

CRITIC

TE AROHI

The Travel Issue

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How to be a Solo Zen-Dog Traveller

Drinking Games Around the World



ISSUE 10

JULY 17

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04	EDITORIAL
05	LETTERS
06	NEWS
13	CRITICAL TRIBUNE
14	FACTS & FIGURES
16	THE CRITIC GUIDE TO THE SHIT TOWNS OF OTAGO
20	JOURNEY TO THE MYSTIC CRYSTAL CASTLE
22	HOROSCOPES
23	GAMES & PUZZLES
26	YOUR ROUGH GUIDE TO STUDENT EXCHANGE
30	THE BEST DRINKING GAMES FROM AROUND THE WORLD
34	CULTURE
42	COLUMNS
46	SNAP, CRACK & POPPLE US
47	BLIND DATE

CONTENTS

ISSUE 10 MAY 7 2018



Issue 10, 2018

Editorial

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EDITORIAL: WHY HAVEN'T OUR STUDENT ASSOCIATIONS DONE ANYTHING ABOUT V.S.M.?

VSM is the most important issue facing students right now. So why the fuck aren't we doing anything about it?

Voluntary Student Membership, or VSM, was the worst thing to ever happen to students' associations. When the ACT Party Bill passed in 2011, it was Public Enemy Number One for students across the country. It was heralded as the end of students' associations as we knew them. To this day, the words 'VSM' are uttered in hushed tones in the halls of student unions, like Voldemort before the seventh book.

OK, quick rundown. Before VSM, we had what you call "Universal Student Membership," which meant everyone automatically paid a membership fee to their students' association, which allowed it to run all sorts of advocacy, counselling, events, clubs and other good things. If you were pissed off with the way the association was spending your money, you could opt out.

In theory, VSM would change that to an opt-in system. In reality, it was impossible for associations to go around asking students to cough up a couple hundreds of dollars in cash out of their pockets. So all that ended up happening was that the uni raised their student services fees, and then would dole out however much they liked to the Students' Association. Which actually had the effect of making the whole system way less democratic. Before, students had the chance to demand lower fees if they weren't happy with the services they were getting. Now, the uni has all the power to decide how much they charge and how much OUSA gets. Imagine if the only source of revenue for a steelworkers union was the steel company they worked for.

OUSA was basically the only association to survive VSM unscathed. We're lucky that Otago Uni appreciates the value of OUSA's services – things like academic advocacy, queer support, class reps, the foodbank, the hardship fund, clubs grants, R U OK, Queer Support, Te Roopū Māori, \$3 lunch, recreation courses, even things like O-Week, Radio One and Critic (although we are largely funded by ads).

But even so, all of that could change in an instant if the uni decided it didn't want to be so generous. That's exactly what happened at pretty much every other uni in the country. Canterbury and Massey's student associations both went from 20-something staff to low single digits overnight. Their associations were forced to focus almost entirely on commercial ventures like food trucks and on-campus advertising just to sustain themselves. Advocacy and support (i.e. their primary reason for existing) fell by the wayside.

The ACT Party proposed VSM because of an ideological Libertarian kick against unions and probably because people used to make fun of them for being weird extremists when they were at uni. National went

along with it even though they didn't seem to care that much, seemingly because they thought that giving ACT a win on something would be enough to keep them around without life support (it didn't work).

But National is no longer in government. Labour has been in power for over six months now. Government is full of our natural allies – in fact Grant Robertson, Minister for Finance, and Chris Hipkins, Minister for Tertiary Education, are both former student presidents.

Yet we haven't heard a peep about repealing this dumb, ineffective law from our student leaders (i.e. the people most directly affected by it). This should have been their absolute number one priority as soon as a left wing government was formed. We finally have a government that will actually listen to students, but they're not going to do anything unless we actually push for it and demand that shit happens. Sitting back and being polite is achieving nothing.

Maybe it's because students got a couple of wins lately, and our leaders are scared to ask for more, afraid they will push their luck.

They got a raised student allowance and one year free tuition. They're still trying for postgrad allowance and the EFTS cap to be raised.

But here's the thing: those other things are hard. This isn't hard.

The other things take taxpayer money and political capital to push through. Repealing VSM doesn't, it's just changing the way we're allowed to spend our own money.

Everyone in government is basically already on our side. The only people that really give a shit are ACT and that tiny one-man party is currently preoccupied with charter schools and awful dancing.

Repealing VSM would revitalise students' associations across the country, give students more of a voice, provide way more funding for essential counselling and advocacy services, and have a marked effect on the lives of students. So why the fuck haven't our elected student reps done anything about it?

By Joel MacManus

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ODT Watches the ODT Watch

Am honoured to have made it into your column. You were right - the moths didn't get me in the end.

Paul Gorman,
Assistant Editor,
Otago Daily Times

Dear author of the shrooms article

In my experience, psychedelics don't cause mind-opening experiences when you take them in a crowded place like a concert. If you take them with a couple close friends or alone and spend some time just thinking, you will probably have a much different experience. Please do research first, though.

Love,
Candace

Yo Critic, idea coming your way.

Well it's more than an idea really, it's about survival. You see I'm at polytech and whenever my two week mid term break comes up, my flat mates who all suffer the one week uni gap tear me to shreds. Please put in a piece of fancy writing saying that uni needs two weeks off. Sacrifice one week of summer if that's what it takes to save my skin.

A brother of Dunedin

Cheers

Editor's Response: [does Joel have a response for this one?]

CRITIC,

regarding Israel Folau's potentially homicidal and neo-Nazi comments Jesus said, "All the Father giveth me shall come to me, and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." (John 6:37 KJV)

There is a place that provides a warm welcome for us all. It is called the church.

"But I know you, that ye had not the love of God in you." (John 5:42 KJV)

When asked what was God's plan for gays. Israel Folau tweeted HELL. The Bible says, "I alone know the plans I have for you, plans to bring you prosperity and not disaster, plans to bring about the future you hope for... You will seek me, and you

will find me because you seek me with all your heart." (Jeremiah 29: 11 & 13 Good News Bible)

yours sincerely,
Anthony Skegg

NOTICES

Students for Environmental Action

Want to help save the world? Students for Environmental Action Otago (SEA) is trying to reduce Dunedin's waste by making composting easier, and we need the data from a Dunedin-wide, household-based survey to get the city council's full support. That means we need volunteer survey deliverers, so if you can put surveys in mailboxes on just one street, then please follow the link to help: <https://goo.gl/gQu6XC>

Kia ora Critic

Otago Combined Christian Groups Ball

Saturday 19th May 7pm-11.30pm @ Knox Church Halls, George Street. Cost \$20

Tickets available via

<https://www.facebook.com/events/1688371551252917>

SPAM OF THE WEEK

Congrats! You infected our PC.

Everyone who tells that losing weight is hard has probably never heard of this outstanding programme.

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University Book Shop



Dunedin's Finest Book Shop

LETTER OF THE WEEK

Congrats! You won a \$30 UBS voucher.

Dear Critic,

I'm not going to lie, your content is often A++. I thought your article on dressing for your degree was very on point and accurately described people who get each degree.

However, you forgot to include the Bachelor of Science, which make up over 20% of the student body according to stats on the university website. That you excluded such a major group, while including the obscure (although quite funny) Gender studies, must be for one of these reasons:

- 1) Nobody at Critic studies Science, because they're too busy studying english or whatever writerly types are into, so they weren't included.
- 2) Nobody at Critic knows anyone studying science, so they don't know what the science Look is.
- 3) Critic was unable to come up with a Look for BSci because it is too diverse, or too awesome or something.
- 4) Critic forgot about doing a BSc look, perhaps because of reasons 1 or 2.

Ultimately, the reason doesn't matter. But all I really want is validation that I'm doing a real degree, and if I can't find that in the pages of Critic, where can I look?

Sincerely, a disgruntled science student.

PS: You could have at least done a Surveying Look. That would be iconic and definitely was low hanging fruit.

Editor's Response: You are correct about points 1, 2, and 4. But no, Science is not a real degree.



Students 'Heart-Broken' After Fortune Theatre Shuts Down

Theatre not so fortunate / fortunes change for Fortune / some other pun that not even the ODT would run / actually there's no pun the ODT wouldn't run / they suck / although we're not that great either / nothing's that great / Fortune's closing down / tears

By Charlie O'Mannin

Students expressed their sadness last week as the Fortune Theatre, Dunedin's only professional theatre, closed permanently, as it was no longer financially viable. The theatre will cancel all its current and future shows, and close its facilities to outside groups.

"We have looked at many different avenues to avert closure, however theatres and their audiences have changed over the years and we must now take stock," said Fortune Board of Trustees Chair Haley van Leeuwen.

George Wallace, ex-Fortune employee, told Critic, "This is a dark day for the arts in Dunedin and the ripples will be felt through the whole country."

The Fortune had a close relationship with the university and with students. The Theatre Studies department had internship programmes with the theatre, and many ex-Otago students went on to work at the theatre professionally. The space was regularly used by student groups, like student improv troupe Improsauras, who performed shows in the theatre fortnightly.

Kate Johnstone, a Theatre graduate, called the closure "Heart-breaking news". Allyn Robbins, another ex-Theatre student, said "It sucks. Fortune was far from perfect, but its presence gave people opportunities that simply won't exist now."

Orion Carey-Clark, Theatre student, said that the closure was "shocking and frustrating, also quite disappointing. It's understandable that any business should close because the model is no longer financially viable, but it feels like that shouldn't apply to the Fortune, which plays a much wider role than just a 'professional theatre business' in Dunedin's art community."

"Fortune took on so many interns and gave so many opportunities to directors, playwrights, budding lighting designers etc. It's always had such momentum and lots of faces coming through it."

"I know fuck all about the budget allocation DCC provides the Fortune/arts in Dunedin. But when it comes down to it, the creative and cultural capital that the Fortune creates

has been deemed less important than the economic value it generates. And so the resulting cull of our only professional theatre is apparently unavoidable after an 'exhaustive process' of trying to do everything else? Idk man. Like fucking invest in the culture of your city. That's all you need to do and then all of us will do the rest and make things."

The Dunedin City Council, as well as the government, did support the theatre financially, giving it over \$100,000 a year in grants over the last five years.

Dave Cull, Dunedin's Mayor, said that "Unfortunately, despite this support, the Fortune Board has made the decision that the theatre, in its current form, is not financially viable."

"In the light of the Fortune's closure we have already approached Creative New Zealand about a study looking at the opportunities for Dunedin's performing arts. This would also consider the role of the former Sammy's building."



Hunters Gear Up for Magic Mushroom Season as Cold Weather Hits

Also, button mushrooms are getting quite cheap at the supermarket

By Charlie O'Mannin

Summer is fading away to autumn, the temperature is dropping, the puffer jackets are multiplying, and getting out of bed is harder than making cool friends. It is also the start of magic mushroom season.

Critic approached some mushroomeers to ask how the season's shaping up. "I'm not telling you where the spots are," said Alex, a local enthusiast. "We went looking about two weeks ago and there was nothing". Alex's mushronaut group were really just "waiting for first frost".

Shrooms normally come up after frost, or sometimes rain, particularly when followed by a clear day. "We typically start seeing some frost from around mid-late May and should extend through to September," Facebook page Scarfie Weather told Critic, "Depends exactly where we're talking as the frequency of frosts changes a lot from area to area, but I'd say during that timeframe expect roughly one frost per week in Dunedin and near the coast/peninsula and up to three per week on average inland – like out near the airport and stuff."

However, shrooms have been found in Dunedin recently. On an online thread in mid-April a Dunedin resident said that "It's kicking off here in Dunedin" posting a picture of "some little fellas popping up in a regular patch" to support their claims.

"Dunedin has a pretty heavy tripperscene," Alex said, with shrooms in "high competition".

Well-known sites are often pilfered regularly, he said, and you've got to get there early to have much chance of success.

Bruce, a seasoned mushroomian, said "Classic morning missions happen when it's recently been quite rainy, but is a nice morning and feels like the right time – I decide then and there to go out on a hunt; I really like sunrise missions, but realistically don't make them all the time."

"Keep an eye out for those woody mulchy areas, scan the ground; [searching] often requires a bit of a bush bash, depending on your site. They seem to really love pine specifically, so pine forests, and also native bush such as manuka. They also love the woodchips that the council uses. So check out the council gardens (any kinda public wood chippy area, e.g. Gardens New World carpark). If you don't find any right away, be persistent [and] know what you are looking for!"

For Bruce, mushrooms helped him through a "dark place". "They certainly helped me to put things into perspectives because they allowed me to observe things through a more objective view than through the lens of my own suffering. These experiences allowed me to truly feel love in a way I never had before".

Bruce's advice for new mushroomites is to "respect the mushroom! It is a powerful substance. You don't want to go too deep too quickly without any prior context – such as reading about others' experiences, knowing

what you potentially are in for, and having some understanding of what you may be getting yourself into. Do NOT consume while under the influence of alcohol. Use them with intention – what do you want out of this experience, why are you taking these mushrooms? Make sure that you are tripping with people that you are incredibly comfortable with and that you can open up to if need be. Try to make sure that there will be no random visitors or drop ins. You are in for a 6-8 hour experience, onset 30 minutes to an hour, peaking at around 3-4, transitioning into a lovely come down. Make sure you don't have anything to do afterwards, except a nice sleep and some food. Trust the mushroom! Don't hold on too tightly, allow yourself to surrender to the experience and let the mushroom do its work."

"Do your research! Stay safe! Travel well friends. If you treat these guys with respect, they will share many beautiful and wonderful things with you."

Magic Mushrooms are a Class A drug in New Zealand, with possession carrying a maximum penalty of 6 months' imprisonment and/or a \$1,000 fine.

Community Alcohol and Drug Services NZ advises that "Mushrooms from the same batch vary and some are toxic. Don't pick anything you cannot positively identify. There are very poisonous mushrooms that may be mistaken for psilocybin shrooms."



Students Challenge Sexual Violence Stereotypes

Content Warning: discussion of sexual violence, child sexual abuse, rape, intimate partner violence

By Esme Hall

As part of Rape Awareness Week, Union Hall turned into an exhibition of clothing of survivors of rape and sexual assault.

The Students Against Sexual Violence (SASV) "What I Was Wearing Exhibition" sought to disrupt the myth that sexual violence is perpetrated by "a strange man in a dark alleyway," said organiser Laura Cairns. The exhibition showed the broader picture of "how, why and when rape occurs, and [challenged] the idea that the clothing or alcohol consumption of victims can somehow cause sexual violence".

Clothes donated by survivors included ball gowns, bum pants, puffer jackets and pyjamas. The age of victims ranged from four to thirty years old. Assaults and rape occurred with and without alcohol or drugs and were perpetrated by both strangers and people close to victims. Very few perpetrators had been brought to justice via the judicial system.

Many displays involved people "harmed in intimate partner violence". One survivor's testimony stressed that being in a relationship doesn't automatically grant consent.

Cairns says "the whole point of Rape Awareness Week" and this event was "to open up conversations around the realities of sexual violence and its impact." She says she hopes "people will talk to their friends and family about what they saw and may start to notice harmful behaviours similar to" those described in the exhibition, and be able to "call them out, or re-evaluate and change their own behaviours".

The event was also for "survivors [to be] reassured that nothing they personally did caused their assault, and that there is a community

of people who can relate to their experience and pain," says Cairns.

"This was the first time" many survivors had "shared their stories. Not every survivor or victim wants to become the public face of sexual violence prevention, but everyone wants change." Cairns said many survivors found contributing to the exhibition "incredibly empowering".

A volunteer told Critic SASV felt it was not enough to bring up bad experiences and leave them with people. Volunteers with mental health training were at every Rape Awareness Week event to engage in conversation.

One volunteer said they had many "mature" discussions with visitors to the exhibition. People from a "range of backgrounds" went through and "the response was really encouraging".

"It feels like something's different in the debate. Last year people made rape jokes when we handed out SASV leaflets." This time there was "no backchat or wise-cracks when we advertised our events," said the volunteer. "Obviously that's an unscientific example, but I hope it signals a change in attitude."

SASV is adamant rape awareness is not confined to a week. Laura Cairns says we will "continue these important conversations" and advocating for "best practice for survivors in all aspects of how assault is dealt with in the student community" and beyond.

Te Whare Tāwharau Sexual Violence Support and Prevention Centre opened last week on campus to support survivors and combat sexual violence on campus.

SASV also highlighted the importance of legislative action by opening Rape Awareness Week with a speech from MP Jan Logie, the Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Minister of Justice for Domestic and Sexual Violence.

One volunteer said SASV is proud of how Rape Awareness Week went. Sexual violence and rape are "so tough to talk about". But "there's real hope". People don't have to go away burdened "with how scary and wrong sexual violence is because we can wipe out it. Change is within our control."

If you or anyone you know has been affected by sexual violence, support is available:

Rape Crisis Dunedin: ph 03 4741592

Rape Crisis – 0800 883 300 (for support after rape or sexual assault)

Shakti Crisis Line – 0800 742 584 (for migrant or refugee women living with family violence)

Lifeline – 0800 543 354 (0800 LIFELINE) or free text 4357 (HELP)

Suicide Crisis Helpline – 0508 828 865 (0508 TAUTOKO)

OPINION: Otago University Needs A Marae

By Tiana Mihaere, Tumuaiki Te Roopū Māori

To many indigenous people, the marae or wharenui is a place of great cultural significance. It is a place where we come together to welcome new people to our whenua, to celebrate life, to mourn those who have passed. It is a place where we can address past grievances, express ourselves and resolve our differences.

Te Whare Wānanga o Ōtākou is the only Whare Wānanga in the country that does not have an on-campus marae. An on-campus marae would provide a place for all taura to come together and celebrate the unique culture of Aotearoa. In order to make the aspirations of taura a reality, the Whare Wānanga needs a directive to engage with local iwi on our behalf. Therefore, in the upcoming referendum you will all have the opportunity to direct OUSA to support the establishment of

an on-campus marae and ask the University to approach local iwi on our behalf.

To New Zealand communities, the marae has been a place where we all can seek refuge during times of emergency. When the earthquakes hit Ōtautahi, the surrounding Kāi Tahu marae opened their doors to those who needed a place to sleep, when Kaikoura was hit and cut off from the rest of the country it was Takahanga Marae and Te Rūnanga o Ngāi Tahu who stepped up and provided for the community. When the Rangitāiki awa burst its banks and submerged Edgecumbe it was Rautahi marae who opened its doors and fed the people.

Māori is a blanket term to describe the numerous first nation tribes of Aotearoa. As we all study and live on the whenua of He Tangata o

Ōtākou, Puketeraki and Moeraki, we need to understand and celebrate the unique culture of Kāi Tahu iwi and the differences between all iwi throughout Aotearoa. To clarify any queries resulting from last week's ODT article, Kāi Tahu marae are an important aspect of Kāi Tahu culture, traditionally we were a nomadic people and therefore affiliate to many areas throughout Te Waipounamu, we traveled seasonally and did not necessarily stay in one place over multiple generations. This does not take away the importance of marae for my people, instead it makes the Kāi Tahu, Waitaha and Kāti Mamoe iwi unique alongside the numerous iwi within Aotearoa.

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OPINION: Why Isn't The Good One Party Register Working?

It's a good idea and a proven concept, but it's failing in Otago

By Joel MacManus

Dunedin recently launched the Good One Party Register to very little fanfare and minimal success. In fact, of the ten students Critic very informally surveyed, just one of them knew what it was.

Basically, Good One is a website where you fill in the address and expected size of a party you're planning, so the police and the Proctor know about it. They'll give you a call or stop by and have a yarn about the party and what you have planned.

Most of the students we spoke to about it were hesitant to say the least. On the face of it, it sounds like you're basically turning yourself in to the cops and asking for your party to get shut down. But people that have used it insist that's not the case.

Good One was started in Christchurch in 2014, and it's really popular among students there. They've registered over 1000 parties, and it has led to a direct drop in police and fire callouts, noise control complaints, and rubbish. 84% of users said they would use Good One again.

A big part of the reason it did well there is that student flats in Christchurch are surrounded by houses where actual adults live. And we know adults love to complain about shit.

When you'd register your party, what would happen is the police would check up on you beforehand, so you're already on their side. Then if they get any complaints they're not going to come charging in, they're going to ring and check up on you. Not only that, but if they get noise complaints they call first and let you know, so you get a pre-warning and avoid the fine. And if it gets out of control you can call the police through the register and have them shut it down without it seeming like you were the party pooper.

The police and the Proctor made a big push to expand the register to Dunners after the Six60 balcony collapse incident. After a bunch of working groups and meetings and annoying bureaucratic stuff, a pile of stakeholders, including OUSA, the Uni, the DCC and the police launched the register in time for O-Week.

Unfortunately, all that planning has pretty much been in vain, because so far basically no one has actually used it. There were four parties registered in O-Week, and not a lot more since.

It hasn't really taken off, but on the other hand, they haven't tried that hard to push it. There were a bunch of posters slapped up on the bollards on campus, but they crammed way too many words onto the page and didn't actually tell you a whole lot.

OUSA President Caitlin Barlow-Groome said, "I think our biggest flaw was rushing it, we need to do more marketing because it is actually beneficial. Think about all the incidents with high schoolers showing up, imagine if you could just call up the Proctor and say 'get rid of these guys, they're being assholes.'"

Because Good One is run by a large group of stakeholders with no specific leader, it risks falling into irrelevance if no one steps up and actually takes charge. OUSA is meant to be in charge of marketing, but so far that has been a slow start. Hopefully they'll turn it around soon.

It's a genuinely good concept, which students in Canterbury have embraced, and there's no reason we can't do the same.



OPINION: NZ Business Is Screwing Over Our Generation

By Cam Meads

As OUSA Vice-President, I attended the United Nations Sustainable Development Goals (SDGs) summit in Wellington a couple of weekends ago. My hope that NZ businesses were proactively working towards sustainability was completely shat on. The SDGs encompass all aspects of sustainability, not just recycling and reducing carbon, but also gender equality, eliminating poverty, and sustainable energy production and consumption.

At the beginning of the summit, businesses were urged not to cherry-pick goals that were simply 'more relevant' for them, they were told that that would mean completely sacking it in the face of climate change, and taking the easy option out. Which is exactly what happened.

The businesses constantly said how unfair it was when the media criticise them "whenever we implement more sustainable methods". Maybe that's because they're half-assed attempts? Instead, they said, NZ should celebrate the progress businesses have made in sustainability. Sanford, "the home of sustainable seafood," pointed to one of their more 'sustainable' examples where a captain of one of their fishing boats accidentally caught three dolphins in a trawling net. Instead of keeping the catch full of cod and killing the dolphins in the process, he released the entire catch. Whoopdee-bloody-do. This should be the industry expectation, not some one-off event.

It's as if caring for the ocean is a choice not a duty. What's more, Sanford reminded us of a disturbing reality: by 2050 there will be more bits of plastic in the oceans than fish. As if we didn't need another excuse to loathe humankind even more.

The biggest polluter was actually the most impressive. Air New Zealand said they are addressing all 17 of the SDGs. They have calculated how many trees they need to plant to offset their carbon emissions, and they are doing just that. But their efforts didn't stop with the natural environment. They acknowledged a massive problem with gender equality on their boards. Some years ago, they had only about 14% of women on their boards. It has increased to 40% and they "won't rest" until it's 50/50. This is great, but please address the absurd amount of non-recyclable plastic used on your flights. No, I don't want water poured from a plastic water bottle into a plastic cup and an individually wrapped Cookie Time.

What was most disappointing is that by 2030, when these goals are meant to be achieved, many of these business executives will have retired. Guess who will have to inherit the unattempted sustainable development goals? Us. And guess who didn't even get a mention at the summit? Us, our generation. We heard all weekend about giving businesses incentives to becoming more sustainable and that doing so can actually increase profits and

benefit business. What about striving for sustainability because it's the right thing to do? What about striving for sustainability so that your kids and grandkids can have a safe environment to live in? The takeaway from the summit was that being sustainable is a suitable means to generating profits, because that's what the consumer desires in the 21st century.

The University of Otago has just signed the SDGs. We are the first University to sign them in the country. Hopefully this won't just be a token gesture like those on display in Wellington. The goals will be listed on their website in the next few months along with binding targets attached to each goal. This is extremely encouraging to see, especially given my weekend away with the capitalists. Don't get me wrong, we should hold the University to account on this. But at least they have tied their hands to actually give a shit.

It's time for our generation to stand up against pathetic efforts to sustain our environment and to demand a world which is not an orbiting ball of landfill and carbon, but a prosperous world where every living thing can thrive. But demanding won't be enough. We need to lead the world in environmental sustainability, because the incumbent working generation sure as hell isn't. Inheriting a ticking time bomb for a world is not an option.



Last week I wrote an opinion piece about a recent meeting with Mayor Dave Cull.

As the President of a students' association, my sole purpose is to represent the concerns and ideas of students. The intention of my article was to start a conversation about student opinion being valued in the decision making of our city. However, I will be the first to admit that the tone and wording of that article went too far and missed the point I was trying to achieve. I did not set out to lay a personal attack, but I can see how it could appear as one. For that I am sorry.

My job is to give a voice to the student community, and while I may have been too passionate in getting my message across, I encourage the DCC to consider students and

what we have to say. Students are a fundamental part of Dunedin. They bring culture, excitement and success to this city.

When the Dunedin City Council considers how funding is allocated, I would like to see OUSA and the Council working in partnership. Together we can achieve great things in the development of North Dunedin. While individual students come and go, there will always be at least 15,000 at any one time.

I will now turn my focus to building a better relationship with the DCC, so student issues won't fall on deaf ears.

Caitlin Barlow-Groome
OUSA President
presidentsousa.org.nz

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2018
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STUDENT GAZES INTO THE ABYSS AFTER BEING ASKED TO "DISCUSS WITH THE PERSON SITTING NEXT TO YOU"

It was an ordinary day for Rebecca Milnes. She was sitting in her lecture, floating in and out of sleep, contemplating nothing more than which riceball shop to go to for lunch and whether or not the stranger in front of her has nits. Bliss. Then it all went to shit. "Turn to the person sitting next to you and discuss why you think this is," said the lecturer with a patronising twitch of the lip region. But poor Rebecca was sitting too far away from everyone else, because everyone else sucks, and HAD TO AWKWARDLY SHUFFLE CLOSER TO ANOTHER PERSON AND TALK TO SOMEONE ABOUT SOME SHIT NO ONE CARES ABOUT ANYWAY. And then, when every conversation in the room had petered out and the lecturer was forced to resume speaking just to fill the silence, the lecturer, also known as the biggest arsehole in the world, POINTED AT RANDOM STUDENTS AND ASKED THEM TO REPORT BACK.

"Fuck student loans," Rebecca told the Tribune, "this shit is the biggest source of stress in my life."



LOCAL GRAPHIC DESIGNER PAYS RENT WITH EXPOSURE EARNED FROM LATEST JOB

Dunedin graphic designer Charlotte Troyer is absolutely stoked to be paying her first rent check with all that exposure she earned by providing hours of artwork to a new business.

"Yeah, it's great," Charlotte told reporters. "The company I did the artwork for said that exposure is worth the same as actual cash money, so my landlord is gonna be stoked with me being the responsible new tenant." Charlotte is definitely looking for any art jobs that can offer good exposure, so if you're a new business that needs some artwork done, let her know.



UNI TO OPEN 24/7 BARS IN ALL STUDENT ACCOMMODATION

In an attempt to prevent students from loitering on the streets at night, Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne has announced she will personally install 24/7 bars in all residential colleges, except St Marg's and Carrington because they are massive nerds. Hayne claimed this move will ensure students "shit where they eat" and will hopefully allow the streets of Dunedin to remain clean.

While many students were excited by the announcement, resident beer reviewer Swilliam Shakesbeer criticised the decision to make Tui the exclusive supplier to all the bars, saying "Tui tastes like my grandma's arsehole."



ODT REPORTER FIRED AFTER FAILING TO INCLUDE A SINGLE PUN IN 10 CONSECUTIVE STORIES

Otago Daily Times local news reporter Barry O'Barrigan was terminated from his position last Thursday following reports that he had been deliberately and maliciously refusing to include wordplay or puns in any of his story headlines. Editor-In-Chief Barry Stewart pointed out one egregious example: "He ran a story with the headline 'Fans Excited for Milton Sheep Shearing Contest' when the far more obvious line would have been 'Shearers Shore to Excite Crowds'. That's just plain unreasonable". ODT sports reporter Barry Sinclair said "being fired has really put O'Barrigan's feet to the fire," while political editor Barry Edwards said O'Barrigan had "always dismissed puns, but now he's the one being dismissed".

Popular Boiz.

The official list of the five most popular boiz in Dunnaz this week.

Mark: Gets sleazy on the dieseys. Once did a shoey out of your sneaker. You walked home with one shoe on. All your friends keep teasing you that you like him but you TOTALLY don't. Stop it Andrea.

Luke: One time made eye contact with you across the room at a party. He walked over and leaned behind you to pick up it beer, and he smelt musty. Usually you don't like the smell of must, and you go out of your way to avoid it, buy you found yourself leaving a wet towel in the corner of your room for days just to get the smell of Luke back.

Dan: Has a dog called Blaze, it's super cool. Sells lawn-mowers. Once took you aurora hunting. You did not see the Aurora. He did not put his arm around you and kiss you under the moonlight, so it was pretty much a wasted trip all around.

Henry: Hot, but a total shitbag. You took him to your family Christmas and he 'left to go see his mum'. You later found out that he went jet-skiing by himself.

Graham: Is 50 years old. Still cool though. You're pretty sure he smokes weed in his office after his chem lectures. One day you're going to pluck up the courage to ask if you can join.

James: Asked you if you wanted to go see Infinity War. You're not sure if it's a date.

Tu: Has an awesome singing voice, but he cracks it out around the house when he thinks no-one's listening. His eyes change colours depending on what colour shi rt he's wearing. Looks great in a scarf. His eyes glisten when you watch moveis together. You're not even sure what movie, you were busy watching his eyes.



ODT Watch

By Charlie O'Mannin

This week the ODT seem to think it's still World War Two.

D-Day's coming
so get quacking

They also seem to think that ducks are effective defence against the Allied invasion of Normandy. Critic would like to formally dispute this. Ducks hate Nazis.

Then a sentence that makes no sense whatsoever. tense

A short life and delectable,
after the apocalypse

What? Delectable? What?

Even the ODT has decided to shit on Milton.

Restoring
pride a
must for
Milton

That's a brave move for them, considering Milto-nians worship the ODT like a strange papery god

Then, this isn't really making fun of the ODT (sorry). It's still funny though, we promise.

THERE were audible gasps as Mayor Dave Cull asked a member of the public if they were "deaf or just stupid" during a feisty exchange at the start of a Dunedin City Council meeting yesterday.

Sorry again. We thought it would be fine to put it in. It was a mistake. It won't happen again.

Finally, in the ODT's coverage of Hyde Street they blurred a portion of a woman's arm



Presumably there was some dirty word written there, like "gosh," "dagnabbit," or "yikes".

Fiction is stranger than Truth



The nose is the labrador of the face

If you shout loud enough, you can hear your own voice

Chalk is grown on the spiky, desert dwelling, chalk plant. This is why it is crumbly, like a desert

Apple crumble is also grown in the depths of the desert, that is why it is crumbly like a dessert

Most smugglers are born with the ability to see through the mist

Telephones can be used to see very long distances during electric storms

Otago University is named for its founder, Sir Robert Taylor O'tago University III

Lo-Fi Hip Hop - Beats to relax/study to is technically not hip-hop, it's actually eastern highland scottish bagpipe jazz

Turkeys are called 'Belgiums' in Turkey

Tins used to be made out of tin, now it's made out of lies

Can openers were invented 15 years before the can

Red pens are illegal in Russia because they remind them of communism

Scotch whisky is made using oak casks. Bourbon whisky is made using racism and the flow-on economic effects of slavery

A 2X4 is not the same as an 8

Clarke Gayford is Jacinda Ardern in a wig

If the earth isn't flat, how come globes are always hollow?

If pee isn't stored in the balls, how come I've never sex?

Facts & Figures

Truth is stranger than fiction

The Center for Marital and Sexual Studies in California recorded a woman who had 134 orgasms in one hour

Dolphins will poke a puffer fish until it puffs up. Once it does, it will secrete poison. The dolphins will lick it until they get high

A big reason sloths are dying is because they poop on the ground. Pooping (and covering the poop with dirt) can take several days and they are defenseless while doing so. There is no reason for sloths to poop on the ground, but they do it anyway

The scientific name for a Llama is Llama Glama

Lobsters have colourless blood

Snails have 14,000 teeth

More of the London Underground runs above ground than in tunnels

Puppies sneeze at each other to let them know that they're fighting for play, not for real.

That white stuff isn't bird poop. That's their viscous pee. The brown/green thing in the middle is their poop, as they release both at the same time.

Polar bear livers contain a lethal dose of vitamin A, all other polar bear flesh is edible

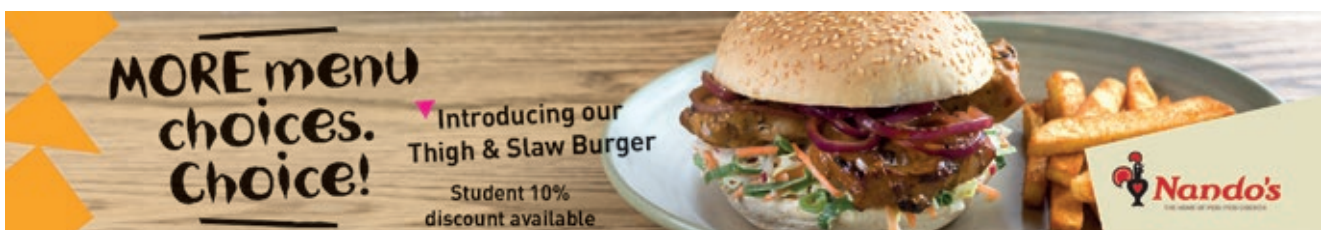
After the Paraguayan War (1870) there were only 22,000 males left alive in the country. Almost 70% of its adult male population died, which left a female-to-male ratio of 4-1

The line between the two numbers in a fraction is called the vinculum

Butter knives were created in 17th century France after nobles kept whipping out daggers and stabbing each other at dinner parties.

Barbie's full name is Barbara Millicent Roberts

A family of ferrets is called a business



THE CRITIC GUIDE TO THE SHIT TOWNS OF OTAGO



Roxburgh

Has singing toilets, which are an extremely common thing in most reasonably-sized cities, but for some reason are considered a tourist attraction here.

The Wikipedia page lists it as “one of the country's most important apple growing regions,” which is the only time “important” has ever been used in the context of Roxburgh.

The Fish n Chip shop does a Thai green curry pie for \$3.

Mosgiel

They have a big sign of their name. It makes them feel special. Mosgiel Taieri Community Board member Martoin Dillon said it was “known throughout the world,” which is not true. Another member, Blackie Catlow, said “it's where you find Mosgiel,” which is true.

Oamaru

Basically just one very long street.

Last year, the ODT described Oamaru as “the last bastion of the old-school New Zealand man, his masculinity undiminished by feminism, proudly leaning an elbow out the window of his van to yell, ‘Hey, sexy!’ without fearing a clobbering”.

The same article also calls Oamaroovian men “Chivalrous and decent,” and includes the line “Chopping firewood, digging trenches: all the things that men everywhere used to do before women told them to stop because it was sexist, Oamaru men do them.” Most feminists would tell you that chopping firewood is not their primary issue.

The new hometown of The Wizard of New Zealand, which is a genuine real thing that the government appointed.

It is the Steampunk Capital of NZ. Awful middle aged people dress in pseudo steam punk garb every weekend and think they are being edgy.

Ranfurly

According to Wikipedia, “Ranfurly lies close to the heart of New Zealand's curling-playing region,” which is another way of saying it is close to Naseby.

Home of notorious seal murderer Andrew Hore.

Is the namesake of probably New Zealand's cheapest and most mediocre beer, Ranfurly Draught. Fun fact about the Ranfurlys: In 2010 they made an embarrassingly terrible attempt to rebrand as an upmarket ‘Station Pale Ale’ and ‘Frontier Lager’. They were very, very bad and failed miserably. Gross houses.

Naseby

There's a watchmaker's shop with a big clock on it. The hands are frozen in time. That is a metaphor for the whole town. Crowned itself the “Curling Capital of New Zealand,” a title that no one else pursued or even wanted.

The “Activities” page on the Naseby tourism website includes “Cemeteries”. Although in fairness, dying is the the highlight of most Naseby residents' lives.

Timaru

Is the hometown of Mark Henaghan.

Very close to a hill called Mt Horrible.

Nobody knows what the word Timaru means.

Produces Flame beer, the only brewery in New Zealand entrusted with the recipe, originally created by Trappist monks in a secluded monastery near the top of the Pyrenees.

Still coasting on the fact that Phar Lap was born near there.

Great Indian takeaways.

Middlemarch

Probably the only town in New Zealand whose economy is still driven from people who stop off on their train journey to the big city.

The Middlemarch Singles Ball is the most lit thing ever and you should definitely go.

They have Line Dancing twice a week at the community centre. Mondays and Wednesdays 1 - 3pm.

Gore

A great place to settle down and get married. And if you're single, don't fret: You can find your future wife/husband at your family reunion. Your nine sisters and twelve half sisters are waiting for the opportunity.

Named after the middle name of Sir Thomas Browne, Governor of New Zealand 1855-61.

There is a Gore School, an East Gore School, and a West Gore School. I didn't realise people in Gore even knew what compasses are.

Notable residents include physicist Roy Kerr, who mathematically proved Einstein's theory of spinning black holes. Gore is kinda like a black hole, except nothing is attracted to it.

Waimate

The thing Waimate promotes the most about itself is that it has wallabies. Which are a pest in Waimate. The best thing about Waimate is a bad thing.

Was literally used as an example of somewhere inbreeding would be likely to occur in a Health Sci lecture a few weeks ago.

White people pronounce it wrong but then correct you when you say it properly.

Most iconic landmark is some cement on a hill that looks like a fat, misshapen horse. It cost \$240.

Cromwell

Notorious for the big fruit and being the only town to bar up for being mentioned on Shit Towns of NZ Facebook page.

Main attractions: big fruit (duh) - a peach, pear, apple and an apricot which looks suspiciously like a bum. Every few years it gets repainted which always kicks up a huge stink with the locals who all have their opinion on what ripe fruit should look like. If you kick the lights hard enough in the greenways they shut off for a few seconds which is a popular pastime when walking home from the pub.

Milton

The town slogan is "The town of opportunities". There is a significant meth problem. The town's only features are an abattoir and a prison.

Was supposed to be called Milltown, because there were mills there. They messed it up because no one there can read or write.

Notable residents include Daryl Tuffey, former Blackcaps opening bowler and the only person to ever get hit for 14 runs off one ball.

There is a massive kink in the road, probably because they messed up building it, but nobody knows for sure.

Balclutha

The town slogan is "Big River Town," which sounds like it was written by a caveman.

There is a bridge, and many bogans.

Wikipedia lists the drummer from the one-hit wonder kiwi band Steriogram as a notable resident.

The Māori name for the area is Iwikatea, literally "Bleached bones" (a local Māori tribal battle in 1750 left the decomposing bodies of the defeated, their bones whitened in the sun). That's badass.

Kurow

It's a Maori word written and pronounced the way a white person would say it. This is the one time you can get away with lazily mispronouncing cultural [cultural what? - Nat] Richie McCaw lived there briefly as a child, and they have been riding that wave ever since. He wasn't born there, and he didn't start playing rugby seriously until after he moved to Dunners, but hey, it's all they've got. They've been trying to raise money for a Richie McCaw statue for years but no one gives them any money because a Richie McCaw statue would be weird.

Moeraki

It's just a small group of rocks and a coffee shop with overpriced touristy crap in it.

The rocks aren't even that round I don't get it. I thought they were going to be perfect spheres or some voodoo shit like that. They're just kinda circley.

Most of the rocks have big cracks in them. One of them was split in half. The Mochachino was very bitter.

Waihola

Their own slogan is "Come enjoy our lake".

The lake is polluted and has leeches.

Actually, it's more of a swamp than a lake. The Waihola Tavern has three (3!) pokie machines.

Despite appearing to be a Maori word, the Maori language does not actually include the letter L.

Local cryptozoologists claim there is a species of otter that secretly lives in the lake.

There have never been any verified sightings. Come on Waihola, if you're gonna lie, at least make up something col, like the Loch Ness Monster, not a fucking otter.

Palmerston

Palmerston, or "The Palmerston North of the South" as it is better known, is a small town with a medium-sized hill near it. There is a memorial at the top of the hill in honour of some guy who once climbed the hill.

There is a shop on their main road (only road) that sells Nazi paraphernalia.

Palmerston made the first ever NZ to England radio contact in 1924. Technology has not advanced since.

Their local radio station proudly says they "don't only play country music, we also have a jazz and blues night". However, they do draw the line at "rap, or anything like that".

Shag Point

Has a very funny name. Is named Shag Point because a lot of people there shag in public and you can point and laugh at them.

If you go in your very cool high school boyfriend's car after the year 12 ball you will become a woman and it will be beautiful.

JOURNEY TO THE MYSTIC CRYSTAL CASTLE

By Alexander Woolrych



Mullumbimby, Australia is not famous for much, apart from Iggy Azalea and substance abuse. But there is one curiosity which manages to attract visitors from around the world to this shithole town – the Crystal Castle.

The founder of the Crystal Castle, Naren King, celebrated the early hours of 1986 in a house designed by Edwin Kingsbury, a pioneer of Harmonious Architecture. Naren fell in love with the groovy design, which lacked 90 degree angles and included “magical ponds” as a central feature. Conveniently for Naren, it was located directly where two ley lines (magical bullshit energy lines) supposedly intersected. Even more conveniently, the owner had gone bankrupt building the house and it was now up for sale. Such is the karmic nature of the universe. Naren started operating his crystal selling

business from the “Castle” and must have eventually discovered that tourists were dumb enough to pay to look at crystals.

Entry to the castle is AU\$28 – you may not be able to put a price on peace and tranquility, but the Crystal Castle sure had a stab at it.

Grumbling about the now-sizable hole in my pocket, I wandered into the gardens, to discover some lovely koi ponds and an impressively sized ball of rose quartz (300kg!) slowly rotating, cushioned on a stream of water. Maybe the price of admission had been justified?

Further in, I grooved forwards to two crystal geodes, positioned in front of a mural depicting the road to Shambhala. Obviously the road to Shangri-la would have been too contrived, so a more hipster mythical kingdom was adopted instead.

Reading the information provided, I felt I had been stabbed in the back. These were the two largest crystal geodes in Australia? But all of the advertising for the Crystal Castle had promised record-breaking crystals, depicting a massive geode pair towering over a woman in a wedding dress. Had they hired a dwarf to pose for these photos? My throat chakra was getting seriously misaligned.

Furious, I stormed to the cafe, determined to eat my anger. Lacking any chocolate brownies or carrot cake, I chose the most normal thing in the cabinet; a turmeric slice. Turmeric is renowned as an antioxidant, but I had no idea just how potent it was. I was pleasantly surprised when I went to the bathroom afterwards, and saw that where previously I'd been a little rusty, was now shiny chrome.

In the gift shop I learnt a great deal more about the science of crystals. I had always known that crystallography was an evidence based practise, but I was blown away by the professionalism of the crystalmancer. If your crystal isn't having any effect maybe it needs to be energised. Crystallography, being grounded in science, recognizes the first law of thermodynamics, meaning your crystals will run out of energy. It's easy to recharge your crystals – you can bathe them in moonlight, infuse them with incense smoke, chant at them or use Crystal Castle Clearing Essence™, available at the Crystal Castle gift store.

I saw a crystal geode which would have looked sick in my flat, but unfortunately course related costs wouldn't have covered the \$9000 price tag.

I strolled out onto a verandah and saw below me two towering pillars, filled with glittering crystals. These were the

giant geodes that had been foretold. As I approached these monoliths of peace, I felt myself becoming enlightened. The air crackled with electricity and a spiritual presence watched over me as I made my way to the base of the geode pair. In my crystal research, I have found that even just standing between crystals of this magnitude can recharge you and even help to open your third eye. As if drawn by magnetism, I reached out to place my hands on the crystals. Upon contact, I felt an immense energy surge through me. The raw force of the crystals was acting. In that moment, I saw the expanse of the universe before me. I felt the connection between all living beings, and I understood the cosmos. I started to levitate as I absorbed all of the wisdom of the universe. I saw the history of the world, from ancient Babylonians using crystals to channel their spiritual energies, to the crystal wars of the late 26th century. The crystals focused my

mind and allowed me to unleash the 90% I had never used before. I floated upwards, slowly ascending to a giant, spinning amethyst in the sky.

I have no recollection of what happened next. My next memory is being at New Zealand customs, trying to explain away the 'ornate glass vase' in my hand luggage.

THE GREAT JOURNEYS OF NEW ZEALAND





TRANZALPINE





InterIslander

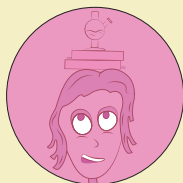




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Horoscopes



Aquarius:

Jan 20 – Feb 18

Cosmic energy is flinging two words your way: woollen socks. Another word: Birkenstocks. One more word: Birken-SOCKS. Need the stars say more?

New Look: a mooncup



Pisces:

Feb 19 – Mar 20

Fashion flunks are happening on the reg, which is characteristic you. Uncharacteristically, a Wednesday sesh at Glassons will result in a cardigan purchase that will leave you feeling more you than you've ever been before.

New Look: your dad's denim shorts



Aries:

Mar 21 – Apr 19

The stars are hinting that you'll be flying into the new season in a fuck-ton of yellow. That's cool I guess. Jump on the trend. I'm sure the rest of Dunedin's student body won't care. They'll be rocking it too.

New Look: suspenders (for your socks you pervs) and a bra

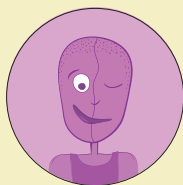


Taurus:

Apr 20 – May 20

The rings of Saturn are increasing their velocity (~59,0000 GHz a second). In a continuation of this scientifically true false fact, the rings are literally telling you that animal jumpers are the nouveau new.

New Look: I've said it once, I've said it twice, I'll say it again, ANIMAL JUMPERS



Gemini:

May 21 – Jun 20

The stars can say a lot of things, that doesn't mean you have to listen to them. Have a good week Gemini. You decide.

New Look: theatre masks, Venetian-style



Cancer:

Jun 21 – July 22

Go for an STI check. Chlamydia is real. Yes, it is really just a flu of the genitals. But still, be clean.

New Look: prophylactic crocs™



Leo:

July 23 – Aug 22

Clusters of galactic dust, specifically the glittery ones on your kitchen floor, are suggesting a vacuum is necessary before you 'try' 'anything' in the kitchen.

New Look: a kinky maid outfit. \$5 on Amazon, \$15 delivery fee

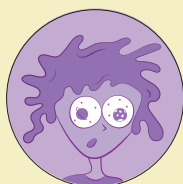


Virgo:

Aug 23 – Sept 22

The stars reckon you're being really boring, and while assignments are important, so is having a life, and being fun. Go on. Discover yourself.

New Look: a compass



Libra:

Sept 23 – Oct 22

Only wearing black clothing does not count as having a balanced lifestyle. It's almost the total opposite of that. Cosmic energy and also most other people are telling you to get creative.

New Look: colours



Scorpio:

Oct 23 – Nov 21

Jump Jam beats are going to rule the sound waves at the next wine and cheese you attend. Your northern and southern nodes are telling you to ride that ripple.

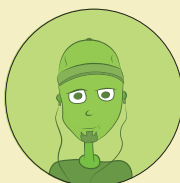
New Look: pigtails (for dudes)



Sagittarius:

Nov 22 – Dec 21

This week your sex life will take an interesting turn, when the pepperoni pizza you order for home delivery accidentally gets sent to Malven St in South D rather than Malvern St in North D. Sure you're 21 and she's 51 and possibly a hoarder. But you gotta give a little love to get a little. **New Look:** Domino's Pizza Boxes



Capricorn:

Dec 22 – Jan 19

Did you know that if you use two feet to kick a football, it will go farther? (incorrect spelling intended). As with balls, so with other things.

New Look: two feet, or the effort equivalent to using two feet

SUDOKU

CROSSWORD

Easy

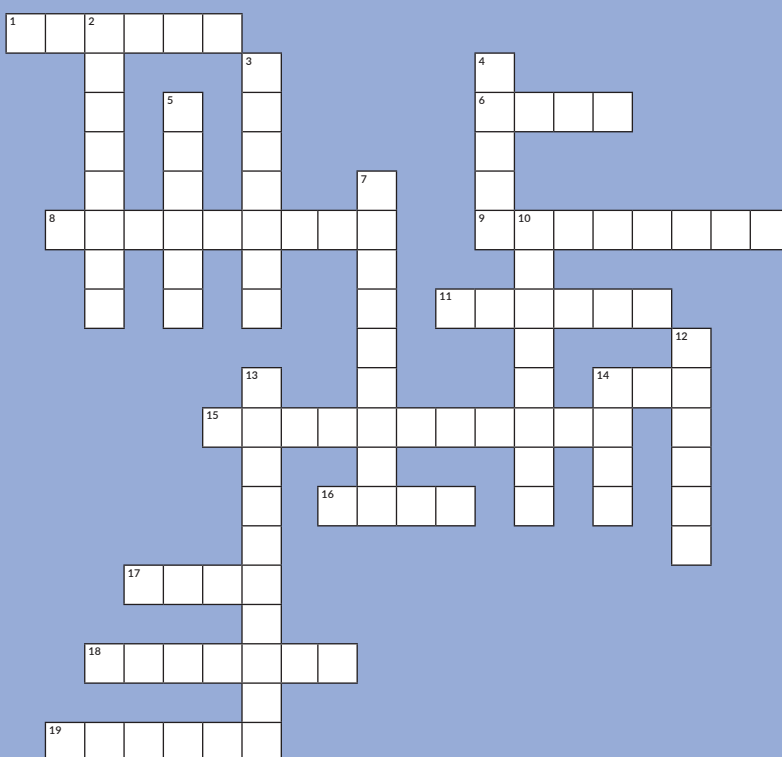
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	4	1	3					
9	7				8		4	
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Medium

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Hard

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5	1		8					



ACROSS

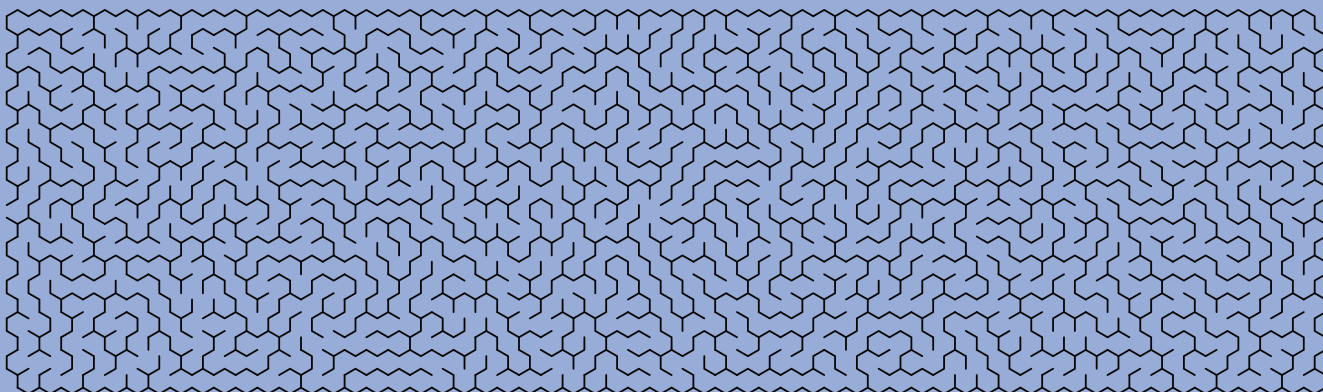
- Cry often heard in cricket (6)
- Name of famous early Australopithecine (4)
- This department is on the fifth floor of Richard-son (9)
- Fought in 1066, Battle of _____ (8)
- Blended Scotch whisky, _____ Regal (6)
- The first prime number (3)
- Winner of RuPaul's Drag Race Season 9 (5,6)
- Linear equation: $__ = __ + __$ (1, 2, 1)
- Original Monopoly piece that is no longer an official token (4)
- "More popular than Jesus", The _____ (7)
- Popular plant, Cannabis _____ (6)

DOWN

- Vibrissae (8)
- Actor who plays Hulk in Avengers, Mark _____ (7)
- Fifth best hand in poker (5)
- Musical term meaning 'slow' (6)
- The material within a living cell, excluding the nucleus (9)
- Study of bees (8)
- Whirling mass of fluid or air (6)
- Ancient Roman festival celebrating the god of agriculture (10)
- The newest Kardashian baby (4)

Down: 2.Whiskers 3.Ruffalo 4.Flush 5.Adagio 7.Cytoplasm 10.Apiology 12.Vortex 13.Saturnalia 14.True
Across: 1.Howzat 6.Lucy 8.Geography 9.Hastings 11.Chivas 14.Two 15.Sasha Velour 16.Y, M,X,C 17.Iron 18.Beetles 19.Satva

ANSWERS







YOUR ROUGH GUIDE TO STUDENT EXCHANGE



By Caroline Moratti

It's a cold, miserable night in Dunedin. My flatmate Alice and I are on our phones drinking rum. Occasionally we'll look up to show each other a meme or pour another glass. It's a simple, well-worn routine, like putting on sweatpants or drunkenly calling your ex. Out of the silence comes an idea:

"I think we should go on one of those student exchange things."

"Hahaha why the fuck would we do that?"

"Because I'm depressed and want to run away from my problems rather than deal with them in a healthy way."

"Yeah fair enough."

We empty the bottle.

Basically – as you probably know from having it shoved down your throat at the beginning of your lectures – to go on exchange you pay the same fees as you would to go to Otago. Only you're not going to Otago and so you don't have to sit in the freezing abyss of Burns 7 on a Wednesday morning wondering if you're going to die alone. It's a win-fucking-win situation.

The Otago Student Exchange website has more links than your stepbrother's favourite porn website. There are over 90 different exchange options, so I deeply hope you enjoy having too many tabs open at once. To decide what country is for you, just look deep into that lil' scarfie heart of yours. If you like overpriced St. Dave's sushi, the law library bathrooms, and oversharing on Instagram, then maybe Japan is the place for you. If you like shitty weather and basically everything about Dunedin (apart from the fact it's Dunedin), then consider Scotland.

What you need to know:

Unlike Critic, the exchange program smiles favourably upon Commerce students. Yeah, you read that right. Wanna go to

Italy, Austria, Belgium, India, Poland, Portugal, or Thailand? Well too fucking bad, they only offer business school universities. The bad news for Commerce students is that you need to have a B grade average to go on exchange. So maybe nobody's going to Italy, kids. If you're a law or psychology major, your choices will be further limited. To be fair, that's your fault for doing wanky degrees. I feel no pity.

If, at this stage you're having questions or concerns, there are exchange seminars every Tuesday at 12pm and Wednesday at 1pm, which you're encouraged to go to. I went to one so you don't have to. The exchange seminar is held in a weird room filled with various memorabilia of the University clock tower – in case you didn't already know what it fucking looked like. The presentation just says everything the website says, but you get a charming lady

blog about your experiences (because everyone definitely wants to read about your time hiking the Grand Canyon) then you could be eligible to get another \$1000 for your efforts.

Critic decided that a good journalistic approach would probably be to ask other people about their exchanges. There's also a whole bunch of info on the website where people recount their adventures – however, that's basically the clean-cut version you tell your parents (the kind where you gush about how many friends you made and what a life-changing experience it was). There's no room for sentimental shit here. This is a serious student magazine, bitches.

Craig went to Sweden for his exchange, but travelled around to a variety of places like Canada and America. Compared to Dunedin, he loved "actually being able to

You can take the scarfie out of North Dunedin, but you can't take the beer bottle out of his hand

talking at you for half an hour. My touch-deprived self felt a thrill run through my body as the guy next to me passed a pen. I still think about that sometimes.

If you're worried about the financial aspect, don't. Otago gives you a free \$1000 just for going on exchange. You're paying Otago fees, and StudyLink will continue to drip feed that sweet, sweet moolah into your outstretched hands. Just pick a dirt-cheap European city – the kind where you feel like you might get murdered when you eat a Danish in the morning – and rent should be a breeze. If you feel inclined to write a shitty

afford to go out drinking in bars because the DCC is not being a shit cunt and making business impossible". Come to think of it, drinking was raised as a repeated highlight for Craig, such as "taking a boat trip to Latvia for a day because it's super cheap and when you're in international waters there's no tax on alcohol, so you can massively stock up at very good prices," and "drinking my way around pretentious craft breweries in Montreal during the autumn where they actually have trees that change colours and it's really beautiful". You can take the scarfie out of the North Dunedin



ghetto, but you can't take the beer bottle out of his hand. Touching, isn't it?

Gaby and Julia both went to Miami for their exchanges. Why Miami? "Because, well, it's Miami." For Gaby, her exchange was basically just shaped around meeting Beyoncé. Honestly Gaby, same. "Highlights were definitely being able to attend Coachella Weekend 1, where aside from the major, MAJOR performances – I was two people behind the front when I saw Beyoncé bust out Destiny's Child, and I made eye-contact with both Eminem and Dr. Dre because I was at the front of the barrier their night – I met an insane number of really cool people from all different states and countries, and

who were so goddamn funny." Suddenly Hyde Street looks a bit a lame in comparison, not to insult your drunken Instagram stories or anything.

There's a bit of a culture shock though. Gaby said: "I thought I could handle the American student drinking culture. But where Otago kids could spend 7pm-3am drinking and be relatively alright, parties at my exchange uni go from 9-12pm, because there's a noise fine after midnight. This means that these kids get smashed hard and so, so fast." For someone who loves to down some shots and be tucked in bed all before midnight, this sounds like a pretty good time. You can also tell your mum that

you really broadened your horizons and experienced other perspectives.

There are other bonuses to going on exchange, notably your academic performance. Julia says: "It's easy to get As here, and we all know how much work is involved in getting an A at Otago! The level of difficulty for a 3rd/4th year level paper here is pretty much equivalent to a 100-level paper at Otago." Not only that, you no longer have to make eye contact with your lecturers around campus after you ghosted their tutorials and only got a C+. Thank god.

On exchange, you can choose to flat in the city, or, if you feel like reliving the horrors of your first year, you can typically live in a hall on campus. These halls are filled with other scared shitless international students so you won't be alone. Or, if you're like me, you could consider dragging your least annoying flatmate for the ride. Gaby fondly recalls her experience settling in: "Less than two hours after I moved in, I've figured out I'm living with eight other sorority girls: one of which I've seen their butt, three that were comparing nipple piercings and then their lip tattoos, another with frankly the nicest bong I've ever seen. I'm being told a story by a girl, within my first thirty minutes of meeting her, about how she went on exchange to Australia, hooked up with a guy in the back alley, and ate his ass cause he just shoved his ass in her face and what else

was she supposed to do?"

Overall, going on exchange sounds like a pretty sweet time. It's relatively affordable, you'll get some good snaps for the 'gram and best of all you're getting drunk somewhere other than your mate's half-burnt couch. When I told my friends I was applying to go on exchange, they raised some valid questions:

"Isn't it bad going to the other side of the world with no support system?"

"I'll have Alice with me. And fucking cobblestone pavements, man," I retort.

"Yeah, but Alice is an alcoholic. And you don't leave your room."

That aside, it's important to remember that you always need hope. Hope that you

suddenly change your whole personality and start again somewhere new. Hope that you can detach yourself from your crippling anxiety to enjoy the simple pleasures of coffee in a French cafe. It's the little things that count. So, consider going on exchange. You may not meet Beyoncé, but at least you won't meet that guy who you've re-matched on Tinder five times now. In the parting words of Alice: "Why the fuck not?"

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THE BEST DRINKING GAMES FROM AROUND THE WORLD

CALLUM DOYLE

Drinking is the most essential part of travelling – just ask anyone who has been on an OE.

If their best story doesn't involve them being blackout drunk in whatever country they inflicted themselves upon, they're either lying or went to Carrington. So, a good magazine would do some research and give you guys some great advice on where to go, what to avoid and some tips for travelling. But that's really hard, so instead here are some drinking games from around the world. And if you never go travelling, maybe you can impress your mates at your next sad drinks of six guys and that one girl who's going to leave in the next five minutes anyway.

GOON OF FORTUNE

Along with mistreating their indigenous population and cheating at cricket, the Aussies also have an illustrious history of binge drinking. The Goon of Fortune is the culmination of over a hundred years of the top Australian minds working to create one of the best drinking games of all-time. All you need is your favourite brand of high quality goon, a spinning clothesline (or anything that spins really) and some friends. Attach your goon to your spinner and you're off. Every time the goon lands on you, slap that bad boy, drink some down and spin again. A lot of people only hang one goon at a time, but this just seems inefficient. Three or four goons at a time is the only way to achieve the level of drunkenness required to tolerate being an Australian/in Australia/around Australians.

THIS GAME GOES BEST WITH:

Sun, complaining loudly that "they're called thongs, not jandals," and bitching about immigrants coming into your country.

KASTENLAUF

If there's one thing the Germans do better than efficiency, it's drinking. Kastenlauf therefore is the most German thing of all-time. All it requires is a crate of beer, a 10 kilometre path to run, and a friend to help you make it. It's a beer race, in which participants must finish every bottle before crossing the finish line. 200 hardy souls in Dunedin gave it a go last year in the inaugural Running of the Beers – a 5km race around Logan Park where each team of 2 had to finish a 12 pack before crossing the line. Two freshers from Arana won in a time of 18:36 (although rumours are they spilled most of their beer). If you truly want to get into the German spirit while travelling, try having your route cross through Belgium before finishing in France. Leave it to the Germans to combine alcohol with fitness, whereas most countries just combine alcohol with road fatalities. Truly Germany, you are the master race (oh shit we can't say that can we?).

THIS GAME GOES BEST WITH:

Fit friends who can hold their piss, and the ability to withhold all your shit WWII jokes.

BEAR PAW

Ok Russia. We get it. You like vodka. I'm honestly not convinced this can be real, but if anywhere would do this it's Russia. So, you get yourself a large mug of beer and a bottle of vodka. Pass the beer around with each person taking a sip. Once you've taken a sip, replace however much you drank with vodka, until the mug is entirely vodka. Drinks are then taken from the vodka, replacing with beer, and so on and so forth. This doesn't really seem like a game so much as a punishment, but I guess drinking and punishment are one and the same in Russia. Maybe you could swap out the beer for just mixer? Still seems like a horrendous way to spend your night and a fantastic way to pick up a whole host of diseases.

THIS GAME GOES BEST WITH:

Seizing the means of production and throwing BCoM students in a gulag.

NAPKIN, BEER, CIGARETTE

Gotta say Korea, your contribution is a bit disappointing. I was kind of expecting something involving anime, maybe every time you drink you have to yell BAKA! at the person next to you, hit someone with an ancient katana or some other anime shit. Napkin, Beer, Cigarette requires, surprisingly, a napkin, beer and a cigarette. Oh, and a coin, but apparently that would have been too wordy to include in the title. A napkin is spread over a glass of beer with a coin on top. Everyone takes turns burning a hole into the napkin, whoever burns a hole causing the coin to fall finishes the drink and gets to enjoy the ashy taste from the cigarettes, so that's a bonus. You'll also need to be a smoker to enjoy this game, but honestly if you haven't already picked up a pack-a-day habit while studying, can you even call yourself a student?

THIS GAME GOES BEST WITH:

Big tiddy anime girls and lung cancer.

JULING

This game is, according to my extensive research of five minutes on the internet, one of the oldest drinking games in the world. At approximately 3000-4000 years old, it just goes to show that China was always the place to be. Who would have thought our ancestors were just as much booze bag party animals as us? It's an extremely simple game, although it does require basic maths, barring any BA student from attempting it. One of the most popular versions requires a dice to be rolled. The players each make a guess as to what the value is, with all the losers having to drink. You can also have everyone guess how many total fingers are being held behind their back. It's simple, fun and you don't have to hold up the party for 30 minutes while you try explaining the rules, while everyone else just wishes they could drink and you would shut up.

THIS GAME GOES BEST WITH:

Lacking enough knowledge about Chinese history and culture to make a joke here.



PING, PANG, PONG

This is another nice and simple game – from Japan this time. You start in a circle with one person saying “ping” then, going clockwise, the person to their left must say “pang.” Then, the next person says “pong” while pointing to a random person, who must then say “ping,” and so on. Each time you fuck up, you must finish your drink. Simple, and easy to get smashed on. And like the best drinking games, the drunker you get, the harder it is to play, and the more you’ll end up drinking. Plus, if you play this at a BYO and get busted for playing drinking games, just tell them you’re practising your Japanese!

THIS GAME GOES BEST WITH:

Glorious Nippon steel, folded 9000 times.

IRISH QUARTERS:

Of course there had to be a game from Ireland here. It may just be a slightly offensive stereotype, but I still choose to believe that the Irish drink just as hard as us. With Irish Quarters, all you need is a coin and your drink of choice. Spin the coin, and attempt to finish your drink before it stops spinning. If successful, pass it on. If not, keep going until you succeed. This is one of those slow burner games that starts off fun, but ends up killing half the party within the hour. But hey, it’s easy to do and your sick Beyblade skills from primary school might actually finally get you laid [Disclaimer: Beyblades will never, ever get you laid].

THIS GAME GOES BEST WITH:

A united 32 county Ireland, car bombs, Catholicism. Tiocfaidh ár lá!

KING’S CUP

Yes, I know, this isn’t a foreign game. But, hear me out. The game differs in one significant way all over the country, and quite possibly the world. There’s the cowardly, weakling way. You only pour in your drink upon pulling a king card, and the last king pulled drinks the King’s Cup. Then, there’s the proper way – the way that every adult should play. Every time you pull a card, you pour. Every king means that the King’s Cup is drunk. This way four people suffer, and there’s far more danger for everyone. This is my position, it’s correct and there’s nothing you can do to change my mind.

THIS GAME GOES BEST WITH:

Sexism

So, there you have it. A guide to navigating the world, one binge drinking session at a time. When you’re naked in some foreign country with an angry police officer yelling at you in a language you don’t understand, hopefully it was one of the games we found that got you in that state. Also, don’t play beer pong in America or with Americans, they play it like cowards and fill all the cups with water. That’s no way to kill brain cells.



BOY BEAT MAKEUP

HOW TO LOOK GOOD AND DO OTHER SHIT GOOD TOO

Zoë Taptklis



What's going ONNN bitches?

Not much? That's cool.

The Boy Beat is a look coined by Beyoncé's make-up artist in her Formation video. The premise of this look is to look like shit. But in a hot way. You know how dudes have that 'I didn't even try' rugged sexiness? That's the same look, the only difference here is that we're using make-up.



FACE SKIN

Put sunblock on. Firstly, cancer is bad. Secondly, the sunblock will give you a nice, oily, 'I'm at the beach because I'm on holiday' kind of vibe.

Gently BEAT foundation, on any pimples that you want to cover. LEAVE THE BAGS UNDER YOUR EYES. LEAVE THE FRECKLES.

Dab the slightest amount of concealer on top of the foundation, gently BEAT it into the skin.

BROWS

VASELINE is the key product now. Rub some between your thumb and forefinger. Brush it into your eyebrows. Use your nails to pull the hairs at the tip of the eyebrow vertical. You want the bushiest, boy-est brows. You want to look kind of bug-eyed.



BEFORE



AFTER

EYEBALLS

BEAT a chocolate-coloured shadow gently into the crease of your eye with a finger. To find your eye crease, look square into the mirror. Your crease is where the lid folds back on itself. Finding the crease is easier than finding the clit. Take the eye shadow up above the crease, but not all the way to the brow. The eye shadow is enhancing the curve of your eye. Take your pinky, to run the chocolate eye shadow along the bottom lid, enhancing your panda eye bag. Take a blond/brown brow pencil to lightly draw into the line of the under-eye bag. Making the eye bigger, without looking like you took a dildo to the eye socket. +/- on mascara.

LIPS

Leave them battered and blistered. It's hot.

CONTOUR

Contouring is the biggest make-up trend of the last five years. DO NOT CONTOUR/BRONZE IN THE HOLLOW OF YOUR CHEEK. Instead very lightly BEAT bronzer onto the parts of the face the sun hits. The tops of your cheekbones, the bridge of the nose, the top of your forehead and under your jawline and chin (from the sun reflecting up off the water that you've spent all day *splashing* in). Get the same colour of you lip stain (indeed, the lip stain itself) and pat that in over your cheek, kinda like you got sunburnt.

HAIR

Whatever your natural hair is, fucking roll with it. It's guaranteed way nicer than the middle parting and straightened hair that every single law/commerce girl on campus seems to pull. Remember, you are unique. Just like everyone else.

CLOSING TIPS

- Use as few products as possible.
- Use the smallest amount of each product.
- Nobody is perfect, own the imperfections that god/allah/chance/the magic fairy blessed you with.

The story of *Dust & Thread* starts last year when I did my first illustrated chapbook, *A Certain Knowledge*. I'd already been writing poetry since I was old enough to write creatively, but when I was about 17 some really difficult things in my life were happening and my mental illness was presenting itself. It was a very tumultuous stage.

I convinced myself that I could no longer write poetry or do any writing around my emotions because I didn't trust myself enough and was sure my writing would distort the situation and that would become my history. So I stopped writing completely. I didn't start again until I was 21, when I started writing poems coming from a really dark place. I was doing this nutrition degree that I hated with all my heart. Then I saw there was a poetry workshop paper available. So I decided to just go for it. It was with Emma Neal who is fucking amazing. You'd think that surely you can't teach poetry, but Emma bloody well can!

The practice of getting back into writing regularly was really beneficial. The poetry class gave me confidence and let me know that I wasn't wrong to have a voice. Through that I started doing readings and submitting work to journals. After that course, however, I felt a little bit lost and vulnerable. I'd only just started expunging this paranoia I'd had since I was 17. After the course, I kind of allowed myself to slip back into that fear. It wasn't until last year when I sent a poem to Millie Lovelock and she was like "this is amazing, can we make a book?!" that I came back out of it and decided to publish my first chapbook, *A Certain Knowledge*. This was illustrated by the amazing Erin Broughton and it was a huge confidence boost. I sold over a hundred copies (all self-published).

This showed that I **COULD** just do it by myself – that was something I always found frustrating about submitting and doing things by the books to have a 'poetry career'. I am too infatuated with instant gratification for that.

It was so satisfying and bewildering to make money from my art! I'd never felt like my work was worth paying for and my friends really helped me see that it is. This reinvigorated me into pursuing poetry as a career path, and so this year I published my second book *Dust & Thread*, with illustrations by Devon Smith.

It's important for me to have different people illustrate my poems because, well, how wonderful! To have two separate pieces of art that relate to each other! There're so many different ways you can read into it, so many ideas mirrored in the illustration process.

Dust & Thread comes from a much more healed place than my last book, which was very raw and almost frightening, in terms of how vulnerable the poems were. The presence of my pain embedded into my poems can make them hard to read. *Dust & Thread* was written partly when travelling overseas and it's less like a bleeding wound. It's called *Dust & Thread* because I'm more able to sit back and see where the dust has collected in my life, to see what the threads are and where they lead back to. This helped me gain more objectivity over my emotional responses.

I've always been a performer since I was a kid. But my first poetry reading was shocking. I have never been so scared of public speaking in my life before. The curve of it getting less scary was very steep, but at the *Dust & Thread* launch, I felt like I didn't have to prepare for it at all. That gave me such a huge feeling of self-validation and confidence. At first I was like, is this a bad thing? Does it mean that I don't care?

But it made me realise in the past I was just preparing a self-confidence, and now the poems are in me; I don't need to prepare, they're my life. So now I love reading.

Another reason why I connect with reading them out loud is because public trauma processing is like a kind of therapy. It's important to have as many representations as we can of what it's like to be a survivor of PTSD. There are scant representations and little role models to base my conceptualisation of myself off. So it's always been hard to conceptualise a universe in which I could even be in recovery.

So I think it is important to have poetry that talks about trauma, and art that is an accurate representation of people's experiences. It is how we learn and heal. Every time you tell your story, someone feels less alone.

Eliana tracks her healing through her music and poetry. She is the singer of the alt-pop band Jagers x Lines who recently dropped their spicy new track Problem Drinking, and a music video for their song Come to Rest, which you can find on YouTube.

Copies of Dust & Thread can be obtained for \$15 from the author by contacting her at: gray.ec@gmail.com

To find her music, search Jagers x Lines on: FB, Spotify, Apple Music, YouTube, Bandcamp, or SoundCloud.

You have no excuse. Treat yourself.

ELIANA GRAY: DUST & THREAD

A DUNEDIN LITERARY TREASURE DEBUTS HER SECOND
BOOK AND TALKS ABOUT WHY WE NEED POETRY.

Jessica Thompson Carr.



GO GET YOUR BITS WET

Alex Hallifax

I've masturbated for as long as I can remember. I honestly cannot think of a start date. I used to lie in bed at night and think I had an addiction. I would swear to myself, every time I slept with my soft toys, I wouldn't do it. Because there was no way I could possibly subject them to that disgusting addiction. I failed every time. I was so ashamed of my 'habit'; I didn't even understand what I was doing and how natural it was. One day I must have heard or read something about masturbation and thought to myself, ohhh, that's what I've been doing all these years. Since those early days, my embarrassment and shame is slowly diminishing. Now it's something I want to talk openly about because I know that it is normal, natural and, I think, one of life's great satisfactions.

As women we are not often taught, told or allowed to openly discuss female pleasure and female masturbation. Our society is heavily focused on how to please men. It is no surprise then that women rarely talk about masturbation, or that many boys don't fully grasp the concept of pleasing a woman. We are taught that pleasure is not ours to enjoy, it is ours to facilitate for another.

At some point last year, it dawned on me that, when engaging in sexual acts, there should be a reciprocal desire to please one another. More often than not, I was finding myself in situations where the mood evaporated as soon as the male had cum, regardless of my needs. At this point I was deep into my gender studies degree, and I couldn't put up with the inequality I was experiencing in the bedroom any longer. With a brave face and a shaky voice, I began to incorporate instructions for what

I wanted and what I needed into my sexual experiences.

It is easy to sit behind a screen and post quotes, read articles, and watch videos about the power of, and our right to, feminine presence. It is another thing to lie in a dark room, without the backing of your sisters, and force the confidence to ask for what you want. But you need to.

It is unfortunate that the patriarchy has robbed us of our discourse of female pleasure. However, you hold the power to take control of your own experiences and reap the benefits you so richly deserve. A man wouldn't stand for repetitive blue balls, so why should you?

In the end, I had no choice but to ask for what I wanted because I was getting angry. I remember one particular time after the man had finished and I had not. He was blissed out, I was fed up. I stomped to the bathroom in a silent attempt to get myself off, grumbling to myself "if he can't please me then I'll have to take matters into my own hands". Why wasn't my orgasm important! In the words of Audre Lorde, my silence was not protecting me. It was time to speak up.

I know, for many women, this is all much easier said than done. How I see it, this is a two-part problem because before you can instruct someone else what to touch/squeeze/say to get you shaking in the night, you must first know exactly what you do like touched/squeezed/said, and this, for women, is not always straightforward. Throughout primary school, high school, sex education classes, on TV, in movies,

there is a universal understanding that boys and men love to jerk off. They get hard, rub their dicks and semen shoots everywhere, we get it. But what about women? How do they get off? What happens then? How do they touch themselves?

I plead you to masturbate. I beg you to spend some time with yourself. Figure out exactly what it is that turns you on. There are many resources to help you! The internet is an endless bag for you to reach your hand into. And I'm not just talking about porn. Articles, websites, podcasts, books, YouTube, Instagram. People are making content that can help you figure out what gets you wet and gives you the confidence to ask for it. Websites like OMGYes or podcasts like Guys We Fucked.

Ask yourself, why should your partner reach climax and not you? Why should you have to put up with awkward and rough finger banging when you can experience soft strokes of pleasure? Why should you have to put up with men in charge when you can also have that power? And if your sexual partner, whether one-night stand or relationship, has little interest in learning the ways to please you, are they even worth your time?

Human sexuality and orgasms are, to me, an integral part of our existence. It is unfortunate that, for many men, we must embody the role of teacher as our society is failing us, but I implore you to do so. For your own wellbeing, sanity and pleasure. What's a few awkward tutorials for a lifetime degree? And, like anything, the more you speak up, the easier it becomes. Now, go get your bits wet.



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Wednesday's child grew from the earth fully formed and raw,
tiny fingers curled into palms until perfect nails tore away ribbons of skin.
she was a beer-drinker's daughter and another father's burden and then,
layered in sunscreen, he named the mountains and rivers for her,
marked her growth with his hands
and the heartbeat of the land that is full in his heart and inked on his back.
Tangata whenua, t a n g a t a w h e n u a. Aoraki, A o r a k i.
she spells out each letter, carving the words into her journal.
Starry bees in her hair, a field of seaspray,
and her freckles so soft.
when her other father dies, she pretends like he never was
but at night, Wednesday's child cries and
claws at her hands until perfect nails tear away ribbons of skin.
The beer drinker doesn't know what to say, and he just stands there.
Her world is too soft, tastes bottle green.
She's not a child anymore, but she is a child and
how could he do this to her?
She wants to scream, and the beer drinker wants to tell her
how much he loves her. Instead,
they watch the sun set over Mount Cook together,
and neither of them say a word.

-A.M

Advice On How To Be A Solo Zen- Dog Traveller For A Year



Mammy Zo and Aunt Kel

If you're trying to find yourself, a good place to look is Southeast Asia. If you want to make your trip last a lifetime, get a little tattoo on your wrist or ankle, as a symbol of your personal growth. Reconciling your basic bitch aesthetic with finding yourself while travelling is quite hard. You'll pay too much for ugly hippy pants. Which is expected as the white hippie vibe is the basic bitch vibe of being spiritual. But you'll be doing lots of yoga so it's totally worth it. Another thing you'll do is drugs, and it will be 'spiritual'. The most important part of being a zen-dog traveller is having the right gear. Here's a gear list to help you out.

Gear list:

- 1 x lightweight linen pants (only one pair because you'll purchase at least three hippy pants while you are away)
- Bandana
- Birkenstocks
- The coolest travellers don't take a bag over 40L
- All clothing must be breathable thermalite ripstock nylon, X-pro
- Electrolytes for diarrhoea
- Stoppers (or a butt plug if you're on a budget) for when you need to take an overnight bus ride with diarrhoea
- Film camera that you don't know how to use so you can transcend the world of Instagram and only take one photo a day so you're living

your experience, but take a photo of it when you get home to put on your Insta so everyone can see how spiritual and in touch with the world you are now

- Kathmandu roll up jewellery case for all the crystals that you collect
- Two fanny packs, one is for aesthetics and in case you get robbed at gunpoint and one that you keep under your clothing to hold your passport
- Cargo top with around 50 pockets
- Tie-dye tee
- Too many pairs of togs
- Half a bag full of 'classic' literature, to develop yourself. You'll never actually read them, but you'll look like you're trying and that's what really matters.

Congratulations on deciding to travel, attempting to be interesting and probably not finding your spiritual core, but believing you have. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

Aroha nui,

Mama Zo, Aunt Kell and Cousin Mong (Emily Moore).



Dunedin Flat Names Project

Staying in Touch

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



As long as student flats have been named, students have communicated their identity in a number of ways – in addition to hanging a shingle out the front of the house, that is. These means of identification go hand in hand with the communications technology of the time. Way back in 1991, I paid \$50 a week for my room in a four person flat and spent a further \$5 a week on stamps. I wrote long letters to friends and family and received many letters in return, often addressed to me at my flat, Mouse House, 888 Cumberland Street. While my flat never had anything as fancy as branded stationery, flats from previous generations did. In the 1930s the residents of The Bach, at 208 Leith Street, designed a crest and motto and had a letterhead printed. The practice continued a generation later; in the 1960s and 1970s, flats called Che Choux and The Spanish Slum, also had letterheads. In the 1980s and 1990s there was a legendary flat, The Herm, which was so famous a postcard made it to the flat from South America addressed simply to, “The Herm, Dunedin, New Zealand.”

Back in the heady days of the 1960s the tricky thing to do was sneak your flat name into the telephone book – not an easy feat as only personal names were permitted for free. This didn't stop the med students who flatted at Smersh HQ on Cumberland Street. An

ex-flattie revealed, “It was relatively simple to get your flat into the phone book. We calmly told the little man at the post office that the surname was Smersh and the first name was Harold Quentin. No problems”.

In the 1990s, Telecom's name numbers became popular – handy if you couldn't remember a string of numbers. Moe's on Clyde Street registered their phone number as 477 MOES.

Today, some flats have their WiFi name match their flat name, or something else that may be amusing.

It is interesting to see the shift in personalisation of communication forms from a hard copy print environment to digital – from email, to social media where platforms like Facebook suddenly make it very easy to stay in touch with many people simultaneously. Where once students went to the extent to have letterheads designed and printed for their flats, today's students set up a Facebook page or name their WiFi hotspot for their flat. It certainly makes strolling down any street in North Dunedin and scanning for WiFi an entertaining pastime.



Food Review:

The Alternative Meat Co



The Alternative Meat Co.'s fake chicken is everything that is wrong with 2018 all mulled into pieces of dense matter that tastes like stale farts and durries.

Upon opening the packet of fake chicken you are greeted by what appears to be recycled pieces of Barbara Bush. But after a careful investigation of the packet it can be confirmed that the Alternative Meat Co.'s fake chicken is vegan, thus containing no ex-First Ladies of the United States of America, much to my relief.

Since chicken sashimi has recently taken off in Japan I thought I would try a piece raw. That was a mistake on the scale of the attack on Pearl Harbour.

Once cooked the texture is altered and the fake chicken takes on the appearance of Winston Peters' face: that flexible piece of [fake] leather on your shoe that covers the part of your foot where your toes join the rest of it. At least the fake chicken has more integrity than that talking leather shoe face.

It's no surprise that such an abomination would rear its vegan head in the age of political correctness, pseudo-socialists and private school mothers. The factory in Australia where fake chicken is made only hires two-faced middle-aged wives of rich professionals. As soon as they get going about what Janet Barker's son did at school the other day, there is no way to shut them up unless they are run over with Range Rovers. Also, the only form of payment these women accept is good grades for their children, making the micro-economic model of 'private school good grade prostitution' much more efficient than child labour. This unique manufacturing process is what gives the fake chicken its unique aromas of elitism and entitlement.

It must be conceded that vegetarianism is clearly the only way we will be able to keep terrorising this poor planet with our survival. Yes, we are all doomed to becoming leaf-eating socialists, but please don't be a pseudo-socialist. By that I mean someone who is opinionated when it suits their image, but really doesn't give a fuck about humanity, like the Alternative Meat Co. They just want to make money by selling feet-flavoured tofu.

Please God relegate fake meat to the pages of history that someone will read in 100 years and say to themselves "what were those fuck-wits doing?!"

Tastes Like: just straight shit (is it obvious that I was in a really bad mood when I wrote this?).

Pairs with: banning tackle bullrush in schools, pretentious white people, pinot grigio.

The Critic Booze Reviews Guide to Craft Beer

Swilliam Shakesbeer

Thinking it's time you grew up and started appreciating the finer things in life? Swilliam Shakesbeer breaks down how to sneak your way into the world of craft beer.

1. Don't fuck with craft lagers

Craft lagers are bullshit. The only reason they exist is for people that want to seem classy by drinking a craft beer while actually drinking something that tastes exactly the same as a normal lager. Because lagers have so little flavour, they're actually very difficult to brew. You can't hide any off flavours behind a mountain of hops. Miller Lite and Coors consistently win best American-style lager at major festivals, because if there's one thing that the big corporations are good at, it's consistency. No little brewshop can match that. The best lagers in the country are Steinlager, Heineken, and Asahi, and they're cheap.

2. Start your journey with pilsner

Remember when you started drinking when you were 15 and you really just wanted some Cruisers but felt like you had to drink beers, even though you hated them, because you were peer pressured into the social construct of masculinity? If you just dive straight into a Double IPA or a Saison you're gonna have a shit time. Pilsners are a gentle first time lover to guide you into the world of craft beer. Here's the process, which I greatly recommend you follow: Pilsner, Golden Ale, NZ Pale Ale, American Pale Ale, India Pale Ale. After that you can start drinking weird shit like doppelbocks and sour beers.

3. Don't spend your whole night on them

Some craft beer drinkers refuse to touch mainstream beer because they think they're too good for it. These people are tossers. A good hearty Speight's can be a great partner to something crafty. Look, you don't want to drink 12 craft IPAs in one night – and not because pretty much the only craft IPA to come in a 12 pack is the Boundary Road one, and it's shit. Consider your first two or three beers a treat, sip on them slow and savour them. After that, switch to something simple and cheap and head over to the pong

table to build your head of steam for real.

4. When considering price, compare them to pub beers, not super-market beers

Look, the dollars per standard on crafty boiz is always gonna suck. Export Gold is \$16 for 12, and Emerson's pilsner is \$20 for 6. You can't compare the two. So don't. Think about craft beers in the context of pub beers. If you head to the pub and grab a one-litre jug of Tui, you'll pay something like \$11. You can't afford to get fucked up at those prices, you're just there to savour a beer after work and yarn with some mates. If you think about craft beer the same way, you can justify picking up something that's going to work out the same price as that Tui, but way, way better.

5. Start in the 'mainstream craft' section

'Craft' is mostly a meaningless term. While some people care about independent vs corporate ownership, I don't. Most of the well-known 'craft' brands are owned by the two big dogs, Lion and DB. That just means decent beer is getting cheaper. Don't feel like you have to go for "proper craft" by getting some barrel-aged oyster-infused Belgian sour from Funk Estate that costs \$10 a bottle. You can pick up a six-pack of decent bevies for \$12 if you go mainstream-craft. Mac's Hop Rocker Pilsner is the tits, Monteith's Pointers Pale Ale is easy-drinking and approachable, Founders' 1981 Pale Ale, Stoke Nelson Pale Ale, and Boundary Road Flying Fortress and Bouncing Czech are all decent drops. And for something a bit more full on, Mac's Birthday Suit Double IPA is normally around \$12 for a 4-pack, but it's 8%, so you get 2 beers per beer.

6. Use a glass

Lastly, there's no point splashing the dosh you barely have on craft beers if you don't appreciate them. It's time to start using that full set of glassware you stole from Starters. Pouring beers into glasses is a better way to savour them. Splashing it against the glass foams it up and releases yummy smells (yes, head is a good thing). Plus you look and feel fancy.

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

10% off all non-sale items

Biggies Pizza

Two for one New York Original 12 inch Pizza

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

City United Taxi

Fixed Student discount with City United Taxis Dunedin when you present your RAD1 card or app

Del Sol

15% off the total bill

Gilbert's on Albany

10% off all Bagels, Buy 9 bagels and get the 10th free

Good Good

Free fries with every burger purchased w/ tertiary student ID

Groom Room

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

La Porchetta

10% discount on all meals for lunch and dinner
(only available in-store)

Nando's

10% off your meal

OpShop on St Andrew

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

One Supps Dunedin

10% discount storewide
(only available in-store)

Painted Rock Tattoos

10% student discount

Pizza Bella

Gourmet wrap and drink for \$15 (add fries for \$2)

Pizzeria Da Francesca

Upgrade from small pizza to large Dine in Only

Poppa's Pizza

Free Garlic Bread with any large or regular pizza

Rob Roy Dairy

Free upgrade to a waffle cone every Monday & Tuesday

STA Travel

\$50 off tours over 14 days, 10% off travel insurance, 50% off ISIC student card when booking international flights

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 Giftware

10% off storewide

Vapourium Ltd

\$3 Coffee happy hour Saturday & Sunday, 1 - 3pm
Free 30ml once you've made any 5 vaping purchases in-store

Velvet Burger

Signup for our GCC Club and get a free burger (any) and scoop of fries

YHA

\$10 off YHA membership - purchase online at YHA.co.nz and use the code OUSA18

Zaibatsu Hair Art

Half head of foils, treatment, cut and blow-dry for \$99

with your 2018 RAD1 Card or App!

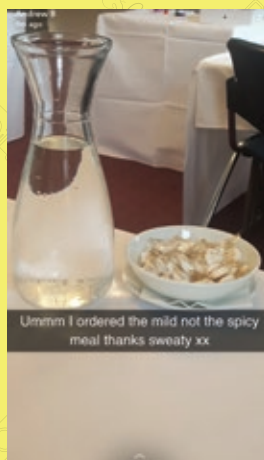
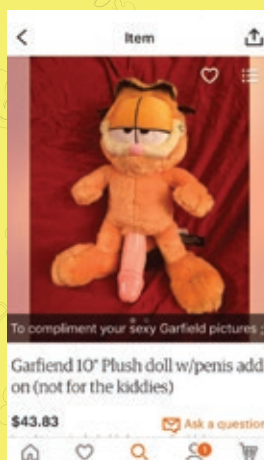
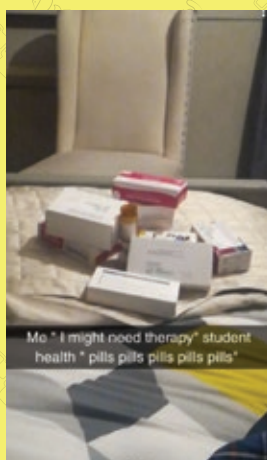
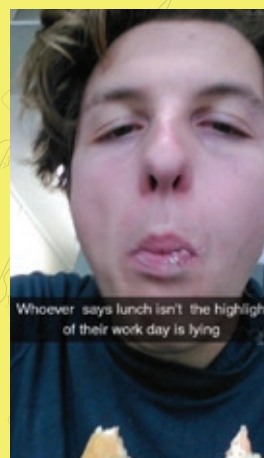
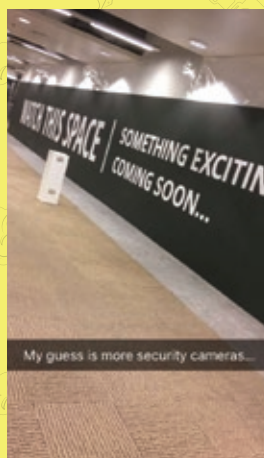
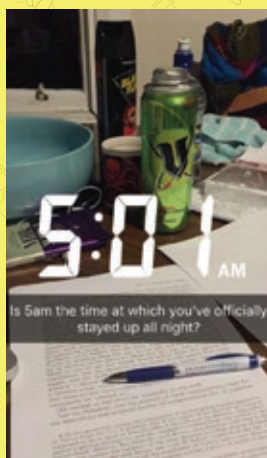
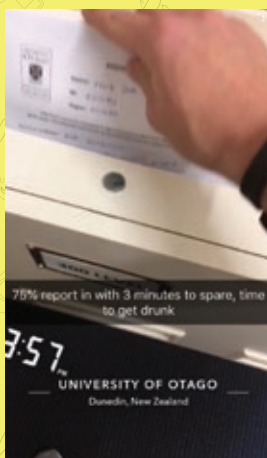
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Send us a snap,
crack open a CRITIC
& popple up a prize*

*The best snap
each week wins
a 12
pack of



THIS WEEK'S WINNER



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

Vanessa

I was walking back to my car after work when I received the call up to prepare myself for the blind date. So prepare I did, promptly downing half a bottle of jager when I got home and then made my ride drive around the block a few times as I tried to pick out who my date was but I couldn't see past some weird guy in a trench coat in the window who I can only describe as Post Malone ugly and hairy twin sister. I shuffled my way inside to get myself a drink and the barmaid pointed to Most Malone to indicate he was who I had been paired with.

Fair to say things went down hill quickly from here. Don't get me wrong I love a good bit of banter but within the first 30mins I'd renamed my vagina Carousel (because there was no way this guy was getting in) for the following reasons: First, he mentioned his coat 5+ times, second, he kept calling the music 'soft jazz' and when I said it was actually jazz he replied that I must be mistaken as the J is a soft j, and he asked the waitress for the vegan options as he was vegan and then ordered a cheeseburger.

It picked up a bit when I realized I not only knew his family but had seen 3 of them in fishnets in a Rocky Horror charity show (shout out to his mum, she's hot).

We discussed the benefits of sad crying handjob and proudly had a classy chug of the finest and cheapest IPA but I still couldn't get past his goatee. After our dinner I headed for a taxi and jumped in without even a thought of a kiss goodbye. Thanks to the dog with two tails and the very attractive barmaid who at least gave me something to look at, as for Post 2.0 I'm sorry but you definitely won't be my present!

Barry B Benson

When I got asked if I was free for the Critic blind date my immediate thought was that of 'who I am to deny this woman the greatest gift of all, me?' So I promptly grabbed my shiniest leather trench coat and my nicest fedora and out the door I went. I arrived an hour early as a gentleman is never late. This gave me plenty of time to prepare the various sonnets I have memorised for such occasions as this, and time to practice my vape rings to make her swoon. This was done inside of course, as it's just water vapour and it certainly does not annoy anyone ever.

My date showed up fifteen minutes late but it was worth the wait, I looked in her eyes and she into mine, right there I knew it was love but alas! Chivalry demands courtship, and court I did. After a wonderful introduction we decided to get into the bar tab. She ordered a Speights, I, a gin and tonic. I knew I had to impress her with my knowledge of dialect and pronunciation so I made sure to tell her several times throughout the night the correct way to say gin ('tis a soft g, sounds like 'yin').

We had the usual pleasantries, such as where we are from, what we are studying (she a mere med student, myself a double degree in classics and philosophy and therefore superior) and future job prospects. Soon the jazz started, and I informed her of the proper way to say Jazz (soft J, yazz). After the fourth time I said it she released a sigh of pure ecstasy. No sonnets needed tonight.

We ordered our food and the date was going swell, I knew that she wanted me so when she said that she was getting a taxi I knew she was really saying 'take me'. It arrived and I opened the door for her as any gentleman should. At this point I thought she would scoot over to allow me in, but no, she must believe that absence makes the heart grow fonder as she left alone that night. So with a quick m'lady and a tip of my fedora I began the journey home, knowing I had conquered yet another heart. Next time I'll use the sonnets.

STUDENT EVALUATIONS

we need your help

- Takes just a few minutes

Step 1: **CLICK**

To see your current evaluations, scan the QR code, visit Blackboard or click the link when you get the email...



Step 2: **COMMENT**

It is important to hear your thoughts and experiences. All information given will be kept strictly confidential.

Step 3: **CONTRIBUTE**

The University uses your feedback to monitor the overall quality of courses/teaching and identify opportunities for improvement. Your feedback is greatly valued.



Otago in FORM
Questionnaires

TEST102 Questionnaire Example
Or Spec

Student feedback contributes to planning and assessing course quality. When considering the questions, try to let your overall reaction to the course prevent you from noting areas of strength or weakness. Your responses will be processed in confidence by the Higher Education Quality Centre. To know more about evaluation, visit [www.otago.ac.nz/evaluation](#). You can submit questionnaires for this course at any time.

1. Overall, how much did you value this paper was valuable.

2. To what extent did this course help you develop skills to solve real problems?

3. There was a clear match between stated learning outcomes and what was actually delivered.

4. I think I've learnt a lot from this course.

Strongly agree To a very large extent agree To a very small extent strongly disagree

Strongly agree To a very large extent agree To a very small extent strongly disagree

Strongly agree To a very large extent agree To a very small extent strongly disagree

Strongly agree To a very large extent agree To a very small extent strongly disagree

Clear

Clear

Clear

Clear