many people were so concerned about the possibility of being buried alive they built special "safety coffins", specified tests to be performed on them after being pronounced dead (including being branded with a hot iron) and even formed the London Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial. These premature burials were caused by a lack of medical knowledge leading to incorrect diagnosis and a policy of burying potentially infectious bodies as quickly as possible.

While in modern times premature burial is not an immediate threat, autopsies and organ harvesting are performed as soon after death as possible, posing a risk to anyone who is not really dead. It has been suggested that the pronouncement of death be delayed until ten minutes after CPR has ceased, on the basis that 82% of cases of Lazarus syndrome autoresuscitated during this time. To be honest Lazarus syndrome is so rare it affects very few people worldwide, but it opens an interesting discussion about how we define death.

A Haunting

What night was it?
Perhaps the tenth or eleventh,
I was used to the heaviness
of your sleeping body
already,
after all, generations
have slept beside each other.
It is nice to have
just another piece of evidence
of my humanity.
Our ancestors knew the shapes
in which to bend to hold,
but not too tightly maybe not
quite touching,
room for the bellows of the chest,
for the twitches of whatever
you are dreaming of doing,
while I too, dreaming,
am unaware of your twitching.

But this night,
I am awoken.
Your breathing,
already as familiar as if
I lived by the ocean,
surges and recedes
within your body,
and tonight seems vaguely sinister.
I sit up, your face is illuminated in the
light of the bedside clock.
A mere month ago,
there was no log of a body
that could roll over,
crushing me in my sleep.
Nobody had the power to
wake me by mumbling
"Sardines and Jam, please."
I try to remember exactly what it was like
when the other side of the bed was
just a cool place I could roll into.
I try to remember how I held
my body when you
did not warm it along one side.
I sit awake and away from you,
blanket up to my chin,
and exactly half an hour later,
you stir as if I have called you
by name, blink at me.
I think it frightens you too, to see me there,
looking at you,
a mutual mutable presence.

—Mel Ansell

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ANEI A NGĀTI SCARFIE

by Eli Toeke

The last two months of being Tumuaki of Te Roopū Māori have been the best two months of my time here at university. Te Rito (the Executive team of Te Roopū Māori) have been working diligently to provide services and events to taura and actively advocating for the interests of Māori taura within the university. The ambitions and objectives of Te Rito are beginning to come to fruition. The whare is buzzing with taura every day. It has been great to see taura from different areas of study coming in and utilising the whare.

Relay for Life was a huge success, with nearly 30 taura participating and supporting the kaupapa of this event. Our whare was full of energetic taura the entire night. Ka mau te wehi whānau!

The reo classes have created a huge hype within

the university. OUSA has contributed amazing support to this kaupapa and has provided all taura the opportunity to attend these classes. Tuesday night was our first reo class and over 120 people turned up, ready to learn Te Reo Māori. It was amazing to see that amount of people keen to step out of their comfort zones and engage in this awesome kaupapa.

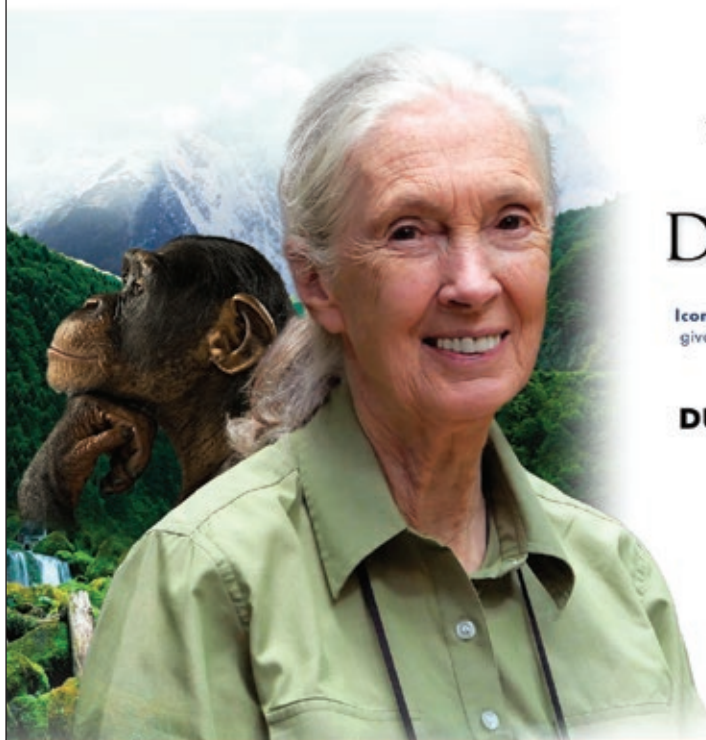
The ANZAC service held at the university was a truly humbling experience. I was nervous and excited, as I had never spoken at an ANZAC service before. It was difficult preparing a speech, as I wanted to honour all those affected by war and also give something from my heart. As I was giving my speech, I felt overwhelmed with emotion (something that I thought I was prepared to deal with). However, looking out to the audience and seeing their expressions I knew that I was not the only one feeling these emotions. It was a truly unprecedented moment in my life as I profoundly appreciated the purpose of ANZAC day; it is a day that unites us as a nation to remember those who made incomparable sacrifices for the peace and freedom we live in today. The Kapahaka Roopū

performed an amazing bracket. After the service, many people approached me to comment on their spectacular performance. Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne said the Kapahaka Roopū and Te Roopū Māori had done a wonderful job. The astounding comments about the Kapahaka Roopū and Te Roopū Māori filled me with confidence and strengthened my belief that we, as Māori students, are on the right path.

Nāku noa,
na Eli Toeke
Tumuaki o Te Roopū Māori



IMAGE: TREVOR COKLEY, NORTHERNCHASEPHOTO.COM



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SALTED CARAMEL CREAM LIQUEUR

by Swilliam Shakesbeer

Leith Liquor clearly made some sort of fuckup with their suppliers, because for the past couple of weeks they've had a pile of this stuff big enough to kill a whole floor of unicol freshers staring you down as soon as you walk in the door, and they've been desperately trying to get rid of it.

As soon as I stepped inside I was being sold on the product. "It's kind of mixed wrong," the helpful clerk informed me, "Some of the ingredients didn't really work together, but it works if you shake it up. Plus, it's fucking cheap." And fucking cheap it was. At 7.7 standards a bottle, most of the flavours in the Drink Craft range go for \$11 a bottle. This concoction was going for \$6, or \$30 for a 6pack. That's 65 cents a standard, who can say no to that? So, I bought six of them. Okay that's a lie, I bought eighteen.

That may have been a mistake, because, unsurprisingly for the price, it's not great. Some of the bottles have little lumps in them. All of them are way, way too salty. It kind of tastes like a bottle of Canterbury Cream mixed with a pint of salty sperm.

But what it lacks in taste it also lacks in drinkability. It's a little too thick to comfortably scull from the bottle and the over the top salt caused a bit of a burning effect on the roof of my mouth. I pity anyone who attempted to drink a whole bottle of this in one night, your tongue must have been rubbed right off like you were swigging sandpaper.

I thought I had come up with a genius way to save my purchase when decided to pour some into a chocolate fountain, but it turns out that's an awful idea and it curdled up and ruined the whole evening.

I now have 17 bottle of this shit in my room and I have no idea what to do about it.

Taste Rating: 1/10

Froth Level: Not nearly enough

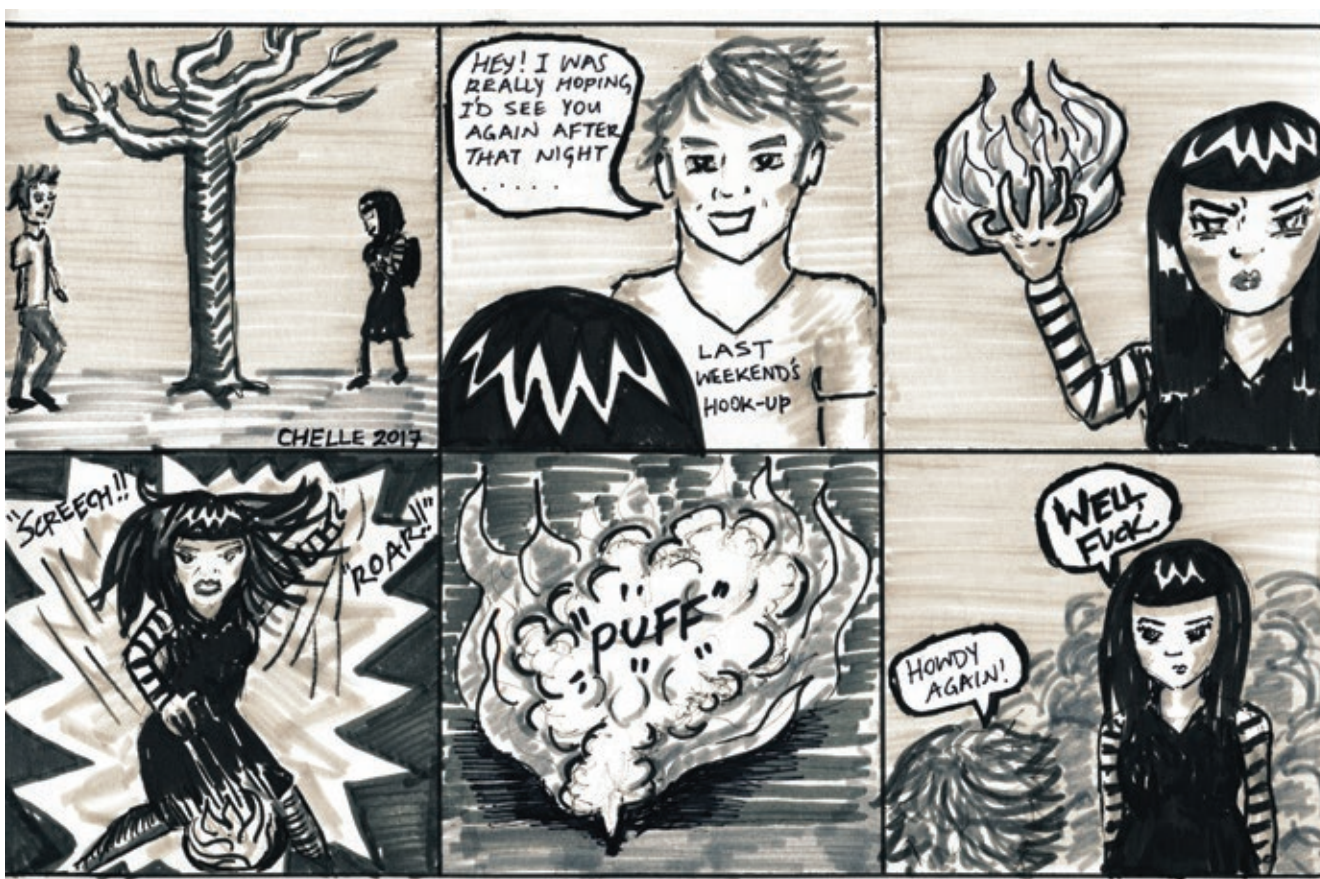
Pairs well with: self-harm, sadism, general misery

**Whatcha
gonna do
with all those
lumps?**



Comic Time

MUSINGS OF A JERK



by Chelle Fitzgerald

Issue 11 | MAY 2017

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

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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 flame-grilled 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

HUNT FOR THE MYSTERY OBJECT.

at the Otago Museum

CLUES:

One is advised to store the product he is advertising in a cool place

It weights roughly the same as a bottle of wine

The man's body is supposedly the result of a balanced blend of dairy, egg, and soya products

location clue
the third floor

GO TO THE OTAGO MUSEUM TO SOLVE
SEND YOUR ANSWER TO MYSTERY@CRITIC.CO.NZ

FIRST CORRECT ANSWER WINS A DOUBLE PASS TO:

DISCOVERY
WORLD
TROPICAL
FOREST

OR

PERPETUAL
GUARDIAN
PLANETARIUM



LAST WEEK'S MYSTERY OBJECT was a pair of children's shoes. Chinese society engaged in numerous rituals to protect young children. Hats and shoes in the form of animals such as cats, tigers and dogs were believed to frighten away evil spirits. This set depicting cats

with bulging eyes would have been worn by a baby boy during his first year of life.

The pair of shoes and a matching hat are from China in the early 20thC. It was presented to the museum by Mrs Maud Cocker Brown, the wife of Thomas Brown, a missionary who worked in South China from ca. 1908-1932. The shoes have lovely blue soles.

CONGRATULATIONS *Mathew Denys* FOR FINDING
THE SHOES. YOU ARE GOING TO THE PERPETUAL
GUARDIAN PLANETARIUM!

DAY OF THE DAY

MONDAY 15 MAY—CHOCOLATE CHIP DAY

Relinquish your "I'll start on Monday" diet, for it's Chocolate Chip Day and there are few ways of celebrating that do not involve eating them. Tragic.

TUESDAY 16 MAY—BIOGRAPHER'S DAY

Biographer's Day! Marry a biographer, buy a biography...the choices are endless.

WEDNESDAY 17 MAY—WORLD BAKING DAY & WORLD TELECOMMUNICATIONS DAY

I challenge you to use your telecommunications device to communicate with someone while eating/creating a baked morsel. Supermarket bread may count, depending on your level of enthusiasm. It strikes me how intrinsically enthusiastic humanity is, for we partake in these celebrations most days of the year anyway. Go us.

THURSDAY 18 MAY—VISIT YOUR RELATIVES DAY

Oh to be wealthy and spontaneously fly to visit the fam for Visit Your Relatives Day. Unless a Dunedin native, you are forgiven for not celebrating this one. No Dirty Dishes Day is also a long shot but I suppose we could try.

FRIDAY 19 MAY—PIZZA PARTY DAY

Pizza Party Day. Need I say more?

SATURDAY 20 MAY—WORLD WHISKY DAY & WORLD FIDDLE DAY

A feasible Saturday night celebration. (Be a Millionaire Day is also today but we can ignore that one; I prefer to flaunt my student loan).

SUNDAY 21 MAY—I NEED A PATCH FOR THAT DAY

I Need A Patch For That Day is possibly not real but I'm going to hope it is because it's brilliant. Want to quit smoking? Patch it. Holes in your jeans? Patch that bad boy. Want to join a gang? Maybe don't patch that one, but celebrate the thought in your mind.

ANY NOISE ANNOYS OUR NEIGHBOUR

Dear Ethel & Hyde,
Our elderly neighbour keeps calling noise control. Even when we are not having a party noise control have come and checked and said we are fine with our noise level. What can we do to stop the neighbours complaining?

—Annoyed, Not Noisy

Ethel and Hyde is brought to you by the Student Support Centre. They advise you to take Ethel's advice.

➡ Send your questions to:

ethelandhyde@ousa.org.nz



Ethel says:

It sounds like it's time to do some bridge building, even though it may be tempting at this point to try and avoid any further contact as I am sure it's very annoying to be in your situation. Have you introduced yourselves to your neighbours? This is a great thing to do, particularly if the flat's next to a non-student flat. If you didn't do this at the beginning, it's never too late, and might be helpful in avoiding future issues with neighbours. When you meet your neighbours you can give them the contact details for one or more of you, so they can contact you directly if they are having an issue. You could also offer to put out their rubbish for them on rubbish day, to help them see you are valuable members of the community and try and break down some of the stereotypes about students they may have. On a practical level, making sure that the windows on the side of the house they are on are closed when you are home in the evenings will help to reduce noise travelling.



Hyde says:

Sounds like a house needs sound proofed. You've heard of the room within a room to keep the noise in right? Well, cos you ain't makin' that much noise – big ups to noise control for being on your side – the neighbours need to have the sound deadened to their delinquent ears. Cardboard helps with sound-deadening. Boxes made of cardboard are everywhere, collect them, flatmates can collect them, friends can collect them, and in a short time you'll have enough to build a hovel around their hovel. It'll work best to build it in five sections separately and finish the construction deep in the darkness by placing each piece in position and fixing them together. Handy tools for your arsenal are a staple gun and gaffa tape; you'll need these time and again for important projects like this. Given the delusions your neighbours clearly live with, they might not even notice their new bubble, especially if you have a couple of halogen lights in strategic places to simulate daylight. Give them a door? Or not.

THE HELL HOLE THE LYNX EFFECT

He'd been spraying the spray again. They sprayed it in the bathroom, but it floated out and through the door into Nicole's room. That stuffy stink, the chemical sweetness of sticky drying spray. His Lynx deodorant. Reeking and seeping into her room, making her cough and cry.

"Please don't spray your deodorant outside my room," emailed Nicole. They used to be friendly—he's borrowed her vacuum in the past. "I have trouble breathing when you spray it. I think I might be allergic to it."

"I'll do what I want," replies the guy.

She woke in the night with a headache and her throat tight and dry. He'd been spraying again.

"I don't care what you do in your room, but please don't spray it close to my door," Nicole emails. "It's making me sick."

"You need to see a doctor," says the guy.

The spraying goes on. Nicole is trying to study so she takes desperate measures. She buys a roll of wide tape and sticks it all round the edge of the door, sealing herself into the room. It works,

and she is happy. She does her study in peace until she gets a knock on the door. It's the guy. He wants to borrow her vacuum again. The door is locked and sealed shut. She ignores him and keeps studying.

Half an hour later she hears laughing outside her room. There are people out there. She's wondering what they're doing when she hears a hissing noise and finds herself coughing uncontrollably. Her throat is closing up. She looks at the door and sees a white spray coming through the keyhole, spreading and filling the room.

The windows aren't big enough to get out of, so Nicole is trapped. She finds her keys, covers her mouth with her sleeve, and manages to unlock the door. Then she pulls the tape off, choking, and gets the door open a crack.

A blast of deodorant hits her in the face while her attackers laugh. It hits her eyes and she is blinded by the pain. She falls backwards onto the floor and a crowd descends on her, spraying and spraying bottles of Lynx onto her face and all around her. Nicole's throat clenches shut and she can't breathe. She blacks out.

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

THE CAPTAIN • COOK • HOTEL

Cookin' Up Love

Mulder

My day started out just like any other, heading to a couple of leccys in the morning followed by handing in a uni assignment late. After completion of said assignment, instead of continuing with uni work, I decided a much more productive way to spend the day was play "guess my blind date" out of the central library potentials. All guesses were unsuccessful. After being told that I would need help to dress myself for the evening, I enlisted the help of some friends and swigged down a few supplementary bottles of liquid courage to prep myself. Once sufficiently saucy and stylized I trotted down to the Cook a few minutes behind schedule, with my date arriving not too long after me. With the introductions and formalities out of the way, drinks were ordered while the mains were decided. My date was a lovely yarn and had some great first date questions up her sleeve. Now reader, what happens after this point in the date is up to you:

Option A: When the Cook started to shut down around us, I caught her staring longingly at me across the table and knew what was instore for me. En route back to hers we stopped in an alleyway for a pash. Upon arrival back to her house we went straight upstairs to her room for a night full of fun and little sleep, which some of her flatmates might not be particularly happy about.

Option 2: Just like coal power, the electricity that was generated at the start of the night was unrenowable and after sometime it time ran out. So being the chivalrous millennial that I am I walked her home, went inside for a cup of Chai and then gave her a kiss on the cheek before I was on my merry way home.

Option 3: After we finished up the bar tab at the Cook and had set out walking back to my flat, we suddenly both noticed a strange light shining down on us and realised we were being abducted by aliens. Long story short, the aliens needed some new humans for their intergalactic species display at the Universal Museum of the Universe, we managed to escape their capture and find a small spaceship that we commandeered back to my place.

Scully

Well, if all else fails, at least I'm having salmon, I told myself as I walked towards the Cook on a crisp Tuesday evening. We arrived both pretty much at the same time, a couple of minutes late, taking a seat in a booth in the corner. I had looked at the menu for a few days now and knew exactly what I wanted. Salmon. I hadn't been able to afford it all year and probably won't be able to for the next seven. However, he was keen for a platter, probably thinking more romantically. Unfortunately there was nothing romantic about the way I got greasy hands and dropped crumbs of battered prawn all over the table. But, the salmon and the whole seafood platter was excellent, even better, he didn't even like salmon so I got more than my fair share! Despite this fundamental and nearly unforgiveable difference in taste, we agreed on more things than not.

Tramping was a shared love of ours along with a hatred of the carbonated monstrosity they gave us in the guise of water. As the evening went on the awkward pauses became fewer and farther between, probably because of me talking more than I should have. After a while we were the only other table of people left and it was clear the wait staff wanted to get home. However, we were determined to make the most of our time there so we asked for another cocktail each, both excellent. Cursing that it was a Tuesday and there was nowhere to go to dance out my drunkenness I decided I just needed to go home. To my surprise, he walked with me. Knowing that he didn't live in town I asked where he planned to spend the night to which he replied "you tell me". I think my slightly shocked expression gave him his answer. Even though it had been a lovely evening I had forgotten the original romantic intentions of a 'blind date' and in my head had begun to treat it like a dinner out with a friend. He came in for a cup of tea because we had just entered a new line of conversation but as the conversation digressed into more awkward pauses I think it became quite obvious our intentions were different and he left soon after.

THE
CAPTAIN
• COOK •
HOTEL

feeding Dunedin students for 165 years

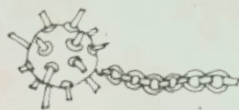
Present your 2017 Radio One card
and get a coffee & bacon buttie for \$10*

*valid until 5pm

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facebook.com/TheCaptainCook



Genius Dating advice for 2017

(tell Cupid I said hi)

by Mat Clarkson

Trying to find that special someone can be a mine-field. With every little word and gesture being analysed, not knowing what to say, and your self-doubt nagging at you, it can be tough. But I'm here to share a little advice—one tip that anyone can use in almost any conversation which can really save you in a tight spot. All you have to do is wait for the following cue and then just repeat what I'm about to share. I promise it won't fail to impress that special someone. This has never failed.

THEM:

"So, tell me a bit about yourself."

YOU:

"My favourite movie is The Matrix. I relate primarily to Neo, a character played by Keanu Reeves. Neo is the main protagonist and a good character, so you know that I am also good because I associate myself with him. When I say my favourite movie is The Matrix, you had better believe it baby. I watch the movie

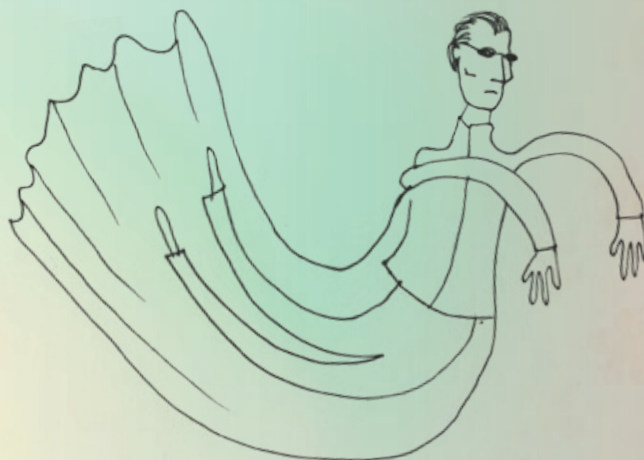


exactly three times a week. I know it word-for-word and I like to say all of Neo's parts at the same time as him when I watch it. Sometimes when I am at work or just sitting around the house I like to go over the entire movie in my head, paying close attention to Neo's speaking parts. Sometimes I don't say any



words and just do the facial expressions that Neo does in the film, following along to the movie that is playing in real-time inside my brain. My favourite facial expression parts to do are when he is waking up from being in the matrix for the first time, and also when he's getting shot in the matrix and is bleeding out his mouth. Performing these expressions of pain and turmoil help me release some of my own feelings. I have gotten some stick at work for this, but they just don't understand my journey. Neo is a person who is trying to understand the world around him and takes this task very seriously. I am on a similar journey in my life, and so treat Neo's journey with the reverence it deserves. When I think about The Matrix I go into 'the Zone'. When I am in 'the Zone' I am like a monk whose sense of life and knowledge is like an old man sitting crossed-legged on top of a mountain; I do not laugh and I do not cry. You could do anything—you could say the words 'poo-poo platter' into my face and I would not even crack a smile. This state of calm and stoicism is what I strive for. It makes me extremely respectful. I do

not speak the words 'goo-goo' or 'ga-ga' at babies because they deserve the same respect as adults. I will only ever try to engage them on serious topics,



or, failing that, I teach their parents about the dangers of public school and encourage them to home-school their children, or at least go private. When I am fully trained I wish to be a hacker like Neo in The Matrix. There are many job opportunities for hackers, so you know I will be well paid in the future. All the hackers I know are very rich, and I know a lot of them because I talk to them online. I believe that modern hackers are like the paladins of old, carrying out sacred duties of truth and justice for all mankind. From this you can know I have a good moral compass. My favourite musical band is Linkin Park and one time I showed my grandparents the lyrics to 'Numb' by Linkin Park and told them that this is how I feel when my cousins pick on me every year at Christmas time, and they respected me for this.

I

(pause)

command respect from my relatives and dish it out in kind. I will also say that you are looking very fuego right now. 'Feugo' is Spanish and it means 'hot'—I know a little Spanish. You can tell

I'm a cultured and worldly person from my use of conversational Spanish just now. Can we please talk about some of your favourite scenes from The Matrix (1999)?"



Medical advice from 1923

PHRENOLOGY*

Student Support have reported to us that many of you are having trouble with the people living in your place of abode. If you do not understand why a person in your living quarters is behaving oddly or badly, observe carefully the make of the skull and face, for there you may find clues to the innate tendencies of the person by the science of Phrenology.

A person with irreputable sexual habits may have an overdevelopment in the area of the brain responsible for Amativeness - the sexual and social impulses. A person of unsanitary living habits may be underdeveloped in the area of Order, responsible for the disposition to have everything in its place. To find out, you need simply to compare the shapes and contours of the person's skull in relation to our diagram.

If you are unable to convince your house friend to allow you to feel the bumps and protrusions of his head and face, consider a silent creep into their sleeping quarters at night while they slumber, to gently fondle the crevices of the skull. If this method fails, you may be able to piece together an adequate map of the head from photographs gleaned of the popular "face-book", so named for its comprehensive collection of the Phrenological data of the general population.

Here is a brief index to match to the view showing divisions of the brain according to Phrenology:

Aquisitiveness	Love for accumulating riches and prosperity
Agreeableness	Ability to win others' confidence
Alimentiveness	Appetite for food and drink
Amativeness	Sexual and social impulses
Approbativeness	Regard for popular sentiment
Benevolence	Sympathy for humanity
Bibativeness	Capable of combining
Calculation	Ability to concentrate correctly
Casuality	Ability to reason and proposition
Cautiousness	Indisposition to take risks
Colour	Ability to determine colour correctly
Combativeness	Love for encounter, debate, or dispute
Comparison	Ability to analyse and illustrate
Conjugality	Love of companionship
Conscientiousness	Recognition of duty and principle
Constructiveness	Inventive skill
Continuity	Love for society
Destructiveness	Attitude towards punishment or revenge
Eventuality	Love for information and experiment
Firmness	Tenacity and perseverance
Friendship	An attachment to an intimate acquaintance
Hope	Disposition to minimise trouble

Human nature
Ideality
Imitation
Individuality
Inhabitiveness
Language
Locality
Mirthfulness
Order
Parental love
Secretiveness
Self esteem
Size
Spirituality
Sublimity
Time
Tune
Veneration
Vitateness
Weight

Ability to read character by conversation with persons
Imagination, love of poetry
Ability to mimic or imitate
Whether close observer or not
Love of home
Ability to acquire language
Memory of places or circumstances
Regard for wit, ridicule and repartee
Disposition to have everything in its place
Attachment to children
Disposition towards cunning, secrecy etc.
Regard for individual character
Accuracy at guessing proportions
Faith in the supernatural
Love of travel, vivid emotions
Ability to remember occurrences
Ability to acquire music
Religious fervour
Love of life
Ability to judge weight



View showing divisions of the brain according to Phrenology.

*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

Hey team,

Hope all is well and you're making the most of this Dunedin warmth. Lately, OUSA has been gearing itself up for our annual Referendum which will take place towards the end of this month. The process will begin as it always does with a public forum on the 22nd in the Main Common Room, where questions will be able to be asked or debated about any of the posed topics in the referendum.

For those who don't believe that this will be the most entertaining of lunch time breaks, rest assured by the fact that OUSA have decided to hold, what we hope will be the beginning of an annual hot dog eating competition. So if you fancy yourself as a bit of a Kobayashi when it comes to chucking hot dogs down your throat, then be sure to

enter the competition by purchasing one of the many fantastic hot dogs available at Union Grill. For those of you who don't feel the need to inhale hot dogs just to fill an empty stomach, OUSA also has you covered with free pizza throughout!

However, remember that this referendum is a great way to get involved in any debates or topical issues that OUSA may be working on.

I hope to see you all down there!

Hugh Baird
OUSA President
president@ousa.org.nz

H B



Free Grad Photos!

THIS SATURDAY 9am - 11am
opposite the clock tower.

BE IN TO WIN WHEN YOU SIGN UP TO THE OUSA COMMUNIQUE NEWSLETTER



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

Sign up at <http://bit.ly/ousasignup>

Cuddle Fix!



Cuddle the stress away!
OUSA Cuddle Fix is in full swing and is on every **Wednesday at Clubs & Socs.**
Sign up to the newsletter to be the first to gain access to book your cuddle slot:
<http://bit.ly/cuddlefix>

ousa presents **The 2017 Capping Show**



THE CAT IN THE CAP

ousa elections

FREE Pizza!

OUSA Student Referendum FORUM

Exercise your rights and your jaw at the OUSA referendum forum.
Monday, 22nd May
Main Common Room

COME EARLY

HOTDOG EATING COMPETITION FROM 12:30PM

RADIO ONE 91FM & NZ ON AIR presents the 2017 OUSA BATTLE OF THE BANDS



HEAT 3 Friday 19 May

DOORS OPEN FROM 8:30PM | ENTRY \$2

HEATS: EVERY FRIDAY IN MAY AT RE-FUEL | FINAL: SATURDAY 27 MAY

JOJOS MOJO • THE VAN GRAFS
NEVERENDER • CHUGGING SYRUP
ASPER • TOFU EXPRESS

ousa **1 91 FM** **konstruct** **FUEL** **NZ On Air**

Battle of the Bands Heat 3

Congrats to Swampy Summits, Certainty & Your Face for making it through to the finals

ousa

otago uni **students'** association

presents

The **2017** Capping Show

THE CAT IN THE CAP

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

at the College of Education Auditorium

Tickets available from OUSA Main Office, Cosmic and cosmicticketing.co.nz



COSMIC
TICKETING

HELL
X

◆ **ACE** ◆
SUIT HIRE