



# Critic

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FEATURES



09



24

Twelve Hours on Hyde Street

Gonzo journalism from within the Hyde Street Party, by Joel MacManus p9

Less is More

How limiting your possessions can improve your life, by Chelle Fitzgerald p24



28

Life in Antarctica

Surviving in a desert of ice, by Jessica Thompson p28

NEWS & OPINION

- 5 Editorial
- 6 Behind the Scenes at Hyde
- 16 Execrable
- 16 David Clark
- 17 News
- 19 Sport
- 20 Politics
- 22 News in Briefs

CULTURE

- 32 Art
- 34 Film
- 36 Games
- 37 Food
- 38 Books
- 39 Music

COLUMNS

- 40 Letters
- 41 Musings of a Jerk
- 41 Voices from Beyond the Grad
- 42 Poetry Corner
- 42 Science Tank
- 43 Cookin' Up Love
- 44 Ethel & Hyde
- 44 Critic Booze Reviews
- 45 The Hell Hole
- 46 Vitalogy



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## EDITORIAL



What Do You Expect  
When the Blind Lead  
The Blind?

## OUSA Executive Fails Students By Dredging Up Grim Past

This year I was, perhaps naively, beginning to see a glimmer of hope in student politics that I thought could begin to eclipse the division and impotence that embedded itself in last year's elected ten as the year progressed. The cohesion was almost unnerving having been accustomed to such pervasive disunity.

There are approximately 22,000 students at the University of Otago, each with their own unique take on a myriad of issues, not least that which binds them all together as one: education. Out of these 22,000 then, it seems perplexing that Bryn Jenkins, the 2017 OUSA Education Officer, chose as the College of Education Representative on the Education Committee the person arguably most at fault for the aforementioned division and disunity that plagued the association for twelve arduous months—former President Laura Harris.

If that weren't enough, in an OUSA Executive meeting on Monday 3rd April, eight of the ten current members of the group that purportedly speak on your behalf, the student body, voted to appoint her onto this committee to represent you once more. I immediately thought it must be a belated April Fools joke such was the shock when the eight hands were raised despite lengthy and heated discussion for and against; even the people who were seemingly opposed to her appointment during the dialogue willingly refused to side with their own stance (or even gut instinct—it makes no difference to me) when it came to casting their vote.

When the appointee has brought such conflict to the association, failed to fully represent student views for twelve months, presented a late and largely redundant set of handover documents to the now incumbent OUSA president, and has allegedly told several people she refuses to enter OUSA premises, and still gets appointed

it just shows more than anything that the use of foresight and reason have become forgotten amid a shadow of nepotism and crowd comfort in student politics. Christopher Hitchens wrote in his wonderful epistolary book, *Letters to a Young Contrarian*, "The search for security and majority is not always the same as solidarity, it can be another name for consensus and tyranny

### I immediately thought it must be a belated April Fools joke such was the shock when the eight hands were raised

and tribalism." You deserve better as a student body than decisions like this one from those whom you've entrusted to stamp out ridiculous proposals like this on your behalf. You deserve better than the path student politics is currently taking. As a student myself, I feel betrayed, mislead and cheated by this vote.

Last year, I sat and watched as the division and conflict crept in and took over from the inside, and this year I rejoiced as a seemingly strong group stood up and began wrestling the association back from individual failings. Unfortunately, all of that optimism has now dispersed and has rapidly been overtaken by the grim reality that the two steps we've taken forward have just been replaced by four steps back, and, again, there's one person at the centre of it.

**Joe Higham**

Critic Co-Editor

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# BEHIND THE SCENES AT HYDE STREET:

## How OUSA Saved the Day

by Joe Higham

If you want the raw statistics from Hyde Street, you'll find them in this article, but you'll also find much more about what preparations are put in place, and by whom, to make the day tick smoothly and to mitigate the disasters that have occurred in the past. The average attendee was a 3rd year student of 20 years of age; as many as 4,008 students registered in the lottery, of which 1,810 received a ticket. The residents failed to utilise fifty of the tickets they were given (each received eight tickets), which they could use as they wished, whether that be giving them to friends or selling for \$170, although the recipient had to be a New Zealand student. The excess tickets ended up in the lottery for general admission.

Some people genuinely hold the view that the involvement of OUSA is killing the event, but it couldn't be any further from the truth, and that view is becoming quieter and quieter every year that an eventful, yet safe, party occurs. In fact, OUSA has actually saved the event, as it was just five years ago that it was facing an existential crisis following the infamous roof collapse of 2012. The core OUSA events team for the Hyde Street Party is comprised of three people: Jerome Cousins (acting manager on the day), Emma Anderson (responsible for ticketing and volunteer support), and Luke Matsopolous (who was on the ground running the event), but the entire group working on the event totalled approximately 400. Those 400 were made up of five temporary OUSA assistants, forty-five people working on ticketing, fifteen for both setting up and packing down the event, fifteen water warriors, fifty to sixty Are You Okay? volunteers, forty Red Frogs, forty-seven security guards, twenty police officers at the peak period during the day, and twenty-three paramedics. In addition to this extended group, the staff that provided extra support throughout the day included the association CEO Debbie Downs, Secretary Donna Jones, Marketing and Communications Manager Katrina McLennan and Marketing Coordinator Sarah MacDonald. Everyone at OUSA played a part in providing the best party that they possibly could, and have done so for years.

One of the most interesting behind the scenes parts of the day is the presence of the communications truck, tucked away behind the Property Services Building, directly opposite the main entrance to Hyde Street. Within the truck is a member of each of the stakeholders: OUSA's Cousins, DCC, Police, St John, Are You Okay?, etc. A camera some way above the Property Services building captures the entire day in a live stream, meaning that "if anything happens it gets relayed back to the truck, logged, and then decisions are made ... and it stops services being used in the wrong place, so resources are not wasted, they are just better allocated," Cousins revealed. The resource allocation aspect of the party has long been contentious, with none other than Mayor Dave Cull claiming last year that he understood the cost to the taxpayer to be upward

of \$125,000 last year, a statistic that is either a wild fabrication or a figure relevant only to the parties of old. Cousins explained that the reality of the situation is that "OUSA do pay for services like St John's, Police, security, and food (catering alone costs \$12,000 - \$15,000)." Although the specific figure is unable to be verified so soon after the party, rough estimates seem to point to the overall OUSA spend being somewhere in the region of \$50,000, up from the \$25,000 former OUSA President Paul Hunt noted the association spent in 2015. However, if those who didn't attend / manage to get a ticket were to read that spending increased and be shocked that the association pour such a staggering amount into something they couldn't experience, they need not panic; the price for the wristbands covers everything provided for on the day.

This year was the first time that the party had a non-student ban on the event (unless you were a non-student resident on Hyde Street, but they are few and far between), something that seemed to be a hugely successful regulative addition to the party. Only ten arrests were made in a party attended by 3,600, with zero charges being lodged as a result, something Matsopolous labelled "a huge success ... [and] definitely because of the ban on non-students attending." In 2016, as few as eight people were arrested and no one was charged as a result. The fact that there were more people arrested this year as opposed to last is not necessarily reflective of the behaviour of the partygoers, as some media organisations are quick to leap on, but likely to be more reflective of the event's popularity; the arrestees were almost exclusively serial trespassers; also, no one was arrested for assault.

The statistics go a long way to backing up the increasing safety of the party, and thus OUSA's fantastic effort in its regulation. Some may think 'safety' is an antonym for 'fun', especially when it's related to outrageous parties like this one, but that was certainly not reflected in the atmosphere on the day. Out of the 45 people attended to by the St John Ambulance service, only two were deemed put into the 'moderate' category (their scales being minor, moderate, serious, critical, and deceased), with the other 43 being categorised as 'minor'. This is in contrast to the fifty-one St John treatments and eight hospitalisations last year, putting into perspective the vast improvement that has been seen.

The preparation for the April 1st event begins in December, as OUSA meet with the DCC, Police, St John, and others to begin discussion and planning for easily the most sought after single day party in the entire student calendar. Beyond the generous praise from a plethora of stakeholders, residents, volunteers, and other workers, it's largely "a thankless task, but it doesn't need to be ... when we're in the comms van and are seeing the statistics of injuries not going up that shows us that what we've done has worked."













# TWELVE HOURS ON HYDE STREET

GONZO JOURNALISM  
FROM WITHIN THE HYDE  
STREET PARTY

BY JOEL MACMANUS



## 6:00AM

The persistent throb of bass can be heard from three blocks away; a siren call reaching out to the slumbering residents of North Dunedin, calling them to their most hallowed street. Today is the day of the Hyde Street Party. On the street itself the music pumps like a busy nightclub, but the pavement is bare. The residents have been awake for a couple hours now, starting their mornings with a hearty breakfast, beer pong and a few Irish coffees. It's going to be a big day. In a few hours this street will be packed end-to-end with costumed revellers, dancing, laughing, and enjoying a cold beverage or 15.

## 7:00AM

The sun's rising over Signal Hill, revealing a dreary overcast day. While rain would be unfortunate, it is unlikely to put off any of the 3,600 attendees who will all be determined to squeeze every ounce of debauchery out of the occasion. This experience is only available to a lucky few. In response to the ticketing debacle in 2016, which overloaded servers with 11,000 clicks per second from would-be buyers, the Otago University Students' Association has debuted a lottery system. Each Hyde Street resident received eight tickets to give away or sell to their friends, and the remaining 1,800 were put into a sweepstakes with over 4,300 entries. For those lucky enough to snag a ticket, they're too happy to let a little dampness ruin their day.

## 8:00AM

Gates are officially open and the (probably) 23rd annual Hyde Street Party has officially begun. Because the party existed for many years in an impromptu and unorganised manner before OUSA took over in 2013, records of the party's origins are understandably hard to come by. Otago University Deputy Proctor Andrew Ferguson reckons 1995 was the first year it came to his attention. "It started out as a race to see which flat could drink their keg the fastest. Over the years the dressing up came to the fore and now the emphasis is not on finishing a keg, but on enjoying the day and other activities available." Sarah Gallagher runs the Dunedin Flat Names Project, a recipient of the New Zealand History Research Trust Fund. She also says that 1995 is the earliest year she has been able to verify the party occurred, "The decorating of the houses and dressing in theme started much later (2000s) and through my documenting of flat names around North Dunedin this street certainly has the biggest turnover of names. As with general trends of

naming across the area, the subject matter tends to follow themes of popular culture, puns on the name of the street, and of course sexual and drug innuendo."

## 9:00AM

OUSA President Hugh Baird holds a press conference with the visiting media. He boasts of the 400 staff and volunteers, 7,000 sausages, free chicken and coleslaw sandwiches, churros and tankers full of water his organisation has arranged for the attendees. He makes a specific effort to point out that OUSA is covering the entire cost: "There's a big myth that the ratepayers are paying for this, but that's just not true." This year, for the first time, even people invited by residents must be current students at a New Zealand tertiary institute to register their tickets. It's hoped that this will result in a safer event after reports of assaults, and the presence of the Mongrel Mob on the street, in O Week.

## 10:00AM

The line of students waiting to get their wristbands scanned for entry stretches about 80 metres down Albany Street. A zebra boasts that he's been "Sucking back Billy Mav's since 4am" and his goals for the day include "Getting pissed and getting laid. I'm hoping to pull a giraffe, that would be mint." A pair of Speedo Cops describe their costumes as "The product of a bad suggestion and a stupid decision, and it has backfired humongously... I don't know if I'm going to be able to keep the ladies away from these pasty white legs." A little pink fairy provides some recipe advice: "I started drinking at 7am with a Berry Little Fat Lamb and some scrambled eggs. It's a delicious combination, highly recommended." Her goals for the day are simply "Remember some of it. Last year I fucked out at 9am, spent 8 hours in the medical tent, got taken home at 5pm, and remember nothing except for a lot of vomiting."

## 11:00AM

The sun finally makes an appearance, and the effect on the general demeanour is immediately obvious. Everyone's starting to get a real buzz on and there's good vibes all around. The boys at the Hydeley Oval flat are all kitted out in their cricket whites and just wrapping up a hotly contested innings. The wicketkeeper offers some pitch analysis, "She's a bit of a road, looks a lot like Indian conditions. Not seeing much turn, it's tough out there for the bowlers right now, but I'm expecting a quick fall of wickets once

it starts to break up later in the day." Super Mario invades the pitch to tell me he has a breaking news story, "My flatmate is super upset right now because he tried to shelve an Ekky but then he forgot he put it there and accidentally poed it out into a portalo." A batsman gets clean bowled and immediately discards his bat to go funnel a beer out of a road cone.

## 12:00PM

The street is now so full it's hard to walk down. Two flats at either ends of the street have elaborate DJ setups, resulting in bottleneck for anyone trying to navigate around them. A surf lifesaver at Mello Yello gives me a tour of the house. Her flatmates knew they wanted to live on Hyde Street, so they were willing to deal with a run down flat, but when she first saw the condition it still shocked her: "It was so dirty, half the doors were broken, half the windows were smashed, someone had punched a hole in the ceiling. We couldn't step anywhere in bare feet. [The previous tenants] got evicted and had to replace all the carpet in the living room, all the curtains had to be replaced because they were chain smoking." She started at 4am because she was woken up by the music. "I would have liked a bit more sleep, but I just said 'fuck it' and had some vodka in the shower."

## 1:00PM

At the gate, two girls who have either already been kicked out or who don't have tickets attempt to jump around the entrance and sprint for the street, hoping to get lost in the crowd. They get about 30 metres before two very large security guards grab them and boot them straight back out.

At the Flintstone's Flat, a brick garage has been blacked out and turned into 'The Rave Cave', complete with DJ and glow sticks. A pair of Woodstock Hippys I meet inside tell the story of their day "We started at 4am with the breakfast of champions – Flame and Billy Mavs, God's juice." When asked how lit they are on a scale of 1-10, they respond with "9.9" and "37 ... I'm lit enough that I just kissed another dude's asshole. Tongue and all. I'm not ashamed to say I was hard by the end of it." The plan for the rest of the day is "Give it a couple more hours, start candyflipping, black out hard face down in a drain". Candyflipping (taking E and LSD simultaneously) proved to be surprisingly common on the day. Approximately half a dozen people I spoke to claimed they were on the drug combination.

In a display of more innocent fun, a squad of 10 or so cricketers have set up some catching drills for everyone to test their hand-eye co-ordination and are singing Blackcaps supporter's song.

## 2:00PM

A cyclist kitted out in lycra and a helmet is attempting to find his teammates via walkie-talkie. "Kev, where are you? Over." The response from Kev proves unhelpful: "I'm at Hyde, over". A guy dressed as Rick Sanchez from the Adult Swim show Rick & Morty, one of the more popular costumes this year, gives an impassioned speech about his affinity for illicit substances "I'm on so much drugs. Everyone looks real fucking attractive right now. It's great; it's a good time. My heart's racing. I would recommend to anyone that wants to try drugs: do it. It's good for you. It's good for your cholesterol." A pair of shirtless guys, who apparently lost their costumes, run over to tell us their highlight of the party "We saw a four-way pelican (Vomiting, or in this case, spitting from one person's mouth into another) with a can of Kingfisher Strong and half a tin of tuna."

A group of people are going around with weedsprayers on their backs squirting drinks into people's mouths. At first glance it looks like an elaborate Ghostbusters costume, but they turn out to be volunteers from OUSA feeding water to the thirsty crowd.

## 3:00PM

Probably the most popular costume of the day is Mike Nolan from the web series The Big Lez Show and the titular spinoff The Mike Nolan Show. I run into a group of eight Mike Nolan's rocking hi-viz tops and fake goatees engaged in an intense cigarette-smoking contest. They're competing to see who can hold their breath for the longest without coughing because, as they explain, "Cunts that exhale are wasting half their dart. You wouldn't buy a coke and spit out half your drink, that's no way to quench your thirst".

A girl dressed as a farmer is lying down inside the yoga themed flat, "I'm way too drunk to function. My friend got kicked out and I'm here on the floor waiting for some water, because I've had too much of this vodka." She gestures to the bottle in her hand, which is clearly red wine. When I point that out she snaps back "You look like wine. You look like a giant bottle of wine. Love life, Love wine, Love Hyde, come to New Zealand. I study tourism, I'm doing important tourism work right now, come to New Zealand everyone". A security guard arrives with water and carries her away. He politely laughs off her repeated declarations of undying love.

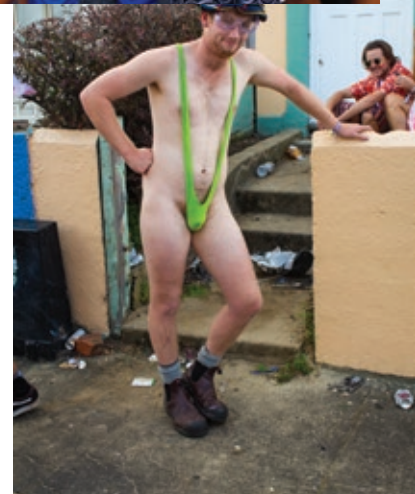
## 4:00PM

A girl dressed as a Fruit Burst wrapper yells, "I got laid on Hyde!" The crowd applauds her valiant efforts. I ask her to go into further detail, "It was maybe an hour and a half in. Like 10:30am or so. He was a very sexy caveman. I did get a lot of facepaint on me during the act; it was amazing. I'm not gonna lie, it was very drunk sex, it





"I WOULD HAVE  
LIKED A BIT MORE  
SLEEP BUT I JUST  
SAID 'FUCK IT'  
AND HAD SOME  
VODKA IN THE  
SHOWER."



wasn't great. It was just kind of a battle. Probably the worst lay I've ever had. He was just so drunk. I brushed it off and was back on the street by noon."

A girl dressed as topless Woodstock hippy with just a couple strips of electrical tape covering her nipples stops to explain the feminist statement behind her costume, "My friends and I decided to do #freethenipple because women's bodies need to be normalised, people see these airbrushed models all the time in the media looking all skinny and perfect and photoshopped, it's not realistic. Just having women's bodies out there, even if we aren't in perfect shape, is important. Girls should see other girls just having normal bodies and be OK about it."

## 5:00PM

The party has begun to lose the infectious energy it buzzed with this morning. Tired partyers start to drag their feet, slumping along like Speight's-infused zombies. The sun and the pre-dawn start time have started to get to everyone. A mermaid is sobbing on a front law as a scuba diver consoles her. Next to them, a boy in hot pink yoga shorts is lying motionless on the grass. I go to check on him, but he suddenly jerks to life and runs away to throw up into a storm drain. My interviews have



started to reach the point of tall tales; one girl tells me she saw someone take a shit on a linoleum floor. Two guys claim they left the party at 11am to try breaking into the Forsyth Barr Stadium to kick some goals, but got caught by security guards and brought back into the party. Another guy, with a gash on his forehead, claims he got it from dissolving an acid tab directly into his bloodstream. Security guards have stepped their presence up into the next gear, escorting the exhausted and intoxicated home.

## 6:00PM

The street is once again barren. Security has come through and shepherded the crowds away with a cheery "You don't have to go home, but you can't stay here". In the place of waves of colourful, costumed dancers is an outright landfill. In some areas the road is entirely covered with plastic bottles, cans, cups, discarded costumes and lost phones. All that is left now are the residents themselves. The music blares on, a small group of hardy fellows continue to party on, kicking around the rubbish as they rave. "Trash party!" one of them cries, tossing garbage in the air like confetti. Their band of merry men cheers. They just threw the biggest party of the year, and they're not quite ready to give it up, not just yet ■

















## KEEPING TABS ON THE EXEC



By Joe Higham

## “Guess Who’s Back... Shady’s Back”

This week there were discussions about grants policy, committee reports, and the clubs council amongst other things, but Critic doesn't want to distract from the calamitous events outlined below by discussing these other issues. We promise you you're not missing anything vital...

During the rarely anticipated OUSA Executive meeting, Education Officer Bryn Jenkins put controversial 2016 President Laura Harris forward for a position on the 2017 Education Committee. Admin VP William Guy, who served on the executive last year alongside both Laura Harris and Bryn Jenkins, spoke of how the association were "still trying to repair" the damage she caused, going on to say that "it is not a good look for OUSA to appoint her." Jenkins immediately responded, arguing that "in the interests of fairness it is not right to deny students on general worries." President Hugh Baird then asked Jenkins, "if she's not willing to step foot into OUSA buildings how can she work on that basis?" "Has she said that in private or public?" Jenkins asked; "In general discussions," Baird said. Postgraduate Officer Lucy Northwood wondered why anyone in

the Anthropology Society or the Geography Society (or any other humanities society) had not been considered? Finance Officer Cody Kirby chimed in to say that the arguments against Harris were either strawman arguments or William Guy's hurting feelings, and that it is in the best interests of OUSA to support Jenkins. Jenkins then asked the group to "tell me now if there's no confidence in me controlling the meeting." Kirby said the problems were between Laura [Harris] and Admin VP Jarred Griffiths, and because Griffiths is not on this committee there shouldn't be a problem. Northwood, seeing the fury build on Jenkins's face, said "we should be able to discuss this without anger," before referring to the similar emotion he had showed in earlier discussions the two (or more members – it wasn't clear) had in the bullpen (OUSA Executive office) on the appointment. The executive then voted by a margin of 8 to 1 that Harris be appointed to the Education Committee as the representative for the College of Education. See the editorial on page 5 for Critic's view on this vote.



## Water, Water Everywhere & Not a Drop to Drink

**DAVID CLARK**

The river most important to you is probably your local one. You may have grown up swimming in it, or you may have enjoyed a cheeky spot of fishing there. For Māori, awa form an important part of cultural heritage – they sustain communities.

As Kiwis, I believe it is our birth right to be able to swim in our local river without getting sick. The family dog shouldn't risk dying if it laps at the local stream because toxic algae are taking over. It's a sad state of affairs that families are now not able to safely swim in their local waterways.

For generations in New Zealand, people have accessed water for free, or for next to nothing. This will change in future. Clean water has become scarcer, and is more in demand than ever. In New Zealand we're lucky to have a lot of it, but unfortunately water quality is on the way down. The current Government has been talking tough on water, yet nine years on, nitrate levels are still increasing in 70 percent of our monitored waterways.

National's Minister for the Environment, Nick Smith, has shifted the goalposts to allow things to get worse. He has set an 'average' swimmable target that doesn't take into account that most people swim in rivers during summer, when water flows are at their lowest.

Nick Smith's new scheme will allow a river to be categorised as swimmable even if livestock effluent and nutrient pollution are causing slime growth. Even then, National's target is set for 2040 when they will be out of government. They've shifted the goal posts on e.coli. They have set low wadeable standards on periphyton slime.

Labour will never charge for municipal water since it is not used for commercial profit, but if we are serious about ensuring we will have clean water in the future to drink and swim in, we need to make certain that those who use water commercially pay a suitable royalty for its use.

It's a pretty simple proposition really—our rivers should be clean so that everyone can enjoy them.

We can and must do better. When a valuable public resource such as water is being used to generate corporate profits, the public has a right to get a return from it. We apply this rule to oil, gas, coal, and even gravel, so why not water?

The current Government says that no one owns the water. But the truth is that we all do. However you look at it, some people have greater interests in the water than others, and these interests are valuable. The royalties paid should go back to local government to reduce rates or clean up our waterways. In a world where we don't value our water, we will all pay the cost.



## LOCAL NEWS

# Former OUSA President Creates Community Project On Albany St, All Welcome

By Anna Linton

Former OUSA President 1979–1980, and local activist, Paul 'the Governor' Gourlie is preparing to launch a community project intended to teach entrepreneurship and tether stronger relations between the town (Dunedin City) and the gown (Otago University).

'Aotea Peace Embassy—The Governor's Residence' will be located on both the empty lot on Albany Street, next to Poppa's Pizza, and the flat formerly known as 'Bird Watchers'. Acknowledging the proximity to the university campus, Gourlie hopes there to be intensive student involvement in the initiative.

Gourlie told Critic that the "establishment of 'The Embassy' is to create a conversation between the city and education more broadly." It will be the central location for a work scheme, which will work parallel to Student Job Search (SJS). However, with SJS focusing on minimum wage work for students, this scheme will differ in approach; work will be offered in three ways of 'Koha' (voluntary), or as either unpaid or paid labor. Both unpaid and paid labor will hold the value of a \$25 hourly wage (what Gourlie labels a "living wage"), whereas voluntary work will have a "spiritual value, rather than monetary." All workers will have the same rights and responsibilities despite the category of their work

and will each receive shareholder status as a result.

The official opening will be Sunday, 30 April 2017, though the project has been in contemplation for approximately half a decade. After witnessing community action following the Christchurch Earthquake, Gourlie was prompted to try address an apparent disconnect and isolation between the university and the city.

Another catalyst was the deterioration of student accommodation, with 'slum housing' being a huge problem Gourlie's eyes. Spending time in dilapidated student housing made Gourlie want to attempt to clean up the student quarters. It is due to this that 'The Governor' will seek three tenants to co-habit the premises. Gourlie intends the vacant lot to be converted into a community garden, where whanau, family and friends will all be welcome.

An OUSA President as recognisable as his legacy is enduring, Paul Gourlie is a student politician who has stayed true to the idealism of his youth. President of the Dunedin Multi-Ethnic Society as well as holding many other community leadership roles, Gourlie is committed to The Embassy following the tangata whenua principles of the Treaty of Waitangi. This will be apparent at the opening, where Gourlie insists all whanau, family and friends are welcome in the inclusive and open environment



Pictured: former OUSA President Paul Gourlie, aka 'The Governor'

being set up. Visitors to the opening are invited to bring both a plate and a plant for the future garden next door.

Can't live without my cell pho

**LOOK UP BEFORE YOU CROSS THE ROAD**

Safer Journeys



## NATIONAL

# Academics Issue Open Letter in Defence of Free Speech

By Zahra Shatahmasebi

Following the closure of the European Students' Association at the University of Auckland, an open letter has been issued warning that freedom of speech is under threat in the country's universities. The association were not permitted to recruit during orientation week and subsequently were formally disbanded due to claims of white nationalism and alleged threats of violence. However, the members of the group responded saying that they simply wanted to promote European culture on the university campus, and that their group was open to people of all nationalities and beliefs, rejecting racist and fascist accusations.

The open letter was the idea of the Auckland University of Technology History Professor Paul Moon and was signed by 27 high-profile New Zealanders, including Dame Tariana Turia. It calls for the defence of freedom of speech and rejects the "forceful silencing of dissenting or unpopular views," claiming that "freedom of speech underpins our way of life in New Zealand as a liberal democracy".

A study taken last year found that more than 90 percent of British universities have been involved in restricting free speech on campuses, with 21 universities found to have banned high profile speakers from attending lectures, speeches or debates purely based on their views. More than 60 percent of universities partake in 'no-platforming' whereby student unions or universities actively censor particular ideas, speakers or texts, with specific individuals such as Germaine Greer (author of the Female Eunuch) being prevented from speaking.

In February this year at the University of California, Berkeley a huge violent protest broke out on campus which resulted in the prevention of a talk by British public speaker, Milo Yiannopoulos – known for his controversial views on transgender individuals, homosexuality and women. Last week a controversial critic of Islam also recently cancelled her event at Auckland University a week before she was due to speak, citing that she was forced to do so due to security concerns, and having received threats of violence.

Moon's letter also came in response to the Human Rights Commissioner Dame Susan Devoy calling for a review of the hate speech law, and for it to perhaps be classified as a specific crime. Moon claims the issue remains that we do not know the difference between free speech and hate speech. If an idea or speaker causes someone offense, then it is likely that it will be classified as hate speech. Yet this makes things increasingly dangerous, resulting in individuals being silenced just because people 'don't like' what they have to say. This breeds a culture of fear, leading to hate-speech laws that will suppress freedom of speech. In order for us to challenge racist and intolerant ideas, Moon calls for an open debate, instead of practising censorship and only subjecting students to certain 'approved' ideas.



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## INTERVIEW

# Sweeping Aside the Opposition

## —Charlie Hantler Sits Down with Neil Broom

On the back of a strong domestic season with both Otago and Derbyshire on the English County circuit, one of our favourites Neil Broom earned a recall to the Black Caps. He came out firing, with scores of 22, 109\*, and 97 in the three ODIs against Bangladesh, to average 114 for the series, before following that up with 73 in the first Chappell Hadlee match against the Aussies. After a long domestic career, in which he averages close to 40 (38.86 and 38.49) in both important domestic formats, it only felt right to have a sit down with the domestic stalwart for a cold one (Speight's, obviously) and find out what makes him tick.

**Firstly congratulations on your recent recalls to the limited-overs and test teams—well earned! What had you been told to work on to get those recalls?**

Cheers, I wasn't told anything really. I was playing for Otago as an overseas pro this year, and after speaking with the right people I decided to put my name back in the hat for NZ. Luckily for me Ross Taylor had eye surgery during the Bangladesh series and I got my chance!

**In both the Volts and the Black Caps, who are the biggest pests in the shed?**

Biggest pest in the Volts shed is Sam Wells—he consistently is chopping guys down, and with his law degree believes he has a higher place in society. Black Caps pest has got to be Southee. One of his nicknames is the “pest”.

**If you could choose one batsman to bat for your life, who would you choose and why?**

Craig Sid Cumming. He's my Yoda! The power is within him

**Final afternoon of the test. The opposition are nine down and it's the final over. Who, of any bowler you've ever played with or against, do you give the ball to?**

It's obviously spitting out of the rough so I'd toss Mark “Pidgeons” Craig the ball. Not only because he's got the most pure off-spinning action of all time, but he would be desperate to take that wicket as he gets very excited after a test win.

**What's the best feed a ground has ever put on for lunch?**

You obviously can't go past Lords... Different gravy.

**Did you play any other sports growing up? If so, did you ever consider them as viable alternatives?**

Yeah I was into a lot of sports with my two brothers. I gave rugby a decent crack and had to make a decision over the NZC Academy and the Canterbury Rugby Academy one winter. Chose the cricket path and I remember Rob Penney (Canterbury Coach/Academy Manager) was a tad bemused.

**Having played for both Canterbury and Otago, which team has the better chat?**

With the arrival of Christi Viljoen and Anaru Kitchen and the departure of my great mate Aaron Redmond, the chat took a turn for the worse but Otago is still the best chat on the domestic circuit!

**Everyone knows the famous David Boon story—which player who that shared the dugout with sinks the most piss?**

That would easily be Redmond. I hear he's coming back to Dunners to live so bar owners will be very, very happy.

**Obvious follow up—beverage of choice?**

Speights, mate.

**If you could combine any three cricketers for the ultimate player, who would they be?**

Baz McCullum, Kane Williamson and Punter (Ricky Ponting).

**If you could have dinner with any three people, whom would you invite? And would you cook?**

Conor McGregor, Will Farrell and my wife Melissa. I'm not cooking, that's one of the reasons the wifey got the invite! She'd cook her special blue cheese pasta.

**Who is the most naturally talented sportsman you've played with?**

Can't go past the Golden One! Jeff Wilson.

**What's the funniest story of your career so far?**

Been a few! Well... One time in Chennai myself and Redmond went in a 45 min tuk tuk ride to the airport, had a few Speight's then handed some cash out to the poor; then found ourselves in a paddy wagon and spent a few hours in the concrete padded Chennai Jail. Wasn't funny at the time though. Especially when old Redders started with the water works!

**Are you going to make a Twitter or Facebook account to rival Jimmy Neesham?**

I've got limited time to dedicate my entire life to social media like Neesh. Prefer to spend it with my wife and three boys.

**The classic to finish—what's your all-time XI of players you've played with or against?**

I'll just name a team I played with:

1. Craig Cumming
2. Aaron Redmond
3. Kane Williamson
4. Peter Fulton
5. Brendon McCullum (WK) (C)
6. Chris Cairns
7. Dan Vettori
8. Dougy Tausili
9. Warren McSkimming
10. Shane Bond
11. Trent Boult
- 12<sup>th</sup> man: Neil Wagner (he'd hate being left out!)

Neil looks odds-on to maintain a place in the squad for the upcoming tri-series with Bangladesh and Ireland, which will give him a chance to earn a Champion's Trophy place.

**All the best, fella!**



POLITICAL  
ANALYSISOUTPOST  
OF EMPIRE:The Far Right in New Zealand  
up to the 1920s

For the most part, New Zealand has missed the kinds of ultra-reactionary mass movements that typified fascist, and otherwise hardline nationalist, politics during periods of crisis in other countries. Classical fascist movements, or contemporary populist chauvinism (such as, say, 'Powellism' in Britain or 'Hansonism' in Australia), have largely failed to attain the same kind of mass following. That said, New Zealand is far from free of reactionary politics as a whole, and the social forces underlying such far right politics are neither absent nor silent in New Zealand—By Tyler West

White New Zealand Policy  
1880s-1930s

The earliest forms of popular organised racist movements in New Zealand began to gain influence in the later decades of the 19th century. In his seminal work on the extreme right in New Zealand, *The Politics of Nostalgia*, Paul Spoonley identifies groups that formed in response to a growing fear of certain immigrants, who they believed were a threat to British racial supremacy. Given that the government at the time was implementing increasingly hardline racial border policies, these organisations were somewhat irrelevant as a political force beyond that of a lobby group. A significant amount of legislation was passed from the 1880s to the 1930s that targeted both specific groups of immigrants and non-British immigrants in general. Before getting into the organised groups who formed in response to this perceived threat, it is worth detailing the scope and scale of this legislation.

From around 1881 onward, the government enacted policies targeting Chinese, Indian, Samoan, Dalmatian (now Croatian), Italian, and Jewish immigrants. Since a sizable number of the small Dalmatian community worked in the kauri-gum industry, legislation to restrict licensing to British gum diggers was passed in 1898, 1908, and 1910. After the passing of the Undesirable Immigrants Exclusion Act 1919, people from the former German and Austro-Hungarian empires required a license from the Attorney-General to enter New Zealand. Although the legislative council found more

difficulty in legislating against Indian immigrants, given British opposition on the basis that they were British subjects, the Undesirable Hawkers Prevention Bill was passed in 1896 with the aim of restricting Indian movement within New Zealand. The 1899 Immigration Restriction Act, requiring non-British immigrants to make their applications in a European language, was an attempt to work-around British opposition.

The most significant series of legislative actions were against the Chinese. Beaglehole notes in *Refuge New Zealand* that some 21 pieces of legislation were passed against the growing Chinese community from 1879–88 alone. The 1881 Chinese Immigrants Act initiated a £10 poll tax, and restricted the number of Chinese immigrants to one per 10 tons of the vessels weight on which they arrived. This was cut in 1888 to one per 100 tons and again in 1896 to one per 200 tons, with the poll tax increased to £100 (a full decade's earnings for the average Chinese worker). The poll tax remained in place for over 63 years, only being repealed in 1944 by the Finance Act (No. 3). Naturalisation laws were altered in 1892 to be free for all immigrants bar Chinese, and again in 1908 to ban the Chinese from becoming naturalised citizens. Naturalisation for the Chinese only began anew over four decades later in 1952. In 1907, Chinese immigrants were required to undertake an additional English reading test. Then in 1908, Chinese people were required to undergo thumb printing in order to acquire re-entry

permits when leaving the country. They were also barred from receiving several state benefits by legislation passed from the 1890s–1920s.

The 'White New Zealand Policy', as it came to be known, had thus materialised out of a complex web of specific and generalised legislation largely, but not entirely, focused on the entry of new non-British immigrants. It formally came into being through the Immigration Restriction Amendment Act 1920. This created a requirement to apply for permanent residency before arrival, effectively placing discretion for every applicant at the hands of the Minister of Customs. This was further extended by the Immigration Restriction Amendment Act 1931 which prevented the entry of the majority of non-British European immigrants. Although a very small number of immigrants still arrived, the arrival of Asians and southern Europeans almost halted. It would not be until the aftermath of WWII that these policies would start to relax.

This legislation was not without its critics at the time (albeit small in number); Legislative Council member Henry Scotland was an early, prominent, and vocal opponent to restrictions on Chinese immigration. However, as the democratic state was already implementing hardline immigration policies, early organised racist groups merely needed to call for existing policy to be maintained and expanded. Both historically progressive and reactionary governments also pursued such policies; many of the aforementioned pieces of legislation were introduced under the first Liberal government's five successive terms in office from 1890–1911. Even William Pember Reeves, who represented the most radical left faction of the party (the 'state socialists' as they were dubbed), was a vocal proponent of severe curbs to Chinese immigration. However, the deeply conservative Reform government, who took office with the end of the first Liberal government, introduced the harshest of the White NZ Policy laws. Beaglehole quotes Reform PM William Massey on the White NZ Policy:

**"[The policy is] the result of a deep-seated sentiment on the part of the large majority of the people of this country that this Dominion shall be what is often called a 'white' New Zealand."**

Such policies alone do not make NZ any more of a proto-fascist state, or any more racist, than the Anglosphere or much of Europe at the time. Racism alone does not a fascist make. It did, however, form a template that some fascists in the present day still use as a basis for their vision of New Zealand, and can be considered one of the main pillars of openly ethno-nationalist politics here.



## Racial Supremacy Leagues 1890s-1920s

Early racist organisations appearing at the end of the 19th century aligned broadly in purpose with the White New Zealand Policy. The cross-class support within Pākehā society for severe immigration measures formalised largely in anti-immigrant leagues such as the Anti-Asiatic League and the Anti-Chinese League. Campaigns opposed to Yugoslav (Dalmatian) and Indian immigration likewise formed at the same time around the 1890s-1920s. These organisations were far from isolated, and did not require front groups to gain public support like later far right formations would. The Anti-Chinese League and Returned Services Association (RSA) forged an alliance that proved a driving civic force in support for the Immigration Amendment Restriction Act 1920.

Several explicit white supremacist organisations existed somewhat separate from the various anti-immigrant campaigns. The White Race League formed in 1907, with the goal of establishing a 'white race congress' in Europe to ensure the survival of the white race, which they considered to be facing

an existential threat from Asian immigration. This internationalist outlook of encompassing the entirety of the ever-ephemeral 'white race' the world over, rather than merely New Zealand, made the League a somewhat unique organisation. In effect, this amounts to the white genocide meme many decades too early for the term. However, this ideological outlook made little difference in local practice, amounting to anti-Chinese lobbying similar to the anti-immigrant leagues of the time.

The White New Zealand League is the most well known league from the period, formed by, of all people, racist potato farmers from Pukekohe in 1925. Their activities mirrored those of similar leagues in the hosting of public talks and publishing of widely distributed pamphlets decrying the immigration of 'lowly Asiatics'. The initial thrust of the organisation was to pressure the government to pass legislation further cracking down on Chinese and Indian immigrants, in order to undercut the perceived threat of Asian landowners to the largely white rural farmers. This would develop over time

at the behest of the League's chief ideologue and secretary, Pukekohe potato farmer George Parvin. His efforts to research and present various internationally-sourced articles on eugenics, 'scientific' race theory, and 'problems' with immigrant communities in other white-dominated parts of the Commonwealth, heavily influenced the thinking and rhetoric of the League. Their most infamous pamphlet, *Citizens of the Future are the Children of Today*, drew on contemporary figures from Australia and the US. In 1926, they sent a request to 200 local bodies throughout NZ to pass resolutions supporting the League's aims, for which they received positive replies from 160 of the bodies. According to Spoonley in *The Politics of Nostalgia*, those 160 bodies represented some 670,000 New Zealanders at the time (about 47% of the population).

The League produced, stoked, and kept alive a national hysteria around the supposed imminent collapse of New Zealand as a 'white' Dominion. The League was supported by prominent civil society groups (the RSA, for example), early nationalist groups (such as the NZ Natives Association), and several particularly rural MPs. This was largely motivated by fear from the white petit-bourgeois (small-scale business people and landowners) of competition in the local market by (typically Asian) foreigners. Although the League would largely be dead by the 1930s, Parvin remained a vocal figure in Pukekohe politics until the 1950s. The policies of the League would likewise be taken up after its demise by organisations including the RSA and the Pukekohe Federated Farmers (who argued as late as 1952 for the seizure of all Asian-owned land and their forced repatriation).

Like many later movements, these leagues faded away and were confined to the obscurities of history. Their legacy, however, survived long into the 20th century in the form of both near-exclusively British immigration policy and a strong ideological influence over future far right organisations. As the White NZ League vanished in the early 1930s, new reactionary forces emerged. The second part of this historical series will cover the 1930s-1950s, detailing the far right forces that emerged in the period, as well as instances of reactionary petit-bourgeoisie violence in the early 1900s.

Originally published at:  
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## POST-FACT WORLD

### Free your brain from the burden of truth:

You can mould the truth to suit your lifestyle

Grapes are made by injecting grape-flavoured jelly into an olive

Hummingbirds

If you say 'knight' really slowly you can just hear the k

Zero percent of teenagers have ever been allowed to paint the walls of their bedroom black

Antarctica is a palindrome

New Zealand secretly has an East Island and a West Island that nobody talks about

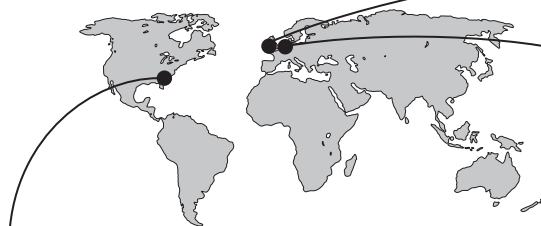
If you bore directly down through the centre of the Earth, the curvature of gravity means that you would pop out in Invercargill.

Avocado stones are large because the stomach acid of the ancient South American giant sloth would dissolve smaller stones.

The word "stirrup" is a shortened form of "stir up", from the old English practise where men on horseback would ride around and around giant vats of vegetables to stir them up into soup.

The skin of one human is large enough to cover two Volkswagon Beetles

## WORLD WATCH



### North Carolina, United States

A 5-year-old girl was suspended from her school for one day after pretending a stick was a gun during lunch time. Caitlin Miller was playing her favourite game, "Kings and Queens", and was charged with defending the castle. Caitlin armed herself with a stick, and pretended to shoot others before being snatched up by a teacher and sent to the principal's office

### Cambridge, England

A council swimming pool is allowing users to go au naturel throughout April and May. Paradise Pools has announced it will hold naked swim sessions, after the pool the nudist group usually uses became unavailable. The nudist club chairman, Malcolm Boura, is delighted with then move, commenting that naturist swimming is "both good for you and fun. Nothing's better."

## BUNCH OF FIVES



### ADAM—Master in Science

- 1 Yes—I've been thinking of doing it
- 2 Antarctica – it's more interesting scientifically
- 3 I wouldn't
- 4 Yes—but I also can't eat it
- 5 I'm an indecisive person



### DANIELLE—Pharmacy

- 1 I think yes
- 2 Antarctica because penguins
- 3 I'd rather volunteer
- 4 Yes—on homemade pizza anyway
- 5 A cat



### KATIE—Environmental Science

- 1 Yes definitely—I literally have done that before
- 2 Antarctica on an oceanic cruise
- 3 \$20
- 4 No
- 5 Some sort of wild extra-terrestrial about to abduct you



### RACHEL—History

- 1 Yeah probably—I work in an opshop
- 2 North Korea—not many people get a chance to go there
- 3 I don't think I'd pay for a ticket to Hyde Street
- 4 Yeah put whatever you want on. Live your dream.
- 5 A can of tinned spaghetti



### MADELEINE—Winner of Queerest Cupcake at Queerest Tea Party

- 1 Probably not – if I had to I could do it
- 2 Antarctica—my mum's always wanted to go
- 3 \$20
- 4 Noooo—abomination
- 5 Someone who wanted to be there. My friend had drunk people throw up in the kitchen sink



## Netherlands

A Dutch student mistakenly booked a flight to Sydney, Canada instead of Sydney, Australia. Milan Schipper, 18, found a "great deal" online for flights from Amsterdam to Sydney, and was planning to backpack through Australia. However, once he landed in Toronto for a stopover and saw the second, much smaller plane that would take him to his final destination, he knew something was up

By Jack Trevella

## Q's

- 1 Would you be able to get rid of 50 percent of your possessions?
- 2 Would you rather visit North Korea or Antarctica?
- 3 How much would you pay for a ticket to Hyde Street?
- 4 Should tinned spaghetti go on pizza?
- 5 What did you/would you dress as for Hyde Street?

# ODT WATCH

Perpetually stuck for content, the ODT has sunk to reporting on people just continuing to exist

**Singer songwriter**

**watches and experiences**

Over the coming years they intend to gradually report on everyone else who also continues to exist. The initiative is predicted to go down well in Patearoa, where the majority of residents welcome any proof that they exist, partly because of all the evidence to the contrary

Next, the ODT is onto the latest youth craze

**A UNIVERSITY of Otago researcher is worried a law change could result in children being attracted to "vaping".**

The ODT seems confused about the meaning of the word 'mandatory'

**Dog paddling**

**mandatory at Mosgiel**

Are all dogs passing through Mosgiel forced to have a paddle? Do all local dogs have to report every week to their local pool and be dunked by large, jowelled guards smoking cigars?

And yes, the article was about actual dogs, not the swimming technique, which would have also been worrying

**Artist will mimic hen till eggs hatch**

I hate to tell you, but those eggs are plastic. You're going to be waiting for a very long time. Though be sure to give me a heads up if I'm wrong. I'll need the time to run from your plastic chicken mutants

And finally, this week the ODT were stuck in a difficult conundrum. They were torn between their need to be seen to distance themselves from Satanism and their pathological need to make a 'soul' pun

**Satanic group saving soles**

## FACTS & FIGURES

Since 1990 more people in the US have been killed by sandcastles than by sharks

88 percent of adult Italians have had sex in a car

80 percent of front-page newspaper articles are written by men

IKEA sells one bookcase somewhere in the world every 10 seconds

Ping-pong balls were made larger to make the sport better for TV

There are only 140 cases in medical history of a man having more than two testicles

In 1958, Chairman Mao invited Khrushchev to a swimming meeting, knowing that he couldn't swim. Khrushchev had to wear armbands

Tartle is an old Scottish word for the moment of panic when you're about to introduce someone and realise that you have forgotten their name

Every year, thousands of Norwegian children are sent to fake refugee camps so they can experience what it's like

Lenin owned nine Rolls-Royces

**Mazagran**  
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By Jack Trevella

By Charlie O'Mannin

Issue 02 | Mar 2017

CHELLE FITZGERALD

LESS  
| S  
MORE

HOW LIMITING YOUR POSSESSIONS CAN  
IMPROVE YOUR LIFE



Japan's already into it in a big way and the rest of the world is catching on. Minimalism is the art of living a much simpler lifestyle, in order to focus only on what's important – creating more time to pursue connections with others, experiences and giving more to the world than one takes.

For many, the decision to pursue a minimalist existence is borne out of financial necessity. For others, it's a giant "fuck you" to the grossly excessive nature of our materialistic aggregate. One of the reasons so many people feel like they couldn't live with less stuff is that it is the way we have been conditioned to think and feel – this society has been shoving its giant consumerism chode down our throats since the day we were born. Advertisers target children to try and create happy early memories of their products and pull us all onto the work-spend treadmill as early as possible. People are groomed to feel insecure and, as pointed out by Tyler Durden in *Fight Club*, we begin to "buy things we don't need, with money we don't have, to impress people we don't like". It's a circle-jerk of wasteful spending and nobody is winning except the corporations. All of this mindless consumerism is placing alarming amounts of stress on the environment, as heavily industrial countries like China suffocate underneath the pollution created from meeting the rest of the world's production demands. It needs to stop.

Enter minimalism.

Author Tammy Strobel, and her husband Logan, struggled with debt for years and were both working full-time to pay for all the unnecessary things they were racking up on their credit cards. They were overworked, miserable and loaded with student debt, which began to cause problems in their relationship.

One day, Logan suggested that they try to live in their two-bedroom apartment as if it were one-bedroom, to see if they would be able to deal with having just one room. They emptied the second room out and taped it off, and within a few weeks they realised that it was possible to live in less space. They packed away the TV and began decluttering their possessions (albeit slowly – like any of us would, they struggled at first). Next, they got rid of one car, then another – forcing them to use bicycles, resulting in less commuting time and improved fitness. Ultimately they ended up moving to another state, saving them even more money.

The Strobels gave up 90% of their possessions, moved into a tiny home on wheels, got their debt paid off (and began to accumulate savings), changed their careers to healthier ones that suited their lifestyle and, in short, were able to remove a massive amount of stress from their lives. They ditched the things that didn't serve them, and tailored their surroundings and possessions to complement their life, not make it harder. This shift in lifestyle prompted Strobel to write a book about their journey – *You Can Buy Happiness (and it's Cheap!)*.

Over time, "the things you own end up owning you" (Tyler Durden yet again, smart man), due to the time you waste keeping them tidy and maintained. Once you take away all the mind-numbingly unnecessary garbage that you inadvertently allow into your home, you start to feel freer and lighter. Life doesn't feel as stressful because you don't have as much junk to keep track of. Why are we attached to stuff? It's just... stuff. We should feel defined by our experiences and actions, not by the shit that we own.

Joshua Fields Millburn and Ryan Nicodemus are two guys who decided in 2010 that minimalism was definitely the right fit for their lives, and subsequently have taken

# WE SHOULDN'T AUTOMATICALLY ASSIGN VALUE TO AN ITEM JUST BECAUSE WE PAID MONEY FOR IT ONCE UPON A TIME

the good word on tour, with numerous books, podcasts and a documentary on the subject. These guys seriously live with very little stuff, which is apparent in their documentary the Minimalists when you see them packing for a road trip – almost everything Millburn owns fits into his suitcase!

Referring to themselves as the Minimalists, their aim is not to minimise life, but instead to maximise it. "Minimalists don't focus on having less, less, less; rather, we focus on making room for more: more time, more passion, more experiences, more growth, more contribution, more contentment. More freedom. Clearing the clutter from life's path helps us make that room."

I myself have had casual brushes with minimalism – after living with a couple of very messy flatmates, I developed a mild phobia of 'having stuff'. It was around this time that I randomly stumbled on Strobel's book and, in my vulnerably pissed-off state, it really spoke to me. I subsequently decided to whittle my possessions down immediately. I owned quite a lot of random curios, and I adopted a steely judgment system in deciding what would get the hatchet. Basically it came down to three simple questions:

1. Have I used this in the past six months?
2. Is it easy to replace if I want another one in the future?
3. Does it have a legit function/purpose in my life?

Everything that didn't pass my beady-eyed assessment got given away. There was a LOT of stuff, and, in order to get rid of it, I posted pics of each item in a Facebook album entitled "FREE TO GOOD HOME". I gave away all manner of musical instruments, books, art, clothes, cameras, collectibles and gadgets – some stuff still unopened in the box!

Many people thought it was weird that I was giving away so much stuff, when I "could be getting money for it", but I had truly become so squeamish about clutter that it was more important for me to get rid of it all as soon as possible, rather than dick around dealing with transactions. I didn't need the money as much as I needed everything gone.

We shouldn't automatically assign value to an item just because we paid money for it once upon a time. This is a very important thing to wrap your head around if you ever want to truly stop having so much attachment to shit that you just plain don't use or need. Crazy, everyone absolutely jumped at the chance to take all that stuff off my hands – people are pretty indiscriminate about what objects they will bring into their home, especially if it's free (which is probably one of the reasons so many people have so much useless crap).



Do I recommend decluttering for everybody? Hell yes. Decluttering is a subjective task, you can choose to be quite brutal and minimalistic or you can decide to just start with one area and see how you go. A good place to start is the kitchen. Do you really need 23 mismatched plates? Or are you just creating a situation where you are continually faced with a stack of dishes because your flatmates are too lazy to wash them and will continue to use all of the clean plates you own until there is nothing left but a giant pile of dirty mismatched crockery?

You could streamline your wardrobe (no, that orange trench coat won't be rolling back into style, and you probably don't need to hang onto that Oktoberfest beer maid costume from that one party five years ago).

Digital simplification is a power move – uninstall old programs on your computer and phone or tidy up your music/photo folders. Paper decluttering is great too – clear out those old papers you have stashed away in random drawers and file/trash them properly, then focus on dealing with your incoming paperwork better in the future (or minimising it altogether!).

Whichever way you choose to pare down your junk, it's far more likely to have a positive impact on your life than a negative one. One's physical environment plays a huge role in our mental state, and it's no surprise that hoarding behaviour is borne from serious mental issues. It's also a very overwhelming feeling when you have too much stuff or clutter and your house constantly gets messy. When you're too overwhelmed, all tasks often only get done half-heartedly, which can really add to feelings of depression.

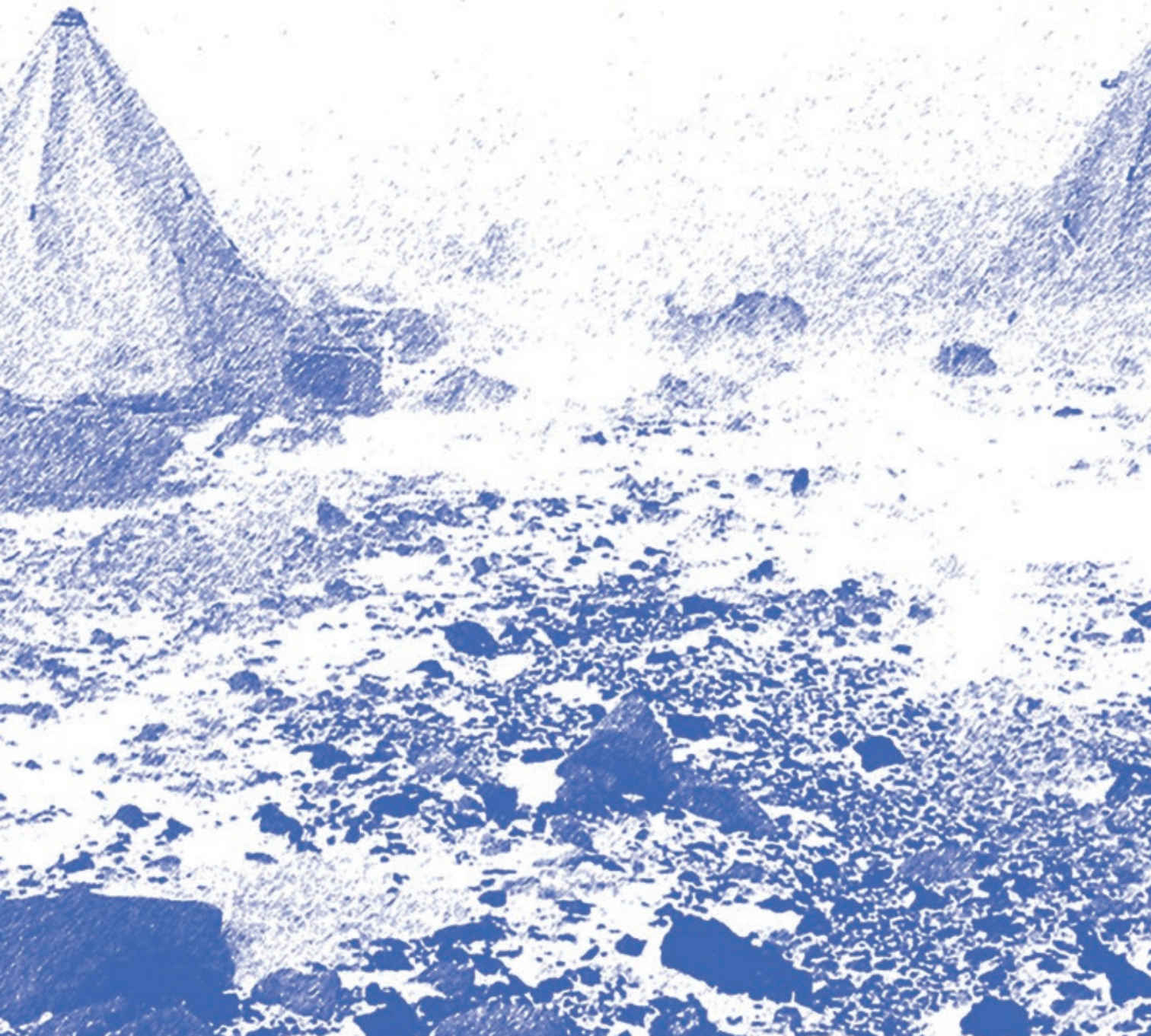
My advice to everybody is to try to be mindful about your stuff and really consider how much your possessions are doing for you – weigh up what they are costing you mentally or spatially to hang onto, versus what you are getting out of them. Many minimalists in Japan adopt an 80/20% mentality – ditch 80% of your possessions and utilise the shit out of the remaining 20%. In Japan possession minimisation is also a smart move when you consider both the amount of earthquakes the region suffers and the high cost of living space; as New Zealand increasingly reflects these conditions, we should be operating under the same logic.

Blogger Dave Bruno's 100 Thing Challenge has been a popular project for anyone with a minimalist streak. Bruno has taken it upon himself to cut all his possessions down to 100 items, but there are certain liberties taken – for example, he would count a pair of gloves as one item, not two. The project can be tailored any way that suits you. You might be a vinyl lover who chooses to count your entire collection as one item, while adopting a brutal approach everywhere else, right down to your last fork. The point of it all is not just to systematically get rid of everything you own, it's to make you choose wisely between the items that you have, so that you are eventually surrounded by only those things that have a true purpose in your life, or bring you joy.

Think about your current lifestyle, and what you need – if you've flatted before, you will already know the epic struggle of having to cart your stuff from flat to flat as leases expire. Half the stuff you are towing around is probably just junk – old lecture notes, odd shoes, clothes you don't wear, crappy furniture, old books that you absently chuck into boxes as moving day approaches. Do yourself a favour and make your next move an easy one – see if you can limit your belongings to one carload ■

# LIFE IN ANTARCTICA

JESSICA THOMPSON CARR







What's double the size of Australia, covered by 98% ice, and has no permanent human residents? Antarctica.

Antarctica is a desert of snow and ice surrounded by freezing ocean at the bottom of the Southern Hemisphere. It has an average temperature of  $-49^{\circ}\text{C}$ , katabatic winds of hurricane speeds (you know the kind that slope down hills and look like clouds), and a temporary human population that varies from 1,000 to 5,000 a year.

New Zealand has a strong relationship with Antarctica. The advantage in living so close has proven itself with the Antarctica New Zealand association, the Crown entity that manages the most commonly populated area of Scott Base, the New Zealand research station. The station is situated at the southern end of Ross Island, 3,500kms south of Dunedin, an active volcano called Erebus looms over the green buildings that make up the camp.

My dad, Andy Thompson, is the programme manager and outdoor instructor for Otago Polytechnic, as well as a professional photographer. He has been to Antarctica four times, staying at Scott Base on every visit. He has flown around the Transantarctic Mountains and climbed four peaks (one on each visit). His knowledge about the continent is extensive and personal, and when asked why anyone goes to Antarctica, his reply was: "why would anybody not?"

"In truth," he went on, "there are so many reasons to visit Antarctica. People go there to complete science projects to better understand ... how Antarctica has an effect on [global] weather systems, eco wildlife systems and climate change. A lot of self-funded people go there to challenge themselves with adventure, and test themselves against extreme odds with journeys and mountain-

eeing. There are cruise ships and some folk even sail down on their own crafts. There are also political reasons to visit Antarctica; because it holds many potential resources, minerals and oil, that have not been used, due to a treaty established in 1956."

Andy Thompson first went to Antarctica to lead a field training school for four months, with two other staff members. He managed staff, and ran field training for people who came to Scott Base, teaching survival and mountaineering skills so that they could live and complete their work without incident.

"We would take them out on the sea ice, into the ice fall, through crevasses, and they would build snow shelters to stay out in. This would be either a snow dome, an igloo or a trench," Thompson explained, "once I was called out as part of a team to attend a rescue across the Polar Plateau. This crossed the South Pole and involved retrieving three Norwegians. The fourth had been killed in a crevasse."

During the other three visits to Antarctica, Thompson guided and managed geologists during their research, which involved six weeks in tents deep in the field.

Typical life in Antarctica for Thompson involved early mornings and endless daylight. He explains his summer season as: "breakfast at 7am in a room with shutters to ease into the day. If you were working at Scott Base, then after breakfast you would head off to your respective areas ... we would do introductions and briefings for going out, then head out in front of Scott Base and teach them about travelling on sea ice. In the afternoon we would go to an area called 'Mound City' where we would build survival shelters, i.e., snow mounds, igloos, trenches for the night. The next day we would travel through a section of glacier avoiding large crevasses

# EVERYTHING HERE IS REGIMENTED, LIKE IN THE ARMY. SO THINGS RUN LIKE CLOCKWORK.

and teach about this sort of travel."

Of course, the days varied, "other times we would practise search and rescue. This involved flying by helicopter to ... the Transantarctic Mountains and training on SAR [Search and Rescue] techniques. It all made me feel alive, and I had a sense of purpose. I loved interacting with the people, getting to know them, forming great working relationships. I loved teaching in this environment and never was bored – although for anyone to do that you need to make a conscious effort to remind yourself how fortunate you are and although you may be repeating tasks, remember to appreciate what and why you were doing what you were doing."

Sickness could occur due to the vast change in temperature between Scott Base and outside, from dry cold to dry heat, so workers had to get plenty of rest to recharge. Thompson went for four summer periods, which meant 24-hour daylight.

"It is important to keep regular hours, even in a tent in a deep field. This was challenging because if you get up in the night to pee it is bright sunlight. So you need to make a conscious effort to go back to sleep and not wake up too much. I had eyeshades that helped. However, if you were stuck in a storm, this could make you a bit fidgety."

New Zealand and Antarctica have a strong relationship. Sir Edmund Hillary was the first person to visit the South Pole on a tractor (fame!), and NZ lays claim to the Ross Dependency, which encompasses a large area of sea, land and mountains.

Another person lucky enough to travel so far south is Anna Carr, senior lecturer for tourism and my all-star mother. She applied to Antarctic NZ to work as a 'general duties' staff member at Scott Base for three and a half months. She also worked in the field on Erebus, in the Dry Valleys (a place almost normal looking, fairly ice-free), and spent a day at the very significant Cape Crozier, an Antarctic Special Protected Area (ASPA). In her free time, she took trips to the Ross Island Historic Huts and Scott Base ski fields, as well as trips out onto the sea ice. Before going she had to pass a medical and attend a weekend field camp at Tekapo,

which included snow caving overnight as well as driving and first aid skills.

Anna had a decade of outdoor experience, background knowledge in first aid as a paramedic, training in a ski patrol that dealt with avalanches, as well as a heavy traffic driver's license. She described her typical routine in Antarctica:

"I had to share a room with someone who worked the night shift so mornings were quiet, up at 8am. I performed general duties, so either kitchen and chef assistant work, or cleaning the base. This included the laboratories, the library and the glasshouse. I also did first aid on the base and travelled with several parties to help with field camps. Everything there is regimented, like in the army, so things run like clockwork. The climate is so extreme, you can't muck about. We had to sign in and out every time we left Scott Base for a simple walk, or to take a shuttle bus to MacMurdo Station, where there was a coffee shop, a hairdresser, a bowling alley, basketball courts and a gym. I was there over summer and I found the 24 hour daylight quite invigorating and, by January it wasn't that cold."

Anna currently works with the university, but remains a member of the International Polar Tourism Research Network. "I love Dunedin's relationship with Antarctica," she said, "the university has strong links through the Geology and Physics departments, and two great explorers – Scott and Shackleton – from the 'Heroic' era, departed from Port Chalmers."

In 1901 an expedition intent on discovering the South Pole departed from Dunedin itself. The voyage ended tragically with the crew perishing on the continent two years later. Nevertheless, Port Chalmers has maintained its reputation as the starting point for Antarctic journeys, with the first people to step foot on the Antarctic mainland leaving from its port in 1894.

Of course, it is not only humans who manage to live in Antarctica. The continent really belongs to the waddell seals, elephant seals, orca, baleen whales, albatross, krill, and Adelie penguins that populate its coast. The





photography by Andy Thompson

penguins stand at around 55cm high, and are pretty cute in a dorky kind of way. The little birds steal each other's rocks for their nests and walk with absolute purpose.

But the better recognized, and much loved, animals of the land have to be the famous Emperor penguins. They are the tallest and heaviest penguins in existence, reaching 122cm in height. The penguins look dignified when standing still, with their coloured features and dinner-jacket markings. However, when they walk they have a desperate waddle, quite similar to that of the Scarfie on a hunt for loo roll mid-boozie pooz.

Emperors are curious and brave, and will approach humans and vehicles. Their ability to survive in such a harsh climate is nothing short of amazing. They keep warm by huddling together in large colonies, rotating members from the outside to inside. When swimming in the sea, their feathers provide little insulation. Instead, they have a sub-cutaneous (under the skin) layer of fat that keeps them warm. They breed exclusively on ice and lay their eggs around May

or June, when the females leave the males in charge of the eggs for four months to hunt.

They are remarkable creatures and the main soft toy of my childhood. But they may not be here forever without help. Global warming is melting the sea ice, which is diminishing the availability of krill and fish for the penguins to eat. As you may have seen in Happy Feet, it is only a matter of time before climate change causes more damage to these animals. While Antarctica is too huge to be obviously affected yet, its West Peninsula is one of the fastest warming areas on the planet.

Antarctica is a vital domain for remarkable and unique animals, as well as a hub for scientific experiments.

So how can the average Joe make it there? There are several ways:

- If you are lucky enough to be a rich playa then the world is your frozen oyster, and you may freely board a Quark cruise ship to sidle some 4,868 km down the world to stand with giant penguins and lose a few fingers.

- You can potentially score a staff job with a National programme, like Antarctica New Zealand.

- Like to climb? You could be trained as a mountain guide and go through companies like Adventure Consultants, who have operated in Antarctica since 1976.

- If your grades are good enough, you could participate in a research project and get funding. Many students go to complete their masters or PHD.

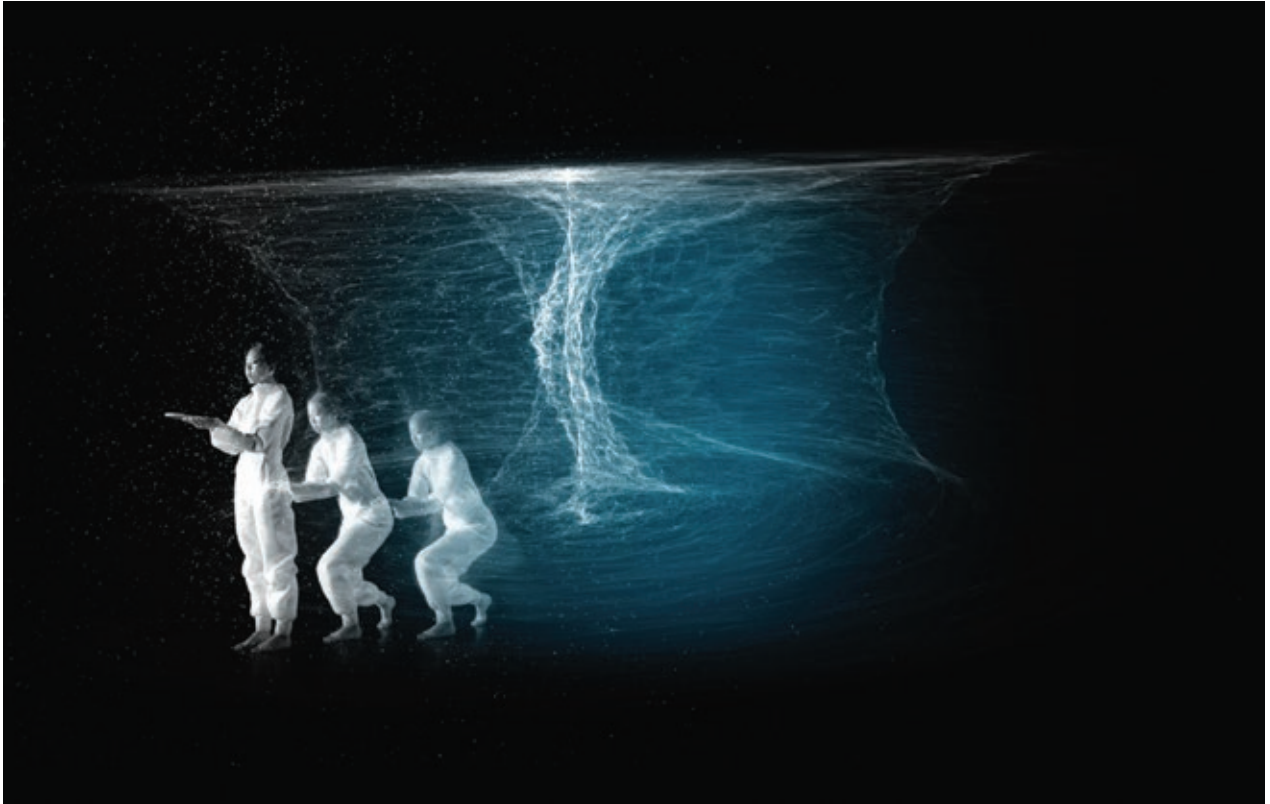
- If you aren't so scientific (#feels) there is, magically, a media, writers and artists programme you can apply for, now called the Community Engagement Programme. If you polish your craft and get some work out there, you are eligible.

It's not easy getting there, but if you had the chance, why wouldn't you? Living in a small, beautiful country like NZ, it's easy to settle and feel content, but don't forget that there are unusual and life changing places not far from us. So if the opportunity presents itself, I say take it and run.

## ART

# AXIS: anatomy of space

—Daniel Belton



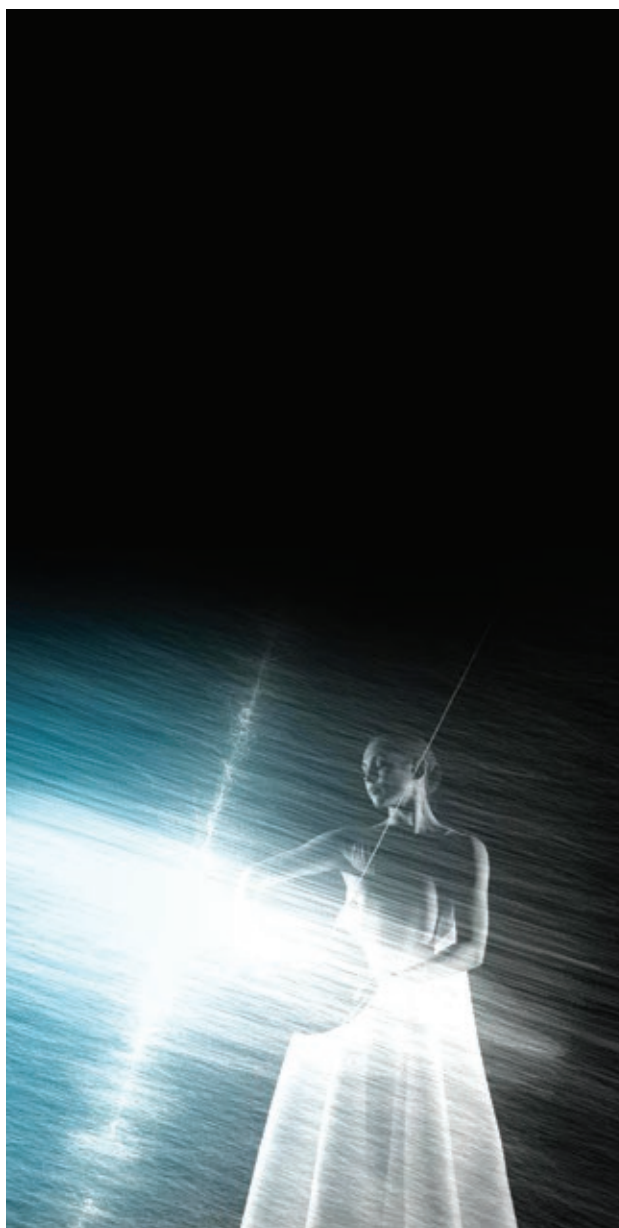
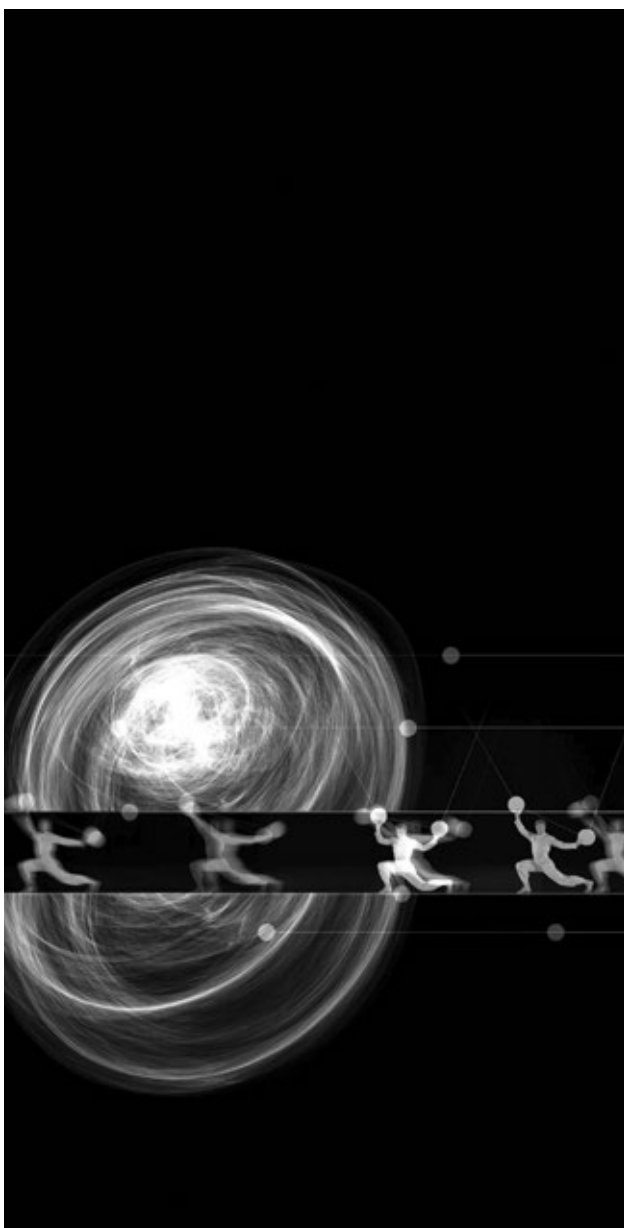
Review by Monique Hodgkinson

Beautiful, elegant, and led by a strong sense of purpose, Daniel Belton's performance piece *AXIS* — anatomy of space intrigued and inspired audiences at its Otago Museum premiere. In refusing to align with one medium alone, *AXIS* combines dance with fashion design, celestial cartography, and contemporary music and sound, all presented in the unique space that is a 360° dome theatre. As audiences recline and gaze skyward, backdrops of stars slowly drift overhead, overlapping with the soft movements of figures and abstract animation. Guest dancers from the Royal New Zealand Ballet don ethereal costumes made by Tanya Carlson, while human voices form an abstract vocal soundtrack, alongside a collage of sounds from soft scraping to organic rain. Animated white lines chart the trajectory of the dancers as their positions overlap in time, waving discs in semaphore-like movements.

As a concept, I like what Belton is going for here. By connecting seemingly disparate artistic mediums a new type of dialogue is formed, in which the trajectory of planetary bodies becomes intrinsically linked to the movements of human ones. The same visual system that we use to chart the stars can also be used to chart music and dance; human bodies fluidly find alignment with the horizontal lines that transverse the sky, while the organic soundtrack provides another type of alignment; between visual and audible art.

And yet something ever so slightly missed the mark in *AXIS*. 360° theatres allow artists a fantastic level of immersion for their audiences. Unlike a traditional theatre, where the action is occurring in one fixed area in front of you, dome spaces allow viewers to feel entirely surrounded and enclosed by the art. At times *AXIS* does achieve this exceptional





**Image credit:**

**Daniel Belton and Good Company | [goodcompanyarts.com](http://goodcompanyarts.com) | axis |**

state of immersion, particularly in those otherworldly moments when the action occurs above rather than before the audience; these moments were definite strengths.

However, the majority of the work doesn't allow for this immersion. Rather, the action happens in front of the viewers, functioning in much the same way as a traditional theatre screen would. The silhouettes of

the seats in front of you puncture the illusionary possibilities of the dome space, and at times I even found myself looking upwards, away from the intended focal points, to simply gaze at the stars as they rolled by overhead. If 360° theatre is selected as an artistic format then I expect that medium to be taken full advantage of and immersion to be a top priority; in *AXIS*, this did not seem to be the case.

## FILM

# Aquarius

(2016)  
Directed by  
Kleber Mendonça  
Filho

Review by  
Liz Ross

Rating  
★★★★★

Dona Clara is a Brazilian Battleaxe. Her strength and stubbornness have even fought off cancer. Aquarius is named after her home: a block of apartments being bought out by a development company. But Clara is a force to be reckoned with, and she has decided she will stay at the Aquarius until she dies.

Do not be fooled into thinking this film is a simple David and Goliath story; it is far more nuanced. While the tactics the company uses to try to vacate Clara's apartment grow more bizarre, Clara herself is slowly revealed to us in three parts; Clara's hair, Clara's love and Clara's cancer. Once again, it would be foolish to assume that these segments are addressed evenly, or that they even relate to the titles given. Aquarius doesn't play into its own structure, rather it uses the titles to mislead the audience, but also give Clara ownership of her external

reality. Take Clara's love for example, this segment begins with a potential romantic encounter, which is cut short by the emotional discomfort of a previous mastectomy. Aquarius then opens up to show the real love of Clara's life: her music and her relationships with others.

The film is lengthy, and I would call it a 'slow burner', however the significant run time did not bring the usual drag. Sonia Braga's acting as Dona Clara was simply magnificent; I would go as far as to call it impeccable. She flawlessly encapsulates a very complex character. I have some minor grievances with some of the technical aspects of Aquarius, such as the retro-looking zooms and fade-outs, which I found distracting and out of place. I applaud director Kleber Mendonça Filho for not shying away from presenting the actualities of life. From cleaning up after babies, to unabashed sex scenes, it was refreshing to see the raw truth of being human displayed on celluloid. It is almost as confronting as Dona Clara herself; Aquarius is an understated, truthful, and thought-provoking foreign film.



## FILM

# Life

(2017)  
Directed by  
Jeff Nichols

Review by  
Alex  
Campbell-Hunt

Rating  
★★★★★

The overall critical response to Life seems to be that it's an adequate and competently made space-disaster flick, but that it doesn't give us anything we haven't seen done better in other films of the genre. Which, yeah, sums it up pretty well I guess. Set aboard the International Space Station (ISS), Life follows six astronauts (among them Jake Gyllenhaal, Rebecca Ferguson and Ryan Reynolds), as they study a new unicellular organism that has been discovered on Mars. The organism, which they name Calvin, is the first evidence of life outside Earth. Sadly, Calvin is not so much a cuddly E.T. sort of alien as an oh-shit-it's-ingesting-my-face sort of alien; things quickly turn into a battle for survival.

The first act feels rushed, without enough build-up or suspense. For instance we don't get to see the life form being discovered on Mars; the film opens

as it's delivered to the ISS. Then, within a few minutes, it's growing and sentient, soon after that it's homicidal, then it's a large translucent starfish, then a hovering squid-goblin thing, and so forth; a cool movie-monster, but not the most carefully paced plot. Once the action is underway, the film is somewhat uneven, sometimes being genuinely scary and gripping but other times less than fully involving.

Gyllenhaal and Ferguson are both good actors, and their performances contribute some realism that helps to offset some corny scenes and by-the-numbers dialogue (particularly corny is an early scene where the astronauts answer questions from some schoolchildren back on earth, which feels like a greeting card commercial). Despite some good performances, none of the characters are extremely well developed. The film's ending, while not likely to please everyone, is very memorable at least – and it probably would've been even more powerful had the rest of the film been a bit stronger and built up more gradually.

So all in all, not a terrible film, and if you like space-thrillers then it could be worth a look sometime. But if you haven't seen Alien, Gravity, Apollo 13 or Solaris, definitely watch those instead.





## TV SERIES

# The Santa Clarita Diet

(2017)  
Created by  
Victor Fresno

Review by  
Saskia  
Bunce-Rath

Rating  
★★★★★

comedy from Netflix, created by Victor Fresno, who is responsible for the critically acclaimed *Better Off Ted*. It stars (the criminally underrated) Timothy Olyphant and Drew Barrymore as two Californian real estate agents with a teenage daughter; everything seems normal until Sheila (Drew Barrymore) becomes undead.

This show is, um, probably not for everyone? In fact I nearly stopped watching halfway through episode one because of a scene that involved more vomit than should ever be allowed on a television screen, but I soldiered on because apparently even a metric ton of vomit won't stop me from consuming my television needs!

Timothy Olyphant and Drew Barrymore are at their best in this series. Timothy Olyphant is just hilarious, there's a scene where he is dancing by some toaster ovens that had me crying with laughter,

and Drew Barrymore is given free reign to be her kooky Drew Barrymore self; as she should be. Like many sitcoms the side characters make or break the show, and there are some great ones in this series, the standouts being an endearingly awkward teen neighbour and a pair of feuding cops. I'm not going to overstate it, this show is pretty silly, and gross, and involves a lot of bodily fluids, and the occasional farting corpse, but it made me laugh quite a lot. And I really needed something to fill the sitcom shaped void in my heart left by *Brooklyn Nine-Nine*.

I think if you go into this with mediocre expectations you'll probably think it's great; if someone hyped it up to you, then you'll probably be disappointed. It's really just a weird, funny and at times gross little series that is poking fun at family sitcom tropes, and giving two talented actors a vehicle to show off their comedy skills. Seriously, Timothy Olyphant you guys, seriously. Someone should give him a firm handshake, a golden globe and maybe some free dental work from all the teeth gritting he does.



## THEATRE

# LATE NIGHT IMPROV with Improsaurus

(last Friday, 2017)



## THAT MOMENT LAST WEEK ON LATE NIGHT IMPROV:

When Austenian ladies rebelled against social mores, glasses were broken, letters were retracted, and beverages at the ball were really very good. Who knew the lost Jane Austen novel 'Lust and Lucy' would be so exciting?

Improsaurus is back with more late night theatre next Friday with "Improv: The Musical!"

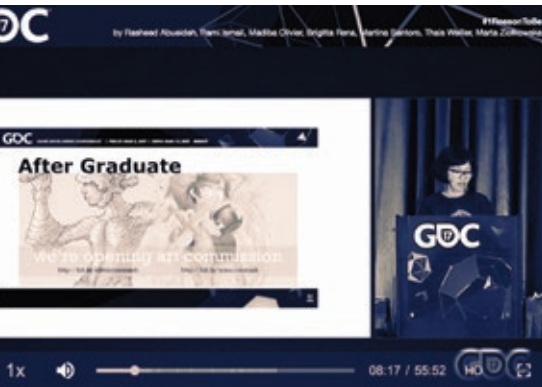


Next Late Night show:  
Friday 21 April  
10:30pm at the Fortune  
Theatre

## GAMES

Critic's Word on the Ground:

# Lisa Blakie at the San Francisco Game Developers' Conference



Last year I was fortunate enough to attend the Game Developers' Conference (GDC) in San Francisco thanks to a very generous scholarship from the NZGDA and Callaghan Innovation (side note: these scholarships become available to apply for around December and you should absolutely apply for them if you're interested in going). This was a really big deal mainly because A: I had never travelled anywhere outside of New Zealand other than the Gold Coast in Australia, B: I was going with fellow Runaway employees who I basically looked up to as Divine Entities, and C: I had only been working in the industry for four months and was about to go to the largest international games conference in the world, and all of my game developer senpais were going to be there.

No exaggeration, that week in 2016 was the best week of my life and really validated both my purpose in the industry and how fortunate I was to be a part of it.

This year, as a much wiser, older, and hotter game developer expert, I attended the conference as a speaker at the Community Management Summit. But who gives a fuck about what I spoke about! I want to share some of the talks I had the privilege to see, all of which you can watch too as they are free to watch on the GDC Vault and offer a fascinating insight into the professional games industry.

—Lisa Blakie

## #1ReasonToBe

Starting as a hashtag on Twitter, #1ReasonToBe saw women in the game industry listing their reasons for working in the industry. The reasons were deeply personal and hugely relatable, and became a panel at GDC that now happens annually. It has seen a shift in content with the panel now being focused specifically on the perspectives of developers from around the world.

This year's line up was particularly impressive, with speakers from as far afield as Cameroon, Palestine and Poland. This panel is hugely important as it offers insight into game development around the world; in particular the perspectives outside the heavily Western influenced industry, which is traditionally concentrated in the United States. At the end of Rasheed Abueideh's talk, he received a standing ovation and I was sobbing out the door. If you are going to watch any, this is the one to see.

## Prompto's Facebook: How a Buddy-AI Auto-Snapshots Your Adventure in FFXV

This recommendation is very biased because I love Final Fantasy and also got to talk to the speaker, Sun, at the Speaker's Party, who is the kindest and most humble person I have had the pleasure of meeting so far in the industry. Myself, and fellow Runaway speaker Tim, spent half an hour praising him; fan girling and saying how great he is. BUT ANYWAY...

His talk was polished, funny and well put together, offering a great insight into the process behind and mechanic design of the Snapshot feature in Final Fantasy XV. It's also pretty amazing to have employees from Square Enix (the developers of some of the most well-renowned role-playing video games, including FFXV) come and share their developmental process, so you should definitely check them out too!

## Advocacy Microtalks: Challenging the Industry in 20 Slides

The title says it all really. This series of microtalks has 10 speakers and features some hard truths about problems in the industry, including online harassment and race and gender disparity. These talks offer insights into ways in which the industry can be changed. Unapologetic and brave, these talks give me hope for the future of the industry; that we can work towards a more inclusive and supportive community.

## The Last Game I Make Before I Die: The "Crashlands" Postmortem

This talk clashed with my timetable so I couldn't watch it in person but I watched it on the Vault at work, which was a mistake because I was welling up in the first two minutes. Presented by Samuel Coster, the talk shares his personal battle with cancer during the development of Crashlands, a game he and his brothers worked on during his treatment. Make sure you watch this alone in your bedroom with a comforting hot drink and your favourite plushie to snuggle, because you will cry.

## Honourable Mentions

Breaking Conventions with The Legend of Zelda: Breath of the Wild

Everything I Said Was Wrong: Why Indie Is Different Now

Indigenous Games Lightning Talks

Indie Soapbox

'Pokemon GO' & Designing Interactive Games for the Real World

You should watch all of the available free to watch content on the Vault if you can because they are all amazing!

→Website: <http://www.gdcvault.com/free/gdc-17>



## FOOD

# Plum Crumble

Serves 4,  
or more with ice-cream

Fruit is fab until you go OTT at the farmers' market and you're practically swimming in a sea of dangerously squishy plums—old lady qualms, I know.

"Treat yo'self" is definitely a mantra that gets me right in the feels. I know sugar is bad, but it seems a bit ridiculous to banish it because of my health, yet happily shotgun a beer on my mate's deck for fun. So here we go, treat yo'self for the sake of an article, use up all this semi-mingin' fruit, go on. I'll indulge myself in a crumble purely for your benefit. Woe is life.

While you're on the treat yo'self buzz, why don't you go get some ice cream on the flat card too? Your pedantic, anal, "who owes who 10 cents" flatmate will probably crack the shits, but she'll come around as soon as you whip it out for flat dinner.

"Flat dinner?" You ask.

Yes, flat dinner. Realistically, this crumble's got more servings of your 5+ a day than that crap limp macaroni from a packet your tragic flatmate cooked last night. Remember, we're allegedly adults and we can do what we want. Break the rules—treat yo'selves!

By Liani Baylis



## Base:

16 small plums\* (I had black doris), stoned and quartered  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
2 cardamom pods, crushed  
2 teaspoons ground cinnamon  
1 palmful of brown sugar (I literally grabbed it and chucked it in the pot)  
A splash of water to cover the fruit

## Crumble Topping:

2/3 cup of rolled oats  
1/3 cup of flour  
1/3 cup of packed brown sugar  
60g of butter, room temperature (proper room, not flat room. Put the heater on!)

\*If you don't have any plums then substitute for a couple of ripe pears

## Method:

Preheat the oven to 180°C.

In a small saucepan, combine all the ingredients for the base and let them simmer away until the sauce reduces and becomes lusciously syrupy.

In a bowl, combine the dry ingredients of the crumble and rub the butter through it with your fingers. It's going to be messy so just own it and lick your fingers when you're done.

Find something that resembles ovenproof, spoon out the plums and add just enough syrup so that it doesn't dry out, and cover with the topping.

Bake for 15 minutes. Enjoy!



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## BOOKS

# Bonjour Tristesse

## —Francoise Sagan

Review by Zoe Taptiklis

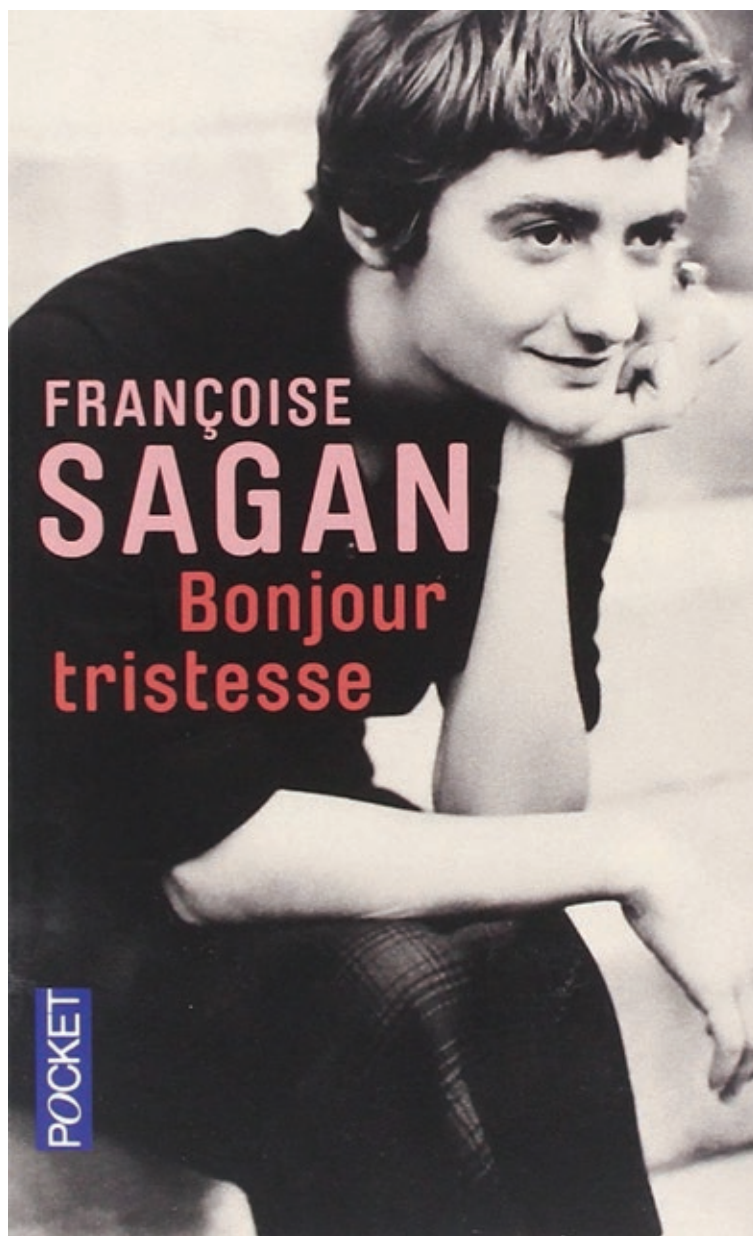
I read *Bonjour Tristesse* on my way back from France during a six-hour layover in Shanghai airport. I was pretty jetlagged. I won't lie or mislead you; this is going to be an astral quest of a book review.

The Times cover quote reads "funny, immoral and thoroughly French," which it is. The title, translating to 'Hello Sadness', denotes the general tone of the novel. Protagonist Cécile lives with her rich Dad in the south of France. Her life is really hard because he likes to take her to parties where he proceeds to smear the whale blubber lipstick of the French aristocracy on his cocktail shirt. What is even worse is that she is expected to have fun. Quelle horreur. Finally, some sense is injected into a narrative that had mainly involved sun bathing and forgetting to eat, when Dad's ex-fling, Elsa gets with Cécile's own hunk—a-spunk, Cyril. Both Dad and Cécile are like "whatever losers". But this marks the beginning of a complicated four-way love triangle involving Dad, Cecille, Dad's new wife, Elsa, and Cyril. Correction, five way love triangle. Maybe it's more of a love pentagram, all the characters doomed to live out the infamous French love for affairs.

Sagan was 18 when she wrote this novel, which should make all of us feel unaccomplished. In this novel—aided by the juvenile writer's best friend: first person perspective—Sagan accurately entombs the hugeness of the 17-year-old experience. Each character is robed in darling little vignettes of vices, crystal cut glasses, silk headscarves, wicker travelling baskets and white driving gloves; all of them waltzing through and slamming the door of Cecile's one roomed life.

Scenes cascade from romantic tussles in the beeches, to slow jolting dinners, to drunken drives between bars, and the stillness of the rising sun. The introduction of my edition notes that the scandal that Sagan inspired when the book was first released in 1954 was in part because at the time it was unthinkable that a bougie (slang for bourgeois) girl could write such illicit content. I can't help but think that a Sagan of our generation would have written the draft of this novel on the back of polaroids.

As I continue to reflect, I feel that *Bonjour Tristesse* is a eulogy for the teenage self. The side-sweep-fringe-wearing, My Chemical Romance listening, tamagochi playing, individuals who we think we haven't grown out of. In a weird way, *Bonjour Tristesse* is one of those novels that encourage both nostalgia and the fight to regain the past (though not in the Republican sense of the phrase). It's a novel that one wants to read with rose tinted glasses because it makes it seem like maybe there really was a better version of today.



**Skimming Tips:**  
Read this book because it's everything that a John Green novel is not. It's especially good if you're having weird love life / sleeping with other people issues.

Pairs well with Mainland's double cream brie, now on special at New World.



# BAD VIBES

by Reg Norris

It's 1998. Some of you are being conceived. Possibly to Cher's 'Believe'. Like a stylus scribing a sound onto a wax cylinder this song is imprinted in your DNA. Deal with it. Cher, like Madonna that very year, we're moving into a lyrically modest danceable club anthem phase. The chorus hooks "Do you believe in life after love" and "I feel like I just got home" confirmed their place as the inescapable soundtrack to your supermarket experience. But there is something about 'Believe' that has haunted popular music ever since its release. It was in the presentation of the vocals. It was subtle by today's standards but at the time it was a derailing suburban freight train. It was the birth of auto-tune.

Now auto-tune is pretty simple to explain. Imagine all your vocal expressions, the rhythm of the way you talk and the timbre of your voice, were digitised and played back in relation to the notes on a piano. Even if you're a horrible singer you now have instant access to perfect pitch. That's auto tune. Or a version of it. It's the sound of your voice climbing and descending a flight of virtual stairs. Not illustrated well enough? Google it.

So back to 1998. There were angry mobs roaming the streets with burning effigies of Cher. The Robbie Burns statue in the Octagon had been strangled with the tangled entrails of the last few remaining VHS copies of Mermaids and Moonstruck. Chants of 'If I could turn back time' echoed through the halls of the Kremlin. Parodies featured on South Park. Its impact was felt so universally. It was the end of days. It marked the loss of the last trace of organic life in pop music. The human voice had left the building.

So here we are. It's 2017. Auto-tune has been naturalised. The unadulterated human voice is now ugly and challenging. Lorde gets the hatchet because her voice has character and we can hear the lyrics (whether we like it or not). Sometimes we do NOT want nor need to hear the lyrics but we need to discuss what we are hearing and why we are still hearing them. Cue Jah Red Lion's (ft. Twarnis Jahfori I) new single 'Good Vibes'.

Jah Red was born in Chile, lives in Auckland and on this particular track sings in a heavily affected Jamaican accent, which is drenched in this now familiar code red plague levels of auto-tune. It's an unspectacularly moulded chorus verse chorus thingy with slightly more angular mid-section where Jahfori-I drops in for a bit of vocal contrast. There are no surprises here. It's Soul/Reggae infused hip hop by numbers clubbish rubbish that's destined for a big vanilla manila folder filed under generic sick beats bro. And I want you to know it's always okay to say no to this shit and if you want to say it like this well let it be so because there's more to this picture and it's the words.

So. Good Vibes. Fair enough. Everybody deserves to have a good time. Jah Red Lion deserves to have a good time with his mates and as this ditty clearly states "Yes WE have the good vibes" JahRL is not alone. So they're "on the beach having a good time". Nice. Tranquil. On the beach with their "big bag of ghanja", or marijuana, which is illegal but its use should be at least decriminalised, but it appears that the authorities or fellow beach goers aren't hassling them out because "everything's nice". Phew. Seems innocent enough. Except for the fact the Jah Red and his stoned entourage appear to have only located themselves at the beach to hassle woman, or at least to "watch the pretty girls". Unfortunately the woman at the beach this particular day have needed to take evasive action, needed to avoid the intoxicated bunches of guy at the beach, and "swim by" in an attempt to avoid the predatory behaviour of these baked voyeurs. This isn't right. Nor is it true to the intention of the lyric. Jah Red and his posse feel entitled to behave this way. This is their idea of a good time. There are a more lyrics about controlling and (de)grading woman here. Hidden in a mist of style and technology.

If your expression of "good vibes" compromises the safety and movement of people in the community or workplace it is totally unacceptable and you need to change. We have your number plates. We know where you live. We remember your face.

This is not an auto tuned message.

## University Book Shop



LETTER OF THE WEEK

### GAGGING GAG NOT FUNNY

*Dear former editor of Critic,  
Are you still working in journalism? If so, you may want to go back and do some more research in the matter of "former editor" limiting the freedom of speech. As several articles and TV interviews have stated, no students were gagged rather advised that caution should be taken when speaking to the media if they chose to do so. This message also wasn't delivered by accused former editor but others when students expressed concern and were seeking advice about how to handle the media lurking and probing.*

From Anon

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

### DUNEDIN BELLS

Dear Joe & Lucy/ Critic Editors,  
Oxford and Cambridge have a peal of bells that ring each day. I remembered Otago University clocktower would chime through the night for insomniac students. At 7am the Dunedin Town Hall clocktower rings out 'till late.

Dunedin is a city of churches. Church teaches of "the beauty of holiness" and the holiness of beauty in worship. Dunedin needs more noble spires and clock towers to distinguish it.

Dunedin City Baptist Church (DCBC), Nations and Elim have left the architectural traditions of their fathers and look more like department stores or supermarkets. It's a wonder they don't paint their churches orange and call themselves Mitre 10 and be done with it.

A late friend said, Church should not be the Warehouse- but the "prayer-house". With their motto, "the prayer-house, the prayer-house- whee everybody gets a pardon".

"Sanctuary," as Quasimodo says in the Hunchback of Notre-Dame, by Victor Hugo, when he rescues Esmeralda from being burnt at the stake.

And, as Bob Dylan sings, "Ring 'dem bells."

Yours truly,  
Anthony Skegg  
BA Otago

### NON-GENDER TOILETS @OUSA

Hi,

I have issue with the non-gender specific toilets at OUSA—there I said it. If there is going to be a sign saying non-gender specific toilets, then why are there still gender specific toilet facilities? Last time I checked vaginas couldn't use urinals.

Call it bad timing but I am not happy with free will when I choose to walk out of a cubicle.

—Tina Kapohe

### RESPONSE FROM HAHNA BRIGGS QUEER SUPPORT:

The bathrooms with urinals have signage on the door that includes a urinal symbol and that there are gender specific toilets on the second floor of clubs and societies if you don't want to use the gender neutral toilets. The letter writer replied again reiterating that they still felt toilets with urinals shouldn't be gender neutral. I replied again saying thanks, we appreciate feedback from students and left it at that.

—A side note: I'm going to advocate that we re-design the signage to make the symbols larger and simpler. They are quite hard to read.

### NOTICE

#### CAMPUS WATCH: KEEPING YOU SAFE

At Campus Watch we are a diverse group of people readily available to offer assistance and advice whenever or wherever it is required. We work 24 hours a day, seven days a week on campus. You will recognise us by our distinctive uniforms of blue and gold.

Our role is to help students adapt to the student way of life. We also conduct building security checks, monitor Cardax (building access) and deal with any emergencies on Campus.

We operate the Safety Patrol, which ventures out during the academic year Wednesday to Saturday nights from 11pm to 3 am. We also provide a "walk home" service for students during the hours of darkness. This service also extends to staff who

may have worked late and feel like company as they make their way to their vehicles.

The University has a number of emergency phones strategically placed around the Campus that are linked to our Control Room. The phones are easily identified by a blue light on top and can be found in locations such as the Medical School, Dental School, College of Education and Uni Plaza.

If you would like someone from Campus Watch to talk to your group or department about the many services we offer the University, please call the on-shift Campus Watch Team Leader on (479) 4882.

**CAMPUS WATCH (479) 5000  
FREEPHONE 0800 479 5000**





## POSTGRAD



## The Black Dog of Post-Grad

By Kirio Birks

A new study by a team of international researchers claims that approximately 50 percent of PhD students suffer from mental health problems, ranging

from chronic anxiety to clinical depression. This seems to be news to just about everybody except for postgrads. Even the new kids on the block are beginning to understand just how arduous this journey could become (myself included).

After at least 18 years of education, from nursery to graduation, we're all academic adults now. Quite suddenly I'm seeing many of my friends scrambling for shelter. Everyone's looking to find their niche in academia, set up shop, and feel like they're producing something of value, rather than merely something that will give them a new qualification. That's hard to wrestle with.

The deeper down the rabbit hole you go, the more specific and nuanced your research gets, the more it feels like your work might not matter in the 'real world'. Sometimes, it can feel incredibly difficult to find the value in your own work. Doubts start piling up long before someone else questions why your work is important, or asks "is that really what you're doing?" Long, long before diving headfirst into relevant literature and coming out more confused than you were before you started reading.

It's no wonder that mental health is one of the

first things to give way in postgraduate study. In undergrad, when I was having a rough day, when I couldn't understand anything I was reading, when I didn't like my ideas, and when I couldn't remember why I wanted to take a paper, I felt like I had a safety net in my friends. They would know what the readings meant, they'd tell me that my ideas were worthy; they'd make studying more fun. Now we are alone. Lots of people are studying in the same area, but nobody is researching the same thing as anybody else, nobody is reading the same material, and the community feels much smaller.

When study becomes your 9–5 (often more than that), it's difficult to identify with anything other than your work; it's the focus of your life, it's most of who you are and what you do. But life isn't about what you get, it's about whom you become in order to get it. So, take a break. Meet other people. Engage in this massive community we have. Look after yourself. Get help if you need it. Don't put yourself in harm's way for a qualification. Don't sacrifice your well-being; it'll never be worth it.

## COMIC TIME

### Musings of a Jerk:



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## Flat Earthers

By Ben Cravens

Flat Earthers believe that the world is flat, not spherical, and that the entirety of the scientific community, NASA, and the Government are hiding the truth. Yes, I know it seems ridiculous, but people all around the globe really believe this.

However, maybe we're being biased. Let's take a look at some of the proof that Flat Earthers have to offer. Here's a gem of wisdom from that tome of knowledge known as "The Bible Does Say FLAT EARTH". In a comment thread made by a bewildered man asking for proof of a flat earth, the great sage "Nine\_eleven" lays all doubts to rest with the good word. "Anyone with a Brian knows no one ever went to the moon! any real thinking you'll realize the earth is flat."

To be fair, not all Flat Earthers were people dropped on their heads as babies like Nine\_eleven. Most of them are people like you or me with perfectly good brains, who have just been brainwashed with phoney information. The problem with conspiracy theories is that they're so compelling that people convince themselves of

their truth despite the evidence. It's much more comforting to think that we exist on a flat pancake made for our pleasure than to face the stark truth that we're specks on a rock hurtling through space.

Fortunately, there are many ways to prove that the earth is a sphere. My personal favourite goes all the way back to ancient Greece. A guy named Eratosthenes set up an experiment that showed that if you put two identical sticks far enough away on the globe, they would produce shadows of differing lengths because of the curvature of the earth. He used this technique and a bit of math to measure the circumference of the globe long before technology was around to help him. If the earth were flat then the shadows would be the same length, which they were not.

If this seems too obscure for you, there's proof you can see with your own eyes. Next time there's a lunar eclipse, take a look at the moon. Because the earth is in between the sun and the moon, it casts a circular shadow on the moon. A flat disk couldn't do this—we know due to experiments like Foucault's pendulum that the earth is constantly rotating, so only a sphere could cast a uniform circular shadow.

## POETRY CORNER

My flatmates have started to express themselves through the art of Haiku and this needs to be heard throughout Dunedin.

### FUCKBOYS

Buzz Buzz upside down  
and I don't know your passcode?  
Leave don't waste my time  
—by Anonymous Aretha

### DECEPTION

Legs always shaven  
his triceps and traps glazing  
balls size of raisins  
—by Six Inch Heels

### I AM A FUCKBOY

Hey coffee date Fri?  
Almost thought she was normal  
fuck what a mistake  
—by One House Down

### HUGH

I need a Papi  
a big ass big dick Papi  
Dunners? Maybe not  
—by Playboy Bunny

### BOOTHYFULL

Cranes his legs so high  
so high his beauty dilute  
give me your big flute  
—by Jamie Booth

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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](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz). But be warned—if you dine on the free food and dash without sending us a writeup, a Critic writer will write one under your name. And that won't end well for you.

## THE CAPTAIN • COOK • HOTEL

# Cookin' up Love

### Mickey

Finally the clock hit 5:30, and I began to pre-drink for my date that would start an hour and half later. You know you're a fourth year when you plan a small pre-drink and end up drinking a whole bottle of wine in front of your flatmates before 7pm while simultaneously destroying them in pong. I left my flat drunk and walked into the Cook ten minutes late. Before I walked over the threshold, I saw a pretty brunette at the bar staring straight at me. Sure enough, she was my date.

She recognized me immediately (I didn't). I met her three days ago on a hike in Wanaka, while waiting for my mates to reappear from the glacier. Before we could talk more, the bartender asked what I wanted to drink. I found the largest and most alcoholic beer and got that. Turns out my date got the same one. Great sign.

Talking at the booth, I found out almost instantly that not only are we from the same state in the US, but she also attends the tiniest liberal arts college my best friend since 8th grade goes to. And yeah, they know each other. After several failed attempts to snapchat him a picture of us, an old man with lots of white and gray hairs came over to our table. He told us to shut up, without making any eye contact with my date. She figured he was sexist; I figured I was the only loud one. I think its picture perfect that the two Americans were asked to quiet down.

We immediately moved booths to one far away from every one else. Our food arrived, and so did our second round of drinks, so I was really feeling it. I wasn't too hungry, so although we made plans to share our food, it was more like she just stole half of mine. But it was a great time. We never really stopped talking. I don't remember much after this point (too sloshed), but we ended up walking to hers. I think on the way I invited her to my friend's wedding party, because we're still talking about going. Also she somehow stole my potatoes I took to go. At some point I went home, fell asleep, and skipped my lecture.

### Minnie

Just when you think the world can't get any bigger, more anonymous, so many fish in the sea, you go on a blind date in a foreign country and have a night of small world moments.

I tried to be slightly late, I was aiming around 7:04-7:08, not right on time but still respectful you know. Except apparently I undershot my fashionably late time frame cause I was there first. I did what any logical person would do and I hid in the bathroom for a few minutes. Went back out, still not there... so I chatted with the bartender, turns out what a homie.

Around quarter past a blond guy in a Hawaiian shirt walks in and, while earlier this evening I was worried about how we were going to recognize each other, all qualms disappeared cause it was a Tuesday night and everyone there was over 40... So mystery guy walks in, I see him from a distance, the Hawaiian shirt kinda jumps out at ya, and I was like oh this wont be so bad and then imagine my surprise as he gets closer and I recognize the dude.

Lets rewind to my fantastic weekend for a hot second. Here I am hiking the Rob Roy glacier in Wanaka, I was feeling adventurous so I scrambled all the way down and touched the glacier and everything. On my way back there was a guy just chillin with the rest of my group cause he lost his friends. He hikes back to the cars with us for a while. Blame it on the long hike, the redundancy of trail small talk or something, but unfortunately I was not left with the greatest opinion of him coming off the hike.

So recap, he walks into the bar and for a split second I think 'oh good good', and then I recognize him and I hit the mental brakes. But once we sat down the conversation didn't stop. From spirituality to identifying our Avatar element we covered it all. We even found out I go to the same school as and know his childhood best friend—shout out to Greg. The date lasted around 2 hours, ended with ease. We exchanged snapchats, solid and casual form of future contact, and are going to a wedding together later this week. If I drunkenly make a speech at the wedding I will be sure to throw in a shout out to the Critic Blind Date. Peace.

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## DRINKING



## Billy Mavericks

By Swilliam Shakesbeer

If that douchebag that dropped out of your high school in year 11, wears a Monster Energy trucker cap everywhere, has 'tribal' tattoos despite being whiter than John Key in a snowstorm, and whose Facebook profile picture is a lowered Hilux, were an alcoholic drink, he would be a Billy Mav.

Bourbon and Cola is a time-honoured cocktail with a long history. The earliest record of the mix was in 1907, when the United States Bureau of

Chemistry and Soils reported on its popularity on US Military bases, saying it "drove the soldiers wild and crazy". Ironically the report was commissioned not because the Bureau was concerned about the alcohol, but to test whether Coca-Cola was pharmaceutically safe for human consumption.



Billy Mavericks take that fine history, kick in the face and call it a nerd. Old mate Billy makes no real attempt to get a good ratio of mix, good quality whisky, or even good quality cola. What it does offer is 1.1 standard drinks in a sleek, easily crushable can. Are you sick of only being able to drink as fast as gravity can pour? With Billy Mavs you can literally squeeze the liquid into your mouth. It's like a Ribena packet but with sharp edges you can cut yourself on.

The 18-box offering really sets Billy's apart from the competition. While not necessarily good bang-for-your-buck, it's definitely got you sorted on pure quantity. I find it works particularly well as a pre-drink before moving on to Fat Bird wine, causing a scene at India Gardens, throwing up in your Lamb Madras, and getting kicked out at 8:30. Overall, if you're looking to get fucked up and start a fight with a lamppost, Billy Mavs are the way to go.

Taste: 2/10

Froth Level: 2 Fast / 2 Furious

Tasting notes: Succulent woody notes, aniseed undertones, with a smooth, leathery finish.

Pairs well with: Bar fights, drunk & disorderly behaviour, using your police referral to avoid a criminal conviction.

## ETHEL & HYDE



## Party Pooping Police

We had an epic party but the council noise control came and took our speakers away, then they came back 2 more times and took away a laptop, then our amplifier. They are trying to make us pay 3 fines to get our stuff back. And we have to pay a separate fine to the Proctor's office as well. Is there anything we can do?

—Fine-ancially challenged

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](mailto:ethelandhyde@ousa.org.nz)



Ethel says

What a fine-ancial challenge indeed, that could cost you \$263 for each piece of noise making equipment, and they could potentially charge you another \$500 if your party went for over 72 hours. And then the Proctor's office fine, if it is another \$150, would bring the grand total to \$1,439! The only loophole you might be able to use is if the Noise Control Officer did not have a Police Constable with them when they confiscated the equipment, then they are in breach of their own regulations. Or, given that a Noise Abatement Notice is valid for 72 hours, you could try and use your sweetest tone to persuade the person at the DCC Environment Health agency, who you need to pay to get back your belongings, that it really is equipment from one incident, and therefore deserves only one fee for the return these things. Best of luck bringing what charm you can muster to your aid in this one.



Hyde says

Music needs to be LOUD, party or no party, and clearly the Fun Police enjoyed it or they wouldn't have come back THREE times. Anyway, I have a weasel of a plan for you. HYPNOSIS. Don't balk; you can do it. I don't have the time to give you all the details now but you can find instructions online for the Five Second Hypnosis Technique and how to use Pattern Interrupt, Hypnotic Keywords and the Zeigarnik Effect. They're brutally effective; that's how I get Ethel to sleep so I can turn up the sounds and down some elixir. Once you've practiced these on a friend go to the council and find the most chilled out, bored looking, desk person, be engaging with smiles and a smooth as tone, pretending you are going to pay; now's your chance to kick into action with your new superpower and Trance them. BOOM you can have your fines wiped in a snip and reunite with your precious gear. You can try this on the Proctor, but you may just have to pay that one, dude.



# THE HELL HOLE

## A Cheesy Horror Story

By Joel MacManus

"Yeah, Accounting isn't really what I want to do, but it's a decent fall-back. I dunno, I guess I just wanna open myself up for opportunities, y'know... are you still paying attention, Tony?"

Oh shit, I missed half of that. Some bullshit about her degree. This chat is awful. Not blaming her obviously, it's not like I'm giving much back. Shit, she's going to think I'm boring. Talking about your degree is the last resort before conversation dries out into awkward silence. Oh, good, the waiter's coming, that'll change the subject.

"Oh hey, food's here."

"Finally, I'm starving. Oh wow, that looks good."

The waiter put a plate of some seafood chowder thing in front of her. It looked like Vodka Cruiser vomit to me, but as long as she's happy.

"Chicken Fettuccine Alfredo?" The waiter inquired of me as if I wasn't the only other person at the table.

"Yeah that's me, cheers."

"Grated Parmesan? Just say when."

Cool, I've never had a waiter do this in real life. Feels very fancy. When do I know when 'when' is? And do I actually say 'when', or do I just say stop or something? Is the sentence structured to make 'when' the object or the adverb? It's either an implied ending like "Just say when [you want me to stop]" or he's literally giving me the code word that will stop him from grating parmesan, as if he can't stop without my permission, like something out of Westworld.

Wait, was he grating that whole time? He's really pounding through that block. It's covering half the meal now. I should stop him. She's looking at me. I haven't been paying attention. Why do I keep doing this? She has already caught me once, if I admit I zoned out again she's gonna think I don't want to be here. I really do want to be here. If I look very thoughtfully at the cheese maybe it will look like I'm trying to work out exactly how much I need. There's an awful lot there already, but hey, maybe I just love parmesan. Well, I do love parmesan, that part's not even a lie.

I think some just spilled over the plate. Yep, that's definitely on the table. What the hell do I do now? I can't just tell the guy

to stop and play it off like I intend to casually eat more cheese than a French Rugby Team. She'll think I'm some cheese-obsessed freak. There's a small mountain in front of me now. People are looking. The waiter's still mindlessly chugging along, raining strips of dairy in front of me. How is he not out of cheese yet? That looks like a brand new block. Does he have backups hidden on his person? Maybe there are a couple KGs under his waistcoat, a bit more in his back pockets; perhaps even his shoes have some sort of inbuilt compartment.

I can't see her any more; the pile of cheese has grown too high. I'm almost glad I don't have to look her in the eyes. I've well any truly blown this. I expected my mediocre small talk and awkward demeanour to ruin this for me, not a parmesan reproduction of the Pyrenees.

It's falling into my lap now. Some of it is in my shoes. The smell has overwhelmed the entire restaurant. If I punched my fist through it, I don't think it would fall over. There's too much structural integrity at this point.

A chunk rolls off the top, it gathers speed on its journey downward. It hits a small pile jutting off to the side, then that comes crashing down too. Soon there's an outright avalanche of parmesan. The giant cheese slide cannons into me, the pure weight of it knocking me off my seat. I try to move, but the cheese has locked my legs in place. I try to call out, but it fills my mouth. It actually tastes pretty good. But the more I swallow, the more surrounds me. It's in my nostrils, my ears, my hair. I don't know if it's my body heat or whether the pure volume of the cheese has created a pressure melting point, but it's starting to go gooey. It's everywhere. It's... inside me. If this cheese were sentient this would be blatant. I throw my body from side to side, but my struggle is pointless. I hear nothing. I see nothing. The cheese has claimed me as its own. Someday someone will excavate this parmesan prison and find me. Or perhaps by that point I'll be nothing more than mush, indistinguishable from the cheesy hellscape I now inhabit. Maybe I'll go well with some tomato relish and a Cabernet Sauvignon.

## VITALOGY



## Sleeplessness\*

Apart from disease, sleeplessness may arise from an overloaded stomach, over-excitement, or cold feet.

Treatment - How to sleep is to many persons a matter of high importance. Nervous persons, who are troubled with wakefulness, usually have a strong tendency of blood to the brain, with cold extremities. Let such rise and chafe the body and extremities with a brush or towel, or rub smartly with the hands to promote circulation and withdraw the excessive amount of blood from the brain, and they will sleep in a few moments. A shower-bath or a sponge-bath and rubbing, or a rapid walk in the open air, or, it is said, going up and down stairs a few times just before retiring, will aid in equalising circulation and promoting sleep.

Studious men ought to avoid late readings, and on going to bed endeavour to sleep may be procured by the person getting up and walking about the room for a few minutes. By such means sleep is sometimes induced when previously it had been solicited in vain.

In protracted cases of wakefulness, the patient should be made to fully understand the danger he is in, and to lend his entire concurrence

to the efforts for his relief. Mental labour should be given up; overwork of any kind must be abandoned; forget all cares, and borrow no annoyances; and all articles liable to keep up the trouble must be forbidden, such as tobacco, coffee, and tea.

Remedies - An admirable remedy is to use a pillow stuffed with hops, or one containing a portion of them. Sleep with the head towards the north. Instances are common where the patient suffers from an empty stomach and a quantity of easily digested food will satisfy the craving and promote sound, refreshing slumber.

Cold to the head or hot foot baths, with or without mustard, or a warm bath will relieve the patient promptly. The patient should examine his surroundings, as to whether a cause exists, such as improper position in bed; the best is always where the head and shoulders are above the level.

Never sleep with the head covered. Children should sleep alone as much as possible, if we would have them possess vigorous lungs, sound bodies and sound minds. Fat persons should sleep little and exercise much. Too much sleep in a warm bed weakens the nerves, disorders the brain, produces peevishness, leads to apoplexy, palsy, excites palpitations, and relaxes the system by over perspiration. Chronic wakefulness may be greatly controlled by eating plentifully of onion soup two or three times per week. The loving and harmonious are invariably the sweetest sleepers, but the stoutest slumberers are they who work much and think little.

Bad Dreams - Do not gratify your appetite with too many kinds of food, especially near bedtime. When a child, you were injured by affectionate expressions from friends and family in the shape of candy, raisins, nuts, and rich cake. These are germ-generating "evil spirits" that now beset you in your dreams. Sleep with your head toward the North Pole hereafter, and always go to sleep on your right side, and as a rule eat or drink nothing after seven o'clock pm.

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





## President's Column



Hi Postgrads! I'm Lucy and I'm your elected postgraduate officer for 2017. The purpose of my role is to ensure that postgraduate voices are represented within the university. For this reason, it's important that I speak to as many students as possible, and so you'll often find me rocking up to your events and fighting back the urge to eat your free kai. If you do see me, at events or on campus, please come and say hi. It's important to recognise that your voice is valuable and that it will be heard.

Another important part of my role is to make sure that postgraduate students are connected to the support around them. Last week I met with the lovely Yvonne from the Career Development Centre (the glass building next to the Burns). The CDC offer a wealth of support to all students and the scope of this support ranges from Undergraduate/Honours, to Masters and PhD level. The CDC are available for drop in sessions for one on one advice. They also run a variety of workshops and seminars on careers related topics which are advertised on OtagoCareerHub. CDC also have

some useful resources for anyone heading overseas to research, study or work through their GoinGlobal database (accessible through OtagoCareerHub).

If you're just getting started on your PhD, then the CDC are available for strategic career planning and will sit down with you to discuss your values, interests, skills and end-goals. If you're a year or two into your studies, the CDC can help you to sketch out your options and can help you gain the skills you need in order to reach your end-goal. As well as this, the CDC also run a variety of career planning sessions that will teach you how to best market yourself for your next exciting endeavour.

The CDC courses are available to all students and are listed on their website <http://www.otago.ac.nz/careers/contacts/index.html>.

At OUSA we recognise that postgraduate study is tough and can often be a lonely process. For this reason, we will always be here for you! Remember, OUSA is not just for undergraduate students.

Keep in touch! Lucy - [postgrad@ousa.org.nz](mailto:postgrad@ousa.org.nz)

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otago uni students' association

## student support

Here when you need us,  
for whatever you need.  
Independent and confidential  
- we work for you!

[help@ousa.org.nz](mailto:help@ousa.org.nz)  
5 Ethel Benjamin Pl

*Honouring those who fought.  
Valuing Peace.*

**THE OUSA ANZAC SERVICE**

1.30pm, Tuesday 25th April  
Outside the University Staff Club  
(Main Common Room if wet)

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# EXERCISE YOUR rights!

## CALL FOR QUESTIONS OUSA ONLINE REFERENDUM

Want OUSA to buy a bar? Believe OUSA should have a stance on a specific political matter?  
**Admin VP has now opened the call for questions for the 2017 OUSA Referendum.**

Submit your questions in one of the following ways:

- Email your questions to [adminvp@ousa.org.nz](mailto:adminvp@ousa.org.nz)
- Send a message to the OUSA Facebook page

**Questions must be submitted by 4pm, Monday April 17**  
Need more info? Contact [adminvp@ousa.org.nz](mailto:adminvp@ousa.org.nz)

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

Sign up at [bit.ly/ousanews](http://bit.ly/ousanews)

# NEWS LETTER





Creativity for  
Hyde Street wasn't limited  
to costumes!

Here are our "Best of the Worst" a small  
selection of our favourite counterfeit  
wristbands this year. Love the effort;  
you'll be forever on our wall.  
Better luck in the lottery next year!  
Xoxo, OUSA Events Team.