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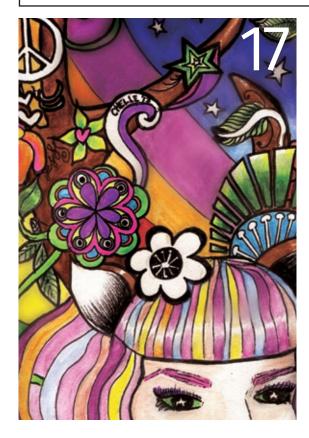
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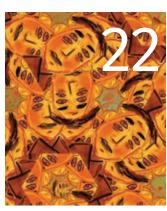
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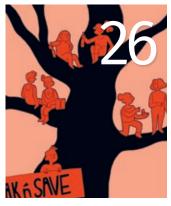
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FEATURES







From Weapon to Wonder

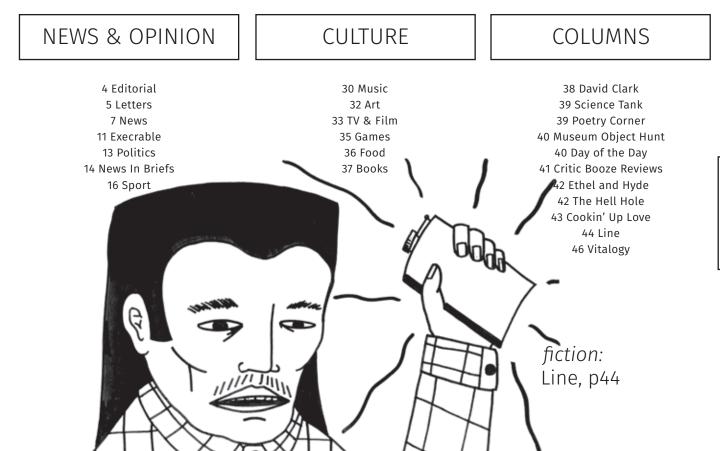
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╞ Editorial

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PULL-OUT POSTER ON PAGE 24

photography from 2017 Capping Show by: TREVOR COKLEY northernchasephoto.com instagram: @trevor_cokley

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It's The Most Important OUSA Referendum In Years, & Your Vote Is Vital

If you put the acronym 'OUSA' and the word 'referendum' together, many of you will fall asleep, I totally understand that. For most the lure of free pizza isn't even enough to tempt you into sitting through the upcoming forum (22 May) and, having had to cover the forum for Critic over the last couple of years, I appreciate why! Just 15 percent of you voted in the May 2016 referendum, a sizeable improvement on October 2015's participation rate —which sat at just 4 percent.

Every now and then we have a referendum where there is a genuinely vital question included that requires a huge student response to do the importance of the topic justice. This is one of those situations and, as a result, needs more than 15 percent turnout in the vote. The final question on the referendum will be: Should OUSA oppose the implementation of CCTV monitoring of the student residential area by the University of Otago?

By adding this question at the last minute, the OUSA Executive are seeking a mandate from the students on whether to approve or oppose this plan to introduce mass surveillance to residential North Dunedin. In case you missed it last week, the University of Otago will be implementing 60 CCTV cameras all around North Dunedin, from Heriot Row to Harbour Terrace and from Castle Street North to Frederick Street, a surveillance suburb if you will.

Despite the jury being out on whether they're effective in reducing crime in any significant way,

the university has budgeted \$1.27 million for the initiative. Once this CCTV surveillance is in place, it will likely never be withdrawn or downscaled; they'll be here to stay for good.

I understand that Russell Brand told you not to engage in voting because the system is broken and you may have exhausted your daily quota of politics by flicking through memes of Donald Trump with frogs drawn onto his face (if you haven't seen it, take a look), but this really is too important to miss out on.

The university clearly don't consider the views and concerns of students to be very important at all, because they have agreed upon this plan before the students en masse have had any say, and, although they say they are listening to students' views and concerns, they have made it clear that there are no more procedural impediments to this going ahead.

If you're in your final year of your degree and think that because you're leaving Dunedin it won't affect you, I urge you to think about your university years and whether it's in the interests of future students to have 24-hour CCTV surveillance. If you're in your first semester, simply weigh up whether the advantages of surveillance outweigh the disadvantages – speak to President Baird and the other members of the OUSA Executive to gain clarity, it's a complex issue.

Seeing as you can vote in two minutes from the comfort of your bed, you have no excuses.

Joe Higham Critic Co-Editor

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University Book Shop



LETTER OF THE WEEK

A HIGHLY OPINIONATED RESPONSE TO A HIGHLY OPINIONATED RESPONSE TO AN APPARENTLY HIGHLY OPINIONATED ARTICLE

I was surprised to find a letter with such glaring sleights of hand as the Critic letter of the week last week. First, the eponymous "Uterus" blatantly overlooked the author of the article's plea to include trans men and non-binary people in the conversation over access to sanitary products. Second, while I will leave it to people who have periods to discuss the the suitability of moon cups for periods, as someone without a uterus I nonetheless found the letter writer's discussion of people without uteruses very unconvincing: "It is only fair that males receive subsidies for razors and shaving cream." Funnily enough, the reality is that if I cannot afford shaving products, the worst thing I tend to experience is an itchy face, not a bleeding one. The writer then claims that men subsidising sanitary products through tax is gender inequality. The writer does not speak for me. Nor, ironically, can they speak for those men who agree with them. Most (a very big most) men were born of those whose conceiving them was very much dependent on their menstrual cycle! Moreover, let's cut the crap around an individualised approach to tax. Our resources should contribute to a better society for everyone, not just ourselves. Otherwise this so-called "Uterus" would not have access to a subsidised education, and we wouldn't want that, would we?

rsity AN OPEN LETTER TO DAVID CULL

David Cull, His Worship Mayor of Dunedin I am compelled to write this open letter to you as one of our city community leaders regarding the assertion, according to the Proctor's Office, that our university is to install surveillance cameras out in our community.

Those Dunedin City Councillors and other "Town 'n' Gown" community leaders I have spoken with tell me they have no knowledge of this happening as a fait of compli. They were surprised as I was that it was the student magazine Critic who had rung me for comment rather than being part of a solutions discussion by our City Council on what positive initiatives are being taken to improve the healthy social environment in our city for locals and visitors alike.

Critic told me they had been in attendance at an OUSA Executive meeting in which the Deputy Proctor presented the CCTV initiative. They asked me to comment, and my first reaction was to call our city councillors in your absence, and then other community leaders, who all agreed we live in an open society.

It appears this important issue has only come to our attention because of the courage of our city student magazine Critic. Critic is to be commended for its strength of journalistic character, for their actions which, had they not taken the question to print, might have left the question of who determines what happens in our city unanswered. Our university has a growing reputation amongst many locals and internationals for being driven by inhuman money-making policies rather than providing accessible quality education. This announcement from the Proctor adds weight to this suggestion. Our city's integrity comes into focus if it is true that public matters are now being made secretly behind closed doors.

I can argue the case for appropriate evidence-gathering camera use, however, as a New Zealander, I wish to distance myself from those who would suggest that cameras stop bad people doing bad things (in fact there is a large body of evidence showing that it in fact is a cause) and that fear is the best way to improve behaviour.

David, as our Mayor please help assure those who are worried by this that they live in a transparent accessible society where humanity comes before profit expediency.

The ongoing projects we are running to improve community behaviour have tangible positive results. People are treated with respect and given guidance and responsibility to live in healthy community environments. We would appreciate being able to address Council at the Public Forum with our proposal. Council needs to ensure our actions are evidence based for Dunedin to continue being the accessible, quality home of world leading education.

With respect, to Manawa e toku Manawa P. MacD. Gourlie Environment Social Architect

ANIMAL TESTING PROTESTS

To the Editor,

I have seen posters around the uni opposing a new animal testing facility in Dunedin. I would like to point out that researchers are not horrible people who test on animals for pleasure. It is a necessary evil in finding a cure for diabetes and an alternative to antibiotics which at their current rate of use will be useless in 20 years. Anyone who thinks we should not test on animals is welcome to spend their own time finding an alternative and please stop putting that burden on the scientists trying to save lives.

Sincerely, Annoyed, asthmatic animal lover.

NOBODY PUTS MONET IN A CORNER!

Dear Critic,

What the flying magical fuck?! Here's a little-known fact for you, we have a right proper Claude Monet painting in our own public art gallery. Surprised? Probably. Even if you have ventured out in hopes of finding a taste of canvas creativity you most likely missed it. Why? Because it's in a bloody corner, that's why. Every year as exhibitions roll in and out, this masterpiece remains tucked away as if it was the embarrassing finger painting of the curator's kid. Each time I go I watch as whole groups of people simply walk passed it, never knowing what they're missing. We have a lot to be proud of down in Dunners, but we should take better care of our treasures. FREE THE MONET!

Yours truly, Anonymous Art lover

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

SALTY READER

Dear Swilliam,

After reading your last 'booze review' on the unholy abomination that is salted caramel, I must say that I completely agree with your statements. However I feel as though you missed some good points on this mess of a concoction, which are as follows:

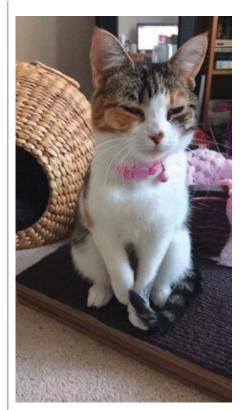
-This shit is so fucking salty that I had barely made it half way home from another ND69 party before I felt thirstier than a fresher in starters who was going through a dry spell (nah honest they pull heeeeeeaps back home). I proceeded to scull a small aquariums amount of water before bed and woke up without a hangover because of this, good going salted caramel

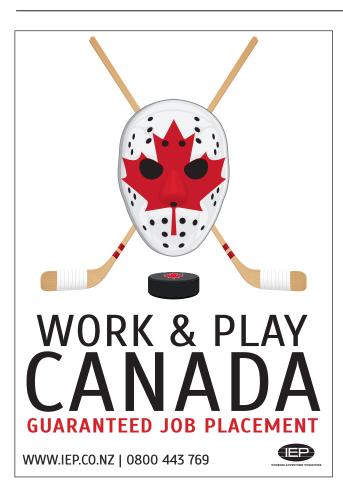
 While damn near impossible to scull due to it's thickness, after an unfortunate call made in a game of Bullshit I was tasked with finishing my vessel, which was, as any clever little health sci could guess, a barely touched salted caramel. Gathering strength from the classic sculling chants I managed to down this bullocks in a bottle in record time, the only thing thicker than the salted caramel after that were the thickened bonds of friendship.

 Due to what I can only guess is some fuck up in mixing, all the alcohol in the bottle accumulates at the bottom, which is a pleasant wee suprise, so your reward for actually making it to the end of this is one hell of a hit of Vodka? I think? Honestly I couldn't tell by this point my taste buds were finished quicker than the afore mentioned fresher after breaking his dry spell and it could've been literally anything.

All in all salted caramel isn't really that bad if you enjoy terrible things, rate your column Mr. Shakesbeer, keep up the good work.

Yours evermost sincerely, Litster





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Local News Hepatitis C Resource Centre Closes Doors

by Zahra Shahtahmasebi

After facing a tumultuous period in recent years, the Otago and Southland branch of the Hepatitis C Resource Centre Trust has shut its doors for good.

Since the government cut the centre's already meagre funding (they only received \$45,000 per year, to cover wages amongst all the other necessary costs), the centre has been struggling to survive.

The Trust was told in December that they would no longer receive Ministry of Health funding. Since then they have been trying to find other sources of funding, but to no avail. The centre is one of two Hepatitis C specific centres in New Zealand, the other of which is in Christchurch, and both are responsible for serving the entire South Island.

The centre's co-ordinator Allison Beck commented that the Christchurch centre "will remain open for the foreseeable [future]" but "there's just not enough money for both [centres] to stay open".

Hepatitis C is a viral infectious disease with long-term health implications. It is spread through blood-blood contact, and it can be contracted as easily as sharing your toothbrush with someone, however, injecting or snorting drugs and tattooing at home remain the greatest risk factors. This has diluted the public's view of the disease, tainting it with stigma and discrimination, making it harder for people to seek help, and seems to be the main reason why the government sees fit to cease funding the centre.

The Otago centre acts as an education and advocacy service that provides Hepatitis C patients with a range of services, helping anyone from Oamaru to Bluff. This includes providing generic copies of experimental medicines, as well as running educational programmes allowing groups within the community to be informed about the virus and where to go for testing or diagnosis.

According to Beck, other services do exist, such as Hepatitis NZ and the South Island Alliance, which receive lots in the way of governmental funding (we're talking millions). The reason for this is that these groups offer a clinically led approach, instead of offering people assistance and advocacy, which was what the Resource Centre Trust does. Beck "doubts that the South Island Alliance has done anything useful" in terms of helping people with Hepatitis C.

Just this morning, Beck met with two patients who were extremely upset when they heard of the centre's closure. One of them is "really sick, with extremely bad liver disease," who needs someone to push him to seek help. With the centre no longer available, Beck hopes that those with Hepatitis C "will have enough mana and self-respect to stand up for themselves," but with some people it seems that that is just not the case, and with this person in particular it looks like "he'll probably just die of Hep C". Several other non-governmental organisations (NGOs) have closed recently in Dunedin due to a lack of funding, despite providing a much needed service. "The National Government has the empathy of a rock," Beck claims.

Hepatitis C is a treatable disease, however PHARMAC in New Zealand does not fund the top branded drugs or generic copies. Simply put, Beck said that the reason for this is because they "can't afford it," believing that "if they could [afford it] they would". PHARMAC only fund treatment for Hepatitis C genotype 1, and only go on to fund further treatment for other genotypes if the person "already has one foot in the grave". As it can take 20-25 years to develop the serious conditions, Hepatitis C sufferers only receive treatment when they are entering into the final stage of liver failure or disease after carrying the virus for at least 20 years, and potentially passing it on to other people. The only hope for them is to buy drugs from the overseas buyers club, something that had been facilitated by the Otago Resource Centre, and while the buyer's club seems to be the best way to access these life-saving drugs, it is still too expensive and out of reach for many New Zealanders.

A law student last year bought drugs that all but cured her Hepatitis from the buyer's club. The drugs cost her \$3,800 but if she'd bought them in New Zealand they would have cost a whopping \$84,000. Beck stated that the Australia model is "so much better than New Zealand". Australia looks set to eliminate the disease entirely by 2026.

Currently 50,000 New Zealanders are living with Hepatitis C and, according to Beck, this number is just an extrapolation of the Aussie number, and in reality "they have no fucking clue how many people actually have it". Because it is a virus with non-specific symptoms such as tiredness and lethargy—things many of us experience on a dayday basis—up to 30,000 may not even know they have it, and so only find out when they develop cirrhosis or liver disease. It has become New Zealand's leading cause of liver transplants due to complications of liver cirrhosis, or liver cancer. It is predicted that the amount of people that will show symptoms of life threatening liver failure and liver cancer will triple in the next two decades.





╞ Uni News (Satire)

The Truth is Out There

by Charlie O'Mannin

Over the past week construction has stopped on the stretch of the Leith River between Union St and the Leith St footbridge, around the same time as a mysterious blue tarpaulin appeared. They have clearly found something that has halted construction. One anonymous law student said that he "saw people in full white biohazard suits around the blue tarpaulin last week. Occasionally one would glance at a complex array of tubes and gauges and make a series of notes in a cramped and trembling hand." As I have not evolved x-ray vision yet, I present my speculations on what might be under the thin plastic sheet that separates the truth from the world.

- Asbestos. Unlikely, the entirety of the world's supply of Asbestos was used up to make the Burns building.
- The bones of a previous Vice-Chancellor. Without the head. The head is kept in the Hall of Heads at the Vice Chancellor's residence, to be consulted on matters of state.

- The body of the current Vice-Chancellor with eggs laid in her abdomen, perhaps missing her skin. Very likely, it would explain a lot.
- 4. Nothing. They just wanted to keep a small patch of earth dry as a refuge for wet moles. Fairly likely, large construction firms are known for the respect they show the natural world. Unlikely, there are no moles in New Zealand.
- 5. The Illuminati eye. The tarpaulin is made out of tinfoil and old Dan Brown novels.
- Another tarpaulin. It's tarpaulins all the way down.
- 7. The soul of the Richardson building. Upon its release the Richardson will be covered with wildflowers and the rightful king and queen will bring peace to the land. Both likely and the best argument for not moving the tarpaulin.
- An intriguingly shaped rock. It was so affecting that it stopped construction. No one can work while they know the rock is there, it's just too intriguing.
- 9. A mysterious golden light. Likely, I don't think Tarantino is that busy at the moment.
- The deep pain of losing a loved one, covered over but always ready to reopen in a strong wind. Inevitable.

Uni News

CCTV Debate Continues In The Run Up To Vital OUSA Referendum

by Joe Higham

Dunedin City Councillor Lee Vandervis, who has long been a vocal advocate for extra surveillance to be implemented in the North Dunedin area, was critical of the University's plan. He thought the University will be "spending far too much money. I'd rather see a much smaller number of cameras in a few non-fixed locations."

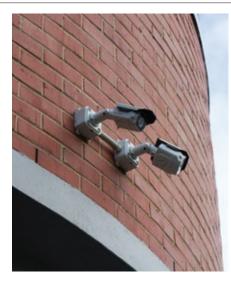
Vandervis explained that he had been engaged in lobbying the DCC to have CCTV cameras in North Dunedin to address a variety of problems, and specified he was hoping for just "10 percent of what the university have budgeted on cameras" and with that was also hoping for "just 10 percent of the cameras too. Sixty cameras is an awful lot. They have gone overboard with this plan."

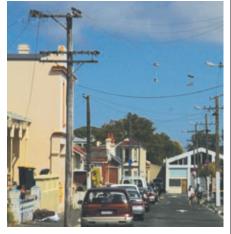
He said that students should be especially concerned with how the cameras will be monitored and who will be monitoring them. Despite having approximately 400 CCTV cameras throughout University building and the campus more generally, they do not currently have a policy in place in relation to their ongoing use and access to footage, although as part of this process a policy is being written.

When asked how much of a say the University will allow OUSA to have in the creation of this policy, a University spokesperson assured students that OUSA "can have as much of a say as they want", a comment that will be some comfort to concerned students.

"They can say they'll listen to students but whether they will or not is another question", exclaimed Vandervis.

Former OUSA President (1979-1980) Paul Gourlie has written a letter to Dunedin





Mayor Dave Cull, with "David, as our Mayor, please help assure those who are worried by this that they live in a transparent, accessible society where humanity comes before profit expediency."

In terms of the upcoming OUSA referendum and whether a clear vote by students opposing the CCTV cameras would cause the University to seriously reconsider or even give up on the initiative altogether, they wouldn't commit either way, stating that "It is too early to say. We don't want to pre-empt any stage of the process. We want to wait and see what students say."

Channelling US President Donald Trump's Counselor Kellyanne Conway, University of Otago Team Leader for Media Engagement Jo Galer labelled Critic's coverage of the CCTV plan as "fake news". Galer was keen to specify that the comment was not made in relation to "other coverage, which in our view abided by journalistic standards."

Local News

Iconic Dunedin Castle May Soon Be Open To The Public

by Joel MacManus

One of Dunedin's greatest historic landmarks may soon be accessible to the public, if plans go smoothly, according to Steven De Greef, Chairperson of the Cargill's Castle Trust.

Cargill's Castle, one of only two castles in New Zealand (the other being Larnach Castle, also in Dunedin), was built in 1877 by prominent shipping magnate and later Mayor of Dunedin Edward Cargill, but has lain in ruins since the 1960s, battered by the weather at the top of rough sea cliffs.

In 1997, the castle's then-owner received consent to demolish the structure, but was thwarted by concerned citizens who established the Cargill's Castle Trust to purchase the building and someday make it accessible to the public.

According to De Greef, the Trust is hoping to develop walking access to the site, and eventually make the castle accessible to the public as a tourist attraction. They have no plans to refurbish the building, but simply want to maintain the ruins in a way that is safe for tourists to walk through. "We need to get a steel framework put in to hold it together, there's a lot of loose rubble which needs to be cleared as well. We'd really like to stabilise the staircases so people can get up to the tower, and add some info signs around the place, telling its history."

Trespassing has been an issue, with curious members of the public hopping fences to get a peek. "It's a bit hard on the neighbours, having a constant stream of people coming across the property," De Greef said. "It is largely young people, late at night and drinking, which can be dangerous. We've also have a lot of graffiti, which is a shame, it's a historic landmark and should be treated with respect."

Although permanent access may not be attainable yet, De Graaf says he would like to organise a public open day at some point this year so people can see the castle up close, although whether they will be able to go inside is unclear. Work is also underway with the DCC to build a walking track extending along the coastline from the castle to Tunnel Beach. The tunnel, which

the castle to Tunnel Beach. The tunnel, which provides access to the beach, was also built by Edward Cargill to give his daughters a private bathing area. "We're still working with the DCC and in the process of negotiating easements with the land-

process of negotiating easements with the landowners," explained De Graaf, and "I'm hoping we can have the construction going on the walking track by next year, but if we have one or two landowners who object, that whole thing could be slowed right down."

"Believe me, there's nothing I'd love more than to let everyone in, and no one is more impatient than me."

The Trust has been working on plans for the last 20 years, and some progress has been frustratingly slow, not helped by the fact that the Trustees couldn't actually access the castle. "It was kind of landlocked at the start, but now there's some access ways available. Things have really stepped up a gear in the last six months."

Plans for stabilisation are due by the end of 2017, with the end of 2018 being the earliest date for work to be completed.



Flex those democratic muscles and vote now in the OUSA ONLINE REFERENDUM voting.ousa.org.nz Between 9am Monday 29th and 4pm Wednesday 31st May

VOTE FOR YOUR CHANCE TO WIN AN IPHONE!



Keeping Tabs On The Exec

by Joe Higham

Concern over the Bible Elohim Academy, which some have labelled as a 'religious cult', was discussed, due to the group wanting to affiliate with OUSA. They are seen by OUSA Recreation Manager Michaela Tangimetua as being an "extension of" controversial South Korean religious group the World Mission Society of God (WMSoG) and although they claim to have only been proselytizing on campus, there are several instances of them having done so off campus, even door knocking in North Dunedin's surrounding suburbs. They weren't upfront with the fact they were affiliated to the WMSoG, something they have been told will have to be added to their constitution in order to be affiliated as an OUSA group.

A large part of the meeting was consumed with discussion about the specifics of the OUSA referendum's pros and cons. Following this the meeting turned to the installation of CCTV cameras in North Dunedin. Education Officer Bryn Jenkins asked whether President Hugh Baird has had conversations with other students associations, as well as the New Zealand Union of Students' Associations (NZUSA), in order to have a "united voice for students" on this important issue. Admin VP William Guy said we should talk to "OPSA [Otago Polytech Students' Association] first and then other students associations." Baird then said "do we care about them?", to which Jenkins responded, "we should be cautious. This is a huge decision for New Zealand, not just Dunedin." Baird then said "I don't care about students in other students' associations," before adding, "after our own of course." Jenkins noted that their views "should not substantively affect it but knowing their view would help," with Baird firmly stating, "we'll have no stance until after the referendum."

After weeks of confidential discussions about the possibility of extending the opening hours of the university's study spaces during the exam period, Jenkins was able to publicly confirm that St David lecture Theatre will be open to students 24/7 during exam periods and the Link will be open until 2am. Colleges Officer James Heath asked if there were any libraries open for extended hours during exam periods, to which Jenkins said he "would love libraries to be open" but explained that they wanted statistics to back up the need, and Jenkins was only able to provide statistics for OUSA's pilot schemes that were conducted over the last couple of years.

Uni News OUSA Referendum Questions

Voting on student issues in the OUSA Referendum begins next week and will finish at 4pm on Wednesday. To discuss any of the questions head along to the OUSA Forum this Monday at 1pm in the Main Common Room in the Link. The things you can vote on are:

Should the Otago University Students' Association Annual Audited Financial Statements for the year ended 31 December 2016 be received and accepted?

Should the Otago University Students' Association Annual Report for 2016 be received and accepted?

Should PricewaterhouseCoopers be appointed as Auditors for the Otago University Students' Association for 2017?

Should Anderson Lloyd be appointed as Honorary Solicitors for the Otago University Students' Association for 2017?

Should OUSA financially support the redevelopment and structural strengthening of its fully owned subsidiary the University Book Shop?

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?

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?

Should OUSA support the Dunedin Hospital SOS campaign to keep the Dunedin Hospital rebuild in the centre city?

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?

Should OUSA support a change of government at the 2017 general election?

Should OUSA oppose the implementation of CCTV monitoring of the student residential area by the University of Otago?

╞ 🛛 Uni News

Animal Research at Otago

Animal testing is always a hugely controversial and divisive topic, with each side rigid in their beliefs. The University of Otago are following through on plans to spend \$50 million on a new animal research facility meaning the debate has reared its head once again throughout campus. If you're reading this and remain undecided, take a read and see if either side can sway you.

Secretive Animal Research Facility Decision Goes to Referenda

By Oska Rego

Next week's referendum will ask: "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?"

The university planned the facility in secret; it didn't announce it until after approval behind closed doors. This precluded any discussion about ethical, scientific or financial implications. There was no opportunity to raise counterarguments or suggest alternatives. Construction began last year on Great King Street behind high, black walls, and the university has repeatedly refused to publically comment on, or justify, their decision.

Other controversial decisions, such as cuts to humanities departments or increases to CCTV on and off campus, have similarly been made without consultation with those who contribute to the university, financially or otherwise. The university is distancing itself from most of the people whose lives are closely connected to it.

Construction has been quoted as costing \$50 million. This is galling, particularly given sagas like the humanities cuts, which give the impression that the university doesn't have money spare for investing in increasingly outdated scientific practices.

Physiological differences make animals poor models for testing how drugs, medical equipment and methods will perform for humans. 92 percent of drugs that pass animal testing procedures fail

VS.

human trials. Given growing awareness of the inherent flaws in animal-based research, and the increasing demand for alternatives, it has been suggested that it would be more astute to invest in something like a 'Centre for Alternatives to Animal Testing', which exist at some American and Dutch universities.

Ethically speaking, the confinement, suffering and death experienced by lab animals is rarely justified by meaningful scientific or educational outcomes. Focusing attention on utilising alternatives to laboratory animals would reduce these harms, and give students more opportunity to opt-out of using animals during their studies. Currently, many students are faced with a difficult choice between not studying their preferred course, or having to undertake animal-based experiments that generate no new information.

Do consider voting 'yes' to the online referendum question. The facility isn't due for completion for at least 18 months (a conflicting estimate from the university said it would take three years). There is plenty of time for plans to change. The university must start taking the views of its staff and students on board. Regardless of your views on this issue, if you tolerate this, the next secretive decision the university makes might affect something you care about.

In Defence of the Animal Research Lab

By Campbell Calverley

It has been established for a number of years now that Otago uni's current animal research facilities are in need of replacement. As such, the new animal research facility is crucial. We can all agree that cosmetic animal testing is unnecessary, but animal-based research is a key part of our ongoing understanding of medical science.

Animal-based research is necessary for research where human-only research is either unfeasible or too dangerous. Something along the lines of expanding ZenTech isn't enough to replace animal testing. The potential risks during testing – for example, unexpected reactions to treatments – are simply not worth taking. The only humans who could be tested on for specific conditions would be those already in dire need of treatment. Testing on animals provides a safer opportunity to observe unexpected variables that would not be present in a simulation.

Everyone must understand a key point: humans are NOT the only animals who benefit from animal-based research. The common cry for "human-relevant" research assumes that diseases affecting animals do not develop over time. New Zealand's agricultural economy, our culture of environmental protection and the conservation of endangered species, vaccines, veterinary research, the treatment of parasites in farm animals and pets, the fish in New Zealand's waterways, native animal sanctuaries— these are all areas that crucially depend on ongoing animal-based research.

Looking at the issue from this perspective, anyone who is against the animal research lab must also consider the ethics of NOT doing potentially life-saving research.

The university has an astonishingly strict code of ethics in the treatment of animals used in research, and anyone can read it if they google it. Each experiment must go through multiple stages of review—if the animals are not in the highest standard of physical and psychological health and care before and during the experiment, or the experiment is deemed not important enough, it is not allowed. But even if an experiment is unsuccessful, the knowledge gained from it is still valuable. A failed attempt to repair mouse hearts with stem cells may lead to better treatment of postheart-attack patients, for example.

Otago's standard in performing animal-based research can only improve with a new research centre. From the perspective of this humble Humanities student, the most ethical thing to do is to ensure that scientists have the chance to do better science. That is what the new animal research lab will achieve.

Ransomware attack: Mass infrastructure catastrophes no longer sci-fi

by George Elliott

International

The ransomware attack last week, coined WannaCry, has been heralded as a wake-up call for the world on the very material dangers that cyberwarfare can have on society's infrastructure.

First appearing in Spain on 12 May, WannaCry spread via email, exploiting vulnerabilities in Microsoft operating systems that the US National Security Agency (NSA) had reportedly identified in April. WannaCry encrypts the victim's files and locks them out of their computers before demanding US\$300 in bitcoin currency and threatening to destroy all data if no payment is received.

The major victims include the UK National Health Service (NHS), Spanish telecommunications company Telefónica, logistics company FedEx, German railway system Deutsche Bahn, government agencies in Russia and China, automakers Nissan Motor Co. and Renault SA.

More than 250,000 computers in over 150 countries have since been attacked by the malware. Marcus Hutchins, a small-fry tech blogger and researcher for an IT security firm, accidentally found a so-called "kill switch" in the malicious software and managed to slow its advance. Last week, Wired listed various mistakes that the "amateur" WannaCry attackers made and warned that the attack could have been far more devastating if carried out by professionals.

Ransomware has become popular in the last ten years. In 2012, software company Symantec was able to gain access to data from just one command server and two Bitcoin addresses used in a ransomware attack and estimated that the attackers were making as much as US\$394,000 a month. Symantec estimates the total amount of ransoms



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WannaCry shows that cyberwarfare can have unquestionable effects on, well, everything reliant on networked computers; not just in its financial ransoming, but also in the locking of important systems and data.

The current debate in academia, prompted by attacks such as these, concerns itself with the concept of cyberwar itself. Traditionally, attacks (and wars) have origins and aggressors, but cyberattacks seemingly appear out of thin air. Especially when we consider, as has been reported, that those who programmed the ransomware had little control over its trajectories and life-span, it's easy to start thinking about such attacks as autonomous viruses.

Does this not remind you of the War on Terror and our perpetual state of security?

A sprawling industry has taken shape that challenges the state's monopoly on attributing attacks to attackers. Last week, the WannaCry attack led to an 8 percent rise in share valuation for some cyber security firms, an industry that has a formidable amount of political influence in the era of "hacking elections".

The pairing of cyberattacks' fluid characteristics with traditional concepts of war is confused further by the internet's diffused nature and the blurred lines between civilians and state agents. Just about anyone can code and has access to vulnerabilities (so-called cyber weapons) in various systems.

Last week, while some cybersecurity experts called for patience, researchers from two cybersecurity providers came forward to put the blame for WannaCry on North Korea. American software company Symantec and Russian-based Kaspersky Lab say that some of the code used was nearly identical to code used by the Lazarus Group, a North Korean hacking operation which was responsible for the 2014 hack of Sony, according to the US, and also allegedly stole US\$81 million from Bangladesh's central bank.

However, John Miller of another cybersecurity company FireEye said, "The similarities we see between malware linked to that group [Lazarus] and WannaCry are not unique enough to be strongly suggestive of a common operator."

This brings up another problem with cyberwarfare, that a myriad of private interests – some of which have close ties to various governments and seemingly unrelated businesses – are speculating on who and in what capacity someone is actually taking part in the warfare. Yet, we often can't escape from the opinions of a cybersecurity company because they provide answers governments cannot because of a lack of transparency, national security concerns or simply a lack of knowledge.

POST-FACT WORLD

This week the Post-Fact World is taking you on a magical holiday to the world of planes. The plane is everybody's favourite bit of the holiday, but did you know these plane facts?

The reason you are not allowed to wear your hair in plaits on aeroplanes is because plaits can be mistaken for safety ropes

You are not allowed to talk about planets on planes because of linguistic similarities

You cannot bring more than 5.5 litres of blood onto a plane inside of your person, as large volumes of blood can be turned into a bomb.

Planes are snakes backwards

"Planes" is "snakes" backwards

If you reverse a helicopter propeller, it tunnels into the ground

Airline companies have to keep two spare seats for the little engineers who put down the wheels when the plane lands

The second airport was built in 1938, 12 years after the first one

If a plane flies into a bird's engine it can cause a kerfuffle

Seats were only compulsory in planes in 1967, before then everyone sat in baths

Cockpits have lots of glowy lights because pilots are afraid of the dark

The word "cockpit" came about so the pilots would have something to laugh about on their trips

Pilots are the enemies of space

WORLD WATCH

– JIANGSU PROVINCE, CHINA

Doctors have surgically removed two ballpoint pens from a man's intestine that he swallowed after losing a bet 36 years ago. The man reportedly ingested the pens while drinking with his friends and had forgotten about them until they showed up on an X-ray earlier this year.



DORSET. ENGLAND

A school has cancelled its sports day and has banned

children from playing on the field because of rabbits.

Pupils at Cranborne Middle School will not be allowed

on the field after several students were injured falling

over rabbit holes. Despite the school's efforts to cull

the rabbits, they've continued to multiply.

HADLEY—Commerce

- 1 Watching American Football highlights
- **2** Aerodynamic force
- **3** Goddamn... I used to know...
- 4 Yes. Most recently "name a more iconic duo" themed—I was half of the Veronicas.
- 5 Australia

WALE—Software Engineering

- 1 My phone
- 2 Guess it's the turbines and their wings. And physics.
- 3 Don't know
- 4 Nah
- **5** Right there [points to a stranger]

VERITY-Zoology & Ecology

- 1 Eat, Youtube, TV shows
- 2 ... my brother would know
- 3 Love, Sex, Dreams
- 4 Yip. Best one was mine. It was '70s themed with challenges all over Dunedin
- **5** Auckland Zoo. Or is that just a legless lizard?

JEAN-LUC-Neuroscience & Marketing

- **1** Go up Signal Hill or out to the Peninsula
- 2 Isn't it the air and wind pushing the wings up... and... [spreads arms out]
- **3** I should know... The D should stand for dopamine
- 4 Yeah. The standard, got completely wrecked.
- 5 Surely someone's got a pet snake in Dunedin, all you need is one of those heating lamps

SHARNEE—Biomedical Science

- 1 Youtube, finding new music and stuff like that
- 2 Physics
- **3** Oh I should know. A really good time in the '70s?
- 4 Only as an attendee. It was like the parts of my
 - ten favourite parties together in one night.
- 5 Australia?

MOSCOW, RUSSIA

While people were celebrating the anniversary of the end of World War II, a man was seen crossing a road fully naked with only a paid of sandals on. The bizarre incident was caught on camera, and shows an elderly couple barely glancing at the man as he saunters past them in his birthday suit. It is not known why the man was naked in public.

By Jack Trevella



What is your favourite way to procrastinate?

How do aeroplanes stay in the air?



Have you had a red card pulled on you? If so, what happened?



Where do you think the closest snake is?

ODT WATCH

To start this week, a waste of six words.

Best of awesome hard to pick

The many-limbed amorphous blob that is the ODT got wet on its shuffle to work this morning.



Tired of the inconveniences of Earth, a sentient tentacle slopped on a keyboard.

Dunedin 'perfect' for space centre role

The ODT just wants to go home.

Then the ODT presented us with both an abysmal pun and a self-contradictory statement. This is jackpot for ODT bingo. Ironically, ODT bingo would probably go down amazingly with their target demographic.



And finally, get prepared for the pure adrenaline rush of the ODT's latest edge of your seat thriller.





In Thailand it is illegal to possess more than 120 playing cards

In 2003, archaeologists in Venezuela discovered fossilised remains of a guinea pig the size of a cow

Peruvians consume an estimated 65 million guinea pigs each year

O'Mannii

People who indulge in a bout of swearing before exercising perform better than those who don't

Each local municipality in Japan has its own unique manhole cover design

81 new primate species have been discovered since 2000

In early drafts of Star Wars, Yoda was called Buffy

'Wi-Fi' doesn't stand for anything

A human body makes 4.5 litres of mucus a day

When he retired the senior crayon maker at Crayola admitted he was colour blind

By Jack Trevella



╞ 🛛 Teams to Hate

TEAMS I HATE AND WHY YOU SHOULD HATE THEM TOO #1: LIVERPOOL FC

by Charlie Hantler

Everyone has sports teams they love, for me these are Otago, the mighty Highlanders, the Black Caps, Manchester United, and the Cleveland Cavaliers. I thoroughly enjoy cracking open a Speight's, putting my feet up and watching them do their thing. It really is a great time.

However, like anyone else, there are a few teams I really hate. A lot. This series begins with my most passionate hatred of all. A team that hasn't won a single trophy for more than a decade, but their fans still seem to think they're completely relevant and a constant title contender. Well, they aren't.

Liverpool FC is the second club to come from the great city of Liverpool. The club is a self-appointed deity of football with most casual fans expected to applaud and revel in their class and history. Liverpool "plays" their matches in a kit painted Lucifer's red.

This embarrassment of a club was founded in 1892 due to a rent dispute between then Anfield inhabitants Everton FC and landlord John Houlding. In a classic 'Kopite' dickhead move, Houlding raised rent by 150 percent to drive Everton out due to his jealousy at Everton having clinched the 1889–1890 title. Everton moved to the much superior Goodison Park, and the sorry excuse of a 'gathering' that is Liverpool FC were born. Fuck.

Look, it's hard to argue that they've not been pretty successful in their history. They've won some trophies and shit. Big deal. But that's an argument that I'm more than eager to attempt. The great Bill Shankly won them multiple league, FA Cup and UEFA Cup trophies amongst others, but then the classic Kop dickheads cut ties with him in an attempt to "move the club forward". The man was as quotable as he was successful, and he provided a great one in his autobiography (It's More Important Than That (1976)),

"I have been received more warmly by Everton than I have by Liverpool. It is scandalous that I



should have to write these things about the club that I helped build into what it is today."

So he's alright by me.

They continued to win a few more trophies under Bob Paisely, and nobody really cares. Then came the fun – modern day Liverpool. A club which loves to talk about how successful they were under these aforementioned managers while simultaneously winning fuck all.

In 2005, the club reached the Champions League final via a series of fluke results. Against Olympiakos, Steven Gerrard sliced a half-volley in to the far corner which helped qualify the team for the knock-out rounds. In the semi-final, Luis Garcia scored a phantom goal that sunk Chelsea – the ball did not cross the line. Then, in the final, the miracle of Instanbul occurred. The self-described greatest game of all time consisted of Steven Gerrard diving to win a penalty, no winning goal being scored, and the match was decided by an Andriy Shevchenko missed penalty.

The current Liverpool team is much different to what you'd think their prolific history would suggest - they're shite. Their fearless leader is some egomaniac named Jurgen Klopp and their team consists of overrated and overvalued footballers. With the increasingly hilarity of high profile players turning down the chance to join Liverpool and those they have on the books wanting to leave, the future is bright for all us who hate them. To be honest, if this hasn't been convincing enough yet, I'm not very fond of your judgement, but we'll keep going. Their supporters will definitely tip you over the edge. Becoming a Liverpool fan takes years of hard work and dedication. Years of studying ancient mythologies and historical poetry is required so you can compare Jurgen Klopp to Ares and write cringeworthy sonnets about distant victories of the past. Clothing consists of anything that your standard Scouser has stolen off the street as long as it's paired with a Liverpool scarf that you lift above your head like a tool for every painstaking rendition of 'You'll Never Walk Alone' you hear.

Location is not important. If anyone ever questions your bewildering loyalty for the club due to your residence being over 500 miles away from the city of Liverpool simply start to lie. A common and battle-worn excuse is to explain how a family member, who happens to be 'a massive red', influenced you from a young age. This tactic has worked handily for decades. Also just yell 'S Times', it'll be a really strong, convincing argument.

I could go on for decades, no exaggeration, on how shit of a football club Liverpool are, but this will do for today. I hope you enjoyed my brief history of Liverpool FC. To finish I would just like to let you all know that I am a veteran historian on the subject of hating Liverpool and my opinion can be trusted as fact. From Weapon to Wonder: A Brief Social History of LSD

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written and illustrated by Chelle Fitzgerald When Sandoz chemist Dr Albert Hofmann was messing around synthesizing ergot derivative compounds in 1938, the seemingly unremarkable twenty-fifth compound he produced was unceremoniously stored among its siblings on a shelf for the next five years.

On 16 April 1943, Dr Hofmann decided to investigate the compound further. Accidentally ingesting a small dose through his fingertips, he unwittingly enjoyed the very first acid trip, following it up with another, intentional, dose of 250 µg three days later. Thinking that 250 µg (more than double today's standard tab), wouldn't have much effect, the good doctor was flying high when he bicycled home from his lab that day. This was 19 April 1943, which is now commemorated as Bicycle Day each year, upon which grateful trippers across the globe enjoy LSD in honour of Hofmann's glorious maiden voyage.

Lysergic acid dimethylamide, a.k.a. LSD-25, is one of the most researched recreational drugs on the market today. Snaking its way from the controlled clutches of the CIA and the military through into popular culture, there are fewer substances that have enjoyed such a varied and well-documented social history as LSD.

After Hofmann reported his findings on LSD-25 to other Sandoz staff, the pharmaceutical company began to test on volunteers, looking for psychiatric applications for the drug (an incredible property of LSD is that it is active in such miniscule quantities – one gram of pure LSD crystals offers 10,000 – 20,000 single doses). After receiving notable mention in medical journals, the drug ended up on the radar of the US Army around 1949.

The CIA had spent the better part of the late 1940s testing all manner of substances under the operation "Project CHATTER" for their potential as a "truth serum," the most notable of these being cocaine, heroin, amphetamines, and marijuana. They were particularly excited about LSD's behaviour as a psychotomimetic, and had become rather interested in psychoactives such as mescaline after learning of the horrific mescaline mind control experiments that Nazi doctors had tested at Dachau concentration camp. The endeavour Project Paperclip saw the US Army importing six hundred Nazi scientists to continue these kinds of experiments in America. A key figure among them was Dr Hubertus Strughold, who had been responsible for psychological tests at Daschau, involving submerging prisoners in freezing water, placing them in air pressure chambers, and performing surgery without anaesthetic, resulting in many gruesome deaths (icepick lobotomies were also a favourite of Strughold's). This ongoing testing was renamed Operation BLUEBIRD, later becoming Operation ARTICHOKE in 1951.

In 1953, the covert project MK ULTRA was born. Run by a small team in the CIA named the Technical Services Staff (TSS), MK ULTRA encompassed some pretty dodgy shit that the government kept secret from citizens, one of which was Operation Midnight Climax. Midnight Climax entailed TSS agents fitting out apartments in New York and San Francisco with two-way mirrors, and hiring prostitutes to bring clients to these safehouses, where they would be unknowingly spiked with LSD, while cocktail-chugging TSS agents watched the shenanigans from behind the mirrors. Midnight Climax began in the 1950s and was not abandoned until 1966 - that's a heck of a lot of prostitutes on the US government payroll, spiking a heck of a lot of unwitting American citizens.

After Midnight Climax wound down, Richard Helms, a pioneer of MK ULTRA, became director of the CIA. "We do not target American citizens" he told the American Society of Newspaper Editors in 1971. "The nation must to a degree take it on faith that we who lead the CIA are honourable men, devoted to the nation's service" (yeah, righto Helmsy). Shortly after this, before he resigned, he ordered the comprehensive destruction of all MK ULTRA paperwork – suggesting there may have been a lot more to the CIA's LSD testing operations than what was

Operation Paperclip saw the US Army importing six hundred Nazi scientists

eventually brought to light from the few documents that survived the cull.

The US government has subsequently admitted to dosing unknowing citizens from 1955 through 1966 (not just at the safehouses, but in many public places such as beaches and parks), and has paid out millions of dollars to the families and victims of these secret LSD spikings.

Obviously, the US was convinced that Russia and China were also developing LSD for mind-control purposes, so clearly the most logical thing they could do was to familiarise their own soldiers with the drug. At Fort Bragg, war games and military drills were carried out on LSD, while at Fort McClellan around 200 officers were given the drug to familiarise them with the effects.

At Edgewood Arsenal in Maryland, soldiers were given LSD and placed in sensory deprivation chambers, after which they were subjected to hostile interrogation to incite anxiety, fear and confession. For nearly twenty years Edgewood staff included at least eight imported Nazi doctors involved in these inhumane tests.

By the mid 1960s, at least 7,000 soldiers had been involved in US Army LSD experiments – some of which were coerced or spiked unknowingly. Edgewood Arsenal was responsible for the death of tennis professional Harold Blauer who was stationed there at the time – an overdose of methyl di-amphetamine was responsible. Researcher Dr James Cattell later testified, "we didn't know if it was dog piss or what it was we were giving him."

Cattell's colleague, Dr Paul Hoch, had experimented on psychiatric patients with LSD and given them lobotomies thereafter. In one of Hoch's experiments, he administered LSD to a patient, along with a local anaesthetic, and the patient was told to describe his experience as they removed parts of his cerebral cortex. Absurdly, Hoch later went on to become

"We didn't know if it was dog piss or what it was we were giving him."

the New York state commissioner for mental hygiene.

During this period, the US Army was receiving rejected drugs from pharmaceutical companies solely for their undesirable effects, which the army wanted to exploit. One superhallucinogen in particular, quinuclidinyl benzilate (BZ), was ultimately preferred by the army over LSD, due to its powerful nature. Between 1959 and 1975, around 2,800 soldiers were given BZ, and it rendered many of them fucked up, both temporarily and permanently.

In the 1950s, the CIA was also using penal and mental institutions for their testing, knowing that inmates and the mentally unwell were easy targets. The Addiction Research Centre, a penal institution in Lexington, Kentucky, was one such place. When the CIA received new reject drugs from the pharmaceutical companies, they would ship them on over to Dr Harris Isbell at Lexington, who would offer up heroin and morphine as payment to coerce the (mostly black) already drug-addicted prisoners into submitting to testing.

Among the experiments conducted by Isbell, he boasted of one in which certain

inmates were kept on LSD for 77 days straight. Where he felt it necessary, he would administer up to quadruple the recommended dose in order to combat tolerance.

In the sixties, Edgewood Arsenal began phasing out LSD testing in order to narrow their focus on the drug BZ, which was developed for use in grenades and the 750lb. cluster bomb.

While the CIA's obsession with LSD for military application began to fade, its therapeutic potential was of great interest to many therapists and psychiatrists, and in 1953 Dr Ronald Sandison opened the first public LSD clinic in England. More of these popped up throughout Europe, Canada and the US. A professional US spy by the name of Captain Al Hubbard was introduced to LSD by Sandison, and thereafter contacted Dr Humphrey Osmond, a young psychiatrist who was researching LSD and mescaline in Canada.

In 1953 Osmond gave Aldous Huxley the infamous mescaline trip that prompted him to write The Doors of Perception, which popularised psychedelics in a way that had not previously been seen. Hubbard and Osmond both

Certain inmates were kept on LSD for 77 days straight

began to use LSD as treatment for alcoholics, and this resulted in an unprecedented rate of recovery – Hubbard even received permission from Rome to use LSD for treatment within a Catholic setting.

Of course, while all this was happening, that old dirty bastard the CIA was paying close attention, and Sandoz, along with the Food and Drug Administration (FDA), kept the CIA abreast of any LSD purchases – Hubbard was, of course, a prominent customer.

Earlier referred to as a "psychomimetic" by the military, the term "psychedelic" to describe LSD was coined via correspondence between Osmond and Huxley in 1957. This marked a turning point for LSD; rather than being a potential weapon to induce anxiety and psychosis, it was now being seen as a great drug with many positive effects. Within a therapy setting, LSD was used to induce a safe space to explore one's psyche, rather than the horrific military testing environments ("no wonder they report psychotics," Huxley once noted of the CIA's test results).

A couple of Harvard professors in the 1960s, Timothy Leary and Michael Hollingshead, began exploring with using psychedelics, such as psilocybin and mescaline (which Sandoz doled out free to researchers) for therapy. Hollingshead had been given 1 gram of Sandoz LSD, which he mixed with sugar and distilled water and kept in a mayonnaise jar – this jar would become legendary in LSD subculture, and was responsible for introducing thousands of influential people to LSD. At one point, Hollingshead's entire apartment was laced with LSD – the door handles, the food, pretty much every surface.

As the CIA focused their watchdog efforts on Leary and Hollingshead, the FDA investigated their use of LSD in trials, and finally ruled that Leary would no longer be allowed to test LSD without a medical doctor present. In 1963, Leary was fired from Harvard and subsequently set up the IFIF – International Federation For Internal Freedom, in pursuit of changing the world through exposing as many people to LSD as possible.

Over on the west coast, the famous writer Ken Kesey was a student at Stanford when he got wind of a veteran's hospital which was conducting experiments, where volunteers were given "psychomimetic drugs" along with \$75 per day. He enjoyed his experience as a guinea pig so much that he soon began working as a night attendant in the wards there, obtaining access to LSD and mescaline, among other psychoactive drugs. Unsurprisingly, these drugs began doing the rounds within his group of friends.

Kesey went on to write the classic "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest", much of which was written while high on LSD or peyote, and formed a counterculture band of followers dubbed the Merry Pranksters, whose goal was to introduce as many people to psychedelics as possible. In 1965 he met Hunter S. Thompson, while Thompson was writing his book about biker gang the Hell's Angels. The Angels and Kesey's Merry Pranksters partied together for weeks, and Hunter S. Thompson later wrote that he would like to repeat his early acid trips with the Hell's Angels, saying that "dropping acid with the Angels was an adventure; they were too ignorant to know what to expect, and too wild to care."

The mid-1960s was a heavy period of student activism, and during this movement drug use was a strong avenue for denouncing authority. Radical politics and drug use were usually never far from one another, and this attitude, along with the increasing number of influential people who had tried LSD, meant that the drug was fast becoming irrevocably sutured into Western society.

The first place that LSD was sold on a massive scale was a neighbourhood in San Francisco named the Haight-Ashbury. Manufactured by chemist Augustus Owsley Stanley III and a young Berkeley chemistry major, Melissa Cargill, the drug was sold on the streets from February 1965. Drawing some parallels with Walter "Heisenberg" White, Owsley was obsessed with creating the purest product possible – his LSD was said to be even purer than Sandoz's. Sandoz's LSD was a yellowish crystalline substance, whereas Owsley managed to refine his so that it appeared bluish (like Heisenberg's meth!) and piezoluminescent (emitting flashes of light when shaken).

Initially sold in powder form contained in gel capsules, or a blue-tinged liquid known as "mother's milk," Owsley decided to acquire a pill press in order to control dosage. Keeping the price per trip at a stable \$2.00, Owsley was rumoured to have turned out four million trips, freely giving away as much as was sold – impressively, he was possibly more interested in sharing this incredible compound and raising collective consciousness than he was in getting rich.

Once LSD was available freely on the street, things began heating up where the FDA and CIA was concerned (how dare anybody enjoy themselves? If a drug couldn't be used to torture and coerce people then it definitely shouldn't be available for enjoyment!). In January 1966, a three-day LSD festival aptly named "Trips Festival" was held, and LSD was well and truly out in public view. In April that year, Sandoz recalled all the LSD they had given to researchers, and all LSD testing came to a halt (with the exception of the CIA's secret activities, of course). Six months later, on 6 October 1966, California passed a law banning LSD use.

The CIA henceforth dedicated much effort into spreading misinformation about the drug, claiming that LSD was responsible for all manner of horrors, such as chromosomal damage and "holes in the brain". Undeterred, the masses still indulged in their beloved LSD, and in January 1967 over 25,000 people gathered in San Francisco to take part in The Human Be-In, an event promoting LSD, love and peace. Flower children, hippies, and the Summer of Love were in full swing, and the impact of LSD was flowing throughout mainstream culture. By the time The Beatles recorded Sgt. Pepper, they were all taking LSD regularly and writing songs about the drug. John Lennon has stated that (on the cover of Sgt. Pepper) "you can see that two of us are flying," referring to himself and George Harrison.

A few months after the Human

Hollingshead's entire apartment was laced with LSD - the door handles, the food, pretty much every surface

Be-In, Owsley was arrested with around ten million dollars' worth of LSD, sentenced to three years in prison, and ordered to pay a three thousand dollar fine. This caused a street LSD drought, which paved the way for the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. Owsley's former assistant Tim Scully, and chemist Nick Sand, were able to procure ergotamine tartrate (a key ingredient in LSD) from Europe, and they commenced production, under the name "The Brotherhood of Eternal Love".

Sand and Scully's LSD was considered to be even purer than Owsley's, and, by the time their lab was closed in 1969, they had manufactured around ten million hits of their product – known as Orange Sunshine. Orange Sunshine was smuggled from Orange County, California to numerous countries, appearing in places as far flung as Australia, Israel and India. Orange Sunshine also made it to Vietnam, where soldiers who were already getting freely fucked up on heroin and marijuana welcomed it with open arms.

After the Brotherhood was shut down following a one-year investigation culminating in dozens of arrests (including Timothy Leary), LSD devotees were once again in luck. A British chemist named John Kemp succeeded the Brotherhood's manufacturing efforts, but was subsequently nailed by Scotland Yard in 1977. However, a lucky legal twist meant that Kemp was forced to reveal his method for making LSD – and when this information wormed it's way into the public record, it was responsible for a resurgence in LSD production that exists to this day.

For a drug to have been accidentally discovered and so well researched, with such a phenomenally rich and intriguing history, it's small wonder that many revere this mystical compound. The socio-political history of the US has a lot to thank LSD culture for, and you simply don't see many decent historical accounts of the fifties and sixties in the US that do not highlight the impact of this drug culturally.

"You don't hear about it anymore, but people are still visiting the cosmos. We must always remember to thank the CIA and the army for LSD. That's what people forget ... They invented LSD to control people and what they did was give us freedom. Sometimes it works in mysterious ways its wonders to perform." – John Lennon

Microdosing on Acid at Work

A test to see if tiny amounts of LSD can increase productivity

written by The Day Trippers, illustration byJennifer Oraha

y co-worker and I decided to try microdosing LSD after reading on the internet that it makes you more productive, creative, energised, less anxious, and nicer to be around. We also heard from a friend of a friend who told us that microdosing on acid was the only thing that helped his chronic back pain, and that he took it every day. Other people say that they microdose acid for depression and anxiety. You take a tiny amount – around a tenth of a regular acid trip – so that you don't feel any of the psychedelic effects normally associated with the drug.

Ayelet Waldman, a novelist and former federal public defender, wrote about her experience microdosing LSD for the New York Times. She claims that it helped her through a bout of depression, enhanced her "mental equilibrium," and saved her marriage.

We had both taken acid several times in the past, and enjoyed it, so we didn't think anything bad could happen. We got some acid off a friend and gave it a shot. We didn't even try it at home first - we went straight to trying it at work. Here's what happened:

B1

The first day we tried it I woke up feeling pretty ok. I took the microdose at 8:40 in the morning. At 10:40 I felt normal, but by 11 I think I was feeling something. I felt good but not in a trippy way. When I was talking to my co-worker I felt slightly overwhelmed emotionally, but it's difficult to know how much of this is psycho-somatic. I did a whole lot of boring paperwork I'd been putting off for a long time. When I got home I felt like waves of love and affection were flowing out of me towards my boyfriend, which happens sometimes, but not all that often.

I am lucky and don't suffer from depression or an anxiety disorder, so I don't know if the acid affected me in same way it might have affected somebody with one or both of those things. I tend to be quite hyperactive anyway, so I'm not sure if I got a boost in energy or not. It could have just been psychosomatic. There were times, about an hour after I'd taken my microdose, that I found myself getting creepily enthusiastic in a meeting or conversation, or over excited about my work. As far as I know, my workmates didn't notice me acting differently on the days I had taken the microdoses, though some of them knew we were trying it out.

We took the acid every three or four days for about two months. I don't know if my overall productivity went up or not. Some days I'd get a tiny rush off the acid, and go home feeling like I had had one of the best days of my life. Other times it didn't seem to do anything much at all.

Sometimes, rather than feeling relaxed and creative, I felt anxious and sweaty.



*B*2

We examined the tabs of acid we were snipping our microdoses off. They were pale pink and slightly blobby looking. We thought perhaps the distribution of acid on the blotting paper was uneven, and that some of our microdoses may have been ineffective or not real. We started thinking we were wasting what could have been a couple of proper trips.

I decided to take a bit more acid at home one day to see if it was real, and not just a tiny bit of paper. I took about a 6th of a tab. Things started out fine. I did some housework and began folding my laundry. Then it got weird. I wasn't exactly tripping, but I did feel an unhealthy closeness to the clothes I was folding. It felt like we were connected. My folding slowed way down. I stopped and took some photos of some of my folding. Then I had to lie down for a bit.

I concluded that it was, indeed, real acid we'd been taking. I picked up my phone, went on Youtube, and searched for "trippy" videos. I watched them for a long time, and found many of them overwhelming.

I don't know from our thoroughly unscientific experiment if microdosing acid is something I'd recommend, but I would like to keep doing it myself in the future. The bursts of energy and well-being were nice, if inconsistent. I'm writing this on a microdose of acid and I feel fantastic.

I came into work one day and my co-worker proposed trying microdosing. After doing some research on (read: consulting the Reddit community) I approached the microdose experiment in much the same way as I approached my first trip on LSD: anxiously and with trepidation. I wasn't so much afraid of the unknown, like I was on my first actual trip, but more the fact that we were taking it at work. It made my palms sweaty and mind run wild with the thought of what might happen.

30 minutes after taking it I had an internal debate about whether what I was feeling was psychosomatic or the LSD taking hold for real. I was overcome with a feeling of excitement as the nerves took a back-seat. I was thoroughly engaged in what I was doing; I felt motivated and intrigued by the banal activity I was doing, something I had experienced on few occasions before, and I put that down solely to the effects of the microdose.

Some of the other days I felt significantly less happy with it. When I was hoping to make use of it, it let me down and felt overwhelming, distracting, and impairing. During those periods I got no work done and had to catch up with what I'd missed in the days in between our doses, which were roughly every three days.

I've heard some people claim that microdosing has revolutionised their lives and, while I tend to be skeptical when it comes to such claims, the overall experience made me think that this would be something that I could commit to, if only it was practical to do so for the near future.





Drop Everything and Obey

How The Red Card Became a Dunedin Cultural Phenomenon

Joel MacManus



If you're a fresher still learning the ropes and fumbling your way around North Dunedin, you may have heard the term "Red Card" being thrown around in conversation and had thoughts like 'what are they?', 'what do they look like?', and 'how can they help me get through Health Sci?'.

Red Cards are like Jaden Smith: They were brought into the world sometime in the late '90s and they often don't make a lot of sense.

The basic concept of Red Cards is simple. Once a year, each member of the flat gets one opportunity to pull their Red Card and everyone else in the flat must go along with whatever they say. It's a dream come true for alcoholics and control freaks the world over.

It's hard to see the phenomenon of Red Cards developing in any city other than Dunedin. Somehow through pure word of mouth an entire set of guidelines was created for doing crazy and sometimes demeaning things with intoxicating substances and everyone just sort of went with it. You can't even google it because you'll just get a bunch of articles about soccer.

By the early-mid 2000s, Red Cards had become commonplace in flats across Dunedin. By 2004, University of Otago Deputy Proctor Andrew Ferguson was beginning to have reports of dangerous activities come across his desk. By 2009 they had made their way to New Zealand's other true student city, Palmerston North, and become popular with Massey University students. The rise of Red Cards may have been propelled in part by the university's crackdown on initiation rituals, providing a new outlet for students to get creative and weird with their drinking.

Technically, you have the power to pull your Red Card at any time and your flatmates must drop everything and obey. However, with exams and tests dotted throughout the year, pulling your card without consultation can be considered a dick move. It's a good call to run it past the flat a few days in advance to make sure they're available. Don't let them get away with shitty excuses though. An assignment due the next day is an acceptable excuse. Needing to catch up on a few lectures and do some shopping is bullshit and you need to put your foot down. It's a good idea to get your Red Card done in first semester to avoid the busy time of year. "Red Card Season" really starts to hit just before exam time in second semester as everyone suddenly realises they haven't pulled theirs yet and try to cram something in before it's too late. Don't be a slacker; get in quick.

Your next move is deciding how big you want your event to be. Keeping it within the flat is an option, especially if you want to make the challenges really individualised. If your idea involves driving somewhere, it's best to stay small. If you want to go bigger the usual way is to allow each member of the flat to select a set number of people to be on their team, or alternatively you can just invite whoever the fuck you want. Again, there are no rules.

The rules around Red Cards are intentionally minimal, which allows a world of possibilities constrained only by your imagination. You can be as organised or unorganised as you like.

A classic option is a themed team event. The movie Beerfest is your prototypical example. Each team represents a different country and competes in a variety of drinking events: Beer Pong, Quarters, Flip Cup, Boat Races, Sculling Races, Rage Cage/Flip Cup. One Red Card I attended with a United Nations theme set each national team the challenge of finishing a mini keg in their room before performing a cultural dance for the rest of the crowd. Scavenger hunts are a great team bonding activity which gets everyone out to explore the city. Set them a list of challenges like 'take a piss in a stranger's flat', 'borrow a condom off someone', 'ask someone to marry you' or anything else your mind desires.

The true beauty of Red Cards is the individual power of the host. Everyone enjoys a structured activity, but organising by committee is bloody tough. Red Cards are a great chance to try out an activity you've wanted to do for a while but can't quite manage to convince people to try. If it's your Red Card they've just got to shut up and listen to you. Play a round of cana-hole golf, drunk lazertag, try out a weird and confusing drinking game you found online. If you want to, feel free to turn your Red Card into a Green Card, get everyone as high as the It's hard to see the phenomenon of Red Cards developing in any city other than Dunedin. No matter what you're doing, don't be a cunt, advice which applies to most of life.

> Himalayas and go mong out at a museum, play blazertag, or journey to the Whakamana Cannabis Museum.

> If you haven't played yet, I highly recommend 'Possum'. One of the only drinking games that truly owes its origin to the scarfies of Dunedin, Possum has unfortunately become less and less prominent in recent years. It's a simple game - you grab a box of drinks and climb a tree. You're not allowed out of the tree until you finish your box. Getting hammered and climbing around like a monkey is delightfully freeing and will fill you with feelings of pure nostalgia. In the Possum heyday of 2011, Otago hit national headlines as Botanical Gardens staff tried to crack down on players who trashed the place with empties. If you're going to play, don't be a cunt. Actually, no matter what you're doing, don't be a cunt, advice which applies to most of life.

> Another traditional, though less common, use of the Red Card is simply to fuck with your flatmates in hilarious and humiliating ways. I've been told of students who blindfolded their flatmates, dumped them in an unknown location, and told them to make it back to the flat,

with one caveat; they could either have pants or shoes on, but not both. Losing one makes walking tough, losing the other makes hitchhiking nigh on impossible. A Critic writer who documented the great Red Cards of 2011 reported on two young gentlemen who were presented with tight pink lycra outfits and a pill of Viagra each, and dropped off at a Unipol pump class.

Red Cards are a helluva good time, but it's important to stay safe and smart. The Proctor's office has seen its fair share of fuckups. They provided us with a list of Red Cards gone wrong.

One male student was told to go to South Dunedin and steal a supermarket sign. Unfortunately, like a fucking moron, he got caught. He escaped with a diversion.

One third year male smashed back a six pack and tried to walk along a corrugated iron fence. He fell over and cut himself, leaving disfiguring scars down one arm and a leg.

Another student was locked in a cupboard – unable to be released until he had crushed a set amount of liquor. He choked on his vomit in a confined space and, with no one around to save him, he very easily could have died.

Scariest of all was the story of a first-year student who just five months earlier had undergone major surgery and was still taking heavy duty drugs to aid his recovery. None of his friends knew about this. After being made to smoke a bong, suck down some bevvies and funnel a bottle of red wine he lost consciousness, fell to the floor and began to froth at the mouth. A flatmate managed to call an ambulance in time, but he was left with a long stay in hospital and a very near death experience.

No means no doesn't just apply to sex, it applies to drinking too. If you have medical conditions or even if you're feeling like the booze is hitting you a bit too hard, it's totally fine to jump out for a round. If you're in charge and someone tells you they can't handle it, respect their call.

Deputy Proctor Ferguson puts it simply "Red Cards are fine, as long as they are not dangerous, illegal or objectionable. There are a millionand-one things that extremely bright young people can do that are imaginative, and that don't involve someone getting hurt. Don't be fooled and protect yourself; no-one can make you do anything you don't want to do!"

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THE CAPTAIN COOK HOTEL \$10 for coffee and a Bacon Buttie, anytime before 5pm

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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)*

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SUPER SHUTTLES \$20 to/from the airport

T.M. AUTOMOTIVE \$50 Warrant of Fitness fee

VAPOURIUM Get an EXTRA 10ml with any starter kit

30 Culture

► Music

Letter from the Music Editor

There is something about the creative process that remains amorphous to me. As I write this, Dunedin is in the midst of DWRF 2017 (Dunedin Writers & Readers Festival), a week that is all about creative spirit and the power of the written word. I stand on the awkward eve of explaining to a room of festival goers the mind that created the lyric. Some things can't be expressed in words. If I could explain through sound that dark, enigmatic, primal self that emerges somewhere between the lightbulb above the head and the final completed song, I imagine it would resemble an ambient techno or experimental noise set, two genres of music that are as mysterious to me as the process of building a song.

This week, it's all about the space between the known and the unknown, and the powerful creative minds who work within it. I catch up with Auckland-based DJ and promoter, Marie Celeste Lawrence (a.k.a. Jaded Nineties Raver) a few days out from a NZ tour with Keepsakes and UK techno producer Ansome. Renee Barrance interviews Montreal-based sound artist, Sasha Ford (a.k.a. Blankets), who recently appeared at Dunedin's experimental music festival, Lines of Flight. And Ihlara McIndoe reconnects with the baroque beauty of Bach, classical ambience of Respighi, and transcendent potential of Mozart, channelled through the DSO.

—Bianca

⊨ Interveiw

THIS IS YOUR HAVEN

It is 11 May 2017. Tomorrow, an epic lineup of electronic musicians will deliver their ambient, industrial, and techno beats to a dance-starved audience at Dunedin's artist run space, None Gallery. The lineup includes UK techno producer, Ansome, and sonic allies, Jaded Nineties Raver (J9R), Keepsakes, Lumen Lux, and Back on Track. Partial Architecture, a pop-up concert tour founded by Friendly Potential co-conspirator and DJ, Simon Wallace, emerged with the sole purpose of supporting this event, which forms part of Ansome, J9R, and Keepsakes' NZ tour. Necessity is the mother of invention.

Auckland-based J9R (a.k.a. Marie Celeste Lawrence) and Keepsakes (a.k.a. James Barrett) are promoters in their own right, curating spaces at the other end of the country under the moniker of Haven. Another project "born out of necessity", Haven is a regular club night currently located at Whammy Backroom. In two weeks time, Haven will present the Auckland leg of the Ansome tour. Unsure where I will be in the country as the tour builds momentum, and wanting to know about all of it, I caught up with Marie Celeste Lawrence for a Q+A.

Thanks Marie, for offering us an insight into your creative ethos on the cusp of your NZ tour.

Can you tell me about the journey from Haven as a concept, to Haven nights becoming regular events?

Haven is run by myself, James Barrett, a.k.a. Keepsakes, and UK based Tom McGuiness. Like most projects I get into, it was born out of necessity. We were desperate for more challenging music in a proper club environment and we felt a lot of other people out there were too. We started in secret, didn't advertise, and reached out to people directly that we didn't really know but we thought might be into it. We ran them on Sunday afternoons with no door charge, within a large venue's green room. Atmosphere was key. The room was full of smoke and the entry to the space was so that no one quite knew where they were, in a liberating kind of way.

We were lucky to get L.I.E.S. artist Terekke for the first one and then Kobosil, although that fell through to illness. We did a Shocking Pinks afterparty with their drummer Cory doing a Borrowed CS set, but after that being able to continue running them for free became hard. Artists need and deserve to be paid and having so little budget made it extremely difficult to coax people over here. So we do charge now, as low as possible, and we've moved out of the green room and made Whammy's Backroom our home. James then had six months of solid touring in Europe, which I joined him on and it's since coming back from Europe we've felt even more compelled to continue Haven.

Is there a creative philosophy that underpins Haven?

Several. The use of controllers has done great things in making DJing more accessible to people with varying reasons for wanting to throw parties. But a large part of Haven's purpose is to run at an international standard within our world of house and techno. We feel an important part of this is having artists who possess the ability to use the industry standard equipment. So we only book people who use turntables or cdjs and are interested in the skill and art of DJing in a club environment. While doing this we're also hoping to encourage young electronic artists into learning how to DJ properly. So I could say we're trying to be aspirational, but in an educational way.

Our music policy errs on the harder edged side of what's coming out of Europe and the UK. It's important to us that all people on the bill have the experience to understand how to play a set relevant to their time slot and with thought to the artist they are supporting. We avoid booking hyped artists. There's often too much focus on one or two artists at any one time. It gets very boring for everyone, and I find the less hyped artists tend to be infinitely more talented, at least in New Zealand anyway.

The crowd is important too. It's not a place to creep on people or harass the DJ with requests. We will eject people if they are creating issue for anyone. Most of all we want Haven to be an environment where people of all identities and orientations can feel free, with music that excites them, considerate people around them, and without fear of harassment. We want people that come primarily for the music and contribute to the atmosphere in a positive way. In terms of these ideals to other aspects of my life, I definitely demand a certain standard of myself. I don't feel 100% there yet with J9R, but it's my first solo project after many years of not making music and I'm accepting that it's in the early stages of development. Obviously I don't think it's completely shit or I wouldn't continue with it. Creatively, I'm pretty hard on myself and can totally suffer from a bit of imposter syndrome. But as time goes on I'm only more secure in myself and I've learnt not to be overly precious about my output. I have a tendency to put myself up to certain challenges, go through my own absurd inner terror and then surprise myself.

On the 26th May Haven presents Ansome at Whammy Backroom in Auckland, which includes an amazing lineup of artists from NZ and abroad working in electronic music. What goes on behind the scenes when curating a Haven show? What do you look for when selecting artists for Haven, and how did you choose the artists for this particular event?

With Ansome we basically had to put ourselves on the line up as there isn't really anyone else in Auckland playing techno this hard who has enough experience to pull off a suitable support set, James releases on Ansome's label S.L.A.M. and we're all friends so it makes sense. We wanted to add Ducklingmonster as she will bring a totally different dimension to the start of the night. In regards to venues, we use Whammy as they're the only venue in the city who are consciously making an effort to give us, and others on the fringe, a home.

Your project J9R is among the electronic artists performing at Haven Presents Ansome. When did you start DJing? Did you begin by working with vinyl/turntables, or controllers and DJ software, or a mix of analogue and digital equipment?

I'm self-taught in everything I do. Jaded Nineties Raver is a live hardware project that until a few weeks ago has been based around a Korg Electribe and a Volca sampler, but I have a Nord synth now, which is changing everything for me.

I've never really DJed that much in public, only the odd experimental set. I tend to feel more comfortable playing live. My love for dance music began in '93. I was heavily into labels like Tresor, Sativae, Basic Channel etc. and moved to London to make the most of all that over there. But by '98 techno was over for me, it had become stale. I discovered experimental bands such as Coil and that whole scene. I was also into a very particular sect of hardcore bands on Gravity Records, G.S.L. and Three One G and it wasn't until that point, early '99, that I started playing synth in bands. I moved back to NZ in 2004, started a post hardcore band, joined The Shocking Pinks for a while then, by

accident, started a live party 'til you die rave band called Pig Out. Born during a one off fundraiser show for an art gallery I was setting up, we suddenly got offered shows all round the country and a record deal. We had a few hectic and fun years touring the globe but the band dwindled to two of us and then a laptop got involved and in 2009 that was it for me. I haven't made music until now. Now it's on my own terms and, although harder as I have to muddle through a lot of shit cause I don't really know what I'm doing much of the time, at least no one else is setting any rules. In saying that I love being in bands with other people. I love the gang mentality of it. You form very intense relationships with these people; I will always have a special love for all of them.

I heard buzz that you are on the cusp of releasing music. Is this true?

Yes, Noel from End of the Alphabet approached me after seeing me play my first live set at Chronophonium. I think he was a bit bemused, was like "Who are you? Where did you come from? Send me recordings as soon as you have them," which gave me a great confidence boost early on. It's an EP cassette release, to be available later this year. It's the only label in NZ I'd be interested in releasing on so I'm real happy about it.

Do you have any final thoughts on the future of electronic music in NZ or internationally? What you would like to see more of (or less of!)?

We all have our work cut out for us but the future's looking brighter. The issues steeped within this country's attitude to dance music are to me unparalleled on almost every level though. I'd like to see more industry support, everything's very band focussed, which creates a sense of isolation for dance artists. I'd like to see the older guys be more welcoming, the establishment DJs have shown zero support towards the few young people we do have here that are genuinely doing well overseas. They cling to their residencies and continue to only work with people they feel confident won't surpass them, which has meant over time the clubbing atmosphere has been allowed to become incredibly staid and uninspiring to younger people. The trickle effect of this has meant younger kids here don't even really understand how a dance party or a clubbing experience should be until they leave the country. It's very difficult to create a scene with talent of any exception under these circumstances.

These are all the reasons we do Haven. We've got exciting things on the horizon and we feel strong and committed to what we're doing. It's an exciting time for us.

by Bianca Prujean

╞ Dunedin Symphony Orchestra

Basically Baroque



Kicking off the first of the 2017 Matinee series on the 29 April, Dunedin Symphony Orchestra's Basically Baroque concert was certainly a hit. So often it takes an orchestra a while to settle into Bach, but the Concerto for Violin and Oboe was precise and enthralling right from the get-go. Featuring the virtuosity of New Zealand Symphony Orchestra's Principal Oboeist, Robert Orr, and Tasmanian based conductor and violinist, Daniel Kossov, the work was certainly impressive, particularly given Kossov was conducting the orchestra from the violin. Respighi's The Birds was a fascinating piece of music in itself, as the twentieth century composer incorporates bird song into a seventeenth century inspired setting. The high flutterings, represented through the first violins, were particularly effective, and the skill of these players is to be commended. Orr returned to the stage for Bach's Concerto for Oboe D'Amore, which was equally as convincing as the double concerto. The concert finished with Mozart's Symphony No. 41, Jupiter, of which the fourth movement is perhaps one of the most extraordinary movements ever written. Despite being at the end of the concert, the work maintained its energy, and finished the concert at the same high standard that it started.

by Ihlara McIndoe

⊨ Art

A Rainy Day Gallery Guide

Cold weather getting you down? Check out these hidden gems around campus for some art and culture to warm you right up.



De Beer Gallery Special Collections

For our first pick you don't even have to leave the library! Head on over to Special Collections on the first floor, where intriguing exhibitions are always open to the public. At the moment there's 500 Years On. Martin Luther and the Protestant Reformation, a captivating wee show celebrating Martin Luther's 1517 nailing of the 95 theses to the church door. It's easy to get lost in the books and art retrieved from the depths of our library, and always worth a visit whenever a new exhibition comes through.

Hocken Collections 90 Anzac Ave

After his death in 1910, Dr T. M. Hocken donated over 4,000 items to kick off the Hocken Collections on Anzac Ave. Today, the Collections are an awesome resource for researchers and contain an impressive art collection behind the scenes. Exhibitions regularly cycle through the Hocken's upstairs gallery space, and are usually free to the public. Freefall, an inspiring collection of international and New Zealand art and items, is showing at the moment – free entry, and a fascinating way to spend an hour.

Otago Museum

419 Great King Street

Across the road you'll find the Otago Museum, currently looking majestic amongst its golden, leafy surroundings. If you haven't paid a visit to this treasure trove then be sure to check it out sometime. Alongside the Tropical Forest (the perfect spot for dreaming away the chilliness of May), the museum contains amazing art and artefacts from a range of cultures. Art exhibitions and events regularly come through the museum, so it's always worth a visit to see what's new.

Dunedin School of Art Gallery Forth Street

For art that is exciting, vibrant, and often unexpected, the Dunedin School of Art Gallery offers free public exhibitions year round. A fantastic range of artists exhibit here, working in mediums ranging from painting and photography to experimental video art. Get a glimpse of the awesome talent from our neighbouring tertiary establishment. You might just leave inspired.

by Monique



TV Series

Get Out

directed by Jordan Peele review by Laura Starling rating ★★★★★



Get Out is a recent, somewhat controversial, horror film. Chris Washington (Daniel Kaluuya) is a young black photographer accompanying his new white girlfriend, Rose Armitage (Alison Williams), home to visit her parents. Early on Chris asks her if she had told her parents that he is black – obviously conscious of what they will think of him. She reassures him that they are not racist, and that everything will be fine. Once there, Chris meets her seemingly warm and welcoming parents (Catherine Keener and Bradley Whitford). They have some bizarrely behaved black housekeepers, who Chris attempts to connect with but is immediately rebuffed. Upon finding out that Chris smokes, Rose's parents urgently insist that he stops. Rose's mother, Missy, offers to hypnotise him into quitting, but Chris turns her down. The interactions with Rose's family become increasingly uncomfortable as the film wears on. All is not as it appears to be with the Armitages.

There is something spectacular about watching a horror movie where the black character is not just an expendable victim in the opening scene, but a character whose story we actually follow and empathise with. Following the film's release many viewers took it to be a racist, anti-white film. It appears a lot of white viewers rejected the idea of being portrayed as the villains of the film. This reaction is particularly tragic seeing as this is one of the few horror films that actually encourages the audience to empathise with a black character. Consider the thousands of horror films, shows, and novels based entirely around the idea of 'savages'.

Without many scenes actively depicting horror, this film manages to be consistently unsettling throughout, leaving the viewer unsure of what is going on and who to trust. The interactions with Rose's family and friends become more and more unsettling. Each old white person treats Chris bizarrely, in ways that can be mostly dismissed as micro aggressions. However, each moment slowly compounds, to create an eerie atmosphere through the entire film.

Jordan Peele's directorial debut is impressive. Get Out is a ridiculously good movie. It's entertaining, unnerving and satisfying. I highly recommend that everyone takes the time to see it.

Chewing Gum

(episodes 1-3, 2015)

╞ Film

created by Michaela Coel review by Saskia Bunce-Rath rating ★★★★★



I have... mixed feelings. On paper it all seems great, yet I quit watching after three episodes due to the immense second hand embarrassment I got. Chewing Gum is a British comedy that frankly discusses sexuality, with a diverse cast, set on an estate in England. It's written by and stars Michaela Coel, with the premise of the main character Tracey escaping the religious indoctrination of her early years and discovering herself in her 20s.

Right off the bat Tracey just wants to get laid. She's been with her boyfriend for six years but he's waiting for marriage and wants to pray all day, obviously. Tracey recruits her friends for help on how to seduce him, but is simultaneously experiencing an attraction to a mysterious poet who lives on the estate.

Honestly I think this show was just too cringe inducing for me; I spent 70% of my viewing experience with the laptop half closed and internally wincing. Yes, I know this is a comedy but I still wish they had addressed the awkwardness of late bloomer sexuality with a little more nuance – something that involved less of Tracey in her pyjama pants climbing onto her love interest's face and thrusting because her friends told her to. It just feels a little like a missed opportunity to show, in a comedic context, the vulnerabilities of opening up to another human after being closed off for so long.

I think it's possible to have the comedy and the sincerity, and this show leans very far towards the comedy. So if you want a lite[™] cringe-inducing comedy then this is great. I personally just wish there had been a little more depth in the humour and characters.

But I will say kudos though, because never on a TV show have I seen women humorously discussing the unrealistic expectations men have of women from porn, "it's fucking piss babes," one woman yells while complaining about how her boyfriend is convinced he's going to make her squirt one day. And that's how I'll end this review, on the debate of whether squirting is piss. Enjoy! **Theatre**

The 2017 Capping Show

Dunedin transformed into Funedin this week for the opening night of the Capping Show, which Critic believes is the best one we've ever seen. If you've ever wanted to see a Nazi going through the letters of the alphabet while performing oral sex on a woman, you're in luck.

A friendless pair of new flatters find some old mushrooms in their flat and go on a wonderful journey with the Cat in the Cap through Funedin, which is just like Dunedin but more fun, more murdery, more time-travelly, and more offensive.

University topics covered included the endless construction work on the campus grounds, the cuts to the humanities departments, and the Rob Roy dairy. Vice Chancellor Harlene Hayne was seen laughing all the way through the show, even at the sketches that were about her.

The Sexytet and the Sextet were highlights as always. The Sexytet's rendition of Bohemian Rhapsody, climaxing with "StephaNIE! StephaNIE! Will you do the damn dish-es?" on the Galileo bit was perfection.

A pack of squids do a pun. Nuns get their rocks off vicariously through the sins of others. A Viking tries to order a drink. We're sold denim, blouses, and cucumbers. Nobody is left unoffended, and everybody leaves happy.

Photography: Trevor Cokley (instagrm: @trevor_cokely, northernchasephoto.com)





╞ Games



Stardew Valley was released in 2016 and was welcomed by the community with a hugely positive reception from both players and critics. It was another indie hit created by a small team of one dude and I was excited to experience what it had to offer. And it delivered on everything the community had been raving about.

Stardew Valley starts off simple. You get to name your farm, pick your clothes and choose a pet and then you're all set! A tiny cut scene plays setting the tone of the whole game. You leave your dead end job working for a sad, soulless supermarket franchise called JojaMart. You move town and inherit your Grandfather's farm to start a new, wholesome life in the country. There is so much to do in this game, the day to day watering of plants, harvesting crops and planting fresh seeds is as satisfying as FarmVille for Facebook was. You can upgrade your house, complete side quests for townsfolk, meet a wizard, kill baddies in a cave. There is a lot to do. Funnily enough, I found myself doing hardly any of this. As soon as I realised romance was an option I was hooked and determined to meet the love of my life to spend the rest of their days on Whittaker's Farm with me (I was eating chocolate when I named my farm, very creative).

I was expecting a wholesome, lovely time, with a tone and feel similar to that of Animal Crossing. Everyone will love me unconditionally, right? I'm the new person in town, everyone loves the new person, welcomes them with unconditional love? Wrong! I got the opposite. I got a sweet taste of continuous harrowing rejection from almost everyone I met, and I loved it. I have no idea what this says about my personality. In the first season (spring), you are invited to a dance that the whole town attends. Sounds like a good time right? Meet some cool people, do some dancing. A fun. Chill. Time. Once again, wrong! You don't have enough time to have built a close enough relationship with someone by this point in the game. So you subsequently ask everyone there to dance, who are all moaning about how they wish they had someone to dance with by the

way, only to have them ALL bluntly reject you. To add injury to insult, you're then forced to watch everyone dance together in a cut scene while you sit in the corner like the weird, lonely, newcomer you are forced into thinking you are.

After this ruthless bout of rejection, the only character that I was determined to woo was this moody, emo, super hot, tiny pixelated dude called Sebastian. But I had no idea how to do that. I found myself just going into his house and standing at his door watching him play computer games. I would follow him outside at approximately 5pm, when he would go stand by the lake and smoke durries because he's so misunderstood and just needs to clear his head, you know? For some reason, stalking the poor boy wasn't working (weird), until a quest came up on the tiny town square notice board detailing how Sebastian wanted cauliflower. The reward? "Sebastian will be happy". Sign. Me. The. HECK. Up. After reading this, I finally understood. Gifts. Gifts are the way to every person's heart. My cauliflower quest was a success and I was rewarded with the satisfying dialogue "thanks, I like this". After this, I proceeded to binge farm cauliflower like they were about to be eradicated from the earth.

And then autumn happened. I didn't know that all of your crops die with each season. I was distraught, how would I express my love without cauliflower? In desperation I started my stalking again. I had no idea what this dude likes besides cauliflower, what was I supposed to do, google it? After repeated gift attempts and relentless rejection dialogue of "...I hate this", I finally gave up on my quest for love and took to the cave to kill some monsters and deal with my heartbreak. What kind of sick metaphor is this game? No matter how many cauliflowers you give someone, they will always hate you? Stalking is terrible? Absolutely true actually.

Anyway, please play this game. Please also contact me and tell me what food Sebastian likes apart from cauliflower, thanks.

Rating: 5 stomped on hearts out of 5.

Homemade Potato Chips

by Liani Baylis

You know those days when the thought of putting a bra on to go get snacks cripples your very existence? Today is one of those days. Good god Uber eats would go off in this town! Alas, we don't have it, nor does Countdown deliver one bag of kettle chips. No, we must venture out to get snacks or go without—until now.

The day I discovered how to make potato chips in the microwave was quite probably among the best of my life. It was also, quite specifically, the lowlight of my dieting life. I get great satisfaction out of kidding myself that they can't be all that bad (due to their not being deep fried), but the quantity issue is still one that prevails.

When I say these chips are easy, you've really got no idea. The hardest bit is mustering up the patience for them to dehydrate enough in the microwave. When I think about it though, this is just a discredit to me and how impatient I really am. A supermarket run would take longer than these take to make from start to finish—no joke!

Another fab thing (among many) about these

chips is that you probably have everything you need in your kitchen already so you can make them right away. I've heard from friends that they keep just like any other chip would, in an airtight container, however willpower is not one of my greatest virtues, so I wouldn't know.

Snack away, just don't eat them in the library because they are actually crispy AF and people will hate on you in a big way.

For one potato's worth of chips (per person)

Ingredients:

- 1 potato, thinly sliced ¹/₂ -1 teaspoon of salt (depending on your
- tastebuds)
- 1 teaspoon of paprika
- 1 teaspoon of oregano
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of garlic granules
- ½ teaspoon of chili (or less if you're not a fan)

Method:

- 1. Slice potato
- 2. Combine dry ingredients
- 3. Shake together in a ziplock bag
- 4. Put on baking paper on a plate in a thin single layer
- 5. Microwave for 9 minutes and then 30 second intervals until crisp
- 6. Devour instantly

FARMERS MARKET

Note: Kumara also works perfectly, however when using it I'd recommend only adding salt because it's so delicious on its own.





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The Vegetarian by Han Kang



by Jessica Thompson-Carr

Read this book and you'll be put off meat for several weeks (not the worst thing in the world).

Winner of the Man Booker International Prize and the Yi Sang Literary prize, this is Han Kang's first book to be published in English and I am oh so grateful for it.

Written in three parts, it is quick and easy to get through. The first section titled 'The Vegetarian' focuses on Mr. Cheong, a generic working man in South Korea. Cheong describes his life as so simple it's complicated and complains about his wife Yeong-hye, regarding her as "completely unremarkable in every way". He goes on and on about how he never really had the hots for her when they got married, but how that's ok because she's a dutiful little wife. Once you get over his misogynistic moaning of 'me, me, me', the book gets very interesting.

Waking up in the middle of the night, Mr. Cheong discovers his wife rifling through their fridge, throwing all their meat products out, expensive cuts, slabs of eel, all the glorified steaks they had stocked up.

Her reason? Simply because of a dream.

The second part of the book titled 'Mongolian Mark' follows the husband of Yeong-hye's sister, an artist and not a great guy either. Come to think of it, this book doesn't provide the best selection of men.

Basically this artist convinces an emotionally unstable Yeong-hye to pose for him (naked) as a model because she has an intriguing birthmark shaped like a flower petal on her body. He eventually paints her body in a visually satisfying scene, and then sleeps with her. The two are discovered by his wife (her sister) who immediately puts Yeong-hye in a mental hospital. Nice.

The book escalates quickly, and the final part called 'Flaming Trees' is the most mysterious and enchanting section of the story. The fascination with human cruelty, particularly cruelty expressed by family members, is explored in peculiar and intense incidents. There is a focus on abusive loved ones and the natural human cruelty that exists in all of us.

Han Kang is an amazing writer and this is surely her most graphic book. The guilt and desire for self sabotage because of daily food choices is relatable for most people. The damage of meat eating has been an issue for years but gained more attention by media and pop culture recently.

Han Kang explained at its publication that while writing it she was "harbouring questions about human violence and the (im)possibility of innocence." This can be seen easily in the final section when it seems all hope is lost and not only are certain characters doomed, but humanity is doomed.

Violent, at times gruesome, and downright disturbing, The Vegetarian poses questions about human values, eating disorders, depression and other problems in todays society. In the end the overall idea I took from the book was how really truly messed up human beings are.

I don't blame the protagonist for quitting meat and wanting to be a tree.

While it isn't the most optimistic book to read (it may trigger your old nihilistic despair), read it with a level head and an appreciation for strong, graceful writing and you won't regret it.



SCHOOLING—A WORLD CLASS EDUCATION

🖹 David Clark

I'm proud of New Zealand's history of educational achievement. Despite falling a few ranks in recent years, we still score well by international standards. And many of us have taken up the opportunities of further education.

Our slide down the rankings shows why we cannot take our success for granted. Finland leads the world in education, but they have constantly innovated to maintain that success. They require all teachers in schools to have a post-graduate qualification, and they also ensure that they celebrate their teachers in a way that we don't always in New Zealand. In Finland, teaching and teachers are held in such high regard that it is harder to get into the college of education than it is to get into law or medical school.

In Finland, people respect teachers and seek to ensure they have the best conditions to do what they do best: teach. Schools are well equipped with nurses and social workers to make sure kids are ready to be educated. When children need further support, there are staff on hand to readily complete all the necessary paperwork. Basically, the learning needs of children are put first, and that means supporting teachers in whatever way is required.

We all remember our schooling well, especially the teachers that made a real difference in our lives.

Unfortunately, teachers in New Zealand are not as well supported as they once were. As a country I think we must do more to better support and celebrate teaching.

A few weeks ago, I walked in the shoes of support staff at Dunedin North Intermediate for the NZEI 'Support Success' campaign. I saw first-hand the consequences of National's decision to freeze support staff funding; children with very high needs are not receiving the level of support they should, and some children with special needs are not receiving any support at all.

It's not news that teacher aids make learning so much easier in the classroom for the limited hours they are supplied. That is true both for those receiving the support directly, and for the remaining children in the class who have better access to their teacher. Our children and their educators are bearing the brunt of this Government's decision to cut support funding and freeze funding for public skills. Those decisions affect all of us.

Education is the building blocks of opportunity. That's why I'm so passionate about making sure every child receives a world-class education at their local school. To unlock this opportunity, we must work alongside teachers to ensure they are supported to do the best job they know they can do.



Science

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SCIENCE TANK

3D PRINTING & OUR UPCOMING VISIT TO MARS

by Joe Higham

In just the last few days, scientists used a 3D-printer to print artificial ovaries, implanted them into a mouse who subsequently gave birth to some young pups.

It got me thinking: if you can print functioning ovaries for a mouse, what else can you do with a 3D printer?

In recent weeks we've seen tremendous progress in the 3D printing world, including satellite parts in space, clothing, braces, eyes, electric cars, houses on Mars, tiny pretzels made of glass, and rocket motors.

The University of Otago Information Technology Service has a 3D printer which they say has been used to print replacement parts and custom-designed equipment, for example iPad stands, replacement battery covers, mounting brackets, molecular structures synthesised at the University of Otago, fossil models, and topographic relief maps, among other things.

The applications of 3D printing extend far beyond Earth. A collaboration between NASA and a company called Made In Space Inc. designed the first ever printer that was able to function in zero gravity conditions.

The race is on to create a 3D printer

that can print food, something that would come in handy for the manned missions to Mars, with supergenius Elon Musk stating that by 2026 humans will have visited the 'red planet'. A Texan company, BeeHex, has, according to digitaltrends.com, built a 3D printer than can actually print pizza.

The psychological effects on astronauts of extended isolation and the added stress caused by the profundity of being in space and looking back on Earth is relatively well documented. A Human Research Program undertaken by NASA found that "If an adverse cognitive or behavioural condition, whether acute or chronic, appears during space flight, crewmembers might be at an increased risk of developing a mental disorder."

That is why NASA and other space agencies want to provide as many comforting objects and food as they can, to mitigate the effects of space travel on astronauts, especially in light of the seven month trip to Mars and the lengthy stay once you arrive. With the development of 3D printing, the opportunities to impact the ease and comfort of space travel are phenomenal. Just imagine what the next ten years of 3D printing will bring us if we are currently able to print functional ovaries for mice.

╞ Poetry Corner

HOME

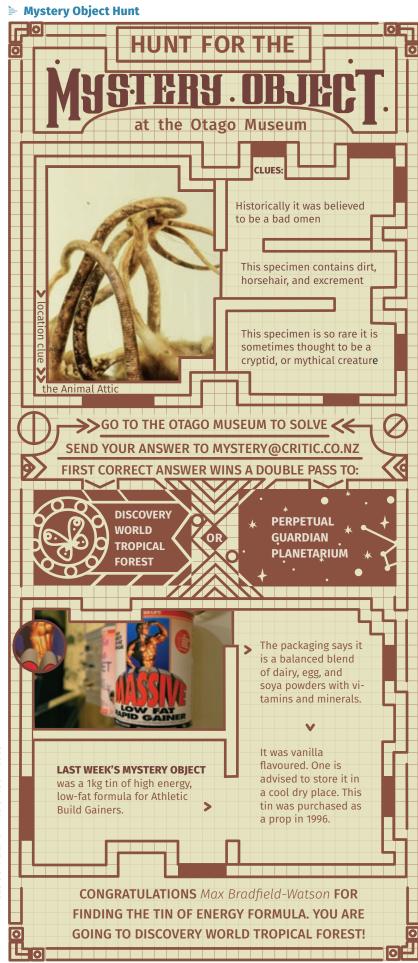
Before I met my love, I could not picture myself farting In front of someone I also fucked.

Brighid Morgan

FOR RENT

renting–a room with a view– room for one room to sleep but two slept then not slept to make three to make sure no one slept.

J.D.R.B.D



╞ May 22-28

DAY OF THE DAY

It's a special week of special days. Here's what's worth celebrating this week:

22 MAY (MONDAY)—SHERLOCK HOLMES DAY, ACCOUNTING DAY, GOTH DAY

Never have three such concepts come together. Get out the eyeliner, the Netflix, and your tax returns because it's gonna be wild.

23 MAY (TUESDAY)-TURTLE DAY

Flat cat? Wrong. Flat turtle? Yes! Turtle day is here, but we recommend paying attention to your favourite reptile more than just one day of the year, or it will definitely perish.

24 MAY (WEDNESDAY)—TIARA DAY

An occasion for the queenly: Tiara Day! Ideally stick with the \$2 shop versions or you'll find that you are very much broke, and still not a princess.

25 MAY (THURSDAY)-TOWEL DAY

Towel Day is a tribute to Douglas Adams requiring you bring a towel with you everywhere you go. Preferably don't wear a towel, as I might get in trouble. It's also Wine Day (a US celebration I'm adopting) and Geek Pride Day today, so promote the drunken geek culture appropriately.

26 MAY (FRIDAY)-DRACULA DAY

If you still have your outfit from Goth Day then you're in luck. Today is Dracula Day and the two cross over in many black-features and white-complexion ways. Also, every Friday lunchtime, 12-2pm, top floor Clubs and Socs, you'll find people dancing the Lindy Hop; the perfect way to celebrate World Lindy Hop Day!

27 MAY (SATURDAY)—CELLOPHANE TAPE DAY

I never thought I'd say it... there's really nothing special about today. Perhaps we could celebrate Cellophane Tape Day with the Americans?

28 MAY (SUNDAY)—AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL DAY

Amnesty International Day! Educate yourself about the various people we share this planet with and be conscious of their rights as fellow human beings.

Columns 41



BURN MACKENZIE

by Swilliam Shakesbeer

According to the nice lady at Leith Liquor, we're getting into the colder months and whisky can make a great winter warmer. So I took her advice and bought the cheapest bottle in the store.

Burn Mackenzie is a great winter warmer in the same way that a house fire is a great way to heat your flat. It fucking hurts. It burns like a hot stove, a can of paint thinner, and the look of disappointment in my father's eyes.

As is traditional with a \$36 bottle of scotch, I drank it hot and out of plastic cups. There's something satisfyingly sadistic about that sad scene, symbolic of the self-sabotaging symbiotic relationship I have with the drink.

When I drank that scorching liquor, it felt cleansing. Like all the darkness inside of me would be destroyed by the horrible poison going down my throat.

What Burn Mackenzie lacks in taste, it makes up for in a fuckton of standard drinks. Eventually I gave in and mixed it with L&P, which enabled me to kill way more brain cells in way less time.

A night on Burn MacKenzie will put you through a number of emotional stages. You'll begin with a sense of dread. That first sip will scare you, because it's horrible and you know you have a whole litre in your bag. Then comes despair. As you start your third glass you wonder where you went wrong in life to end up here. Then comes acceptance, which is freeing in a perverse way. You realise that you've come this far and it's gonna happen anyway, so you may as well get on board with everything. Once you've reached this point, everything can be quite fun. You have a laugh with yourself about it all and it's almost like you're drinking brown-coloured hand sanitiser ironically. Then you get really drunk, throw up a couple times, annoy your friends, eat some garlic bread, throw it up again, and pass out with a big goofy smile on your face.

Burn Mackenzie will tear your insides apart, cause you great physical and emotional pain, and completely ruin your sexual performance. But because it only costs \$36, it gets a thumbs up from me.

Dollars/Standard: \$1.12 Taste Rating: 3/10

Froth Level: Voting against your own independence

Tasting notes: Hints of pineapple, oak, linseed, and regret

Pairs well with: Steak. But not a good steak. This doesn't deserve to be on the same table as any food that actually tastes good.







╞ Ethel & Hyde

Dear Ethel and Hyde,

I've been having some flatting trouble. At first, I thought maybe I was overreacting, or that the stress of university was just hitting me a little bit hard. Then I started to keep track of things that were happening, and realised it wasn't all in my head. One of my flatmates is always very rude, and sometimes downright aggressive, to me all the time and in lots of different ways. The other flatmates seem too scared to stand up to her, and often I feel like the whole flat is against me, even though I know this is not true because if she isn't there it is very different. My family are worried for me because they can see I am getting more and more down. I don't like going home now, but I don't want to move either.

Any advice? Respectfully, Sunshine and Daisies



Ethel says:

Your flatmate's a bully, and like all bullies wants to get a rise out of you to feel powerful and in control. Some of the worst things a bully can do are turn a group against you and undermine your confidence, but it can be reversed! Consciously avoid their bait by not reacting as they're expecting you to. Although it may feel very personal, the bullying you are experiencing is a reflection of their insecurities and actually has nothing to do with you. Being brave and standing up to the bully in a careful and considered way is often the only and best way forward. To help this go smoothly it's important to prepare for the encounter by scripting yourself. You need to be rational, not emotional when you speak with them to avoid getting pulled into their irrational, warped world. Thirdly, be specific when talking about what they've done. If you need support to set up this new way of dealing with them, come and see an advocate at OUSA Student Support on Ethel Benjamin Place.

THE HELLHOLE

The Chocolate Bite



Hyde says:

Biting through that bitches view could end up working out for you. Bringing her down a peg or two is what I'm gonna get you to do. (I've been drinkin' rappin juice, hopin' you can feel da tune.) Bullies feed on makin' you blue, eatin up all your super cool, so let's turn the tide by pushin' her down the reality slide. Turn her behaviours back around, by namin' them and shamin' them – Yo, bitch, you mean to be that rude? Cos I'm thinking maybe your soul is sad and you're hopin' it'll feel better if you act mad. But you got to know I ain't bad, it's just your sad eye view obscuring you from seeing what's true, which is that I ain't affected by your shit, in fact I'm just sick of the smell of it. Who let the dogs out? Who? Who? Can't touch this.

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

by Beth Salisbury

I have worked at Dunedin's famous Cadbury Factory for four years and it has been a blast. Cheap chocolate has its benefits on a squally Dunedin day, and I'm sad to see this job go. The people here have been great comrades and we have had many a laugh over the years.

However, as I walk through those purple doors for what will be the last time, it isn't laughter that welcomes me, but one lonely, distant scream. David, one of the more chipper tour guides, stands beside the Cocoa Tunnel, watching me with wide eyes. He definitely heard it too. He tells me that this is the third scream he has heard this morning.

"I'm sure it's nothing." I stride towards the movie room. It is 8:43am and the factory doesn't open for nearly fifteen minutes: a premium amount of time for sleuthing.

I'm not scared, but I snag a hammer from a tool box that sits beside the loading bay, just in case. I stride forward confidently as I approach the factory, trying to appear calm, cool and collected.

I worry that some kid has intruded and fallen into the chocolate falls, and bite my lip. What if they're drowning in chocolate right now? I quicken my pace and barge into the room with the chocolate fall. There are no children drowning in its depths. There is, however, our janitor, Todd, waving at me from behind his mop. I have always found Todd creepy, but I wave back politely. I later inform David that it must have been someone playing a prank. "Last day and all that," I shrug.

The day passes without fault. The factory is full on busy for its last day open to the public; almost all of the chocolate bars in the gift shop are gone. Tours come and tours leave, and, before I know it, it is three, and we're closing.

My boss, Amanda, hands me a goodbye-goodie bag on my way out. "We made these this morning," she informs me. "Enjoy that chocolate before Aus decides to slab vegemite in it."

I get home, peeling the wrapper off a Jaffa chocolate bar. Yum. I take the first bite and enjoy the flavour of chocolate and orange and... what is that? It tastes a little tangy... kind of rusty... I chew it around my mouth a little longer, trying to decide what it is that's different about it. I think of Amanda's marmite joke and wonder if he said it on purpose.

Then my tooth bites into something hard. I curse, yanking the chocolate out of my mouth and spitting its contents into a tissue. The chocolate is less brown than I had anticipated, and more red. And what is this lumpy thing? I wipe away chocolate as its shape becomes familiar. How did a tooth get in there? I dig through the goodie bag for another and snap it open. Red goo seeps forth from within. Soon my hands are covered in the stuff.

It is only then that I remember the screaming.

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.



Posh

I think that I am a person that people wouldn't normally expect to go on blind dates. Honestly, I love the idea and I love being set up, but I am always a bit off the mark in preparation. I didn't pregame as hard as I should have. And the bartender couldn't make an Old Fashioned. And I got there first. I hadn't been too nervous before, but the night seemed like it wasn't off to a great start, so I nabbed a stout and sat down to wait. Yes, I got there first, but he wasn't that far behind me. When he sat down, I didn't know quite what to think or expect, but I try to stray from relying on first impressions.

Surprisingly, he ordered the beer that I got. Disappointingly, he didn't like it. Perhaps because he had been sipping on some Flames. But, even before we downed the beers, the conversation was rolling pretty well and stayed that way with few, if any, awkward pauses. Quickly I knew he was a nice guy, funny, a good sport about the whole thing, and most definitely a drinker (who was ready to keep rolling on his tax refund—a chivalrous offer in itself). Early on in the course of conversation I could tell that we were quite different in interests, maturity, etc. However, we got to know each other pretty well and he may have shattered his Prosecco glass in the booth; I did take part of it as a memento.

We ordered a bit late. The food was fantastic, but I did have to take a doggy bag, which made an even better breakfast. Then, however, we left pretty early to go meet his flat. I am a good sport, so when he wanted to pretend I couldn't speak any English and that the night had gone terribly I played along for about a cool minute before feeling too awkward to continue and settling into some normal conversation.

Alas, I headed back early with nothing exciting to report between me and my date, though things got a bit cheeky later on with a good friend of mine. I swear that I did actually have an exam the next morning! My date was a lovely guy and would likely be a fantastic drinking buddy!

Becks

After sadly drinking a box of Flamès by myself, while playing Don Bradman Cricket, I foolishly looked at the time to see that my date was to start in twenty minutes and I hadn't yet showered or left the house. I washed, put two pairs of socks on and got the chick I had been unsuccessfully spading for the last two months to drop me off. I arrived, quietly pissed, five minutes late and found my date already waiting for me. The words of a drunken text I sent to my flatmates would be the best way to describe this girl: "Hot.21.awmefian. Going to slam." Unfortunately I found out that failing to produce urine before leaving the house was a poor idea and that much liquid has to come out at some point. Making the foolish mistake of wearing beige pants and having poor aim, I spent most of the night hiding the fact that I had pissed on my pants. Whether or not she noticed this is still a mystery to me. Memory began to fade from this point onward. I remember conversation was good and that she was hot, but a lot else is a bit of a blur. After deciding to get a doggy bag the rest of our feed we gapped it back to mine. We unsuccessfully tried to convince my flatmates that she was Spanish and spoke no English and ended up cracking open a cheeky Flame. To my flatmates disbelieve I appeared to be in, ready to seal the deal. But that's when it went downhill. To my disgust she tried to convince the flat that dark beer was much better and I subsequently decided to kick her out of my house. Any chick that thinks that needs their head read. She left, citing a Māori test the next morning as her excuse and I decide to go and spade the chick who dropped me off. But after finding her door locked and the sounds of pleasure that I couldn't offer coming from her room, I decided to finish off my box and do the only reasonable thing; make the most of \$2 pies at night and day. The night was coming to a close and I decided to make the lonely walk home, all the while attempting to finesse freshers via multiple social media platforms. In the end the night finished when I did; who needs a girl to do it for you anyway? Cheers Critic, you gave me a chance and I let you down.



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A 600-leg creature hulked with its head in Refuel, trying to get warm. Its many protuberances waved drunkenly. We had planned to arrive early to Pint Night, but, after I found my shoes and my flatmate Selena found her ID, it was 9:15pm. One obligatory, but slightly panicked, pre-pint party to Lil Wayne later and we were on our way. As we approached, we saw that a Big Mistake had been made. The Line would be at least an hour's wait. We knew that by the time we got to the front we would be sober enough to teach a St Margs tutorial.

"Do ya think maybe we should just head home?" Selena asked, feebly, as the Line groaned and shivered its tail behind her.

"Maybe just wait ten or fifteen minutes and see how far we get?" I said, uncertain with my own level of conviction.

The Line eyed us beadily, with arms folded, as though our indecision reflected badly on them, as though they would happily trudge a ten-mile line through the desert if the oasis of Pint Night waited for them. A less indecisive hoard hustled in behind us, thirsty for the drinks. We were consumed by the end of the Line and resigned to our fate. A farmer from the Deep South would not have felt out of place, considering the levels of plaid shirts, dad denim, and overalls. The Line had essentially devoured Mac Demarco and stolen his wardrobe. Considering that the sun was a rarity during the day, let alone in the freezing night, the hat ratio was unnaturally high. There were also high levels of Thrasher shirts.

We entered the line behind a man with luscious hair, who was loudly announcing to adoring friends that he had already received three 'Wats up?' texts from girls, even though it was only 9:30. Though his hair was shampoo ad worthy from the back, upon rotation it was apparent he sported a raging mullet.' Selena deemed this "a look", I was not so confident. He pulled a So-Go from his pockets, opened it with his mouth and smashed the entire can. He then proceeded to open his belt and fly and pull out a large flask.

"You want some?" he asked, flapping the flask in our direction.

Selena got disturbingly close to my ear—"He's everything I've ever dreamed of," she hissed. I was unclear on her level of sarcasm.

We were now twenty minutes into the line. I was starting to feel about as sober as a police officer shutting down a ski club party. At this point it dawned on me that my toes were cold, that Refuel never played good music anyway, and that I could have stayed at home and had a perfectly nice evening not getting elbowed in the face. I wasn't raised a quitter though, and we were almost halfway



down the line. Against my better judgement, I took several hearty swigs from the crotch flask and so did Selena. The alcohol was sunk and so was the cost. There was no backing down now. Deep in the belly of the line, it was time to get serious. We began to police the line with enthusiasm. Those who began to sidle up and slip into the line with friends were given an enthusiastic verbal beat down. We told them they looked like Justin Bieber and asked if their mothers knew they had no manners. We ripped off their caps and tossed them enthusiastically like frisbees, scattering the enemy. We hardened the Line's ranks, batting away intruders with absolute seriousness.

Selena was enmeshed, deep in the mullet dude's philosophy.

"I mean, there's a certain point at which you realise you're just an animal, you know. That's what's so wonderful about being young. You can drink and fart and fuck, and no-one really judges you. Or no-one that important anyway." It was a blessing to perceive that, at the 40-minute mark, we were drawing in on the barrier, the last and most vicious part of the journey. I even began to hear music over the wails and squawks of the Line's later stages, which were noticeably devolving. As the creature grew closer to its prize, it began to undulate even more enthusiastically. The music was beginning to charm me. The pushing around me became just inspiration for my dance moves. I was beginning to feel the power of the mullet's mystery crotch liquid move through me. Selena was holding her ID between her nose and upper lip, giving her a moustache with an image of herself on it.

The mullet dude was talking earnestly to her, as she just nodded along.

"Adults are bull-shit man. The cars, the job with the big desk, the house and the mortgage. The pretending to have it together all the time. I don't think I want it, but eventually everybody's going to start pretending they do. Then I think, I think I will too. It's bullshit man, absolute ape-shit."

Selena was nodding hard, almost dislodging her ID. They were leaning in very close now, the guy's mullet touching Selena's shoulder.

"I don't know dude, I'm just enjoying my life right now, because who knows what could happen tomorrow, you know?"

"Totally, totally." Selena said enthusiastically, eyes glistening. We had reached the head of the line.

"Do you want to just bounce?" said the mullet succinctly to Selena.

"Nah, dude." said Selena, as she handed over her ID and we were swallowed up by the mouth of Refuel. We skipped down the into the dragon's den, in search of some liquid gold.



QUICK FIXES FOR MINOR AILMENTS

Gum-Boil (Abscessus Alveolaris)

This is a small abscess commencing in the socket of a tooth and bursting through the gum or even through the cheek. A cold may excite inflammation of the covering of the teeth, the diseased products of which are thus discharged. It may burst in the mouth, or even penetrate the cheek. The sufferings are sometimes great, worse at night, and incessant till swelling has taken place. Treatment – The application of a roasted fig, as hot as can be borne, to the inflamed gum, will speedily give relief.

Hiccough (Singultus)

The hiccough is a spasmodic or convulsive affection of the stomach and midriff, arising from any cause that irritates their nervous fibres. Treatment – It may be relieved generally by a sudden fright or surprise, or any sudden application of cold; also by drinking cold water slowly, eating a small piece of ice, taking a pinch of snuff, or anything that excites coughing. Ice cream will accomplish the same purpose.

Nervous sick headache

Predisposing Causes - A peculiar nervous temperament, which is often hereditary and runs in families. It can be caused by the excessive use of tea and coffee, breathing sewage-gas, or a strong wind. Symptoms include giddiness, swimming in the head, and stupefying, agonising, or deeply-seated headache.

Treatment – Abandon the use of all exciting drinks. Soak the feet thoroughly in hot mustard. Take fifteen grains of bromide of potash in one half glass of water, and relief is generally afforded.

*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.

Tender Feet and Offensive Odour

Persons subject to foetid perspiration of the feet should apply a bay-rum or whiskey with friction until a genial glow of warmth follows. The majority of people pay little attention to the cleanliness of the feet, and yet any square inch of the sole of the foot demands cleanliness, perfect cleanliness, more than any square foot of surface of the body, as far as health is concerned, because the "pores" are much larger there than anywhere else; so large, indeed, that they may be called "sluices" for carrying away the impurities of the system. Hence the bottom of the feet should be well washed and well rubbed every day.

Night-Sweats

The night-sweats of consumption are often modified and sometimes removed by rubbing hog's lard into the skin every night, if sleeping in the same woollen night-shirt, which becomes impregnated with the oil.



Fig. 12. SICK HEADACHE. Camphor and Bandages. Properly Adjusted, will Always Cure Sick Headache.

"The specifiest and most effectual remedy 1 have found for sick headsche is spirits of camphor and handages properly applied at the points shown in this the points shown in this filease if they will use the imple means we employ in fiscase if they will use the imple means we employ in score." See page 701.

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President's Column





Hope all is well and everyone is gearing up for their we have a clear mandate that will make it easier upcoming exams!

Today, (for those who read this on Monday) OUSA will hold its forum for the upcoming Referendum with voting set to begin on the 29th of May. The forum is the opportunity for you, the student body to ask any guestions about the Referendum.

This year's forum, and referendum are potentially more important given the question of whether or not OUSA should support CCTV cameras in the residential areas surrounding campus. It's vitally important that you vote in this upcoming referendum so that

to communicate the wishes of the students to the University when making their decisions.

So be sure to get out there and head along to our forum today and ask questions as to the pro's and con's of having CCTV cameras on campus.

Anyway, I wish you the best of luck in the lead in to vour exams!

Cheers,

H-13-1

Hugh Baird OUSA President president@ousa.org.nz







THE POWER BEHIND THE HIGHLANDERS

YOUR LANDERS

HIGHLANDERS SAT 27TH MAY 7.35^{PM} FORSYTH BARR STADIUM YOU VS WARATAHS

FOR YOUR CHANCE TO WIN A VIP ZOO EXPERIENCE AND HIGHLANDERS BEANIES FOR YOU AND YOUR MATES (5 IN TOTAL) GET YOUR

TICKETS AT OUSA

FOR ALL HIGHLANDERS MERCHANDISE HEAD TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO VISITORS CENTRE OR ONLINE AT ONLINESHOP.OTAGO.AC.NZ