

CRITIC

An aerial, high-angle photograph of a massive crowd of people at an outdoor festival. The crowd is dense and fills the entire frame, with people wearing various colorful clothing and hats. In the upper left, a DJ booth with two turntables and a mixer is visible. The background shows a corrugated metal roof structure. The overall atmosphere is one of a large-scale music event.

TE AROHI

Chronicles of Castle:

7 Days of O Week on NZ's
Biggest Party Street

Chase & Status:

"We just wanna go out to a
flat and burn a sofa"

James Shaw:

The Green Party Leader Talks
Speight's, Three-Ways, and
Avoiding Political Roadkill

69 Things

You Absolutely Should Not
Do at University

Issue 2 2018

Amazon Surf, Skate & Denim

10% off full-priced items

Not in conjunction with any other offer, only available in store

Burger King

Two Bacon Cheeseburgers for \$4.90

Cornerstone Ink Tattoo Studio

\$80 per hour

Cosmic Dunedin

10% Student Discount

Lumino The Dentists

\$69 new patient exams and x-ray

10% off further treatments

(excluding implants and orthodontics).

Megazone Entertainment Centre

Buy two games of Mini Golf or Laser Tag and get the third free

Only Ur's Beauty Parlour

Eye Trio (eyebrow wax/thread, eyebrow tint & eyelash tint) for \$20

The Poolhouse Cafe and Bar

Half price pool every Monday night

Every Wednesday Poolhouse pool competition \$5.00 buy-in, winner takes all. 7.30pm start

Rapunzel's Hair Design

Women's cuts from \$49,

Half head of foils w/ toner from \$109,

Balayage/Ombre from \$199

Stirling Sports

12.5% off all non-sale items

The Bog

\$15 Steak, egg and chips Sunday - Thursday all day.

Bowl Line

2 games for \$15

Brunch 'N' Lunch

50% off all perishable food items

4.30-5pm weekdays.

Limit 2 food items per RAD1 Card/App holder

Capers Cafe

2 for 1 Gourmet pancakes, Monday to Friday only

Campus Shop

Any 3 of the following for \$5.50

- 440ml Pepsi can range

- Bluebird chips 35-80g including Doritos

- Scarfie pie range

Del Sol

Free churros with every main purchased

Good Good

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Full cut and style with consultation, complimentary drink, wash, hot towel, cut throat finish valid with ID for \$30

Hell Pizza

Free wedges or dessert pizza when you spend \$20

Nando's

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OpShop on St Andrew

Mad Monday: Visit Op-Shop on St Andrew and negotiate your best offer with us every Monday.

Painted Rock Tattoos

10% student discount (with your RAD1 card/app)

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Upgrade from small pizza to large Dine in Only

Poppa's Pizza

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Rob Roy Dairy

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Subway

Buy any six-inch meal deal and upgrade to a foot long meal deal for free

T M Automotive

\$50 warrant of fitness fee

This 'N' That Gifware

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Vapourium Ltd

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Free 30ml once you've made any 5 vaping purchases in-store

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Letters to the editor

Letter of the Week

Congrats! You've won a \$30 UBS voucher:

Ubar is exactly the same as Uber and I feel that it should be prosecuted in the department of fuck you

- Leslie Chow, former Re:Fuel employee

Hi Critic

It's pretty clear that Critic focuses a lot on the positive sides of the drinking culture at Otago. The last issue of Critic was 46 pages long, and something alcohol-related was referenced on 25 of those pages. All those references were positive references.

The thing is, I'm an Otago student and I get it – drinking is really fun. After living here for four years, I realize I probably have a terrible attitude to alcohol. I can't take it as a serious issue and that itself is an issue. Maybe part of the reason I can't take it seriously is because

I've seen massive alcohol use glamorized by other students, lecturers, tutors, parents of friends, random strangers, and Critic for four years? Just something to think about.

Love,

T. Totaller

Dear Critic,

As a long time fan of cycling I would like to complain about your depiction of the Tour de France as a pissing contest. It takes more skill than just pissing cleanly to get away with taking drugs and the hard work put into this should be recognized.

As an aside, you happened to pick a photo of Bradley Wiggins in the yellow jersey who was the only person to finish in first who didn't later admit to drugs or get caught since 1996.

I know I should get a life, but Tour de France IS life.

Sincerely,

Greg

Hey Critic,

I am concerned at Judith Collin's enthusiasm with the laser, her "burning off coalitions", "the strategy of making I personal and buying into the vendetta". NZ politics is about winning arguments kids, not shooting at unarmed political opponents lond shed of subcanteneous fat.

Please keep lazertag for megazone, I'm so fed up of being shot at.

Yours faithfully,

Lucille.

Notices

Men's Basketball Trials
Otago University Men's Basketball Club

PSA: Sorry for the inconvenience, due to Unipol being double booked trials have been changed from the 6th of March to the 8th of March! Please spread the word to any ballers in Dunedin

8 pm - 9:30 pm (C & B Grade)
9:30 pm - 11 pm (A Grade)

Spiritual Reflection & Meditation Lunch
Gathering

Venue: University Prayer and Meditation
Room

Dates: Wednesdays in March

Time: 12:10 - 12:30

For all faiths or no faith-everyone is welcome.

Do Not Put Fruit or Vegetables Up Your Bum



Last week we published an article about a charity fruit and vegetable scheme run by the Anglican Church. It's a really great scheme run by amazing volunteers dedicated to bringing you super cheap food. You should totally get on down and sign up.

In the header of the article (which was added by the editorial team, not by the original author), we included the line 'Fresh Produce is also good for inserting into vaginas and bums'. We thought this was a helpful reminder that there are multiple, perfectly healthy ways to utilise fresh produce for your own enjoyment, none of which are harmful to others and all of which are good for you. *Critic* believes that sexual exploration should be encouraged in a safe and wholesome way.

On Wednesday, I received a phone call from a priest at St Martin's Church expressing his "disgust" that we would dare use such vulgar language.

I would like to make a sincere apology to that priest. We never intended to imply that the Anglican Church is open-minded or progressive when it comes to sex, and we certainly never meant to suggest that the Anglican Church is in any way in favour of sexual gratification, either via vegetables or in any other way. Fruit and vegetables should only be used in the way God intended: eaten purely as sustenance, boiled and unseasoned, sitting on a plate getting cold as you

stare across the table at the spouse you've despised for 20 years.

Now that that's out of the way, welcome to the O-week issue of *Critic*! What's that you say? O-week was two weeks ago? Yeah well, we're way behind the times. We couldn't talk about O-week in Issue 1 because we finished writing it on the Thursday of O-week, so we're still catching up. Cut us some slack.

We've got some pretty good stuff this week. We sent a couple of old people to the toga party to see what would happen. We scored some sweet interviews with James Shaw, Chase & Status, and a couple of awesome local artists. We also sent a reporter out to interview drunk people on Castle Street seven nights in a row – and it turns out people there genuinely really like putting veges up their bums. Whomst'd've thunk.

Have fun reading it,

Your pal, Joel.

Issue 1, 2018

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University Cracks Down on Initiations

17,000%* Increase in Disciplinary Action

By Charlie O'Mannin

17 people in 2017 were excluded from University for initiation related events, including nine people from the Debacle initiation that got significant media attention last year, which the ODT called "sadistic".

In comparison, in 2016 and in 2015 not a single person was disciplined for initiations. The 2017 Proctor's report says that "The initiation issue is concerning as, on occasion, it has moved from harmless fun to significant antisocial and harmful behaviour." However, many students disagree that initiations have got any worse and argue that the University is cracking down on them because of the media attention the Debacle initiation got.

"Initiations have been happening for the last 30 years," one student told us, "why stop now?" Another noted that "social media has wrecked initiations," arguing that if the video footage of the Debacle initiation hadn't been

released online, the university might not have responded at all.

OUSA Recreation Officer Josh Smythe was disappointed that "The university fucking barred a bunch of people for doing initiation rites that we've been doing for a hundred years in Dunedin; the Debacle, it's called the fucking Debacle."

We're also currently seeing initiations that seem to be mimicking the images from the Debacle initiation that blew up online. One student told us that in 2018, "The previous Selwyn committee vomited in the wheelie bin all Flo-Week and then at their initiation they poured it over [an initiate's] head. They pissed in it, they vomited in it, they put old fish in it. It was fucking disgusting." This mirrors the wheelie bin of green liquid used in the Debacle initiation.

The University is moving beyond discipline to also try more preventative measures. "In 2017 significant work was undertaken with OUSA and Residential Colleges to educate first year students that they need not attend initiation events, however students continue to take part in these events."

** I do a BA, don't blame me if the numbers are out*



Otago Student Involved in Russell McVeagh Scandal

Otago Law School Cuts Ties With the Firm

By Esme Hall

Top-tier law firm Russell McVeagh, and the law profession in general, has faced criticism after complaints from students of sexual assault by lawyers have come to light in the past weeks.

The initial incidents reported by *Newsroom* occurred two years ago when two older male lawyers perpetrated sexually inappropriate behaviour against summer interns at several functions. One incident at Wellington's El Horno Bar warranted a complaint to police from a bystander.

Despite Human Resources being informed, it wasn't until the Law Deans of Victoria and Canterbury Universities were made aware of the issue that Russell McVeagh agreed to re-examine its summer clerk programme and alcohol policy.

Otago Law Professor Mark Henaghan told the ODT that he was aware one of the students who made allegations was from Otago.

Further incidents have since come to light. AUT senior lecturer Khylee Quince stated that students had told her that lawyers and summer clerks had sex on a Russell McVeagh boardroom table ten years ago.

Six university law faculties, including Otago, have since cut ties with Russell

McVeagh, forbidding recruitment branding or events tied to the company on their campuses. The New Zealand Law Students' Association has also decided to cut all sponsorship ties with the firm.

Public discussion has moved beyond the specific situations at Russell McVeagh to question why the law profession's culture repeatedly allows sexual harassment to occur. As Professor Henaghan told the ODT, "if these things happen, it obviously relates back to ... a culture that enables these things." Russell McVeagh may be taking steps to change its own culture, but "if it [sexual harassment] happens in one it could happen in others".

A fourth year Otago law student told *Critic* that the exploitative culture in top-tier commercial law firms is no surprise to most students going into the profession, but "there is a lot of apathy" about it. People care, but not enough to complain because they "don't think it will change. It's no secret that you earn no money and are treated really badly as a grad at those firms, yet everyone still wants to work there [...] those who really think it's against their moral compass just won't apply for those firms". The institutions involved,

both the firms and the universities, need to address and change this culture.

A spokeswoman for the University told *Critic* that they "hope [...] the law profession will scrutinise itself, with honesty and integrity" so that "the overall culture of the legal profession" will "not impact negatively on the wellbeing of any of Otago's students in the future". Those with concerns about this issue are encouraged to seek support, including "talking to the University and/or appropriate entities".

The Society of Otago University Law Students (SOULS) told *Critic* that they "encourage past or present law students to contact SOULS, the University or the appropriate authorities if they have concerns about anything surrounding" the Russell McVeagh story. SOULS affirmed their commitment to supporting and encouraging "our students to speak out, and be taken seriously, in whichever way they feel comfortable. The SOULS Education and Welfare representative can be contacted at welfare.soulsotago@gmail.com".

Embers of Couch Fire Culture Pissed Out by Uni

Fires down over 90% since 2011

By Charlie O'Mannin

Couch burning, once so prevalent you couldn't open your front door without seeing at least three smouldering sofas, a few charred armchairs and an oxidising ottoman, is on the decline.

In 2017, 24 fire-related incidents were dealt with by the Proctor, compared with 70 fire-related incidents in 2016, and 258 incidents back in 2011. The 2017 Proctor's report noted that there was "a dramatic drop of fires in the North Dunedin area," continuing a "favourable trend".

2018 O-Week has also seen low instances of couch burning, with only a few reported.

One student, who was present at a 2018 couch burning in the student area, said, "It was hot and it was red and it was going. [But it was] not that big; it was like a 2 or 3 seater couch." A police sergeant stationed on Castle Street during O-Week said that, "compared to previous years [couch burning was] way, way down, which is great to see. You could say it's self-initiated by students because I think they could see the potential for real disaster."

One fourth year law student told us that "the Otago uni culture of couch fires is not only dangerous to people and property, it

makes those involved look like fucking idiot vandal fucks".

However, not all students are pleased that now they can only light up mad bongs. One student remarked "have they banned that [couch burning] or something? If it started up again, that'd be awesome," while another noted that, "I'm really disappointed [that couch burnings are down]. I was coming here hoping everyone was getting lit, but no".

Postgrad Students Locked Out of Wifi Days Before Theses Due

Commerce Division issues apology for fuck-up

By Joel MacManus

Several postgraduate students found themselves locked out of University WiFi and unable to gain after-hours access to their building just days before their theses were due.

The issue appears to have been caused by the automatic reset of the Student ID system on February 23, which cleared 2017 students and updated to reflect 2018 enrolment.

The entire class of Masters of Economics students were overlooked in the reset. Their theses were due on February 28, meaning the final five days of their study was done without access to many of the facilities they needed.

According to a University spokesperson, the information in the student management system, eVision, required for Studylink, was

that the ECON580 paper was to finish on 22 February 2018.

However, the students concerned did not receive this information.

The students said they were still able to access their desktop computers in their Commerce Building office, but could not connect any device to the WiFi and couldn't access any desktops in Central Library or any other libraries.

"Losing after-hours [building access] is the worst," said one student "We're just not leaving. We'll be here until we're done"

None of the Masters of Economics students brought the issue to I.T. Services, as they felt they didn't have time to deal with it given their looming deadline.

"It's just the way it is," said one student, "I.T. Services won't do anything, it's just bureaucracy." The Commerce Division said they "would like to issue an apology to all those students affected."

OUSA President Caitlin Barlow had not heard of any other postgrads with the same issue but said "If any students are facing this same issue contact our postgraduate rep, Kirio, on postgrad@ousa.org.nz, as soon as possible so we can get it sorted for you."

To ensure it doesn't happen again, the Division said they have "amended procedures surrounding the submission of dissertations/projects and these will be communicated to all Departments."



— A chilling revenge

Banksy Crosses Out a Lie and Writes the Truth.

By Erin Broughton

A video that surfaced on Facebook's 'Cool Skit Group' showed the first ever glimpse of famous vandal Banksy in the flesh, as he made his mark on a DCC commissioned powerbox artwork advertising Dunedin sound band *The Chills*. Banksy has long been known for his interest in justice, but has his latest provocative piece gone too far?

The video shows the bucket-hat vigilante and their assistant take to the powerbox mural with black acrylic paint (a new medium for the artist) in the name of restorative justice. According to Banksy there has been an error - the DCC have commissioned the wrong band to be featured on the powerbox. Rather, the artwork should read "Coyote", another popular Dunedin band responsible for Radio One Top 11 number 1 hit song 'Life is Grey' (2016). Banksy proceeds to correct the apparent mistake by painting over the work and scrawling "Coyote" beneath.

It seems that for *The Chills*, who are awaiting their own film and exhibition and already

own all of the descriptive terms for music in Dunedin, having their own branded power supply might have been a step too far. *Critic* did not reach out to *The Chills* or their manager for comment.

Coyote posted a plea for Banksy to come forward on their Facebook page, "we've been catching a bit of heat for this, so I'd just like to clear the air. this [sic] is not how we would like to be represented !!! ITs [sic] not funny at all and frankly im [sic] pissed of [sic] . this [sic] banksy [sic] coward needs to step up come clean it up mate and stop hiding behind sunnies and bucket hat and his assitant [sic] seems like a bad egg as well."

Will the DCC advertise for every artist in Dunedin?

Will there be justice for the original but less famous artist?

Some questions still remain unanswered, what we can confirm is that there are in fact musicians in Dunedin other than *The Chills*.


Note: I think the broader story here is around what we value as 'art' or artistic expression. Commissioning street art seems like taking punk and countercultural movements and making them commercialised and palatable to a wider community. What we have here is that notion reversed, and there has been a public outcry. Would there still be outcry if the box had been designed to catalogue a growing and inclusive list of Dunedin bands? Would that be a more authentic representation of what the Dunedin Sound should represent?



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Opinion: National Made the Boring Choice

Will National win the next election with Bridges at the helm? Spoiler alert: no.

By Swaine Chan

As Labour's poll numbers rocket up to 48%, National has elected Simon Bridges as their new Leader, in an attempt to resuscitate both their polling and their chances for the next election.

Sadly, moderate candidate Amy Adams missed out. Adams doesn't put herself up high just because she's an MP or a Minister (take note, Winnie), as shown by her woman-of-the-people modus operandi of meeting constituents in local cafés. She was the frother who took the hair of the dog when National was still hungover from their election balls-up, lodging a private member's bill to further extend the flexibility of paid parental leave, an idea that earned considerable public support. She also voted to legalize same-sex marriage, showing that a) she actually has a soul, unlike some MPs one could name (sup Dave Seymour) and b) she's a good strategist, capable of attracting swing voters. Her political flexibility

and appealing centrism proves that she was the best candidate to replace Boring Bill.

However, the majority of National MPs chose Simon Bridges, a dinosaur conservative who voted against same-sex marriage.

Will National win the next election with Bridges at the helm? Spoiler alert: no.

Apparently next election will be the War of Charisma: the 39 year old Prime Minister with a fishy-smelling partner, a young heir and a dead cat versus the 41 year old "young" man with a young family.

Ardern will fancy her chances. Labour's polling-boner didn't happen by chance; Ardern and her team offer economic hope to people, and she doesn't have a ponytail kink (that we know of).

What about Simon Bridges? National is gradually falling in the polls. Although they managed the economy well-ish, and Simon looks good

(kind of), National's legacy basically consists of deep-rooted social issues like poverty, unaffordable housing, and shitty healthcare.

We don't need the Leader of the Opposition to say "Yo. Ardern is stealing money from down the back of the national couch! The government will go bankrupt!" Instead, we need a politician with new ideas and a new vision. Like Ardern, who's working on those aforesaid issues. See, for example, her slashing of tuition fees for first years (welcome to all you filthy freshers. My student loan is 80k, not that I'm dark).

Simon Bridges and National were once the future. Hopefully they don't burn any bridges (ha) in opposition.





The Otago Student Living on a Boat

[Insert boat pun here]

By Esme Hall

Where are you flatting this year? Otago Uni student Malcolm Jones is living on a boat.

His boat, the *Sea Witch*, has a tiny kitchen, a fold-out table, two seats and space to sleep in the bow. There's a 100W solar panel for lighting, a small coal burner for cold nights, a methylated spirits cooker for food and Malcolm's been using UniPol or the Yacht Club for showers. He's glad "he's not a tall person" as the ceiling is a bit low, but otherwise it is cosy.

After two years at a residential college, first as a resident and then as an RA, Malcolm wanted something that was at the "other end of the spectrum". He initially "laughed off the idea of living on a boat" but after "a ridiculous amount of research" he figured out he could do it. Late last year he bought the *Sea Witch* on Trademe and after his contract finished in November he made the move.

It's a big change from two years of communal living. He was a bit "thrown" to begin with by the lack of people. He had a few neighbours over summer, but people tend to come and go at the Otago Yacht Club. He's the "only person living aboard permanently at the moment." But, he says all it "requires [is] a change in mindset". Whereas he experienced a lot of "passive socialisation" living in a hall, he's now more active about connecting with friends. Plus, he's met a local duck named Speckles who he has trained to respond to his clicks – "you make friends where you can".

OUSA Student Support Officer Sage Burke says, "there are usually a handful of students living at the Marina each year, in the past they have formed their own little community – almost like a flat". In terms of other living arrangements he sees students in, Burke

says OUSA worked with a few students living in cars last year. "We haven't had any students come to us living in cars so far this year but I would encourage any students in that situation to come and see us to work out what support is available."

For Malcolm, living on a boat is a lifestyle choice rather than an attempt to save money. Alongside the cost of the boat, he pays the Otago Yacht Club to moor and for the amenities that allow him to live on board. But the 1979 Invercargill-built sailing boat is "past the point of plateauing in value" and he reckons he'll leave it in a nicer state than he found it – so he may get a return on his investment.

Although he sailed a bit as a kid he's had to brush up his knowledge: "there's a lot of jargon and so much to learn". But, it's been nice to "start from the basics of boating life". He's floated the idea of sailing to Christchurch at Easter, but only if he can recruit his friend who is an experienced sailor.

The boat was great over the hot summer but he admits, "winter will be more of an effort to keep dry. But, that's one of the challenges. There're equivalent challenges wherever you live. Mine are just different, not insurmountable". He says the whole exercise "challenges luxury. There are so many things we consider necessary that aren't. These are things I'm one by one doing away with in this adventure and I am realising I need [things] less and less".

As a mathematics student, Malcolm "thrives on finding solutions to problems". He's already lining up a new problem for next year. He wants to convert an 8 cubic metre shipping container into a motorhome.

The Critical Tribune

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STUDENTS DEMAND MORE CONSTRUCTION ON CAMPUS

The student body has turned out en masse to protest the state of the University's infrastructure, demanding widespread construction works start immediately.

"The buildings are an absolute fucking mess," one protestor stated. "Orange cones make me aroused," asserted another. "I cannot complete my education in this environment," remarked a third protestor while setting fire to a small dog.

"Look at that," one student remarked, recoiling in disgust, "I bet that piece of pavement hasn't had any renovations done for 1-2 weeks. Unforgivable."

But do the university's buildings really need an overhaul? In a fleeting moment of investigative journalism *Critic* gave the Richardson building a kick. It subsequently collapsed. We were later told that we'd merely kicked a cardboard box. Draw your own conclusions.

Some lecturers have pointed out that the noise of widespread construction on campus might alleviate the embarrassing silence that comes from lecturing to empty classrooms. "It'd be nice to know that someone, anyone might be listening, *sob* even if they're hanging outside the window," said Bernard Faknam, Associate Professor of Applied Theoretical Philosophy.



MIKE BREAKS UP WITH STACEY AFTER DISCOVERING HANDLING HER AT HER WORST WASN'T WORTH IT TO GET HER AT HER BEST

Local man Mike Harvey tragically ended his one month fling with fellow Law student Stacey Jackson after it turns out he actually couldn't handle her at her worst. Despite the Marilyn Monroe quote on her wall which warned him of her policy, Mike says he "underestimated" her worst and "clearly overestimated" her best. "Honestly, she kinda sucks". Stacey appears to have moved on after posting a photo on Instagram captioned with lyrics from a Dua Lipa song.



OH SHIT, YOU JUST SAW SOMEONE FROM YOUR HIGH SCHOOL AND NOW THEY'RE WALKING TOWARDS YOU

Oh God, was that Katie? Fuck, now she's walking towards you. Do you look straight ahead to avoid her gaze or look down at your phone? If you look at your phone it's gonna be super obvious you're giving her the cold shoulder. Is it too late to turn into this random building?



Teams I Hate and Why You Should Hate Them Too

The Chiefs: The Biggest Shitcunts in NZ Rugby

By Charlie Hantler

In 1996, something so unbelievably disgusting, so morally reprehensible, and just fucking shit, was created. The Super 12. It had the makings of a great competition, combining teams from New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa. It could have been great, but they made one simple mistake. They included a team from Hamilton.

Hamilton.

I feel the repetition there still really doesn't capture just how little sense this made at the time, or even today. The Chiefs, as they were (I'm assuming ironically) named, failed to make the playoffs for the first seven seasons they were involved in the competition. In 2004 they threatened to make everyone play in Hamilton all season if they didn't make the playoffs, and they scraped into fourth place. They predictably lost to the Brumbies in the semi-final.

In 2006, the competition expanded into the Super 14, with the addition of another South African and Australian club. It won't surprise anybody that the Chiefs kicked up a fuss about this: "we're already too shit to make the playoffs, how the fuck are we meant to get anywhere near them now?"

And of course they didn't. It took them another five years. Chlamydia was at an all-time high in Hamilton when they beat the Hurricanes (who probably just wanted to get the fuck out of Hamilton) to make the final in 2009. They subsequently lost the final by the biggest margin in Super Rugby history, 61-17 to the Pretoria Bulls.

Another two seasons passed without the Hamilton battlers experiencing any playoff footy, before some evident misfit at the University of Waikato found a cure for chlamydia, and the Chiefs blew all of the money on bringing in the likes of Sonny Bill, Aaron Cruden, Brodie "Lurch" Retallick, and Big Benny Tameifuna. Unfortunately the cure turned out to be a false dawn, and they went into receivership, only to return to the competition in 2014.

Even if all of this isn't enough to make you point and laugh, and generally just despise the Chiefs, I have more for you.

In August 2016, the Chiefs hired a stripper, Scarlett, for their unofficial end of season party at the Okoroire Hot Springs near Matamata. Scarlett subsequently levelled sexual abuse allegations against the Chiefs, which was the moment when the Chiefs stopped being terrible rugby players, and just became terrible people.

An investigation was launched after Scarlett alleged she had been inappropriately touched and licked, had alcohol and gravel thrown on her and was intimidated during the function.

There are good and bad ways to deal with a situation like this, and Chiefs CEO Andrew Flexman decided to go with the worst possible option. "You have got to remember this is one person's accusation and her standing in the community and culpability is not beyond reproach," he said.

In another blow that dragged us all back a few centuries, Margaret Comer from

Gallagher Group, a major Chiefs sponsor, offered this gem: "if a woman takes her clothes off and walks around in a group of men, what are we supposed to do if one of them tries to touch her".

"It's not nice and perhaps the stripper shouldn't have been hired, but I'm reluctant to say that the boys were out of line," she said. Comer, who is also a trustee on the board of Waikato Women's Refuge, has since apologised.

And if blatant sexism wasn't enough, the Chiefs threw in a bit of homophobia just to top it all off. A man who was visiting the pools with his partner said player Michael Allardice shouted "here come the gays" and other sexually explicit comments.

I was unfortunate enough to find myself in Hamilton last year, and ended up at a Chiefs game. Naturally, I decided beer was more than necessary to forget where I was, and was pretty shocked when it turned out you had to pay with cash. Not only that, you have to be in a different line to get cash out. Look, I'm not about waiting the whole of the first half just for a few diluted Waikato Draughts. I can see why Chiefs fans do it though – they get to miss the whole first half where their team ends up down by double digits, and then get plastered in the second half with said beers to forget the game ever happened.

Fuck the Chiefs.

SEXY SCARFIE YARNS

Got a yarn to spin? Email us at yarns@critic.co.nz

At our hall we did three 'goon afternoons' where we went up into the Botans and had an afternoon to finish a bag of goon. The second one was the messiest. The veterans knew not to drink all the goon in the first hour or else you fucked out, but one guy did and he went off to hospital. We moved around a bit and tried to keep everything tidy but we were all over the place.

We got back to the hall at dinner, and people were throwing up everywhere, on a couch, in the bathrooms, and even in the dining room. Almost everyone got a fine, but not me. I went off to get a root from Tinder while everyone else was in trouble. In fact, it wasn't the goon that almost killed me that day, it was jumping out the poor lass' window that same night trying to avoid her flatmates.



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ODT WATCH

By Charlie O'Mannin

The Week That the ODT Just Gave Up

Let's start with some trademark ODT vagueness

'It's just a thing
that happened'

The ODT are famously afraid of commitment.

In animal cruelty news,

Pig slaughter toned-down

Now they just massage the pigs to death (also cool hyphen-use, bro).

The ODT has decided to start covering news that might have happened in a fantasy world:

NO people or pets have disappeared in the Cargill's Castle area lately, but given the large and mysterious Triffid-like plant growing nearby, no-one would be surprised if they had.

If a plant was eating animals on a Dunedin clifftop, I for one would be surprised.

Then there was this,

Roll out the barrel and
roll on death . . .

Yep. We don't know either.

And finally, surely the ODT did this on purpose,

Who took the 'd'?

THE POST-FACT WORLD

Fiction is stranger than truth

Mustard is vegan cheese

If you take a bear from the Northern Hemisphere and just before winter ends send it to the Southern Hemisphere, it will hibernate all year long

The “F” in JFK stands for Famous. He got his middle name after he won the presidency

If you ask someone if they are a cop, they have to say “yes” whether they are a cop or not

Hamburgers are legally required to contain at least traces of ham

Lagoons, spittoons, and pontoons all have something to do with water. Don't quote us on that, it might be a real fact

No one can measure the age of a turtle because no one lives that long

Toucans are better than toucan'ts

Vegans are allowed to eat pork crackle on the winter solstice of each year

Postmen process and deliver nearly half of the world's mail – 47 percent

The plural of plural is plural plural

Highlighters don't work in low light

The colour purple was named after the fruit, not vice versa

FACTS & FIGURES

Truth is stranger than fiction

In Welsh mythology, fairies ride corgis into battle.

The US Senate has an assigned candy desk.

T.S. Eliot coined the word 'bullshit'.

Prisoners on Alcatraz always had hot showers so they didn't get acclimatised to cold water and try to escape by swimming.

The colour orange is named after the fruit, not vice versa.

In 2013 Pope Francis finally raised the age of consent in Vatican City from 12 to 18 years old.

The youngest ever monarch was Mary Queen of Scots who acceded to the Scottish throne when she was only six days old.

Star Trek almost failed to get a commission because the pilot was too erotic.

In Thai, the number 5 is pronounced 'ha', so instead of sending messages that say hahaha, Thai people will sometimes write 555.

96% of the world's languages are spoken by less than 4% of the global population.



James Shaw Talks Speight's, Three-Ways, and Avoiding Political Roadkill

By Esme Hall

After losing his co-leader just before the 2017 general election, James Shaw was tasked with leading his party alone on a quixotic journey from outsiders to governors. Rather than riding in on a green wave, the party limped across the line, just squeezing above the 5% threshold required to keep their parliamentary dreams alive. While not the result they would have hoped for, it was enough to take the Greens where they had never been before – government. We caught up with James almost 5 months into the new job, just as his party launched their campaign to find him a co-leader.

“Students have really been squeezed over the last ten years”

Critic: Let's start with the basics. What undergraduate degree did you study?

James Shaw: Well, I think it is probably a bit of an overstatement to say that I studied anything to tell you the truth.

I did a Bachelor of Arts at Victoria University, but then I went overseas with a student exchange and ended up moving to London and getting a job. So I actually ended up not getting my undergrad, but then I got my post-grad Sustainability and Business Leadership, which I know is counter-intuitive if you don't have an undergrad.

C: In those days as a student at Vic, did you imagine yourself as the leader of a political party?

J: No. God no.

C: What are your best memories from your student days?

J: Well, I can't remember a lot of them which probably tell you something. I had the opportunity to travel as a student so that really

was a mind-expanding set of experiences which I wouldn't have had if I hadn't been at university.

C: Was that a turning point that led you on to a political path?

J: Yes, absolutely.

C: The Green Party has a number of policies focused on students. Why do you think it's so important to make being a student and having those experiences accessible?

J: Students have really been squeezed over the last ten years. Even just the ability to do the basics and get your degree has been eroded because people have been struggling with accommodation, getting access and the costs, as well as other living costs. That makes it very difficult even just to be a regular student, let alone if you also want to have this richer experience that university has to offer. So, we have had emphasis on making sure that the first thing we pay attention to is that people have got their living costs and to just make that a bit easier on people.

“Mental health issues are at virtually epidemic levels across New Zealand”

C: The Green Party has spoken out a lot about mental health – in the election and in the coalition agreement.

J: Mental health issues are at virtually epidemic levels across New Zealand and students are impacted by that too.

The reason why people are really feeling the strain and it is affecting their mental health is because of the burden of trying to make ends meet, and get all the other stuff in life done as well - whether you're a student or a parent or a homeowner, whatever it is, people are really being squeezed so it is a focus of the Green Party and this government to try and alleviate that.

C: Moving into Government is obviously something new for the Green Party. You haven't been in Government before, so perhaps in a sense the Green Party's never had to compromise on its vision and has been able to keep its hands clean. How do you see that playing out in this coalition government?

J: I don't think we have to compromise on our vision in government. If anything, this is when we actually get to enact our vision. We don't get to enact all of it of course. We're able to enact a portion roughly relative to our size in Government. We're in this three-way relationship where, in order for anything to happen, we need to proactively support each other.

C: How do you see that being communicated to the average voter who might think 'why did the Green Party support this, I thought that they had different values'?

J: That's a good question. There're a couple of things, one of which is that we chose to go into confidence and supply rather than full coalition and that gives us the ability to point out where we have a different view from the government on things. If you like, that's a bit of a safety valve.

We can say look, we are supporting a government that is doing the following, we don't actually agree with it, but we continue to support the Government because on the whole it's doing stuff that we do agree with and in fact quite a lot of stuff that we actually get to do ourselves. The ability to communicate that message is important. I realise it is a bit nuanced, but it is different from Cabinet responsibility where you basically have to stay quiet about anything you disagree with.

C: We've got some history in New Zealand of minor parties being swallowed by working with larger parties. Are those processes of communicating with your supporters going to be how the Green Party tries to guard against that?

J: Yeah that's absolutely right. We're very aware of it and it's one of the reasons we've been cautious about going into government. When you look at it, every single other support party, other than New Zealand First, has disappeared and I'm a big believer in having a pluralistic Parliament so we don't want to be roadkill along the way.

C: We've even seen that pluralism shrinking in this five party Parliament.

J: If you count David Seymour as a party . . .

C: What's the policy that you're most excited about?

J: Well I'm biased of course because I'm the Minister for Climate Change, but I've got to say that the Zero Carbon Act is the thing I'm most excited about. So, we're going to put into law the target of becoming a net zero emissions economy by the year 2050 and setting up an independent Climate Commission to help guide us there with five-year carbon budgets and policy proposals and so on. I think if we can do that then we'll have put in place the key architecture for the transition to the low carbon economy for the next few decades. For me it's all about these big, difficult, long-ranging problems rather than the more immediate stuff that often distracts government.

C: Last question I have to ask, Speight's or Tui?

J: Speight's.

C: Correct answer.

J: Also I could say Garage Project because that's my local, but given I only have two options I'll go for Speight's. I drank plenty of that at university.



Chronicles of Castle: 7 Days of O Week on NZ's Biggest Party Street

By Charlie O'Mannin

As one of the two truly iconic party streets of North Dunedin, Castle is locked in a never ending tussle with Hyde to prove their status as the true home of O-Week. It's hectic, as parties spill onto the street and combine into a frothing melee of noise, dancing and vomit.

We sent a dedicated reporter down Castle to interview partying students every single night of O-Week.

Interview help from Edan O'Hanrahanrahan, Saskia Rushton-Green, and Connor Seddon

Monday

O-Week on Castle Street started with a rumble, followed by a distant "CUNT!" which faded into the babble. We wandered down Dundas, past a legion of men pissing against walls, into a thicket of happily milling people. Hi-viz vests were popular attire, no doubt reflecting either heightened safety awareness or the large presence of surveying students.

"I'm a big deal," our first interviewee informed us, "I had sex with this one girl, she was kind of a big deal, I don't like to brag. I had sex with her and she was like 'you're so amazing'. There were actually a few girls around. I couldn't have sex with them all, because, you know, I was pretty exhausted. I've got quite a small penis, in fact a very tiny penis; it's not always a drawback. It's not really the size; it's not even really how you use it. To be honest I just lie there."

Someone screamed, "FUCK SECOND YEAR SURVEYING," we turned around, and when we turned back he was gone, presumably to ruminate further on his tiny penis.

The surveying students wanted to talk about shapes. One told us that squares are the most attractive geometric shape because

they are "easy to find the area of. I don't know what you find sexy, but I like finding the area of stuff."

Another guy (who rated his froth level as "a 9 and a half, I've smashed like three boxes") launched unprompted into accounts of his sexual exploits. "I was fucking this German chick and we were full swing and she was like 'yo' and I was like 'nah-ah' and that was when she put a finger up my bum." His tone changed, "How do I fuck a chick so good that she remembers my name the next day? Because that shit doesn't happen."

Strangely, he also told us about his small penis. "It's the way you float the boat at the end of the day, not the size of the ship." Small penises: projected trend for 2018.

Then, in a classic small dick move, he started talking about politics. "National is a left wing party. They're so socialist. They're like Bernie Sanders." Having outed himself as a crazy person, he doubled down on the subject of eugenics. "If we let people who cannot use their legs biologically breed with people who can, then what happens if the

entire human race becomes unable to use their legs? We're just going to die." We left pretty quickly, before he could talk to us any more about the "imperfect humans".

Off the street a large crowd formed around some firedancers, offset by a scattering strobe light and some aggressive men kept from fighting each other by a large pile of rubbish. On the outskirts of a rave, we talked to two women who were planning on doing a seven-night bender. One was planning on going "140%. I reckon half a bottle of vodka wild, so not excessive. I bought three bottles of vodka today and I'm planning on drinking them all this week." She was fairly happy about the froth level. "It's an ok level of froth for a Monday. I went out Friday of Flo-Week and it was fucking shit. There was no one out. o/ro."

We moved back to the street and talked to some women lying stretched out in the middle of the street. They told us about someone who jumped "from the roof of a two storey flat into a massive hedge. They went to hospital; they got stitches."

Tuesday

The street was cold and wet and dead. Two party animals, one wearing a novelty drinking hat, walked door-to-door in the rain, asking at every house if they could come in and party. They were turned away again and again. At one flat the door was opened by a man who said, “you can’t sleep here,” before closing the door in their face.

Wednesday

Wednesday also sucked. “It’s winter bro,” one guy muttered as he brushed past us, hood up, icicles frosting his beard, eyes reflecting a sober abyss.

Wednesday was the night of the Toga Party. “FRESHER!” yelled a person with the brain of a small invertebrate as he hurled a bottle across the street, smashing a metre from a guy in a toga. He ran away.

Later we saw an awkward group of people standing in a perfect circle, shivering in sneaks and matching hoodies. “This is lame. Let’s go back to Cumby and then to 10 Bar,” we overheard.

Thursday

Thursday was better, but there were still half as many people as there were on Monday. One person told us they were “quite disappointed; it’s supposed to be O-Week and no one’s out.”

When asked what the weirdest thing he’d ever put up his butt was a man replied, “Which is weirder, a cucumber or a parsnip?” Apparently the parsnip was “buzzy; it was a great feeling but also a weird one at the same time”.

One translucently white woman was repeatedly calling other white people the n-word, which made us very uncomfortable, so we left. To get out, we waded through a large patch of gelatin-like greyish vomit. I saw two small pieces of tofu.

"We waded through a large patch of gelatin-like greyish vomit. I saw two small pieces of tofu"



Friday

Friday was full of energetic people being wheeled in shopping carts or striding purposefully towards the horizon. We conducted a dynamic interview with a man running down the street, “Toga party was shit, music was shit, and then the one last night [Chase & Status] was shit”.

Another student described their hangover routine, “I wake up, lie there depressed for three hours, get out of bed, sit in the shower, listen to Drake for two hours, get a box of Wild Moose, drink that, start again.”

A Christian group was giving out sausages down the end of the street. The guy running it told us that he’d been giving out sausages on O-Week for the last three years and the road’s been chocked, but that now it’s not as much of a problem.

One student was unhappy with the sausages, insisting that they were “part of a conspiracy. You know what you can’t do at the exact same time? Drink and eat a sausage. It’s part of the conspiracy man, look,” he gestured around him, “no one here is drunk.”

Another student eating a sausage told us that a flat they were at the day before had had thirty holes punched out of the roof.

We headed to Leith Street which, contrary to every other night of O-Week, was going off. “Leith Street is the new Castle Street, man it is fucking lit boi,” one man claimed, “I fucking went down Castle Street before, it was fucking tame as fuck, boi. Even the sausages were tame.”

We asked a group what the most disgusting thing they’d seen on O-Week was. “The previous Selwyn College committee vomited in a wheelie bin all Flo-Week and then at their initiation they poured it over [my friend’s] head. They pissed in it, they vomited in it, they put old fish in it. It was fucking disgusting,” said one woman. Another member of the group told us with a cheeky smile that he once put a Speight’s bottle up his butt, “I was pretty happy, ay”.

We tried to interview Campus Watch, but Harlene’s Private Army wasn’t having a bar of it, so we talked to the police instead. A sergeant told us that he thought the level of disorder this year was “about the same” as previous years, but that there was “probably

a bit less" glass throwing, and that couch fires were "way, way, down".

Moving on, we saw a woman get carried out of a window and dropped on some rubbish. She told us (unprompted) about how much she likes her boyfriend's penis. "It's round and it's nice to suck and it's one of a kind; it's yummy." We asked her how her O-Week was going, "It's been good, I mean, it's pretty repetitive. I've got to wee on the side of the street every half an hour, but that's pretty standard right? I drink a Nitro and a half because I'm a little girl. I like to show my tits, but I'm secure."

"I don't bang people for self-confidence," she continued, "but a lot of people do, and I think that's pretty gross. Honestly, bang someone because they care about you not because it makes you feel secure. I'm secure. I'll show my tits to anyone," she lifted up her top, "A lot of people aren't secure and I wish they were. I have a boyfriend, I'd rather keep my top on, but I'm literally only lifting it up to just prove a fucking point."

We swam into a rave's tepid moisture, the sweat causing water damage to the roof. Very few people were dancing; mostly they just stood very close to each other and yelled. "This is the lamest O-Week I've ever been to," one person told me outside, "What the fuck is everyone doing. There's no one here, they're not committing to the party," someone interrupted him by throwing a bottle, "Ya fucking missed me ya cunt," he screamed.

"The people are just dancing together, vibing out to the music, and everyone's so fucking mellow"



**"How do I fuck a chick
so good that she
remembers my name
the next day?"**





Saturday

Saturday on Castle Street was a real party. If the street were a piece of toast, it would have been spread inches thick with the jam of human filth.

"I was just upstairs at one of the house parties down on Hyde Street and I saw one guy lying down, girl on top of him, riding, obviously, having sex with him, and there was another girl riding on the back of the first girl, like a piggy-back," a guy with a beautiful silken voice told us.

One man squatting in the gutter started with, "One day I put a traffic light up my butt," before getting upset at our giggling, "If you're from *Critic* why can you not be fucking serious and take a proper interview". He returned to the detail, "I put a butt plug, then lube, then the whole iceblock up my arse".

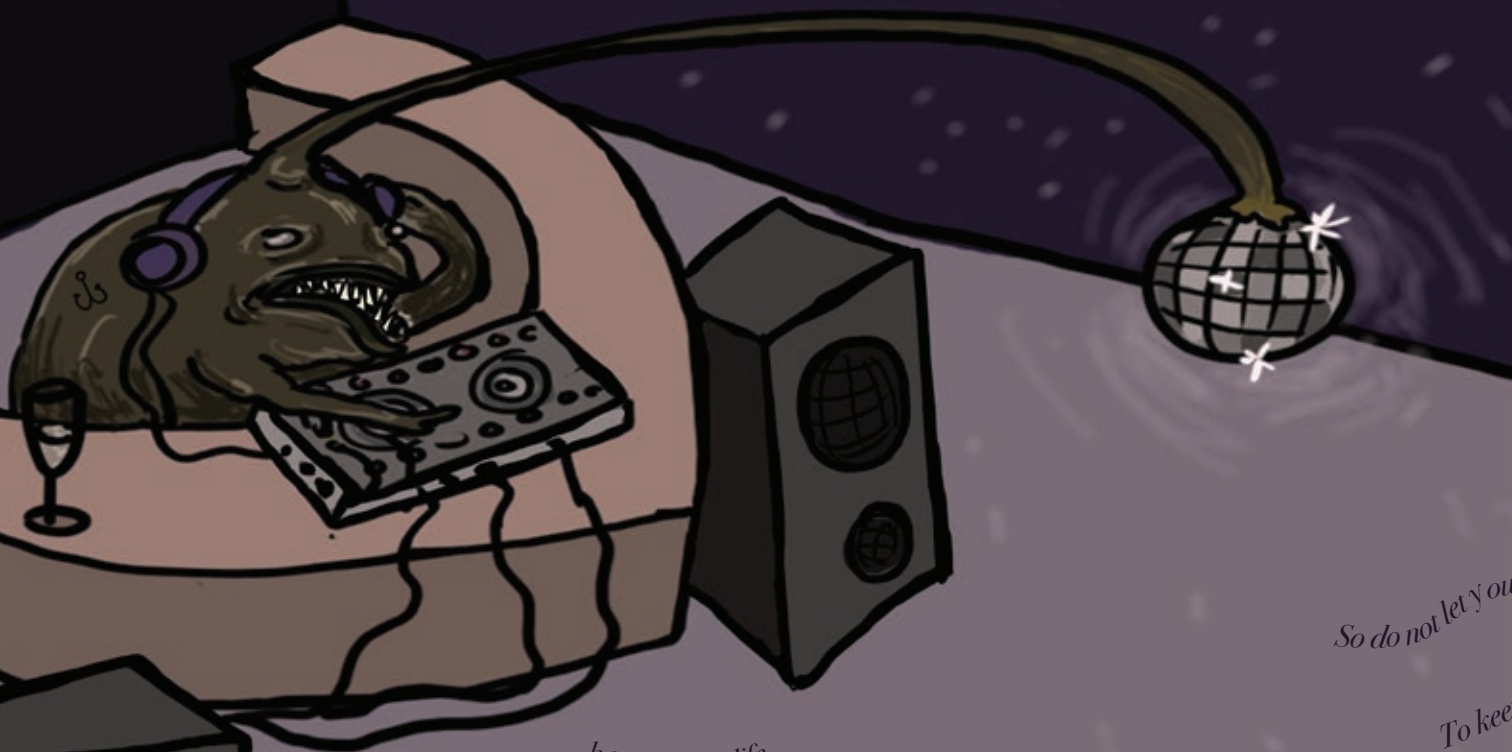
We ran into Josh Smythe, OUSA Recreation Officer, who told us the best thing he'd seen on O-Week, "A fence got kicked down and it was beautiful. They stacked mattresses against the fence and they jumped off their roof together and they fucking smashed it down. It's a really good metaphor as well. People just want to connect."

A Castle Street resident backed Josh up, describing the general vibe of O-Week as one of "actual love and peace".

"I've seen a lot of fights - one of my friends last night got blindsided to the back of the head - but I've seen a lot of beautiful times as well; when the people are just dancing together, vibing out to the music, and everyone's so fucking mellow. The whole vibe of the party has to be super homogeneous. Everyone has to be on the same vibe; everyone's dancing the same, it's fucking cool. Those are the beautiful times that I've been seeing every single night."

Sunday

Fuck Sunday.



So do not let your

To keep

The chief pursuit in this short earthly life

Is to enjoy ourselves and win a wife

And not to walk in solitude and gloom

Nor baffle the brain with studious strife

The Student's Ballad

First Published in CRITIC, 1947



Here in the lupins by the silver sea
A jug of Speight's between us, me and thee,
A snowdrop-bed of stars and cheerful moon,
'Tis like a breath of immortality!

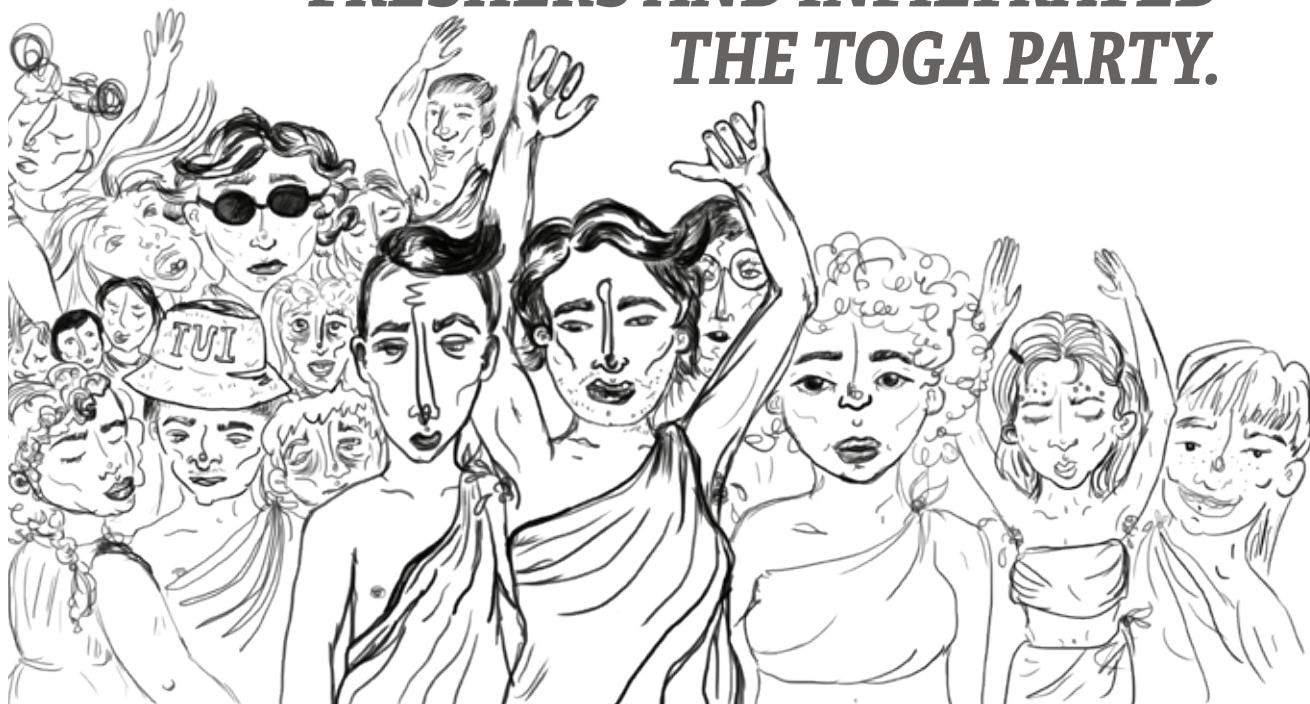


*... studies be a chain
... you from dances and champagne
... And mugs of ale: but leave some ten years hence,
... With your Cash, Cares and Culture, lost in vain*



ANCIENT GREEKS: WE DISGUISED OURSELVES AS FRESHERS AND INFILTRATED THE TOGA PARTY.

-Adult Colouring, or spot the grannies



‘Otago’ is one letter and a tiny word scramble away from ‘Toga’. Taking this as a prophetic sign, we sent two Critic writers who are way too old for this shit to coat their baggy eyes with foundation, rip up some sheets, and brave the iconic event that is the Toga Party.

Here are the cold, hard hitting, disturbing FACTS:

1. Erin is a 23 year old woman. Jess is 22.
2. Jess was a Fresher in the ripe ol’ year of 2014 and Erin is EVEN OLDER - her first year was 2013.
3. We are both too tired for this shit.

After googling ‘what are young people into these days’ and finding pictures of Justin Timberlake (wtf why?), we decide to fake it till we make it.

Backstories were planned in advance, just in case any freshers got suspicious

Erin: Just been on a gap year in India where she ‘found herself’ and also got an edgy buzz cut. Studies psychology, because she’s ‘like, both arty and into behavioural analysis’. Goes to Cumby.

Jess: Overachieving Law student, unashamed of her contempt for English and Arts students. Goes to Unicol.

7:00pm

Erin arrives at Jess's flat where everyone is snuggled up in bed, probably watching *Midsomer Murders*.

Jess's friend helps her make her toga. It's a two-piece. She looks hot and young. Erin cuts a series of holes in a sheet and comes out looking like a conservative Disney fairy. Nice.

Erin: I decide to wear my Doctor Martens because there will be a mosh pit and I'm pretty sure heaps of people purchased them like two years ago so surely they are still in fashion? I am also wearing two layers of wool and a pair of shorts under my toga.

Jess: The basic bitch toga is my vibe. At first I was going to make a poncho so I could wear polyprops underneath, but Erin convinced me it was risky – freshers don't get cold; they might sense I was an outsider. So it came down to a two-piece toga, hair coated in glitter and white Converse I hadn't worn in years.



8:15pm

We take photos outside Jess's flat as per tradition. Jess pulls her door handle off its hinge in an effort to keep her flatmates away. They have eggs in their pockets; we run to the car screaming.

We roll up to Toga Party in Erin's whole-some-looking car that your aunty probably drives. We park discreetly in the gym car park before joining the flock of freshers waiting in line. Then we realise that freshers are dumb as shit and walk past almost all of them to the front and slip back into the line unnoticed.

Jess: I ask a first year what hall they are in - Erin forgets her entire back story and tells them what she actually studied. (I am a very convincing liar. Erin is not.)

Erin: A second year approaches us and makes his move on Fresh-Jess. I ask him if he feels really old being at the Toga Party in second year. He says he's 19 and we are probably like 18 so it's not so weird.

Jess: We gush about how cool it is he's in second year and he lives on George St and, like, that's one of the main streets, right?!

FRESHERS ARE LIKE TODDLERS - LOUD, STICKY, ATTENTION SEEKERS.

Erin: No one is wearing fucking Doctor Martens; Doctor Martens are out. I look old and out of touch. Everyone is wearing white converse and jandals. I don't know why you would wear jandals; your feet are gonna get stomped and they will probably break in the mosh. I am old and out of touch.

Jess: Either that or they'll pick up whatever sticky stuff is lying around - freshers are like toddlers - loud, sticky, attention seekers.



Jess, *you* and Erin in their real first year

HE THINKS I HAVE A FAKE ID, BECAUSE I'M SO OLD.

Erin: We try to hand our media passes discreetly to the person taking the tickets. Media passes don't count as tickets. We proceed on a wild goose chase to get into the stadium and the woman at the ticket counter calls the suits and slides open a gate for us. We are in.

Jess: Several pumped up lads cut the line in front of us to chant their hall chant. I stare at them with glassy eyes. I feel cold inside. That goddamn second year is waiting for us when we get in.

8:40pm

Jess: The second year I met earlier thrusts his phone in my face as we wait in the line for wine and I type my name, not wanting to be rude. He disappears, but we see him out there, hovering... waiting...

Erin: When we go to get a drink, the dude who IDs me asks "what year were you born, Erin?" and I tell him '95, and he thinks I have a fake ID, because I'm so old.

Jess: We realise that everyone around us was probably born in 2000/2001 and we shiver at the thought. Fucked up if true.

Erin: In line we meet a first year with a black flower crown and a pagan symbol on a chain. She's really nice. If you're reading this, young'n, please send your music to Radio One; it sounds like it's going to be great.

Jess: We finally get our drinks. Both the beer and the wine are foul. I don't believe they were even real beer and wine. No fresher would know the difference though.



A FIRST YEAR WITH A KING'S TATTOO ON HIS INNER WRIST SHOWS US HOW TO REALLY DRAG A CIGGIE

9:10pm

Erin: A first year with a King's tattoo on his inner wrist shows us how to really drag a ciggie. He proceeds to drag it seven times before exhaling. He doesn't pass out. He then makes a joke about taking *illicit DRUGS*. This boy is bad.

We meet Wld Yung Thang (we didn't want to name her - but we remember), and she tells us a sob story about how she's lost her card, asks for a taste of Jess's wine, and then skulls the whole thing. I clutch my rank beer to my chest. She can't take my one drink away from me.





MY BOOB POPS OUT AND I GET VERY FLUSTERED, THEN DISAPPOINTED THAT NO ONE SAW.

Good Samaritan Wld Yung Thang (WYT) then spots some unfortunate fresher's bank card and ID (which is fake) and we hand it in to lost property. We lose WYT and go to the bouncy castle. But it's not a bouncy castle - you strap yourself to the end of it and run as fast as you can, and then it flings you backwards. Where was this five years ago?
I rate the bouncy castle 9 out of 9 shoeless freshers.

Jess: My boob pops out and I get very flustered, then disappointed that no one saw.

Erin: We get free ZM fanny packs - gotta be happy with that, even though their radio station has nothing on the great Radio One, patron saint of alternative music and saviour of students ears (91fm or r1.co.nz thankyouverymuch).

Jess: In the mosh there are many characters. There's the guy with wrap-around speed-dealer sunnies, the guy wearing the goggles, many a Tui-hat combo, and pretty much every woman has her hair trapped under a sweaty armpit. Oh god it's all so sweaty. I cannot deal.

Erin: Everyone presses themselves together for hours to see if humans can morph into one giant human. No one cares about the music; they just care about pushing their bodies really close together and being the person most towards the front. We are two old women disguised as first years infiltrating their space, trying to take as much eyewear as we can. I am not young enough to get away with that shit anymore and Jess looks like she is having a breakdown.

Jess: Erin was thriving in the mosh pit, but she saw my face and understood immediately. It was vital that I got out ASAP Rocky, lest I slap someone and tell them off for pushing, because pushing is rude.

Erin: I re-tie Jess's shoe because I forgot about the fanny pack development and thought everything would fall out of her boob-bag if she did it herself. In doing so I caused a human avalanche #thoughtsandprayers.

Jess: I am dying. I need a bloody gin and tonic if I am to go on.

Erin: A dude yells to us that he loves fanny packs - he has his own unbranded one. This guy is smart, I reckon he will make it through HUBS this year. I tell another fellow teen I'm from Cumby and he says, "oh bro, I haven't seen you yet," and asks what floor I'm on. I forget that Cumby has yearly themes

and say second floor; he's on fourth. Star-crossed lovers separated by two floors - it would never have worked m'dude. I'm sorry I lied - I actually live in Belleknowes.

10:00pm

People are smooching against the barrier.

10:14pm

Erin: I'm hungry and tired, and apparently so is everyone else because people start leaving.

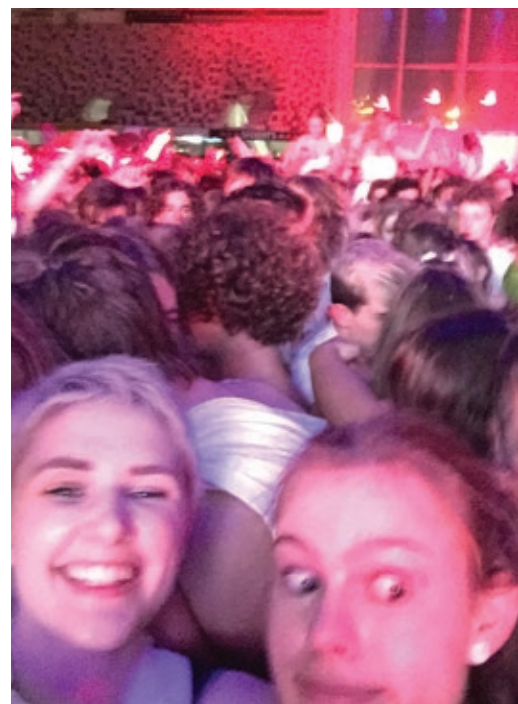
10:23 pm

Home for pizza and *Bee Movie*.

Erin: The next morning I wake up in a cold sweat having dreamt that I didn't make any friends in my hall.

Jess: I get a message from my second year stalker. I need to send him a full letter of apology explaining how I have used him and why I don't want this to change what we had. I'll always be your fresher gal.

Jess Thompson & Erin Broughton



69 Things You Absolutely Should Not Do At University

01-25

Don't

1. Don't do a 'survey' for a Christian group; they're not researching anything, they just want to convert you. And there won't be any sex.
2. Don't go to a 'Landers game in any section but the Zoo: old people are terrible company. Unless they smell like pot.
3. Don't get drunk and post on your hall's Facebook group. It's not funny, it's just annoying.
4. Don't talk about how much of a success you were in high school. Nobody cares that you were a prefect at St Pats.
5. Don't join the Young Nats. Or Young Labour. And definitely don't join Act. They're terrible and annoying and everyone will hate you.
6. Don't buy textbooks. Full stop. Especially for first year commerce, they're a bad investment. If you really need it they're in the library anyway.
7. Don't wear your leavers' hoodie everywhere. Your self-appointed nickname is embarrassing.
8. Don't try to force a nickname. No one cares if your high school mates used to call you 'Horsecock'; it's not gonna stick.
9. Don't sign up for a flat in the first semester of your first year: there's fucking heaps of empty flats, so you don't need to rush. Work out who your actual friends are later in the year.
10. Don't cheat on your high school sweetheart. Just break up with them.
11. Don't constantly talk about drugs. Smoking a lot of weed is not a personality trait.
12. Don't brag too much to your mates who're at Vic about how sweet Otago Uni is. It's just gonna make them sad.
13. Don't constantly tell stories about your mates from home. No one knows who they are.
14. Don't try to scab drinks off people at the bar. Just get drunk enough at pre-drinks.
15. Don't take your grades too seriously. Most employers don't check them.
16. Don't study tourism.
17. Don't mess with the Spotify set up at the party: it's called a queue; learn how to use it.
18. Don't do the weekly shop at Centre City New World. It's worth the trip out to PAK'nSAVE.
19. Don't make a GiveALittle page for your holiday to South America. Just because you're planning on volunteering for three days doesn't mean you're a charity.
20. Don't hit on everyone at the party. It's obvious, and you look like a seed (because you are).
21. Don't believe there's any such thing as 'bitch drinks'. Cruisers are for everyone.
22. Don't call people out for drinking 'bitch drinks', especially if you're drinking Bourbon and Coke.
23. Don't be afraid of drinking goon. It's exactly the same as the shit they put in bottles, just cheaper.
24. Don't screw the crew.
25. Don't act superior to other people because you got into a professional course.

Don't

26-50.

26. Don't forget to look for past exam papers. It makes studying WAY easier.
27. Don't write your own notes until you've checked Quizlet to see if someone already did it for you. (Especially for LAWS101).
28. Don't go to exams drunk. Or do, it's kinda fun actually.
29. Don't funnel spirits without first setting up a comfy spot to pass out (make sure someone's not burning it).
30. Don't forget to lock your masturbatorium. But also, don't be afraid to share.
31. Don't forget to use incognito mode if your laptop is the lounge movie streamer.
32. Don't swear off tequila simply because you had one awful night: it wasn't tequila's fault, it was yours.
33. Don't be silly; wrap your willy.
34. Don't be a fool; wrap your tool.
35. Don't neglect your cervical screenings. In fact, don't neglect cervixes in general.
36. Don't forget to get yourself tested occasionally; all it takes is pissing into a cup.
37. Don't use the same pair of scissors for your pubes, your Mi Goreng and your weed.
38. Don't constantly tell everyone you meet about your amazing gap year. Your hemp pants and Bintang singlet don't make you look worldly.
39. Don't put up with nightclub gropers. A well directed jab to the ribs should sort them out.
40. Don't grope people in nightclubs. What the fuck is wrong with you?
41. Don't buy anything other than food from the Hare Krishna people. The book sucks, don't let them bully you into buying it.
42. Don't feel you have to get drunk. Drugs are also an option.
43. Don't talk your S.O. into an open relationship just so you can sleep with other people, MICHAEL.
44. Don't be unfriendly at the Friendly Khmer Satay Noodle House.
45. Don't take Keanu Reeves' name in vain.
46. Don't think you have to stick with the first major you study. Variety is the spice of life: try a few different things until one sticks. And speaking of spice:
47. Don't just put a single clove of garlic in your cooking; stop being a coward and put a whole head in, it WILL make your food taste better. I don't CARE what your breath smells like.
48. Don't use words like 'faggot' around people you don't know; maybe you're using it ironically, but you still look like an asshole.
49. Don't smoke indoors, you filthy rat.
50. Don't use olive oil to fry food. It has a relatively low smoke point and it will set your smoke alarm off. Use canola or bran oil instead, they're cheaper anyway.

51-69.

Don't

51. Don't dismiss UniMart; it's right across the road from Centre City New World and you can get chocolate soy milk there for \$1.50 a bottle.
52. Don't just make shitty spag bol every week for your cooking night. Have a little ingenuity.
53. Don't be embarrassed to take the free tampons and/or pads on campus. If you don't need them, give them to a pal who does. That shit is expensive.
54. Don't expect oral sex if you're not gonna reciprocate.
55. Don't check the state of your student loan. Ever. You don't want to know.
56. Don't adopt a fucking cat. You can't even feed yourself on time.
57. Don't smash bottles on the street, arsehole.
58. Don't suffer in silence if you're feeling down. Do yourself a favour and see the good people at Student Health counselling service or OUSA Student Support, they're here to help.
59. Don't take acid before going to classes. It's scary.
60. Don't rail drugs through one nostril only – we all have a favourite snorter but keep it even for health reasons.
61. Don't put your washing powder on top of the lid bit, it goes inside the lid bit.
62. Don't drink Billy Mavericks, it will turn you into a bogan.
63. Don't let your room build up a stank. Wash your duvet and open a window.
64. Don't wear jeans to UniPol.
65. Don't forget to clean under the foreskin. Get a friend to help you.
66. Don't buy beer, wine or cider at the liquor store, it's always cheaper at the supermarket, obviously.
67. Don't sneak your alcohol into your hall in a big bag, that's obvious. Use a small bag, they never suspect that.
68. Don't put empty bottles on your shelves. No one's impressed, we are all alcoholics. You look like a 22-year-old Milton bogan when you do that.
69. Lol, 69.



What great weather to start your first week of lectures on! I hope you all found a way to soak in some vitamin D while still attending those incredibly important first few lectures...

My job mainly involves meeting with a range of different groups of people to give student opinion, which is why it is incredibly important you hit me up with anything that concerns you. May it be you want onion in your burger, a permanent trampoline on campus, or maybe you just want your lecturer to talk slower. We check the feasibility out of the idea and if it is do able, we do our best to do it!

This week has been almost as crazy as a week for our team. For my 3 hours of council sub-committee meetings, I had to make sure I had read over 400 pages of the agenda items. Must admit, it's a struggle when I had never done a reading for uni before. We

had our weekly executive meeting (3pm Wednesdays in Clubs and Soc- all welcome), a lunch with our VC to keep up to date with what the university is up to and we relaxed after a long week of work over orientation.

Since I'm sick of my own voice, over the next few weeks you will be hearing from each of our exec members. If you're not sick of my voice, tune in to Radio 1 (91fm) Thursday 12pm-2pm to follow my movements!

Talk soon,

Caity

Caitlin Barlow-Groome
OUSA President
presidenteousa.org.nz



WHAT'S HOT AT OUSA

GOOD ONE

POSTED OUR PARTY ON FACEBOOK TO
MAKE SURE
AT LEAST A FEW PEOPLE CAME
NOT AN UNWANTED GUEST
UNWANTED GUESTS
MOST TURNED UP TRASHED THING OUT WHICH
YOU HAVE A
THROWING BOTTLES
AT THE OUSA CLUBS & SOCIETIES CENTRE
YOU GET TO WORRYING
ABOUT CONSEQUENCES AND YOU DON'T HAVE A
GOOD ONE

The Infamous OUSA
PHOTO COMP

Photos to be
submitted during
MARCH

For more info and to submit pics, head to ousa.org.nz

ousa recreation BRIMMER 1 TOURNAMENTS

PIZZA QUIZ

7:30 PM **MARCH 19TH** OUSA CLUBS & SOCIETIES CENTRE \$3 PER PERSON

EVISON LOUNGE (CLUBS & SOCS)
REGISTRATIONS ARE TAKEN FROM
6:30PM. FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED

For more info head to [OUSA.ORG.NZ](http://ousa.org.nz)

1st Place: \$200
2nd Place: \$75
3rd Place: \$50

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Applications close 3pm Thursday 26th April

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OUSA



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Aquarius:
Jan 20 – Feb 18

Your mates gave you shit for spending the Saturday night of O-Week in bed. At least you're on top of you lectures, first week in. That's pretty neat.



Pisces:
Feb 19 – Mar 20

You'll take to being ill like a fish out of water. If you're not ill, you're going to boast about it like a fish in water.



Aries:
Mar 21 – Apr 19

You gave your mates shit for being sick on the Saturday of O-Week, now you're the sick idiot in bed. Not so funny now you snotty, nose blowy bugger..



Taurus:
Apr 20 – May 20

This week, you will experience an unorthodox burst of energy and a deep desire to fix your life. You will begin sorting everything out by going on daily runs at 11pm along the water front, resulting in a powerful case of athlete's foot. Never fear.



Gemini:
May 21 – Jun 20

A financially complicated event on Thursday night involving ReBurger and someone's fist will motivate you to make some changes to your morning mantra routine. New beginnings etc.



Cancer:
Jun 21 – July 22

Guess who is stuck in bed with borderline another case of the imaginary, yet deadly man-flu?! YOU ARE. On Monday the eyes will scratch and the throat will tickle. By Wednesday your eyes will be falling out your nostrils. Come Friday your left leg is going to have to be amputated to make the numb right leg feel normal.



Leo:
July 23 – Aug 22

This week you'll experience some windburn on Tuesday, which will result in a pleasant set of grades on Thursday evening, eventually clearing to a pleasant, clear 24 degree afternoon on Friday.



Virgo:
Aug 23 – Sept 22

This week is a good week to be vigilant with birth control (Boys! Condoms!). Try getting those prompt practices in place early, rather than figuring out what to do with a lovely but slightly unexpected baby 9 months later.



Libra:
Sept 23 – Oct 22

This week brings with it a strong shining Venus. Take this as a cue to really think about the romantic advances you are either planning on, or planning to avoid. Instead of questioning whether you really are interested in person X, consider, if you weren't interested, would you even be considering if you liked X to begin with?



Scorpio:
Oct 23 – Nov 21

Mum and Dad want to know what's up. It's a good life skill to be in contact with them, regardless if what you tell them is the truth or an approximation of it. You're an adult now, own your relationship with your parents.



Sagittarius:
Nov 22 – Dec 21

You know what time it is!!! TIME TO GO TO SLEEP.



Capricorn:
Dec 22 – Jan 19

You're planning for a lil rest and recovery this week. Kai pai e hoa, putting yourself first is a great step towards finding inner wisdom, and learning how to orgasm on the first try. Just be sure that when you book your nail treatment at the salon it's a manicure, not a hammer sort of deal.

SUDOKU

Easy

9	2	4		5		1	6	
5					8			
		8						9
	3					8		5
	8		4		3		7	
4		7					1	
	3					8		5
	8		4		3		7	
4		7					1	

Medium

9	8			1			4	
						2	7	6
	6		2	3	5			
	7				3		2	
		5		2		8		
	2		9				1	
			7	8	1		6	
8	1	7						
	3			5			8	1

Hard

							1	6
			3			4		2
	4				9			3
7			9			2		5
9	1		5		7		6	4
5		6			8			7
4			1				2	
6		8			5			
3	7							

FILBERT COMICS

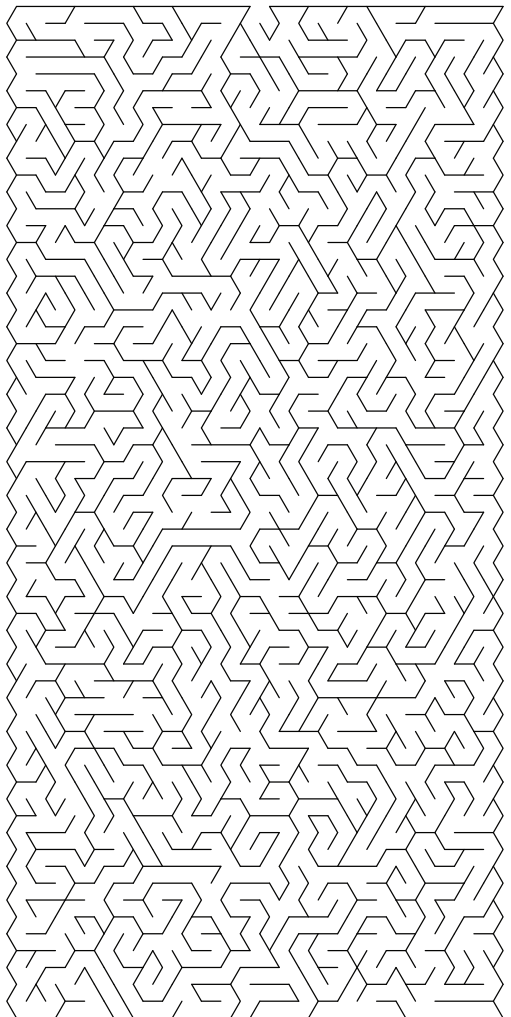


By: L. A. Bonté



For more comics visit FilbertCartoons.com

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March 5th-9th

MASSIVE

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Over 700+ Images

St David Lecture Theatre Foyer

9am – 5pm



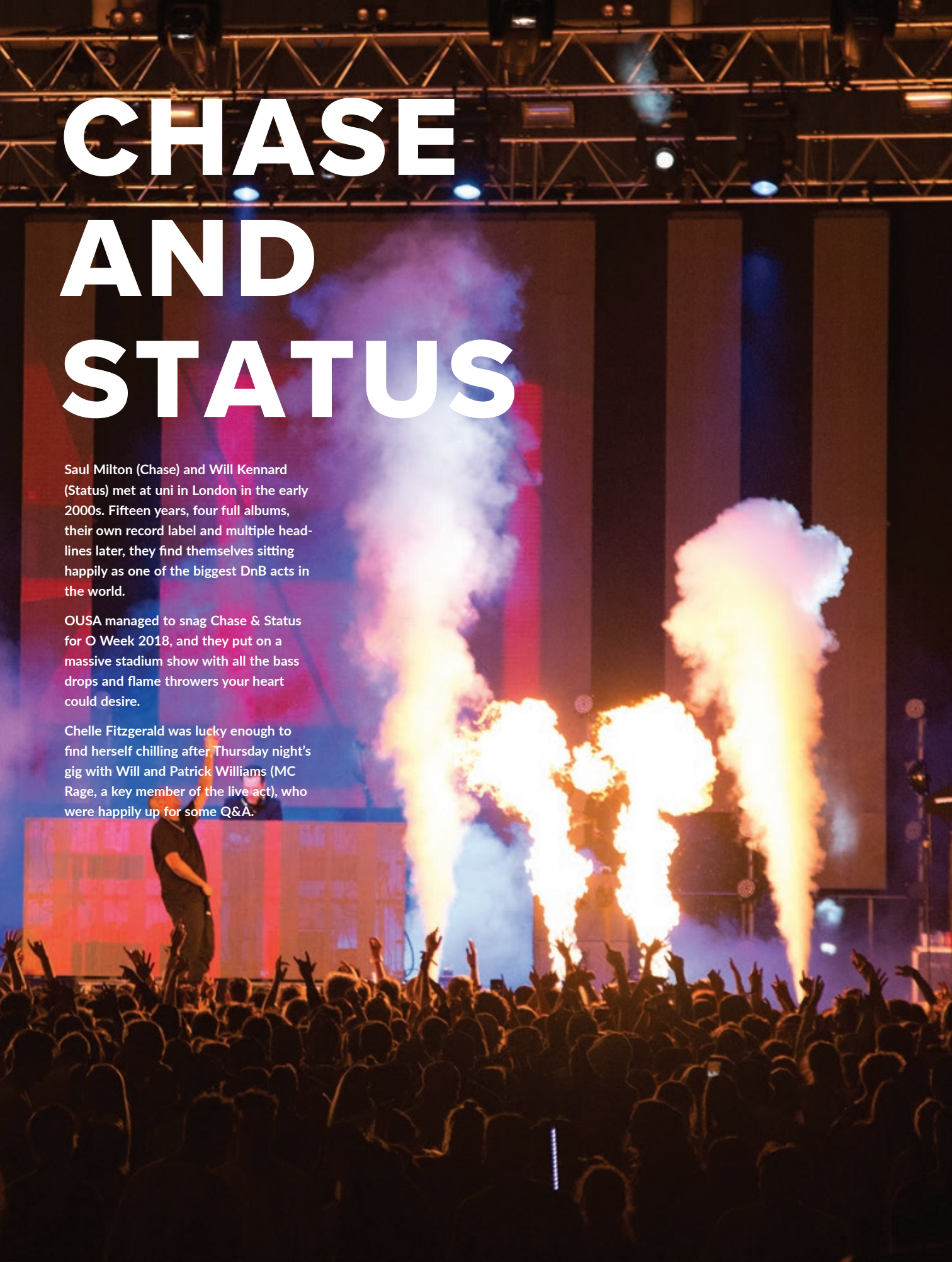


CHASE AND STATUS

Saul Milton (Chase) and Will Kennard (Status) met at uni in London in the early 2000s. Fifteen years, four full albums, their own record label and multiple headlines later, they find themselves sitting happily as one of the biggest DnB acts in the world.

OUSA managed to snag Chase & Status for O Week 2018, and they put on a massive stadium show with all the bass drops and flame throwers your heart could desire.

Chelle Fitzgerald was lucky enough to find herself chilling after Thursday night's gig with Will and Patrick Williams (MC Rage, a key member of the live act), who were happily up for some Q&A.



The list of artists you guys have produced for, or collaborated with, is like a fantasy football team of music. Was there one artist in particular that you really felt a deep vibe with?

Will: We did a lot of work with Rihanna [producing 'Rated R'] and I have to say, she's definitely one of the most awesome people to work with. Awesome fun actually, and professional.

Everything you think she is, from her persona online, she actually is like that. I think that's why she's the most awesome, isn't it? Cause everyone knows she's real - and she is.

She got us to support her at a small London thing she did, she said "Guys I want you guys to come and support me, DJ before I go on."

And it was the biggest nightmare of all time ever, cos it's like, 7pm, we're playing to hardcore Rihanna fans, young girls. We're DJing drum and bass, dubstep, and like, weird shit, and people are just, like, standing there.

MC: Her tour manager and the way they moved around and stuff, it was just, so 'American' - it was big and amazing. Just to play before her and be around to experience how she maneuvers stage shows and the way they do everything. It was amazing to see.

We know Dunedin is no Glastonbury, but we're stoked you came to play here! What is the best gig you've played, and can you think of the worst?

Will: Well, the worst is probably what Patrick [MC Rage] just said - no offense to Rihanna, but that was a pretty bad gig. It's hard to pick one for the best place. Obviously you just mentioned Glastonbury, for us that was a pivotal moment, headlining the Other Stage.

MC: It's hard because we headlined Eminem in [Pukkelpop Festival] Belgium, we headlined Metallica in Roskilde Festival in Copenhagen and came out to like, 80,000 people, and Metallica were like, 'we're gonna stay and watch to find out why you've headlined us'.

It's hard to pinpoint the best one because there were so many. The year of Glastonbury, where The Rolling Stones were headlining one stage and we were on the

other, and friends and family were ringing us, like, 'oh my god you're up against The Rolling Stones' ...

And then places like Bulgaria, where we don't really have a lot of music being played on their radio. But the way that they reacted to us, the energy was next level! I was just stood there looking at Will going, "what the fuck?"

Do you have any kiwi artists that you quite like?

MC: Obviously Fat Freddy's Drop - the ultimate. We ran like hell to the stage to watch them play. And Scribe, y'know, how many dudes you know flow like this?! It's ingrained in NZ, from the early stuff from reggae to hip-hop. I used to buy the P Money mixtapes with the Pokemon!

Do you party right after your gigs, or do you like to chill?

MC: Yeah like, I just wanna go out to a flat and burn a sofa or something afterwards [laughs]. We read it on the inflight magazine, it said "burn stuff when you get here". When we landed, they announced it and all!

Clearly you guys have a lot of love for British EDM music, especially from the '90s like Prodigy and Portishead, and now you are a massive part of keeping that very unique British sound going. How does it feel to be joining that list of your own influences on that list?

Will: Amazing, yeah, it's surreal to think of yourself as part of that kind of history, but you know, only other people can say that, cause you'd never describe yourself as that. It is humbling, just to be put in the same kind of sentence as those people you mentioned.

But the minute you start thinking like that, it's hard. We're just always worried about the next step, and staying relevant. And while we still want to tour and make music, you can't rest on your laurels, there's a lot of new kids coming through, there's a lot of amazing music being made, so how do you fit in still?

How long are you gonna make us wait for your next album?

Will: We're working on new music and keen to get it out this year, but it might not

be the same as our last few albums. We've written four albums now, three of them have been on Universal and had this sort of drive into the mainstream, and I think that towards the end of the last album, even though we're really proud of it, I think there were points where we started to forget kind of why we set out to do what we're doing. And so this year we decided, it's been 15 years, so let's kind of just go back to our roots, like jungle, that's what we're working on this year.

The Blind Faith video makes me really nostalgic for a time and place that I was never even part of. Was it your intention to make the entire world jealous that they weren't British in the '90s?

Will: [laughs] You can understand it. You say jealous, but some people looked at that video and saw a kid in a warehouse, in the middle of nowhere, four in the morning, or eight in the morning, off his nut, not everyone gets it. It doesn't look that glamorous [laughs]. But if you do love what that represented, then you do get it.

MC: [laughs] Even though you wasn't part of it, you have a connection to it.

Finally, it's been 15 years since you guys came on the big scene. Have you seen a lot of changes in the industry over this time?

Will: When we started out, the social media thing didn't exist, and obviously the influence of the internet and stuff has changed music and the industry a lot.

There's not so much of an underground scene anymore. It was way more word-of-mouth - I think the scenes that we came from were way more niche and kind of insular and there was a real feeling that you were part of something.

I think it's harder to create that now. But at the same time, the exposure and the reach of music is amazing. So it's changed, it's good, but in a different way.

By Chelle Fitzgerald





NIGHT IN THE WOODS

IS THE BEST GAME OF 2017 (NON-NEGOTIABLE)

It's 2018 but I am still living in the past so get ready for the iconic Game of the Year 2017 article.

2017 was a damn good time for games. Major releases like *Horizon Zero Dawn*, *Legend of Zelda: Breath of the Wild* and *Super Mario Odyssey* saw critical acclaim, and we saw stunning indie game like *Gorogoa*, *What Remains of Edith Finch* and *PlayerUnknown's Battlegrounds*. So why is *Night in the Woods* a standout among others? Like many games that I enjoy, the relatability of the characters and the story pulled me in.

But this game has chain-smoking crocodiles and inconspicuous murder?! How can that be relatable?!

Did you grow up in a small town? I did. Before living in a small town (Dunedin), I lived in an even smaller small town, with a population of around 4000. In small towns, you know everyone and everyone knows you. Small towns are also generally built on an economy that was booming in the past, which has since died. In my experience, there isn't much happening in small towns and so people generally talk about the people in the town. This can be suffocating and toxic.

Try to imagine going back to a small town after doing the unthinkable: dropping out of university. Hell yeah, that's right, you're the talk of the town (now, listen here, young fresher; I would like you to know that it's OK to fail, take a break, or leave completely. It can be better for you in the long run). Dropping out has an unnecessarily huge stigma attached to it. Common phrases after dropping out can include:

"I can't believe they just gave up."

"Other people worked so hard to get here."

"It's not even hard, they're just lazy."

Those people can get fucked. Wow, did you know that burnout and depression is really bad and actually something that shouldn't be normalised, especially in a tertiary institution? Taking time for yourself and doing what is best for you is the only thing that matters. This is what happens to Mae Borowski, the adorable, flawed and loveable protagonist of *Night in the Woods*. Her anxiety and stress takes her back to Possum Springs to live with her parents, where she is also reunited with her friends.

This is where the true joy of the game lies, the relationships formed with the incredible characters. Mae's little group of friends are so lovable, relatable and diverse, with their own stories to explore. The other NPCs of the town are the same, some are bitter and bring up Mae's past (because small town gossip, right), others talk about the heyday of Possum Springs before an awful mining accident, others just want to share things with Mae for the joy of it. My favourite character, Selmers, just recites poetry for you every day you talk to her. When you play this game (not if, when), I urge you to explore every inch of it and talk to every character you meet. The dialogue is rewarding, the town is rich in detail and every interaction is an absolute joy.

This game explores themes that are painfully and also joyously relatable as a young person. Romance, rebellion, anxiety, depression, nostalgia, friendship, loss of friendship, unreasonable expectations and let's not forget the MYSTERY MURDERS. You know, when you just find random limbs on the ground that you can poke with a stick? And maybe there's like, a hidden cult and kids go missing sometimes? #Relatable. Play this damn game.

Lisa Blakie

JONATHAN WATERS: GRAFFITI ON THE FRINGE OF SOCIETY



Jonathan Waters began drawing in early childhood. With a love for basketball cards and Pokémon (he used to create his own original Pokémon), he kept at his passion and polished his craft in the cultural wasteland of Ashburton, where he lived until he was 18. After an extensive education at polytech and uni, he's now taking a leap and living for art and art alone, with no frills, and no steady job. "I guess when you're good at something in school you just keep doing it, so I started taking art lessons when I was ten. That's when I really got into painting, oils, acrylic and watercolour. My creative thinking and purpose came in high school. My NCEA years were the most informative."

Although he's explored a bunch of different mediums, Jonathan is a painter first and foremost.

"I'm so inclined to hand drawing, I sort of stayed away from coding and web design."

At polytech he managed to get a scholarship, which pretty much paid for his whole degree. Then he studied at Vic, before ending up at Kings High School teaching art. A lot of people look at Jonathan's work (specifically his recent show Tooney Lunes) and compare it to tripping on acid.

But there's a bit more to it than that.

"I would say the Tooney Lunes are my modern interpretation of a nostalgia that I once had. So it's kind of trying to reform or reestablish connections to past nostalgic characters or even moments. With nostalgia, it's like using drugs. You're never gonna feel what you did that first time. So it's an attempt to create something new out of old memories. Trying to reformulate something in my own style made sense to me."

Despite the stereotype of manic artists throwing their creativity about the canvas as freely as second years throwing eggs at freshers, Jonathan thinks in a fairly linear way. From deciding the characters, to cutting the wood, the composition and the silhouettes, the process is extensive and no doubt exhausting. But the results are incredible.

"Loony Tunes characters are just so weird but they all have a connection to each other and their form is different enough to produce a decent variety of shapes."

Artists who influence him include Basquiat, Frances Bacon, and Kaws, an old school graffitist who broke into the art world.

When I asked him for advice, he delivered.

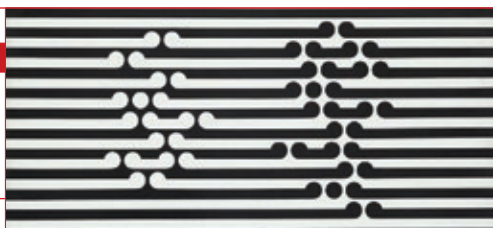
"I can't give much advice to other artists because I still feel like such a novice, but to freshers I guess I would say if you know in your gut that's what really drives you and intrigues you, just keep going. Don't get derailed by shitty external things. Keep practising."

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ART

DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY

Gordon Walters **Painting No. 1** 1965 (detail). PVA on hardboard.
Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tamaki. Courtesy of the Gordon Walters Estate ▶



GORDON
WALTERS
NEW VISION

A partnership project between Dunedin Public
Art Gallery and Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tamaki

AUCKLAND
ART GALLERY
TOI O TAMAKI



"Good art to me either tells you something about yourself that you didn't know before, or shows you a completely different view of the world. I think if we allow it to be, art is more powerful than any form of communication. Every time someone is scared to pursue the arts as a dream, that's one less person who can help the cause."

Jonathan will be participating in the graffiti battle for the Dunedin Fringe Festival called 'On the Fringes of Society' where artists draw in bars or clubs surrounded by observers.

From what I know we've never had a graffiti battle in Dunedin before, so that's definitely something to check out.

Jessica Thompson



New Zealand music talent Eno x Dirty have come together again recently to drop their new album *Evil Adventures & Happy Endings*, the work of Eden Jouavel (Eno) and Manu Walters (Dirty).

Eno and Dirty have been collaborating musically for over eight years. These guys were previously a part of the hip-hop collective SuperVillains with three others, back when they were just a producer and a rapper. The two have known each other since intermediate.

Dirty describes their early music as “almost like that Gravediggaz sound. That real dirty old-school hip-hop”. The current album, on the other hand, vibrates tones of old school hip-hop (AND IS ON VINYL, HOW CLASSIC CAN YOU GET), but is also mixed with sounds of the current musical era. “True hip-hop. No super fancy shit, it’s just done how it’s supposed to be done.”

After their run with SuperVillains, the two had a crack at putting an EP together called *Easter Eggs & Good Sportsmanship*. Although this can no longer be bought (and is therefore now musical gold for those who have it), the new EP is said to be just as good.

“The raps on the last tape were like a chrysalis and now it’s this beautiful butterfly that’s come out and turned into this new project,” Eno said. “It was hard to say goodbye to it aye, but I’m glad we did because this new one is insane.”

“We just kind of wanted to start again and have everything that we were showing the world [be] everything that we wanted to represent ourselves. We love our old EP, but it’s called *Easter Eggs* and so we’ll turn it into an Easter egg; there’ll be secret ways that you’ll be able to pick that up in the future, but until then it’s gone man.”

The album is said to have no special theme to it, but a new avenue was taken in producing beats—parts of the compositions featured live musicians. Eno is credited for producing them.

Interview by Jamie Green

ENO X DIRTY



“He’s one of those dudes that can just pocket in anywhere and make something for anyone.”

After all the hard work it took to make their new release, Dirty and Eno sold a few albums the best way us New Zealander’s know how: by camping up at a park in Grey Lynn, Auckland. To Dirty’s relief, they sold out. “I was like, our parents are going to be the only ones who are gonna buy these bro, are we sure we wanna do this? And it was actually Eden who convinced me to really do this, so hat off to him man because it’s really been paying off.”

Their music can also be bought online or at Flying Out.

By Anastasia Manza



Dr Mike

Evolution

By Mike Peebles

Evolution. If there's something that gets Christians going more than pre-marital sex, it's this bad boy. Evolution is the novel idea that the world is incredibly old (several billion years in fact), and that modern life has slowly developed, rather than spontaneously appearing 6000 years ago.

The idea is that random changes in DNA sequences leads to the development of certain traits in life forms, some of which are favourable, allowing a creature to become better adapted to their environment and/or to have a better chance of survival. There are a lot of myths about evolution floating around, so let's dig down into some of them:

Myth 1: I can still get an A+ in CELS191 if I don't believe in evolution

I mean, it's possible, but if you don't believe in the science underpinning this paper, why fucking bother (oh that's right, to get into med school and deny patients abortions later in life).

Myth 2: Humans are descended from chimpanzees

Not correct. Humans are very closely related to chimpanzees, however we share a "common ancestor", rather than being descended from them directly. It's quite possible in fact that our common ancestor was bipedal (walked on 2 legs), rather than being a climbing creature.

Myth 3: Creatures evolve by natural selection

Natural selection is best defined as an environmental pressure that favours certain traits or characteristics for survival. It is one of evolution's selection pressures, however there are others: sexual selection (certain traits making it more likely for a creature to reproduce), or genetic drift (events causing survival of traits randomly, rather than because of them being especially favourable).

Myth 4: Richard Dawkins is a cunt

OK, this isn't a myth. Much like that med student who told you he'd help you with your CHEM191 study if you went home with him, Richard Dawkins is indeed a cunt. However that doesn't make evolution any less true. You can't ignore evidence just because you dislike the messenger.



Mr Sandler, Bring Me a Dream

A weekly review of every single bloody Adam Sandler film: Little Nicky

By Henessey Griffiths

Released in the early 2000s, Little Nicky is truly the turning point of the millennium. I would go so far as to say that it is one of Sandler's most underappreciated films, as it gives us a glimpse into his personality.

The film's premise is that the Devil decides not to retire, and two of his sons freeze the gates to Hell, and begin to create a new kind of hell on earth. We then follow the third son, Nicky (played by Sandler) and his journey on earth, as he tries to defeat his evil brothers and save his father. In writing this synopsis, I have become fully aware of how ridiculous this concept sounds.

But the actual production of the film is something else. In the first seven minutes, there is already a joke about Hitler shoving a pineapple up his bum. The crude and lewd undertones of Sandler's twisted comedy shines through with many cringey one-liners such as "can I wash my winky in your kitchen sinky?" Shakespeare who, amiright? The script and vocabulary reminds me of those dudes that used to have photos of Gangster Spongebob as their profile picture on Facebook (Google it. Trust me).

On top of that we have Sandler's great performance as an actor, with his fake speech impediment and Metro Station-esque inspiration for his method acting. It is such a mismatched and confusing pairing that somehow cancels out to produce a semi-watchable film.

For such a rich guy, Sandler really does rely a lot on cheap shots. The film itself leans heavily on random quirks such as a talking dog or celebrity cameos to try and invest its audience. You kinda forget about the actual plotline of the film because you are so caught up in the waves of pop culture relevance Sandler so desperately conveys.

But if we put all of that aside, we can see that Sandler is really trying to appeal to a Family Guy, Reddit loving audience, and he succeeds beautifully. Little Nicky was one of my favorite films when I was younger, and it has now become my favorite shit film as an adult.



Booze Review

Steinlager

By Swilliam Shakesbeer

Go into any country pub in New Zealand, and look behind the counter. You will find three standard beers that won't ever change: Speight's, Tui, and DB Draught. Brown bottle beers that are about as exciting as visiting Gore or your grandparents for the weekend. Then a sparkle hits your eye. It's the one green bottle in the fridge. It's cold, it's old, its Steinlager.

Steinlager is an old man beer and you don't see it getting as much attention as you do its grandson, the Huffer-vest wearing, vape-smoking Tokyo Dry. No, Steinlager is Jeff Wilson in a bottle. It's been a mainstay of New Zealand rugby and cricket, and has helped make sports commentary all the more entertaining. Think of generic New Zealand beers as a rugby team. If Speight's, Tui, DB and Export are the forwards, and the smaller, crisper craft brews are the backs, then surely Steinlager is Richie McCaw, Colin Meads and David Kirk rolled into one.

Steinlager is the best root you can find in the Octy on a Saturday night. It will use a condom and won't try put it in your arse. It's the beer that you will shout you a taxi the morning after. It's the nice guy of fuckboy beers. Yet, it won't want a relationship. You see, Steinlager is a bit like Selwyn College. It's old, everyone knows what it is, and it thinks it's better than everyone else. Drinking Steinlager is as exciting as watching a Selwyn initiation, or better yet, a cricket match on a Saturday afternoon. If you're not really into it, it's boring as fuck.

Drinking an entire box is a different matter entirely. It makes you want to wear lucky red socks and get excited about the America's Cup. It makes you want to forgive the Warriors. It will compel you to talk out of your arse about Billy Stanlake's fast bowling technique. It tastes like old man sweat and you'll vomit the colour of the opposition's jersey. But still, give it a go. It's the wicket that won't go down. It's not going anywhere soon and you may as well use the last of the summer sun to soak up a few of these bevies before the fucking cold sets in again.

Taste Rating: 8.1/10

Froth Level: 5/10

Tasting notes: French kissing Sir Peter Blake, Buck Shelford's ripped scrotum.

Pairs well with: After-game punch ups, drinking from the cup, the silver fern.



Food Review

The 99c Couplands Mince and Vege Pie

By Cameron De Leijer

The Couplands (Coop-Lands, not Cope-Lands you fucking cretin) 99c pie is a student's lifeline. It is the final swipe on tinder before you run out, the eyeroll that the lecturer gives you while you plead your shitty case for another week's extension on your assignment, the IV drip connected to your arm after blacking out. The 99c pie is there when you look at your bank account and have exactly 40 cents to your name, but you know there is a dollar coin down the back of the couch. It is fulfilling, packed full with one whole pea (and a bit of carrot if you're lucky) and will get you through the final meal before StudyLink comes through the next day.

Debates have raged throughout the millennia on how to cook the Couplands mince and vege pie; oven vs microwave is the greatest argument since the flag referendum in 2015 (RIP Red Peak). The result is much the same: it doesn't matter and whatever way you cook it, it will still be well below average.

The casing is a shortcrust bottom to hold the mainly mince filling, yet it is topped with a small slither of puff pastry. The mince filling contains enough calories to see you through the study break that will last "only 20 minutes". The size of the pie is on the conservative side, but it's a good amount of tuck for the price one pays.

Recommended cooking: if frozen, microwave for 3 minutes followed by 10 minutes in the oven to make the pastry nice and crispy.

Taste Rating: It costs 99 cents. There's not a lot you can expect there.

Pairs well with: anything you can steal from your flatmates without them noticing, phantom drinks left after a party.

Available from: Couplands (duh).



The Flat Names Project

Sarah Gallagher | CC BY NC | Dunedin Flat Names Project | www.dunedinflatnames.co.nz

The Debacle

By Sarah Gallagher

The arrival of students at the beginning of each academic year brings a frisson of excitement to the city, which used to culminate in a toga parade so that, as former OUSA general manager told the ODT, “the community and students could meet and greet each other in a colourful way”. This intersection of town and gown met a sticky, smelly, and violent end in early 2009.

Wandering down Cumberland Street today, you can see a vividly painted door depicting a student in boxer shorts, seated on a green chair, holding a stubbie of beer and flanked by a bong. In the foreground sits an unopened pizza box on the floor. Above and behind the student’s head hangs a washing line, bedecked with y-fronts, a plate, fork and knife. The word ‘Debacle’ is emblazoned above in what can only be described as a colour and texture reminiscent of bodily expulsions. It’s the kind of scene some imagine as a typical student flat. Interestingly, the story behind the name is quite different.

The OUSA Toga Parade down George Street on the 24th February 2009 deteriorated into bedlam which resulted in injury to people and property. The Otago Daily Times (25 February 2009) reported: “As the large mass of students moved into George Street, hundreds of eggs, bottles, rubbish, and buckets full of vomit and faeces, were thrown from first-floor verandas and alleyways, as well as at shop frontages.”

A number of students were disciplined for their involvement. OUSA decided to cease future parades and the newly appointed Critic Editor for 2009, Amy Joseph, let rip in an ODT opinion piece, declaring in no uncertain terms that the behaviour exhibited at the toga parade was not the “Otago way”.

Teige O’Sullivan and Ben Thomson were first years in 2009 and experienced the parade first hand. Ben said, “[We] got pelted with eggs, fruit, human faeces and everything in between”. In 2010 Teige and Ben took on the lease of the Cumberland Street flat with seven other male students. They renamed it “The Debacle,” which was exactly how US Associated Press reporter Ed Donahue described the Otago Toga Parade.



Advice on Giving Advice

Phresher Phulu

By Zoe Taptiklis-Haymes and Kelly Davenport

O-week and the first week of lectures have been and gone. This means that all of us attempting to avoid the phresher phlu have now well and truly intermingled.

The biggest problem with phresher phlu is that despite O Week being over, you still kinda maybe most definitely wanna froth. It’s hard being sick. It’s even tougher being sick with a hangover. The poet Ovid himself named the affliction ‘Scarfie Scourge’.

We advise you to begin your day with coffee – not just because you’re sick or wanting to party – coffee is just usually a good idea in the morning. Especially if you’re looking to develop a financially unsustainable habit throughout the year. Once you yourself are duly caffeinated, you are then in a fit state of mind to aggressively advise everyone else to caffeinate also. Now that your day has begun, you can cope with the more intricate details of having the phresher phlu and wanting to party.

Unfortunately, there isn’t a lot you can do if you didn’t get your phlu shot but still want to have some good times. You can however minimise the publicity that your illness gets. If you don’t talk about being sick, no one can really prove how ill you are. Similarly, don’t talk to your mum until your sickness or the partying is over, if you still want her to send you a care package.

Further ways of avoiding phresher phlu and other non-scientificallly backed wives’ tales:

- 1) Don’t get with or share drinks with a phresher.
- 2) If you’re planning on nearing the vicinity of any halls or St Dave, wear a sheet.
- 3) If you’re doing this regularly make sure you write on the sheet which side is the outside side.
- 4) Chew a clove of garlic and take a shot of shot cider vinegar every morning.
- 5) Hot toddies aka whisky, hot water and honey.
- 6) Rub a banana skin on your chest.
- 7) Munch a centrum and gargle betadine.
- 8) Blow your nose (not your mate).

Any further enquiries can be made at Google, or send an email to auntiesK&Z@gmail.com

Better living New Zealand,
Aunty Kell and Zo.

[Disclaimer: In no way do we support being ill and partying]



Two Tails of Love



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

Coke

After getting my whole flat to pamper me while I knocked back a good few cruisers (because I'm a basic white girl through and through), I waltzed into the Dog With Two Tails (fashionably late) to find my date politely seated at a small candlelit table for two.

He was a third year and studied computer science, but he assured me he was cool.

To be honest, he was essentially all you could ask for in a blind date: good chat, thorough meme knowledge, and he let me eat his fries. We spent most of the time sharing shenanigans from our first years in university.

Upon reflection, I realise I spent most of the night hurtling tragic, semi-entertaining, but self-deprecating stories towards him, and the guy had to fight tooth and nail to get a sentence in edgewise.

His only faults were being impeccably sweet, to the point where I was sickened by how abrasive I must have seemed in comparison, and his poor taste in meal choice, a bacon cheeseburger. I think he knew it too, because he didn't even take a bite out of it, just ransacked the bacon.

My choice of meal was a sexy, cheesy black bean dip, that I promise you was probably the best thing ever. We sipped our way through two rum and cokes and a glass of smoky whiskey, which gave me flashbacks to a rough experience I had with a bottle of Jim Beam in Gore when I was 14. But I pushed through the trauma and polished the evening off by sharing a glass of rosé.

After leaving the restaurant we meandered through the city. Being a lively Thursday, we ended up on Hyde Street, where we unfortunately parted ways, but not before a cheeky pash. Cheers to my date, you're a great guy.

Thanks to the Dog With Two Tails for some smooth jazz music and great food, and to Critic for managing to get me a date.

Bourbon

When Critic told me that they had found the girl of my dreams, I was naturally quite excited. I immediately went to Google and looked up some important questions, such as "what to wear to a blind date" and "how to talk to girls".

I decided to ditch the iconic Huffer vest and Rodd & Gunn hat for something a bit classier. I was dressing to impress, so I needed to stand out. I put on my jacket and planted a big silver fuck off ring on my middle finger before heading out the door. I still sank some Billy Mavs first though lol.

I arrived at Dog With Two Tails with low expectations, but boy were they blown out of the fucking water. I heard my date before I saw her, and by her booming voice and Central Otago twang, I could tell she had good chat before she even sat down. She was well dressed and had a great smile, but I'll admit wasn't quite my type. Regardless, we started the night off well, getting a rum and coke each and moving past the ice-breaking stage almost immediately.

We talked about everything from our favourite memes to who had better chat (we couldn't agree on a winner there). She told me tales about sniffing petrol in a barn during her younger years as a means of getting high. This actually explained a lot. We polished off another rum and coke, sipped some whiskey, and shared a rosé before being dragged along to Hyde Street.

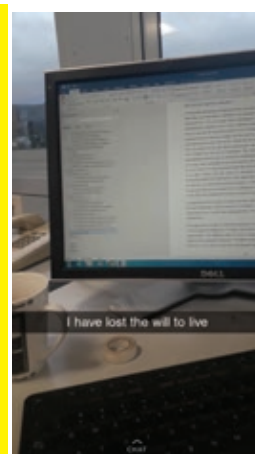
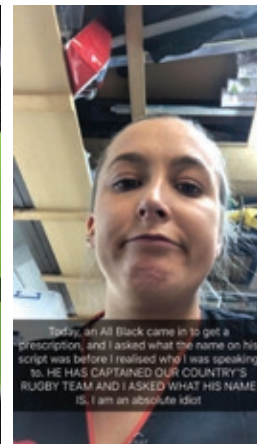
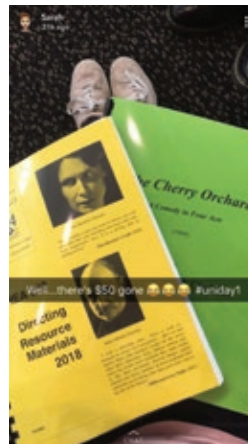
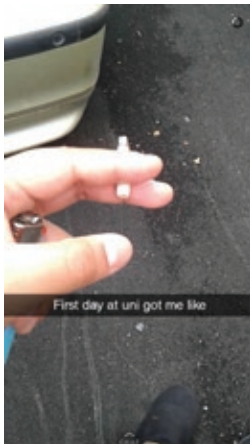
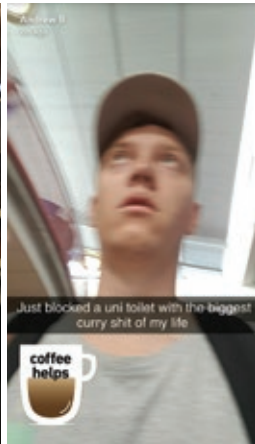
She took me to one of her mate's parties, where her friend whispered to me in a drunken stupor that my date was interested. Barely being able to stand at this point, I knew that she was likely in a similar state and that I probably wouldn't even be able to get it up. So I thanked her for a good night and went on my way. She grabbed my face and planted a kiss on me first though; nice.

All in all, a great experience and would definitely recommend it! Thanks, Critic and Dog With Two Tails.

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each week wins
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