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ISSUE 11

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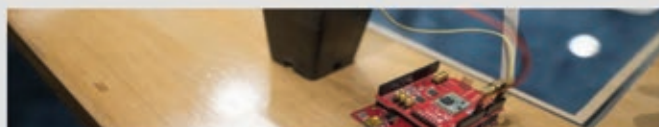


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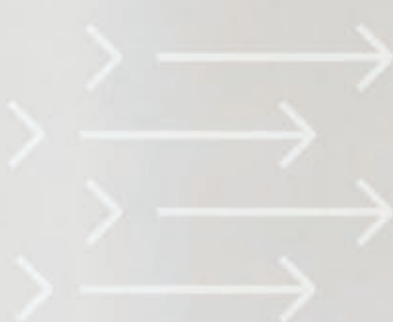
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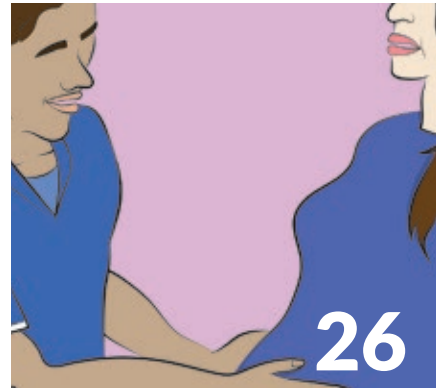


MDFPN

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Critic is a member of the Aotearoa Student Press Association (ASPA)

Disclaimer: the views presented within this publication do not necessarily represent the views of the Editor, PMDL, or OUSA.

Press Council: people with a complaint against a magazine should first complain in writing to the Editor and then, if not satisfied with the response, complain to the Press Council. Complaints should be addressed to the Secretary, PO Box 10-879 The Terrace, Wellington.

EDITORIAL: THE ELECTION THEY DON'T WANT YOU TO KNOW ABOUT

NZUSA Vice-President Melissa Evans has stood down, and the NZUSA is currently in the process of holding a by-election. OUSA doesn't want you to know that, and it's not clear why.

The New Zealand Union of Students' Associations is your national voice on student issues. They're the ones who go to parliament and lobby for law changes like increased student allowances, first year fees free, and rental law. OUSA pays tens of thousands of dollars annually to be a part of it.

So that fact that NZUSA is now looking for a new VP is a big deal. It's been a while since an Otago student has held a major role, so we should be on the hunt for really great candidates to put us in the best position possible to win.

But so far there has not been a peep from OUSA. No public statements, no social media. It doesn't even appear on any official documents, reports or meeting minutes. There has been no public acknowledgement of a resignation or an election.

NZUSA President Jonathan Gee told me that he had informed OUSA about the election and the empty position, and that it was then OUSA's responsibility to find someone to nominate if they wanted. Constitutionally, NZUSA has to let OUSA know at least 30 days before an election. Nominations closed on Friday, so if you were thinking about putting your name forward, too fucking late.

The only people that seemed to know anything about it whatsoever were the exec and some people close to people on the exec. They wouldn't even confirm to Critic that an election was happening, let alone any info about it.

One non-exec member who had been informed of the election speculated that it was being kept a secret because NZUSA was afraid that publicly acknowledging the resignation of a high-up member would make them look dysfunctional. Jonathan denied that. He said the only reason they weren't doing a bigger call for nominations was because it was a by-election, not a major annual one, but that all the member associations were informed.

So it sure looks like someone's covering something up. Either NZUSA told OUSA to keep the whole thing quiet, or OUSA is actively attempting to keep students out of the free election process.

If only current exec members and their close friends are allowed to stand for positions, and they refuse to tell anyone else the position is available, that's a shit way to run a democracy.

By Joel MacManus

LETTERS TO EDITOR

Hey Critic team (Swilliam mostly),

I loved your piece on craft beer, it felt like I was reading my own thoughts. I don't want to 'hop' on any toes, but I would also suggest to the reader to try a sour! They're not a beer for everyone, but they hold a special place in my heart.

Mostly just thanks for discussing a topic that is often laughed at, I don't know how many times my friends have joked about my taste in beer. Enjoying things shouldn't be the butt of a joke, exploring new things should be celebrated and encouraged.

Thanks for you brave words,

Beer Belly

Swilliam: Sour beers are for nerds

To the author of the Shit Towns of Otago article

I take it you aren't a Geography major; or perhaps you're just a Jafa?

For future reference, Timaru, Kurow, Waimate and Gore are NOT located in Otago! Timaru, Kurow and Waimate are located in Canterbury while Gore, aka the arsehole of the world, is part of Southland. In future, please consult a map before you decide to insult the proud province of Otago.

Sincerely,

A Salty Southern Man

Editor: They are shit though.

News Editor: I tried to tell Joel that many of the towns aren't in Otago. He said that nobody would care. I am vindicated.

Dear OUSA Postgrad Officer,

Kia ora Critic,

Students Against Sexual Violence (SASV) is writing to you in support of your recent editorial about Voluntary Student Membership (VSM). We agree it is very harmful to students, including student representation and advocacy.

We wish to build on what you have said by adding that the VSM bill has been and is damaging to anti-sexual violence efforts of support, advocacy and prevention.

Rape Crisis Dunedin submitted against VSM

saying "The Bill fails to meet legal, moral or practical tests that would meet the author of the Bill's assertion that it "does not seek to damage or limit student associations". These limitations directly impact student welfare, advocacy and representation." And further that "The welfare of all students, though especially women, and certainly survivors of sexual abuse, is threatened by this bill" because "students will lose access to services, representation and advocacy as a result of this legislation."

VSM has done great damage to the wellbeing of students, especially student survivors of sexual violence (many of which will be women and queer students, as well of course, male survivors).

We would like to highlight also that many Māori student groups submitted against this bill because of concerns of the negative impacts it would have on Māori students' wellbeing. Given that Māori women experience double the rate of sexual violence as do Pacific and migrant women, and given that valid concerns of sexual violence organisations, VSM must urgently go. Tautoko! <3

kā mihi nui,

Students Against Sexual Violence

P.S. @OUSA when are you gonna join us in this campaign to #ToppleVSM once and for all, for the good of all students?

@NZUSA (New Zealand University Students Association) lets make this a nationwide campaign, yeah?

Heya Critic,

my friend and I last week were so impressed with Caitlin's (the OUSA student president) staunch response to Mayor Dave Cull's rude and dismissive approach to students and student issues. What Caity said was brave and needed, and made us respect her more.

We're gutted to see she was obviously pressured to retract and apologies for her statements. Caity wasn't giving out a personal attack, she was making valid points about a man and a city council that has no respect for students, in spite of what this city makes off of the back of students who so often live in poverty.

Perhaps the reason Mayor Cull has no respect from students is that he profits off of poor quality student housing being one of Dunedin's many 'slumlords'. I would like to point out also that if anyone is giving "personal attacks" it's Dave Cull who called a member of the public "deaf or stupid" which is not only rude but deeply ableist

(discriminatory to disabled people such as deaf people) and is a crying shame to be coming from a public representative.

Caity, we're sorry you were pressured to apologise, kia kaha. Keep going strong for the student cause! (P.s. critic is spot on, we need to get rid of VSM, it's just nasty)

And Dave, quit not taking young people seriously or treating them with respect, quit being a dick basically. You ought to be the one apologising.

kā mihi,

ANGRY REACTS ONLY

Hey critic!

I just read your food review on alternative meat co fake chicken strips and I thought I'd ask if it was written by a middle-aged pessimist, who doesn't believe in climate change and mistook the critic for their daily fb rant. I get it that vegetarians and vegans attract a lot of hate for the moral superiority and hippie bullshit proclaimed by a minority within the group. But surely we can all acknowledge the bigger picture: eating meat is contributing to an unsustainable industry that is fucking up the environment.

Why waste energy shitting on a product that could actually make a positive difference? It's the uneducated and self-righteous grumps of the world who deter masses from using their own brains and giving something new a go. Fair enough if the fake chicken smells like feet and isn't your cup of tea, it is an opinion piece after all. My point is, I think it was a dick move to use the article as an opportunity to undermine all plant based diets and glorify backward attitudes regarding the environmental impacts of meat consumption.

Hope your food review columnist is done PMSing by next week!

Cheers,

Leaf-eating socialist

Editor: I believe it was written by an 18-24 year old pessimist

CORRECTION

In Issue 7, Critic ran an article titled 'How The DCC Destroyed BYOs'. The article was factually incorrect. The article stated that "...the Dunedin City Council ... working alongside the Southern District Health Board, the police, and license holders, introduced an accord to limit drunkenness at

BYO restaurants." This is not correct. The Dunedin BYO accord is an agreement between BYO licensees, supported by the Police and Public Health. For the avoidance of doubt the DCC is not part of the accord and never has been.

University Book Shop



Dunedin's Finest Book Shop

LETTER OF THE WEEK

Congrats! You won a \$30 UBS voucher.

Dear OUSA Post Graduate Officer

What the fuck do you do all day?

You're quite honestly MIA, we can't see you. What we can see, is that you're still admin on the OUPS facebook page. Well done on the 150 likes by the way - that's impressive for a society that's done fuck all for it's demographic. Is it appropriate that you're still admin? When was your AGM? Why did you guys cancel events in 2017? No, we don't want to play laser tag with you.


In your honorarium report you state something vague like, "I met with departments." It's not enough to make those statements. Which departments have you met with? You clearly aren't meeting with the right departments, because not only did we hear jack from you during the humanities consultation, you also decided to tell the University that "students are 100% happy with the changes, wank, wank, wank"

I hope Dave Cull gives you that reference you're yearning for.

Excited to read your 5,000-word reply. I don't mind tbh, just so long as you step it up.

Regards,

Andrew Townsend



OUSA President Apologises for Being too “Passionate” Attacking DCC

Exec split over how shit DCC is

By Charlie O’Mannin

OUSA President Caitlin Barlow-Groome has walked back her comments criticising the Dunedin City Council (DCC) for not caring about students after she received significant blowback from both the DCC and others within OUSA.

In her President’s column two weeks ago, titled “The DCC Don’t Give a Flying Fuck About Students,” Caitlin Barlow-Groome, OUSA President attacked the DCC for not “car[ing] about anyone between the ages of 18-24”.

Caitlin said that at a recent meeting with Dunedin Mayor Dave Cull, “When I asked if he thought it was important that a student rep sit in on the regular meeting between the DCC and the University, he politely laughed and said “no, that wouldn’t be appropriate unless you want to end up with a bill”. One of his people in the room said they would “consult us on issues that affect students”. When a city was built around a university that has 20,000 students, don’t you think 99% of issues ‘affect students’????”

“The students make this city,” Caitlin continued, “Take us out you lose everyone who is employed at the University, which leaves you without enough to even call yourself a city. Dave Cull, Dunedin Mayor, it’s time to take the student voice into consideration.”

Caitlin concluded by saying that she wanted OUSA to “sit on every committee that discuss anything that could directly, or indirectly, affect students. Our voice needs to be heard!”

Caitlin’s comments whipped up a storm of upset people. Dunedin Mayor Dave Cull responded to Caitlin’s article, saying that “while I admire [Caitlin’s] passion, my recollection of our discussions varies from hers”.

He said that “students and the University (as well as the Polytechnic and its students) are vital to Dunedin. Sure, you are important to the city’s economy, but you also bring youth, vibrancy, a spirit of academic enquiry and energy to our community. We love that.”

He went on to list things that the DCC do for students, including recycling and rubbish collection, internships, and helping with Hyde Street. “However, we expect public areas to be treated with respect in return. I know it’s only a small minority who smash bottles on footpaths, but that behaviour makes ratepayers in other areas ask why we give students special treatment. On the other hand, I was immensely proud to see a large group of university students last year respond to the pleas of preschool students by organising a clean-up of broken glass on Castle Street.”

He concluded by saying that “We see you, our students, as an integral part of our community. For those of you from outside Dunedin, we welcome you here as new citizens, not as temporary visitors or tourists.”

OUSA Postgraduate Officer Kirio Birks also disagreed with his President’s article, saying in a letter to Critic that “The Dunedin City Council cares about OUSA, cares about students, and cares about the youth” and that

“Sitting on every committee is both absurd and a genuine waste of everyone’s time”.

Kirio argued that the better approach to dealing with the DCC was to “Commit, year after year, to turning up to council meetings when appropriate, making submissions when appropriate, and making a habitual effort to be engaged. Local government change is made with courtesy, integrity, perseverance and humility. Be stuck in, not stuck up.”

In her next President’s column Caitlin apologised to those who misconstrued the point of her article, saying 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”.

However, she went on to say that, “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 [. . .] 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.”

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



OPINION: The OUSA Exec are making less than minimum wage. How is that OK?

By Esme Hall

Student Association Executives are vital for ensuring that students are represented at the university, regional and national levels. But they're overworked and underpaid. That isn't right.

Two weeks ago Critic reported on the resignation of two Executives of the Auckland University Students' Association (AUSA).

Both former Welfare Vice-President Isabel Holm and Queer Rights Officer Isabella Francis were passionate about helping vulnerable students at Auckland Uni. But a combination of poor management and an unreasonable workload made them feel that they couldn't do their roles justice. Isabel said she felt she had to be "superhuman" to do the job.

To rub salt in the wound, student representatives are barely paid. AUSA, OUSA and almost all other Student Association Executives are compensated with an honorarium.

In other words, instead of being paid regularly, Exec members get a lump sum every quarter. And for the OUSA exec, that lump sum comes out to a lot less than minimum wage. Many Exec members aren't full-time students as they're contributing too much time to OUSA. This means they don't get StudyLink. OUSA Welfare Officer Abigail Clark has "to work a second job to live," even though she's spending around 30 hours a week on OUSA work.

You can't really call an honorarium 'getting paid'. It's really meant to be a method to pay volunteers a nominal amount for their time. An honorarium is meant for people like sports coaches, or local church treasurers.

An honorarium is the wrong type of payment for Student Associations. They have defined roles and responsibilities under their portfolios which they must complete throughout the year. Not only this, but they also have set hours – at the OUSA elections they clearly advertise different positions as 10 hours, 20 hours, and full time. Yet despite working what is in essence an hourly job, they are paid below the hourly minimum wage.

You may be wondering, "why does Critic care? You guys shit on the OUSA Exec all the time?" You make a fair point.

Critic doesn't criticise the OUSA Exec because we think they're bad people. They're not. Your Executive dedicates their time and energy to represent you. Critic calls out the Exec because it's our job. They are elected representatives of the Otago student body, and governors of the multi-million dollar organisation that is OUSA. We have to hold them to account.

But, it's also our job to raise awareness about things that are unjust around the University, such as paying the OUSA Executive next to nothing. Look, both students and Critic have far greater standing to hold the Exec to account and demand better of them if we know they're being paid a decent amount.

Being a student representative is difficult. OUSA Presidents give up a year of their lives to head the organisation. President Caitlin Barlow-Groome receives a salary of around \$30,000 a year. She is the student face of Otago Uni and faces public criticism

from local and national media. Caitlin says "on average I have worked 51 hours a week over the last 5 weeks" and "every weekend bar one". Also, Caitlin's flatmate's friend ate her fish, vomited it up, then snorted it. That has nothing to do with her pay, but it is gross.

Paying the Executive properly benefits everyone. Here's how:

1. Proper pay would take some pressure off our executive, who take on enormous responsibilities on behalf of the student body.
2. Proper pay would make elections more competitive by consistently attracting high quality representatives.
3. Proper pay would also make it easier for students to hold the Exec to account. Critic would feel less bad about criticising them if they were paid for it.

Obviously pushing to pay themselves more isn't a great look for elected Student Executives, who already face criticism. That's why it's our jobs as students to call for our representatives to be supported so they can be better at supporting us. So here's the deal: because OUSA has a stupidly complicated constitution, the only way for us to change it is at a Student General Meeting (SGM). There will be an SGM on 24 May 2018, at 1pm, Main Common Room, to change the honorarium system. Show up and vote for change if you give a shit.



Gastro Outbreak Hits 70 Selwyn Students

Could make the Selwyn Ballet way funnier though (although to be fair almost anything would)

By Charlie O'Mannin

Two weeks ago Critic was walking through campus, taking pictures for the esteemed Critical Tribune, when a group of clearly blazed women accosted us with a large bottle of hand sanitiser, claiming that there was gastro around. If only we'd listened.

An outbreak of gastroenteritis (gastro) has hit almost half the residents of Selwyn College. Gastro symptoms include diarrhoea, vomiting, nausea, abdominal pain, fever and muscle pains. The disease can last between 1-3 days and spreads by ingestion of contaminated food or water, contact with contaminated surfaces and inhalation of the airborne virus.

Charlotte Brewer, a resident at Selwyn College, was one of the people who got gastro. "Having gastro was a truly horrific experience," she told Critic. "The first night was definitely the worst for me. It all started when I was lying in bed about to fall asleep and then a wave of nausea hit me like a ton of bricks and within the space of five minutes I was running to get to the toilet (which I was sharing with my neighbour who also caught gastro at the same time). Your body shuts

down and you don't even feel like a person anymore just a regurgitating machine. Some other strange gastro sensations were feeling freezing cold but simultaneously boiling hot, a throbbing headache which lasted for a few days, extreme fatigue and joint pain."

Southern DHB medical officer of health Keith Reid told Stuff that Public Health South had introduced "appropriate measures" at the college, and that the number of cases was now reducing. "At present, we haven't seen a rise in cases outside of the university," said Reid. Charlotte said that, at the time of writing, she thought that around 70 people in Selwyn had gastro.

Measures to reduce risk include washing hands often, especially after using the bathroom and before food preparation. It is important for anyone with gastro to stay away from work, education, or childcare while they experience symptoms, and for at least 48 hours afterwards. "The vomiting subsided after 24 hours," said Charlotte, "but because the outbreak in Selwyn was so extensive you were quarantined in your room for 48 hours after you started feeling better. Our RAs took

great care of us though; there was someone on duty 24 hours a day who could take you to hospital (if your symptoms were unbearable) or bring you a bottle of water or even just to have a chat, because you start to go mildly insane after being in isolation for 72 hours (even Netflix and YouTube cannot entertain you forever). I know of people who still have the bug, so although we are allowed to go and eat at the dining hall now and congregate in the common room, there are still signs up all around the collage and hand sanitizer dispensers everywhere you look. Overall having Gastro was NOT a fun experience. 1/10 would not recommend."

Gastro is highly infectious and those infected shit out the virus in large quantities.

Critic would like to point out that Selwyn College was already a large quantity of shit.

Enabling Love

Social Series #1 : Movie Night

Reading Cinema, the Octagon, Dunedin, Sunday 27th May, 7pm

Tickets on sale 11th May till the
22 May 2018 on Eventfinda.
Movie to be advised

Supervalue \$14

(Admission)

Standard \$20

(Admission and 2x snacks)

Exclusive \$35

(Admission, 2 snacks and drink
& nibbles at Dog with Two Tails)

Counter-Protest Drowns Out White Nationalists

The National Front forced to wave the white flag of surrender

By Thea Bailie-Bellew

The National Front, a white supremacist, alt-right group, held a sparsely attended rally at Queens Gardens on 4 May. The event was heavily counter-protested.

The National Front is a group of racists that claim to encourage free democracy for New Zealanders, in which individuals are free to make their own decisions and choices, as long as that choice is to be racist. This seems oxymoronic, emphasis on the moronic, and the National Front evidently doesn't understand our current form of government. Their website states "Unlike other parties, particularly those of the extreme left and right, we would not impose our views on the population".

A video from a recent Christchurch National Front event shows a white man talking to about 7.5 other white people at a nondescript outdoor location.

After a complaint, the National Front's events were quickly removed from EventFinda and their account was suspended. EventFinda CEO James McGlenn said that they do not allow content that could be seen as "promoting racial disharmony or hate speech".

Critic spoke to Sina Brown-Davis, who described themselves as "of Te Roroa and Te Uriohau descent, a lifelong activist, humbly living on the land of the Kai Tahu, Kati Mamoe, and Waitaha people in Parihaumia," about her involvement with the Dunedin counter-protest.

"[We] should make sure that white supremacists should never be given a platform anywhere. They can make an effort to learn about the Māori history of the land that they live on and be supportive allies of the Tangata Whenua. They can hand over resources to

minority groups that are discriminated against. Make an effort to understand racism, colonialism, and all the impact it continues to have in our country."

Another member of the counter-protest said "I think one of the most important things is having these tough conversations about race and racial injustice.

We need to understand that these people play on very real fears that people have about the present and the future, as well as the reactionary or racist attitudes which are seen as accepted more or less in today's society."

The National Front did not respond to our request for comment.

Uncertainty for Te Rangi Hiroa after Dunedin Hospital Announcement

Where will all the freshers who couldn't get into anywhere else go now?

By Esme Hall

The future of Te Rangi Hiroa College is unclear after the Government announced its building is part of the new site for the Dunedin Hospital.

Dunedin's new hospital will be built on the Cadbury site and on the next block to the north, which currently contains a Wilson's carpark and Te Rangi Hiroa College.

The University-owned Hall of Residence is home to 120 first-years and will keep running until more detail is known about the hospital rebuild.

University of Otago Chief Operating Officer Stephen Willis says it "will be some time" before there's clarity on Te Rangi Hiroa's next

steps because "hospital site master planning and any subsequent property acquisition" will be a "significant process".

He says for now "it is business as usual". The University will "start to consider a range of options" but is committed to "the ongoing operation of Te Rangi Hiroa College in the future".

"Current residents and their families have been informed" there will be no impact on them this year, Willis says. Te Rangi Hiroa will still accept applications for 2019.

If the building can no longer be used as a residential college, Willis says the University will

look to rebuild Te Rangi Hiroa College elsewhere, retaining its identity and name.

The College is named after the University's first Māori medical graduate, Te Rangi Hiroa. University of Otago Director of Māori development Tuari Potiki says Te Rangi Hiroa's iwi, Ngāti Mutunga, have been informed of the hospital announcement's potential implications for the college. Ngāti Mutunga is keen to be involved in future plans for the college.

There have been no negotiations to date with either the Crown or Ministry of Health in relation to acquisition of Te Rangi Hiroa College.

CRITIC BREAKS DOWN THE OUSA REFERENDUM QUESTIONS

By Charlie [sc]O[op]’Mannin and Joel MacManus

OUSA’s Referendum opens 9am Monday. Even though they rejected some of our best questions, like “Should the Clubs and Societies building be turned into a big old gay bar?” and “Should OUSA adopt the stegosaurus as its official dinosaur?” you should still vote. For those of you who can’t be bothered thinking for yourselves (what up commerce students?), Critic has broken down the questions that did make it into the referendum.

Should the Otago University Students’ Association Annual Audited Financial Statements for the year ended 31 December 2017 be received and accepted?

Pro: It allows the association to continue functioning

Con: It would be funny watching the exec freak out

Should the Otago University Students’ Association Annual Report for 2017 be received and accepted?

Pro: We can finally put 2017 behind us #RIP David Bowie

Con: If it doesn’t pass we have to go back to 2017 and do it all over again

Should PricewaterhouseCoopers be appointed as auditors for the Otago University Students’ Association for 2018?

Pro: It might give their lives meaning

Con: Should anyone who still doesn’t know the price of a water house be allowed to audit anything?

Should Anderson Lloyd be appointed as Honorary Solicitors for the Otago University Students’ Association for 2018?

Pro: They’re not Russell McVeagh

Con: They’re still a law firm (if you know what I mean)

Should the following amendments to the Constitution be accepted?

Section 34.2 of the Constitution be amended to delete the word “academic”

Pro: The exec wouldn’t have to look up how to spell the word “academic”

Con: They’re never going to learn if we don’t throw them in the deep end

Section 34.5 of the Constitution be amended to read “The Te Roopū Māori Representative will present a report to the Executive each quarter.”

Pro: There would be more reports for Critic to make fun of

Con: We would have to read more reports

Add a section 6.2(e) that reads: “To remedy breaches of the Rules, in accordance with these Rules”

Pro: These are words

Con: It might encourage people to go around capitalising “rules” unnecessarily

Delete section 10.14

Pro: Fewer sections in the Constitution

Con: It might be important. Not sure. We didn’t look it up.

Add a section 11.4 that reads: “All active policies must be made publically available on the Association website” and change section numbers accordingly.

Pro: People could easily masturbate to OUSA’s policies from the comfort of their own homes

Con: Someone might steal all OUSA’s policies and start their own mind-numbing bureaucracy

Delete from section 21.2: “...generally provided that no Student General Meeting shall be held on a Friday”

Pro: Fewer sections in the Constitution

Con: Friday is the Lord’s day

Sub-sections 19.10 (c) and (d), and 6.3 (e) and (f) be removed, and that the OUSA Executive be empowered to appoint honorary solicitors and auditors without putting it to referendum.

Pro: No one in the future would have to be asked questions 3 and 4

Con: The power might *will* go to the exec’s heads

Should all binary gender terms used throughout the Constitution be replaced with gender-neutral terms?

Pro: Time-consuming administrative task, which the exec all become aroused doing

Con: Inclusivity might lead to certain people thinking they have the same rights as white hetero men

Should the Association Secretary, Donna Jones, be re-appointed for a fixed-term of four (4) Years?

Pro: Donna is the best person ever and she's lovely and we love her

Con: Donna deserves a nice holiday

Should OUSA support the establishment of an on-campus Marae?

Pro: Communal sleeping is fun

Con: Communal sleeping is gross

Should OUSA's SLA funding be independent of Te Roopū Māori's funding?

Pro: We don't know what SLA stands for

Con: Does it stand for Snake Larder Association? Selling LIES Annually? Super Lovely Animals? Super Late Audit? Soapy Lads' Arseholes?

Should OUSA run a campaign against bullying?

Pro: Bullying is bad for the victims

Con: Bullying is fun for the perpetrators

Should OUSA directly ask the Education Minister, "Will you wipe all student loan debt by 2025?"

Pro: He might say "What a nice idea" and then wander away to eat a scone

Con: He might put his fingers in his ears and go "lalalalala"

Should OUSA advocate for the University to implement a composting system on campus?

Pro: Attractive environmental people might think we're cool

Con: Both the compost and the environmental people will smell bad

Should OUSA support science and health based education on safe student drug use?

Pro: Science and health are both things

Con: Education is boring enough, we don't need to bring scientists into it. Also, why aren't we supporting spiritualist based education around drug use?

Should OUSA officially endorse a change from the current Misuse of Drugs Act of 1975 in favour of a health-based approach?

Pro: Josh Smythe will probably give us all free drugs in celebration

Con: Who likes being healthy? It sucks.

Should OUSA officially endorse the complete legalisation of marijuana in New Zealand?

Pro: Would help me buy weed. I can't find a decent dealer. If you know someone, please email editor@odt.co.nz

Con: We couldn't think of one

Should OUSA amend its current policy to prohibit election tickets to be formed (groups of two or more candidates running alongside and endorsing one another's campaigns) for Executive elections?

Pro: Tickets fucking suuuuuuuck

Con: It might reduce exec infighting, which is fun to watch

Should OUSA explore options to minimise drug-related harm?

Pro: There have now been four questions asking the same thing about drugs.

Con: Many students are very supportive of drug-related harm.

Should OUSA set up a subsidiary company to invest in flats in the North Dunedin area as a way to diversify revenue streams?

Pro: OUSA will talk for ages about getting you a microwave, which will make you feel valued

Con: OUSA will hold boring meetings in your flat and not grant you speaking rights

Should OUSA support a soft plastic recycling scheme on campus?

Pro: Schemes are only a few steps away from cunning plans

Con: Hard plastics might get jealous and want their own scheme

Should OUSA support the sale of alcohol in the Union food court and Union Common Room areas?

Pro: Alcohol

Con: Might hinder the free distribution of beer after the revolution

Should OUSA formally support and lobby the University to provide recordings for all lectures?

Pro: No one will ever have to go to class

Con: No one will ever watch the recordings

Should OUSA lobby the University to fund flu vaccinations for all students?

Pro: There won't be any sick people

Con: All your enemies might get sick and die

Should OUSA commit to continuing the free breakfast through 2019?

Pro: Free stuff

Con: Oatmeal

Should OUSA expand the Hyde Street Party to increase capacity?

Pro: Then you could expand the Hyde Street Party to a political party and take over the government.

Con: Victs

Should OUSA lobby the University and Private residential colleges to offer discounted rent to Residential Assistants, so that their pay will entirely cover accommodation costs?

Pro: The university would actually respect them as people and pay them as they deserve

Con: The university would have to do a good thing

Should OUSA support and lobby for the repeal of the voluntary student membership of students' associations implemented by the Education (Freedom of Association) Amendments Act 2011?

Pro: It would make David Seymour cry

Con: David Seymour would get an erection

Should OUSA include a Pacific representative on the Executive?

Pro: It would be very nice

Con: Another human being has to sit through exec meetings

OPINION: Should Sportspeople Be Role Models?



By Charlie Hantler

There's been some pretty shitty stuff happening in sports recently. David Warner, Israel Folau, Conor McGregor and Steve Smith are just a few of the names that have made the headlines, and it's forcing us to bring out that tired old cliché "the spirit of the game".

Look Dave, that's just not fucking cricket, I thought to myself when I woke up to the news of what the Aussies had done in Cape Town. To tell the truth though, it really was nothing new from the convicts. They've been running a pretty abysmal cutter for a long time now in terms of sportsmanship, and kept hammering home the same old media bullshit that their sledging is still "in the spirit of the game". Nah, get fucked. Kids all over Australia, even in the depths of Darwin and Hobart, have their eyes and ears glued to the screen, watching their heroes. They base their games, both physical and verbal, off the likes of Steve Smith, David Warner and Mitchell Starc. Now, I know that alone makes for a pretty fucked nation, but bear with.

The recent incidents with their crook cricket team and Folau's controversial statements have prompted the reemergence of the question – should sportspeople be role models? As Irish journalist Ian O'Doherty said about Conor McGregor's recent assault charge, "Any parent who ever thought a sportsperson could, or even should, be a good role model for their kids needs to look at their own parenting skills rather than criticise the behaviour

of some immensely wealthy, immensely pampered young man who finds that they have a gift which, through hard work and luck, can be parlayed into a lucrative career."

Or as Charles Barkley put it in his iconic Nike commercial, "I am not a role model. I am not paid to be a role model. I am paid to wreak havoc on the basketball court. Parents should be role models. Just because I dunk a basketball, doesn't mean I should raise your kids."

That's all well and good, but what is indisputable is that we have an instinct to follow in the footsteps of people whose actions or abilities we admire. It's only natural, and it isn't something that is going to immediately, or even quickly, change. Whether these sportspeople like it or not, they're looked up to by millions of children worldwide, and these children will end up leading the charge of the next generation, including on the sports fields, long after the likes of Folau, Warner and McGregor are gone.

I'm no great philosopher, but Uncle Ben definitely was, and he nailed it when he said, "with great power comes great responsibility". Conor mate, we get that your boy was getting a rough time, but you really don't need to act like a fuckwit and throw things at buses. Izzy, I love freedom of speech as much as the next bloke, but maybe think about what you're saying and the wide audience that it will impact before you chuck out bible lines

willy nilly. David, Steve and Cam... I don't have words to be honest. We've known for the longest time that the Aussie cricket team is full of shit blokes, and I always thought Mitchell Starc was pretty overrated, so I'm pretty stoked to have that opinion vindicated.

The harsh reality is that sportspeople are tasked with public responsibilities when they sign contracts at this sort of level. They know exactly what they're getting into. To lump blame on parents like O'Doherty does is naive.

A massive chunk of these sportspeople's audience are in their inherently impressionable youth, and their actions can lead to the next generation developing the same nature. See the vicious cycle that I'm hinting at here? Plenty of sportspeople make great efforts to counter this, but unfortunately all it takes is one bad apple to spoil the bunch, and get the negative media (much like the ODT with literally anything student related) pumping out the hot takes. So I'm trying to avoid that here, but a lot of the shitbags mentioned in this article need to sort their shitbaggy out.



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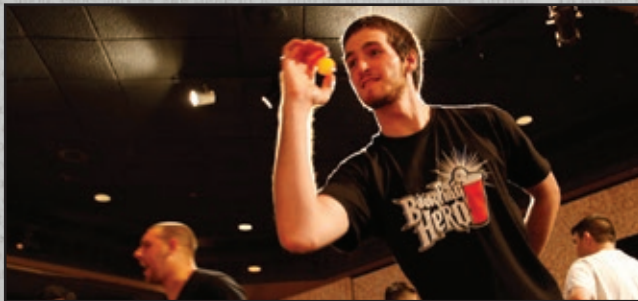


BARLENE BAYNE AFFILIATES THE "UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO'S VICE-CHANCELLOR IS COOL" CLUB WITH OUSA

'Barlene Bayne,' who looks suspiciously like University of Otago Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne with a fake moustache and sunglasses, has successfully persuaded OUSA's Clubs and Societies division to affiliate her club, the "University of Otago's Vice-Chancellor is Cool" club (OUVCC).

"I just feel like Harlene doesn't get the credit she deserves," Barlene told the Tribune. "It's hard work slashing university jobs while being paid \$630,000 and living in a university owned mansion. Why can't everyone just be nice to me, I mean her?"

When asked for comment on the establishment of the club, Harlene said "Why does no one call me the Nice-Chancellor?"



AMERICAN EXCHANGE STUDENT WANTS TO PLAY BEER PONG WITH WATER

Hank Letroy, a Philadelphia native and UPenn student on exchange at Otago, attempted to join a beer pong game at a flat party on Cumberland Street by pouring a jug of water into his cups. Kiwi host Luke Sawyer immediately rejected him: "Hey mate, you gotta play with beers, that's how it works." Confused and angry, Letroy pointed to a half-empty bottle of Budweiser in his hand. "Bro, every time you sink a cup of water, bro, I'll just take a sip of this bro."

His opponents informed him that half a beer would not be enough to get him drunk. Hank was later seen passed out on a stairwell after finishing a whole 6-pack.



LECTURER CLOSES OFFICE DOOR AT ALL TIMES IN ORDER TO CONVINCe STUDENTS SHE IS NOT IN HER OFFICE

Dr. Susan Martin has an open-door policy, or at least that's what she tells her students. "When I can no longer handle them I just close the door and make no sounds," she whispered to the Critical Tribune over the phone. "I'm frankly quite overwhelmed at all times."

We hear a faint knocking, followed by a gasp. "That's one now," Dr. Martin rasps frantically. After thirty seconds, she breathes a sigh of relief. "They're gone. I better dart out to the loo before any of them see me in the hallway."



CASTLE STREET LAD BANISHED AFTER FINISHING YARDIE IN OVER FOUR MINUTES

A third year commerce student has been banished in shame from his Castle Street 'tribe' after completing his 21st birthday yardie in an embarrassingly slow time. He will be forced to wander in the wilderness of Leith Street for six months before making his return to the green pastures of his home. Flatmate Liam Neil, who poured the fateful yardie, said he was sad to see his friend go, but "he must face the reckoning of his crimes. For six moons he shall wander, searching his soul and battling his inner demons. Only then may he be welcomed back into the fold, as an equal and a man."

POPULAR MARK RUFFALOS

The definitive list of the most popular Mark Ruffalos in North Dunedin this week

Brad Sullivan: Is a little bit racist but in a way that it's hard to put your finger on. Sort it out Brad you're better than that. Brad and Dad rhyme, and rhyming is a poetry TROPE. Brad is an average dad trope.

Bruce Banner: You won't like him when he's angry!

Dylan Rhodes: Tries to impress you with magic tricks, some are actually quite good. Calls you a "little shit" when you are up to no good. Has a big heart and kind eyes.

Mike Rezendes: Loves enforcing rules. So many rules. Yeah alright DAD I'll be home before 6 pm and I won't smooch anyone. But you didn't make any rules about smoking weed and kicking cars so jokes on you OLD MAN.

Matt Flamhaff: Always remembers your birthday. Once built the most magical dolls house. Is a photographer, lives in an apartment building by himself. Has had a crush on the same woman since he was 13 (Jenna Rink you lucky gal).

Inspector David Toschi: Has a keen sense of justice, works tirelessly and is hardly ever home, it puts a strain on your home life but is ultimately for the greater good. Has a smile that would melt your wee heart.

ARE YOU...

- AGED BETWEEN 18-55 YEARS?
- A NON-SMOKER?
- NOT ON ANY MEDICATION?
- FREE OF MEDICAL CONDITIONS?

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ODT WATCH

By Charlie O'Mannin

To start this week the ODT are seeking help for a problem sculpture that keeps popping up in their garden,

Garden seeking lasting fix
for worm sculpture

They tried cutting it in half, but then they jut had two worm sculptures to deal with.

Next, some words from Councillor Lee 'Climate Change is a Hoax' Vandervis,

Cr Lee Vandervis said he did not think he could "usefully add anything", while other councillors did not return calls.

Lee Vandervis has never had anything useful to add.

Then, an incredibly sad glimpse into the ODT's private life

I T was a five-fold surprise And the first of the surprises was that I was invited to dinner. I am rarely invited to dinner. And I even more rarely accept. It would be nice to imagine that that last sentence explains the one before it but it would be wrong. That I am rarely invited to dinner is merely a fact, as indisputable but inexplicable as life on Earth.

"As indisputable but inexplicable as life on Earth" is the ODT's unofficial motto.

The Otago Regional Council have restored a racial slur to an event title after it was taken away for being, you know, a racial slur.

ORC welcomes back Gypsy Day

What a wonderful day for Central Otago's proud tradition of racism.

And finally, the ODT editor has big things on his mind,

Fewer cows no easy task

I mean, we do a pretty good job of killing cows already. Just don't get more after you kill them. Solved. You're welcome.



POST-FACT WORLD



If you laid a blue whale in Wembley stadium end to end, the game would be cancelled

The shape of Shapes cracker is called a 'shape shape'

On average a person will eat eight spiders in their life if they like eating spiders

The "average person eats 8 spiders a year" factoid is actually a statistical error. The median person eats 0 spiders per year. Greg Hinderton, a mountain man, who lives in cave & eats over 10,000 each day, is an outlier and should not have been counted.

The cigarette lighter was originally invented as a bottle opener for forgetful people

If you try to eat a Polar Bear's lover, you will die.

No one has ever seen Mark Ruffalo naked and lived to tell the tale

The Wiggles were originally a rock n roll band that sang about doing sex and being on the drugs. 'Fruit Salad' was about kinky food sex and 'Big Red Car' was a coked up joyride in a stolen Ferrari

Dinosaurs actually had big ears but nobody knows that because ears don't have bones

There is a tribe in the Amazon that never cuts the umbilical cord

The average penis size is just a little bigger than yours

Because they have hair and produce milk, coconuts are technically mammals.

The sea is only 14% water

25% of the sun is helium, which is why it floats up in the sky

Truth is stranger than fiction

Canada is a Native American word meaning "Big Village"

Instead of "Once upon a time..." many Korean folktales begin with "Back when tigers used to smoke..."

The last words of Albert Einstein were forever lost because he spoke them in German, a language that the nurse attending him did not speak

The words "listen" and "silent" are anagrams of each other

It took two years to create the scene of the dancing baby Groot in the beginning of Guardians of the Galaxy Vol. 2

Dogs love squeaky toys because it mimics the screams of smaller prey

On average a person will meet 80,000 people in a lifetime

In Switzerland it's illegal to own only one guinea pig because they get lonely

The cigarette lighter was invented before the match.

If you eat a polar bear's liver, you will die. Humans cannot handle that much vitamin A

The earliest evidence of cricket being played in New Zealand is from Charles Darwin's personal diary

The pornography industry is worth more than the NFL, MLB, and NBA combined

The name of the shape of pringles is called a "Hyperbolic Paraboloid"

The first thing the "Father of Microbiology," Anton van Leeuwenhoek, put under a microscope was semen. He understood that semen was integral to the creation of life but didn't yet understand the concept of single-cell organisms. He fully expected to see tiny little humans in his jizz

FACTS & FIGURES

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AT THE COLLEGE OF EDUCATION AUDITORIUM

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SCARFIE THINGS: CAPPING SHOW PREVIEW

By Joel MacManus

It's Tuesday evening. Shaun Swain sits alone in the middle of the tenth row of the College Auditorium, surrounded by empty chairs. He watches an empty stage with an intense, focused stare. Nothing happens. The stage lights beat down on empty wood. Then someone rushes in from the upstairs left entrance behind him. "Stop the lecture!" they scream. Then another person sprints in from the upstairs right. "Stop the lecture!" Then more and more from the front left, front right, side entrances and onstage, spilling into the empty room, a cacophony of frantic movement and screaming voices. "STOP THE LECTURE!"

"Alright, take a five minute break," Shaun says. The actors sidle offstage to roll around on the floor making weird theatre kid noises.

It's one week until the opening night of Capping Show 2018, the final stretch of months of work. Auditions for actors were the week after O Week, and writers have been working since partway through 2017. The final weekend before the show is a non-stop 9am to midnight cram session of final rehearsals, tech and lighting, and a burst of promotion around the student area.

Right now, Shaun's focus as director is piecing everything together and making sure it doesn't run too long. Technically the show should be no more than two and a half hours long, but in previous years it has run as high as three hours. If it's too long they'll have to cut sketches, which can be heartbreaking after spending so long perfecting them. "It's a juggling act," Shaun says. "You need to make sure there's time for actors to change. Between the main sketch and jumping in and out for the smaller sketches it's like two different shows at the same time."

This year's show, Scarfie Things, is based off the Netflix series Stranger Things, if you couldn't tell. "There's kind of a nostalgia trip to 2008 instead of the '80s, it's just faintly different enough that we don't really give it enough credit for what it was," Shaun says. "For example, the iPhone 1 had been released and a lot of



people didn't get it at the time. It's hard to think of a world without smartphones, but we lived in it."

The plot is largely aligned to the series. There's a group of flatmates, and one of them goes missing. The rest of the crew task themselves with finding him. They're assisted by the police chief, who in this version is a campus watch officer. Alongside the chief is the Winona Ryder character of the flatmate's mother. Shaun says he "won't reveal who that mother is, but it's a pleasant surprise".

"It's been great playing with really tight text. Last year it was more physical and kind of a free-form romp. That was lovely too, but it's been nice having to buckle down and figure out what makes a sketch tick and deconstructing it and making it even better."

This year's show will feature a Bollywood performance guest spot from the Indian Students' Association, as well as the ever-popular Selwyn Ballet (hahaha it's funny because they're boys but they're wearing dresses and they do ballet but everyone knows dancing is only for girls hahahahaha that's comedy haha).

While the Capping Show has pitched itself as "open discrimination against everyone," Shaun says they are careful to toe the line between crude and offensive: "People like to say the Capping Show doesn't have any boundaries, but that's not entirely true." At the start of the writing session they put together a "hit list" of things that are topical, relevant to uni, and would make good jokes. They also have a list of things to avoid - no references to any kind of illegal sexual activity, child abuse, or bestiality. They also specifically avoid the Christchurch earthquake.

The 124th annual Capping Show runs from 16-19 May & 21-26 May, 7.30pm, at University of Otago College of Education Auditorium. The cast and crew are promising big things. "It's been lots of work, lots of hard work, but it's paid off from what I've seen of rehearsals so far."

THE CAPPING SHOW CULT

BY JACOB HOUSTON

An inside look at what it's like to be a part of the Capping Show.

“You’ve just woken up, and you realise the world is in slow motion,” says the director.

All right, I’ll play George Bush just doing his regular thing. That’s pretty funny. But I guess that’s been done before; maybe I should just make a character. Yeah, I’ll play a farmer who thinks his molasses supplies have broken loose. And I’ll call my wife Barb — yeah, that’s a funny name.

All right, go!

That was a take on one of the most nerve-wracking parts of the Capping Show audition process. There’s some dancing involved, some pair work, but the improvisation is the best part (for those sitting on the sideline).

“You’re a superhero whose archnemesis is the sun.”

Those are the instructions for the next student auditioning.

“You’re a man trying to get people to join your cult.”

You’ve got seconds to think of something funny, and you’re in front of more than 30 other people your age who think they’re funny too. You’ve got to be funnier. And you’re sweaty. Much sweatier than usual.



The main script for the Capping Show is usually written by someone outside the show. The other half, with all the side gags and cut-aways, is written by the cast and another group of writers. Fourteen people act, 10 people are writers (who help write the side gags), five people are backstage and shift the sets for each scene, there's your makeup artist, the costume designer, the set designer, the choreographer, the producers, the assistant producers, the directors, the audio technicians, the lighting peeps and the music group.

The whole thing kicks off with writing. You show up for three hours every night, grab a few mates, and start writing up something funny. I'm not very funny. I wrote a few good sketches (some even got into the script), but I also wrote a lot of shit. I think I wrote a sketch about a giant elephant that shows up throughout different scenes and just tells stupid elephant facts, and the punchline right at the end of the show was that her name was "Irrelephant". It's a good thing there's a team there who make the cuts.

There's also a Capping Show writers' retreat. Sometime in the months before the show, all the actors and writers go off to an undisclosed location for a

night. You get shiffaced, you write a bunch of comedy and you play party games. We created a game that whenever the song "Hide and Seek" by Imogen Heap started playing, the lights were turned off and everyone had to run and hide. I don't know who was meant to start the search each time, but someone would.

For the parties, OUSA supplied us with a keg or two, a couple of boxes of wine and some non-alcoholic stuff. Most of the time someone would bring weed, and in my years it was usually the legal Thai High shit. But you're still theatre kids. So you rock out to "Bohemian Rhapsody," everyone gets drunk off three beers, and everyone is trying to get each other's attention and make each other laugh.

There are often strange traditions at every party. At midnight, there is a weird eating challenge. I believe I once ate an entire can of raw baked beans but, even then, that pales in comparison to a guy who had to eat an entire orange (skin included). One of these parties was at my old flat on Howe Street, and there are probably still orange skin vomit remains behind the house. I've also got a video of some people eating a big raw potato and an entire banana — skin and all.

When I wrote and acted in the Capping Show, most people wrote good stuff, but there were a few that really stood out. A talented trio wrote a skit around Maui and the Son (not sun). At the writers' retreat we were blown away by some of the best amateur comedy

we had ever heard, and then about five hours later, we were all showing off some of our writing.

The retreat provides a space for everyone to write, perform and develop their comedy skills together. Once the writing is done, we hand in all our manuscripts. The writers leave us. The directors pick the best sketches, pick who plays them, and we start rehearsing.

The schedule for rehearsals was very strict, taking up at least three hours every night. You don't miss a rehearsal. Typically it starts off with warmups, before you split into sketches and play around. Then you move onto harder rehearsals, in front of the directors, delivering your lines differently every time until you find something funny.

You work with lighting, sound effects, costumes and makeup until things start to come together. Your uni assignment due date whizzes by, and you fail by default.

Then comes the big weekend. You're getting close to show time and the directors keep counting down the days. The weekend starts around 8am Saturday and doesn't stop until 11pm that night.

You're there early on Sunday and stay until 11pm that night.

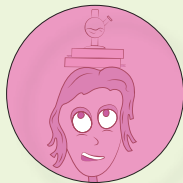
Then it all comes around to show time. It's hard to explain those precious, gorgeous hours before opening. You look outside the changing rooms and see a massive line of people wanting to see your work. It's a wonderful feeling knowing that everybody in this room is as excited as you. You do the warmups where you bleat like sheep and make the sound of wheat fields (don't forget, most of us are theatre students), you smash two cans of V, and you hear the hall outside fill with chatter.

It's tradition to dance to the music on stage before curtains open, so it'll probably be shaking about as we try to amp ourselves up. Energy is such a big thing and it has to beat nerves. The stage clears, the intro video plays and finishes. You're bouncing on the spot to keep your energy high. People might be cheering — it depends on the crowd. The curtains rustle open, and you hear your cue. So much preparation, so much effort and so much time, but not just your time — that's the thing. So many people have invested in this, in you; all these people are ingredients and the audience wants a slice of the cake you're dishing up. Don't drop it.

No one ever forgets their first laugh. It's indescribable. It's a wave of sound that brings you unequivocal happiness. It's literally the best sound you could ask for in that situation.

An inside look at what it's like to be a part of the Capping Show, the process of getting into the production team and the build up to the grand performance.

Horoscopes



Aquarius:

Jan 20 – Feb 18

Not the main gods, but some of the demigods are saying that you'll have a slightly less busy week than doing two new different kinds of drugs and/or swallowing a whole bottle of Dettol.

Recommended Celebrity Stalk: Lana Del Rey

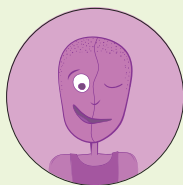


Aries:

Mar 21 – Apr 19

You've had a rough few weeks. Don't worry, soon you'll realise that the imposter you think you are is actually just who you are, and you're not an imposter. Athena is on your side, and not just the smartness, but the wisdom too. She's telling you to step back, and let it go.

Recommended Celebrity Stalk: Peter Dinklage



Gemini:

May 21 – Jun 20

Your ascendant is in the house of Apollo, you are gifted the weekly goals of exercise and beauty, in another fruitless attempt to regain the amazing body you had two years go and also to find some magic shrooms.

Recommended Celebrity Stalk: Robert Downey Jr.

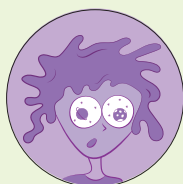


Leo:

July 23 – Aug 22

Nothing makes sense, people aren't important, just keep moving. Chaos is in your primal house, subsequently, unfortunately, this week will be full of chaos and a smidge of theatrics.

Recommended Celebrity Stalk: Leo Di Cap



Libra:

Sept 23 – Oct 22

It's getting tougher and tougher for you to dry your clothes and sheets and your skin etc. Hades wants you to know that it never gets better. He also wants you to know that if you get a small air heater and aim it at your bed for ten mins before sleep, you'll reduce sinus infections.

Recommended Celebrity Stalk: J Cole



Sagittarius:

Nov 22 – Dec 21

Celestial data is suggesting that it's time to vacuum the flat like you keep threatening to do. While you're at it, please pick those used condoms off the floor. The weekend is over. It's been too long.

Recommended Celebrity Stalk: Migos



Pisces:

Feb 19 – Mar 20

This week is all 'bout rolling around in the leaves before they turn into a pooey kind of earth sludge. Also, it's high time you learned the difference between Beyoncé and Rihanna. The gods are offended. Very offended. **Recommended Celebrity Stalk:** Rihanna or Beyoncé



Taurus:

Apr 20 – May 20

Dionysus is here for the season. It's winter, winter is cold, perfect weather for the internal convection method of heating. Costing approx. \$10-15 a week (bottle of wine), and some memories of BYOs you'll never remember.

Recommended Celebrity Stalk: Lindsay Lohan



Cancer:

Jun 21 – July 22

Gods and Stars, Gods and Stars. Demeter seems like the relevant god for you this week. Instead of eating rice bubbles for breakfasts, you'll make the healthy change to a bag of pods, milk poured directly into the bag. Perfect for those hibernation layers. **Recommended Celebrity Stalk:** Toby Maguire



Virgo:

Aug 23 – Sept 22

The stars want you to substitute your coffee for more water. Mainly just to check that your pee is orange because you're dehydrated and not because you have a kidney infection or worse. In other news, knee-high socks for dudes are the go.

Recommended Celebrity Stalk: Suzie Kato



Scorpio:

Oct 23 – Nov 21

Stop sending nudes to Kim Kardashian over Twitter. It's not going to work.

Recommended Celebrity Stalk: David Hasselhoff



Capricorn:

Dec 22 – Jan 19

It's time to assess the tortograph, and check the stars, and just make sure you're consulting the star charts before your construct your study plan. A poop meteor is going to very nearly collide with you, and you best be prepared before it does.

Recommended Celebrity Stalk: Singer Songwriter Cher

SUDOKU

Easy

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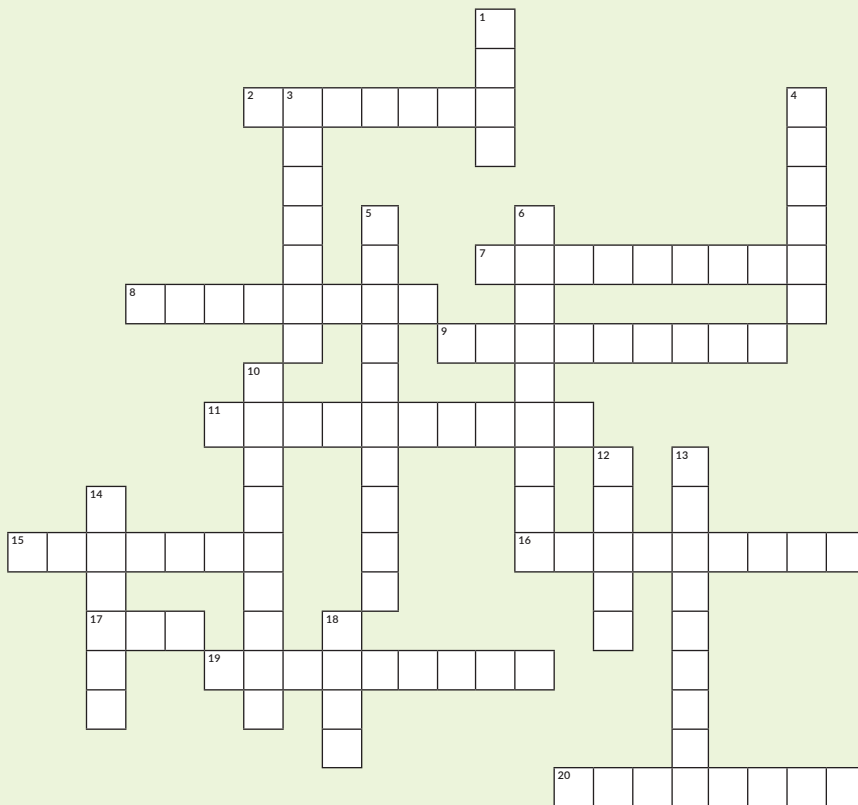
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Hard

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CROSSWORD



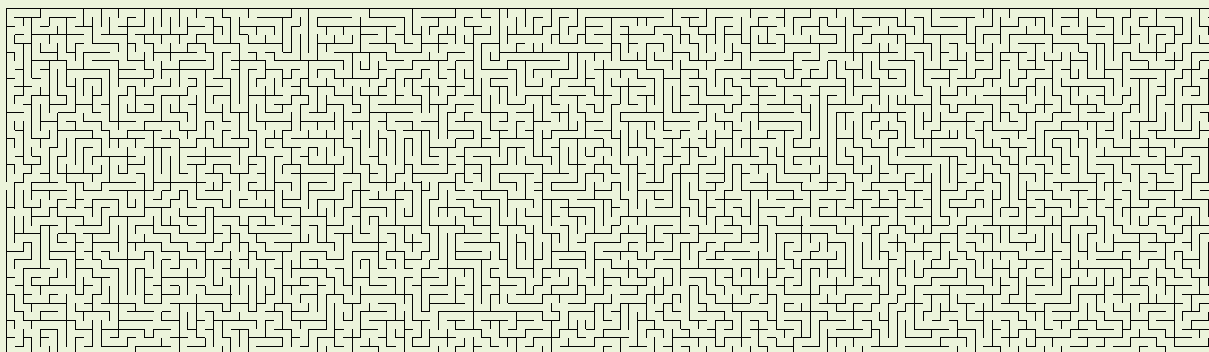
ACROSS

- Mr. Burns' first name (from The Simpsons) (7)
- \$7 a bottle at Countdown, _____ wine (9)
- Sideways 8 (8)
- Percussion instrument that produces a sharp staccato sound when the head is struck with a drum stick (5, 4)
- Mr. Burns' middle name (from The Simpsons) (10)
- Mineral that your teeth are made of (7)
- NZ internet comedian who does Paula Bennet satire, Tom _____ (9)
- The snake that killed Cleopatra (3)
- Big wave surfing spot off the northern Californian Coast (9)
- Ancient South Asian language (8)

DOWN

- Salt-N-Pepa hit, _____ It (4)
- Famous magician, Harry _____ (7)
- Hummus ingredient (6)
- _____ Theorem: a squared + b squared = c squared. (10)
- A double eagle in golf (9)
- May 17 is _____ National Day (9)
- Central offensive player in basketball, _____ guard (5)
- Dunedin plays home to a few of these - magic _____ (9)
- Japanese horseradish (6)
- Space telescope due to launch in 2020, James _____ (4)

Across: 2.Charles 7.Cleanskin 8.Infinity 9.Snare Drum 11.Montgomery 15.Apatite 16.Sainsbury 17.Asp 19.Mavericks 20.Sanskrit Down: 1.Push 3.Houdini 4.Tahiti 5.Pythagoras 6.Albatross 10.Norwegian 12.Point 13.Mushrooms 14.Wasabi 18.Webb



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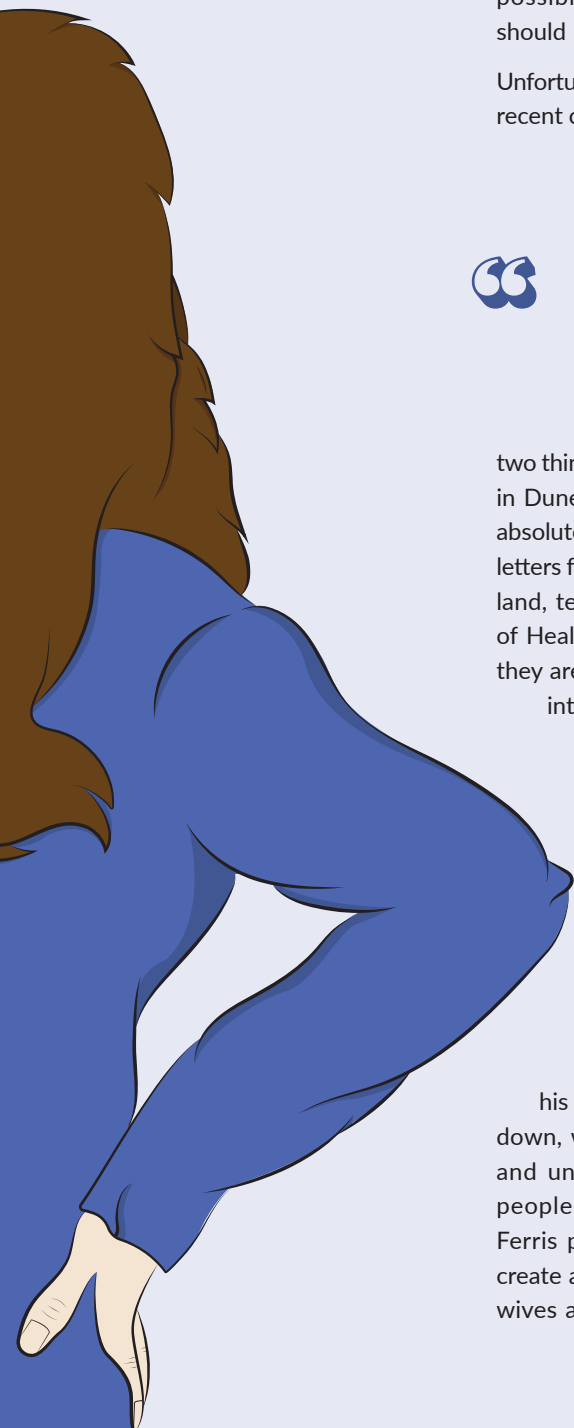
7:30pm, May 18-21 & 23-28

7:30pm, May 27, 2017, 23-27

7:30PM, MAY 16 - 19 & 20-26
AT THE COLLEGE OF EDUCATION AUDITORIUM

MIDWIFE CRISIS





Babies are the shitty, screaming, harbingers of shit that are one of the 'perks' of settling down and becoming an actual adult. Luckily most of us are not in Gore, so it's not something we have to consider for at least a few more years.

And even better, there's a whole profession dedicated to making that whole miserable process so much easier. Midwives (not, contrary to popular belief, what you call your fiancée), dedicate their lives to making pushing a goddamn human out of genitals actually possible – and for that alone they should be millionaires.

Unfortunately, that's not how it works. A recent casual walk to Rob Roy revealed

(and even from overseas), to share our incredible stories, and be heard by those in power".

Currently, rural midwives are "struggling to get by on \$7.23 an hour" after their various expenses. "With such low pay, they are often unable to do basic things like pay their rent or mortgage – let alone pay for fuel, car maintenance, ongoing education, medical equipment, and locum cover for some time off work." Charlie has even had to call her mum and ask for money to put fuel in her tank to get to work.

That's something that your parents will give you shit for as a student, yet adult medical professionals are having to do

“ midwifery is undervalued and disrespected as a profession because it is female dominated ”

two things: one, we actually have an MP in Dunedin, and two, that his office is absolutely covered in letters. They were letters from midwives all over New Zealand, telling David Clark, the Minister of Health, about the awful conditions they are working in. Women are going into debt, struggling to feed their families and – worst of all – having to move to Australia. It was enough to put me off my ice cream.

The movement is called "Dear David". By plastering letters from midwives to David Clark's office, hopefully he, or at least his secretary when they took them down, would be forced to read them and understand the situation these people are in. As organiser Charlie Ferris put it, "This campaign aims to create a clear and united voice of midwives and women across the country

this? In a totally unrelated segue, want to guess how much the CEO of Sky City was paid in 2016? Just under 6.5 million dollars. That's \$3,125 an hour. But running a shit casino and a tall tower is far more important than helping our next generation be born, right? Now I'm not saying eat the rich and burn down the system, but I'm not necessarily condemning it either.

Of the letters Charlie had received from other midwives in New Zealand, two really stuck out to her. "The most heartbreaking was a midwife who was miscarrying and couldn't afford to pay anyone to take over from her caseload for longer than two days. She delivered another woman's baby while miscarrying her own.

Another midwife wet herself after going hours on end with no break." Long hours and hard days were expected in the industry, but no one signed up for, or should be having to go through, this, especially for such shit pay.



And they've been leaving in droves, mostly to Australia, where they can perform the same job at actually liveable wages. Who would have thought – when you don't pay people a liveable wage, they won't be able to work anymore!

Otago Polytech Midwifery student Rosie Naylor said she wants to be a midwife because she is a passionate feminist and an advocate for women's health. But she says "The current situation can seem very daunting at times. I had to unfollow the Dear David facebook page because it was too overwhelming to be constantly reading the posts while scrolling through facebook."

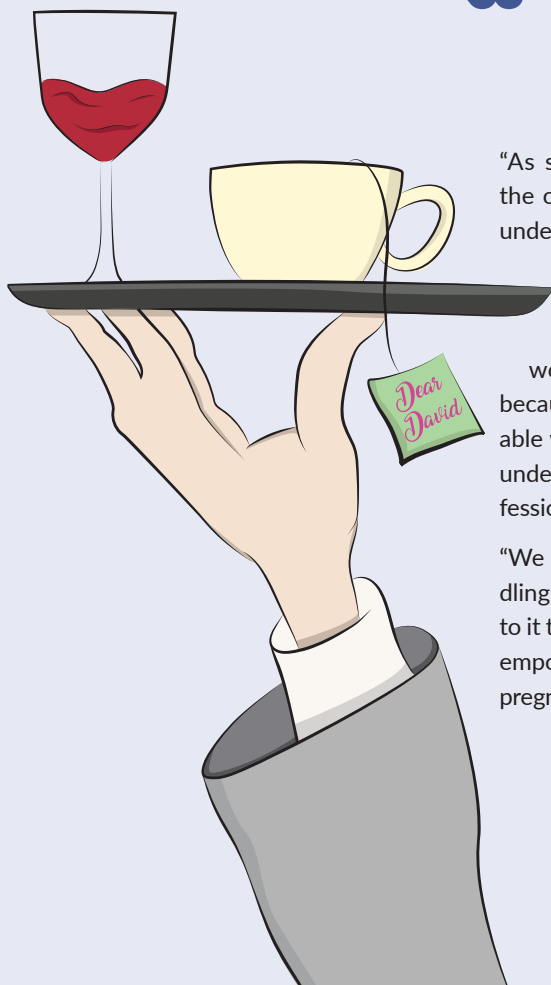
postnatal period. It's about being an advocate for pregnancy and birth as a normal life event, and working alongside other health professionals if things venture outside of the normal."

Despite seeing the state of the industry first-hand, Rose says it has not made her any less passionate to finish her degree and work as a midwife, but "I definitely hope that the situation will get better by the time I graduate."

Fortunately, there may be changes coming in soon. The New Zealand College of Midwives and the Ministry of Health have managed to negotiate for a new method of funding independent



"She delivered another woman's baby while miscarrying her own"



"As students we see it all – we see the overworked core midwives in the understaffed maternity wards; we work with the LMC midwives who are burnt out, sleep deprived and seriously underpaid for the work that they do. I get frustrated because it really is such incredibly valuable work – and I feel like midwifery is undervalued and disrespected as a profession because it is female dominated."

"We don't do it because we love cuddling babies – there's a whole lot more to it than that. It's about supporting and empowering women in their journey of pregnancy, labour, birth and the 6-week

midwives. According to Charlie, "they will have business costs covered, there will be money for a second midwife when needed (e.g. for long births or emergencies), and we will also be able to pay for a locum midwife when needed." But while the agreement has been negotiated, agreed upon and signed, it still needs to be put into practice and funded by May 2018 in the next budget.

Reaching out to David's office for comment returned a press statement that, while sounding good, was a bit of a mixed bag. Shock, horror, a politician being ambiguous? Although he does "accept that there is a problem here .

. . [and that] there are issues of professional isolation, burnout and attrition," he goes on to warn that it can't just be fixed straight away in the first budget.

Labour claims it still has a lot to fix from the last government's actions, which pulled money from our public services like it was a particularly plump ponytail.

In David's words, "They chose to favour tax cuts over our public health system." Which is basically politician speak for they were tossers. But so far on this issue, it's all just words from the Labour Party. It's not going to be until the budget is revealed that we'll actually know how much we can count on Labour to hold to their promises. As Charlie told me, "They campaigned hard to be the ones to fix this, and they have the responsibility to turn this around before we hit a real crisis point."

And now, other parts of the health services are speaking out about their treatment as well. Nurses are currently voting throughout New Zealand on whether to go on strike to protest their treatment and pay. As one nurse explained, "Nurses have been undervalued for many years whilst others around the world and in other areas of employment move forward." Does that sound familiar?

Another nurse said that although she saw nursing "as both a passion and a vocation . . . that is not a reason or an excuse to continue to accept a low pay that does not acknowledge both the experience we bring and responsibility we carry."

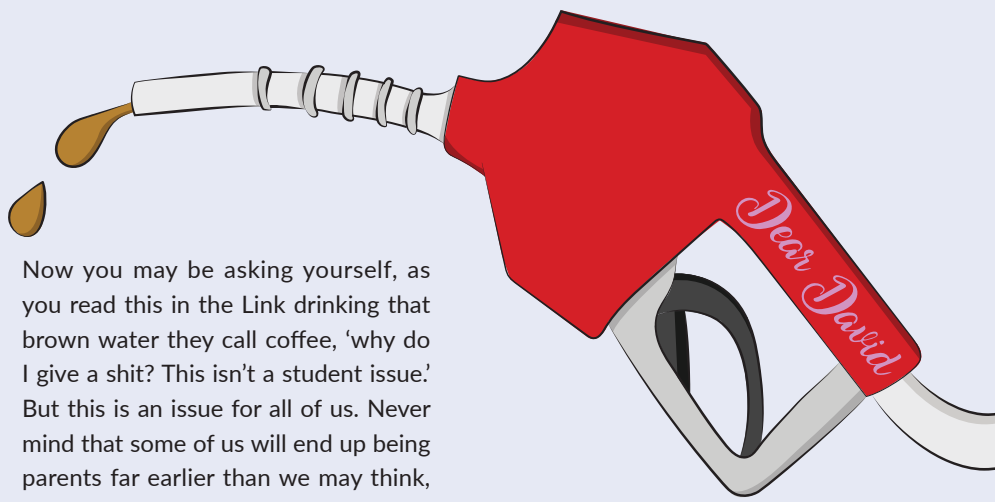
Now you may be asking yourself, as you read this in the Link drinking that brown water they call coffee, 'why do I give a shit? This isn't a student issue.' But this is an issue for all of us. Never mind that some of us will end up being parents far earlier than we may think, most likely due to our extreme idiocy when it comes to actually using contraceptives properly (wrap it up for fuck's sake). It's one of the many issues that have been building up for a long time and is just about ready to become a full-blown crisis.

Otago students voted overwhelmingly in support of the new government. 68% of votes at campus polling booths went to the left bloc of Labour and the Greens, and that goes up to 74% if you include TOP.

We went nuts for Jacinda, for the policies that were easy to sell and to relate to us, like higher Studylink and free tertiary fees (and if you didn't, don't you have a 100 level BCom class to not pay attention in?).

But that shouldn't be where we stop caring. When it comes to other issues, like the midwife crisis, we should be aware of it, and hold Labour accountable. Yes, it's not as exciting, and it doesn't benefit most of you right this second. But if (and I'm not saying they will) Labour goes backward even slightly, they have got to be called the fuck out.

Do you really want to be giving birth to your little Hyde Street mistake in a bathtub by yourself?



CROSSFIT

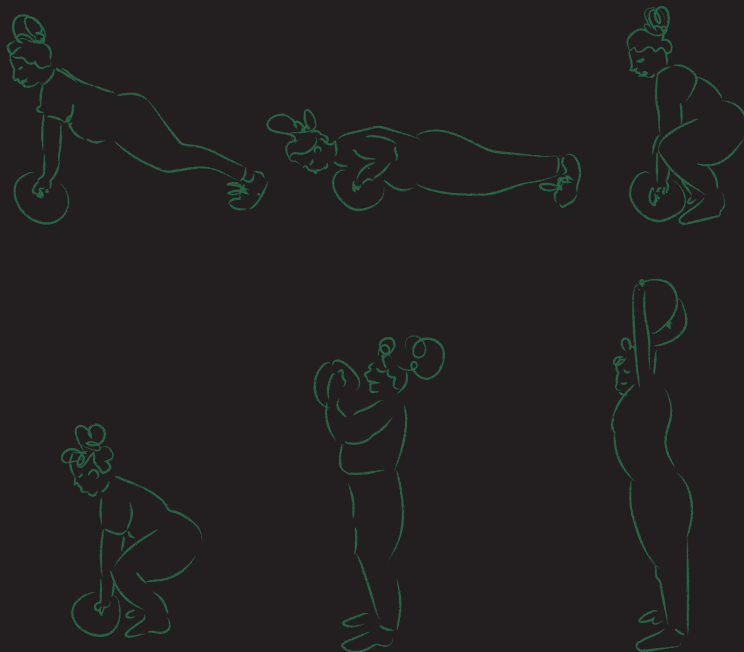
By Chelle Fitzgerald

I'm the first to admit it; I've gone incredibly soft and sedentary since high school. What used to be a capable and fit dancer's body has slowly deteriorated into good hugs and heavy partying, usually accompanied by carb-laden food and quality banter, which is not actually a thing that burns calories, sadly.

My friends, on the other hand, have remained infuriatingly gorgeous Lululemon-encrusted examples of strength, grace and health. And it's starting to get tiresome being the fatty that doesn't want to go for a 45-minute walk before our coffee date, thankyouverymuch.

Being a geology student has only solemnly reminded me just how shit I am at walking up any semblance of a gentle incline, and so I decided that I would become one of the fitness elite. With the eager guidance of my super-fit lifelong friend Sheree, I joined Dunedin's CrossFit Uncut. Here is the story of my first week.

After a consultation with the owner, Jeff, it was determined that I would come in for three classes during the first week to see what I thought. He was a lovely man who assured me that things could be scaled for all levels (I was skeptical about this, as generally I am too used-up for even the most basic of pursuits) and upon checking that I was able to do some foundation exercises (squats! ugh!), we scheduled in some classes.



MONDAY:

I was scared shitless. As an aside, I really needed to enjoy this, because if not, I'd find a way to talk myself out of it (I once talked myself out of a BodyPump class when I was already there and had set up my bench). Plus, what was I even going to be able to do? Six starjumps followed by 1 x rep of a stroke?

9.15am approached and I got myself down to the CrossFit box. Unsure of what the hell to do, I stood there nervously while people with actual muscles did fit people things, like breathing with ease. The instructor, Suz, was super nice and assured me I'd be okay.

After a warmup that is probably easy for regular people yet left me red and sweaty, we started with skipping, which is something that I hadn't attempted since the mid '90s, when Jump Rope For Heart was all the rage. Unbelievably, I could still do this, opting for single skips while praying for my boobs, which were determined, it seemed, to escape the clutches of my bra. Fuck you, boobs. Mental note to self: go to Bendon on payday, or invest in some duct tape. We moved from skipping to "back squats" – squatting with a bar laden with weights on your back – which I heroically did with no barbell. Honestly, squatting my own vast bodyweight would have been more than what the sporty people were doing on their barbells. So pretty much I was a machine. Discovering that I could actually do regular squats properly was a revelation – my first anointment into the Halls of the Fitness Elite. We also had to step over boxes, holding dumbbells, and I saw no shame in having the smallest box by at least 50%. I also held no dumbbells. Character building, I thought to myself. A lesson in humility. I actually finished the WOD (workout of the day), and left feeling amazing. Exhausted, but AMAZING. I spent the rest of the day looking at recipes involving wholemeal spaghetti and spinach. No, really. I also treated myself to the following: flossing before bed, and more water than usual.

#newbodywhodis

TUESDAY:

Getting out of bed was a struggle. Walking up the stairs was a struggle. Walking down the stairs was a struggle. I wore my full-body muscle ache as a badge of honour. "Oh, no it's okay," I assured the judgmental bitch that glared at me as I took the lift up a measly two floors. "I have sore legs from CrossFit," I added proudly, wielding a banana within eyesight (see? I'm health personified, bitch).

At lunchtime, I spent time peering out the office window at some brave people who were doing a really cringey-looking free exercise class on the quad lawn. It's no CrossFit, I thought smugly as I struggled to sit down at my computer.

WEDNESDAY:

I treated myself to lots of lasagne. "Treat yo'self!" I exclaimed ecstatically to myself, spilling food all down my shirt while binge-watching Friends. I had earned this lasagne.

THURSDAY:

6.15am. What the actual fuck? Why was I standing bleary-eyed in this large cold hall, surrounded by men with muscles doing "split jerks"?

What's a "split jerk"? Holding a bar over my head felt weird. I'm far more accustomed to gripping hot dogs and penises. Also, you can't eat a metal bar. I know this, because I tried.

There were more squats and more skipping. Also lifting more things above my head. I wanted bed. I wanted a hot dog.

FRIDAY:

Go to hell, world. My body is no longer my own. We are at war.

SATURDAY:

Enthused about having a class with a couple of my friends, including Sheree (the instigator of all this madness), I trundled on down to the box (CrossFit gym) at mid-day. There were cones and ladders set up on the floor and I couldn't have been more alarmed than if we were being given the beep test (which is legitimately a thing that happens at CrossFit, for those of you who delighted in leaving the beep test behind with your virginity). We were working on speed and agility, the first of which I would have loved a line of, thankyouverymuch, and the second of which has eluded me for the past 15 years. We had to run. In front of everybody. While being timed. For the record, I managed to run around some tyres and cones in 24 seconds. Everyone else did it in around 17-19 seconds, and I think I nearly had a stroke, which I was told isn't actually something that I can proudly record on my CrossFit performance stats. Never mind.

SUNDAY:

Ah, the day of rest. And food. I ate back in calories absolutely everything that I burned this week doing CrossFit, re-carbed up and ready to take on another week (that's how this exercise and nutrition thing works, right?).

#wellness.





THE MYSTERY OF
THE DISAPPEARING FUCKBOI OR:
THE NARROW ESCAPE IN THE HYDE
STREET SEX ATTIC

OK boys and girls, ladies and gents, strap yourself in because boy do I have a story for you.

I am a first-year health science student who has recently been freed from a messy relationship, and I've been looking to get back on the horse - so naturally I turned to Tinder. Armed with a witty bio about fresher fetish (a definite thing judging by the responses, btw) and some snazzy yet saucy Rhythm & Alps pics from the summer, I set about swiping all possible bachelors.

I was looking at endless dead animal photo shoots and receiving some of the most mind-bogglingly rude pick-up lines, when a familiar face popped up on my screen - a schoolmate of my ex, and a good looking one at that. I swipe right and boom, immediate match. Conversation ensues, and we are hitting it off.

A week and a bit pass and he invites me to his flat. I politely decline, as I don't want to seem too interested. The old cat and mouse routine works a treat though, because when Saturday 21st April rolls around, I get another message. Yes, that was the day of Hyde. That was a red flag.

He asks if I will be in town tonight, I say maybe, and he gives me his number in case I do go out.

I decide not to, and have a girls night in; it was a good night but I was alone by 11:30 and, with nothing to do, I flick him a text: "I'm in bed, what are you up to?" Turns out he's in bed too; he invites me round to watch a movie and chill out. I put on skinny jeans (the ultimate 'not tonight, no sex allowed' barrier) and I make myself a promise to not sleep with this boy.

He meets me on the end of the street, in jandals (off to a great start), and he leads me into his maze of a flat. His room is the attic but it feels more like a dungeon. He explains why his bed has no base and because we're on Hyde, I accept the explanation.

He and his room smell like a mix of darts, cruisers and nail polish remover but again, because it's Hyde, I don't think much of it.

So we're in bed, and I'm still in my skinny jeans, but he doesn't reach for his laptop, instead he reaches for me and since it's been a while since a boy showed any actual affection for me I let him. A typical teenage sloppy make out session was in full swing when he became a little more than just affectionate. I stopped him, staying true to my inner promise and he agreed to chill out. We cuddled and talked; he told me about his ex and I told him about mine. We have a lot in common and he seems really great - certainly not the Tinder murder mystery that I had envisioned in my head when I saw first saw his sex dungeon/sex attic.

He finds me funny, which is a rarity, and he begins to play with my hair. Most women out there will agree with me that when someone plays with your hair, the game is well and truly over. I snuggle closer, and apparently that constitutes a green light as we begin round two of tonsil hockey. This time it's different; we are more comfortable, and he is more sober; clothes are removed, and the windows steam up ever so slightly (could be to do with the altitude - but I'm unsure). One thing leads to another and you can fill in the blanks.

I feel a little pissed off I've broken my personal promise, but in the moment my choices seem to be very rewarding.

Explosions and fireworks ensue as the finale comes to a successful end. Endorphins flood my brain and I roll over into a happy little ball. He gets out of bed, grabs his phone and pulls out a dart; he asks if I want to join him outside for one, and I decline and ask for a glass of water instead. He tells me to keep the bed warm as he climbs down out of the now confirmed sex attic. I text all my friends with the updates and do my best to look somewhat dignified for his return. Ten minutes go by and he hasn't come back, so I send him a cheeky text along the lines of "I hope you haven't died".

Then another ten minutes pass, and I haven't heard anything, and he has not returned. I send another text message, as I am now genuinely worried about his wellbeing. I ask if he is okay and I still don't get a reply. It is now 2:40am and my exhaustion takes over, so I end up falling asleep.

An hour and a bit later I wake up, alone. It has now been almost two hours since he left and my death by Tinder murder is looking more and more likely. I decide to ring him, maybe I will be able to hear his ringtone downstairs and check he hasn't perished in a pool of tactical spew. It goes straight to voicemail. This is when I decide to get the fuck out of there.

I clamber down the world's steepest stairs and into the main part of the top floor. I notice the bathroom lights are on but the doors are wide open and no one is up. My fight or flight response is in overdrive and I creep down the stairs, only to find more bathrooms with lights on and no one in them. Maybe my post-Hyde Houdini was looking for something in the bathroom? I then notice another light.

I enter a kitchen and the fridge door is wide open. Yet there is not a soul awake in this flat. My logical brain has long gone, and the only thought now crossing my mind is that I am in a Stephen King psychological thriller. I do my best to orientate myself and manage to find a side door. I make a break for it and sprint the whole way home.

I ring him one last time, as maybe he heard me leave and wants to know I am okay, but receive no answer, so obviously not. I get into my single bed and manage to sleep right up until 9:30am. I wake up expecting an "I am so sorry about that" text, or maybe even a "that was fun but we shouldn't do it again," but nothing. Nada. Zilch.

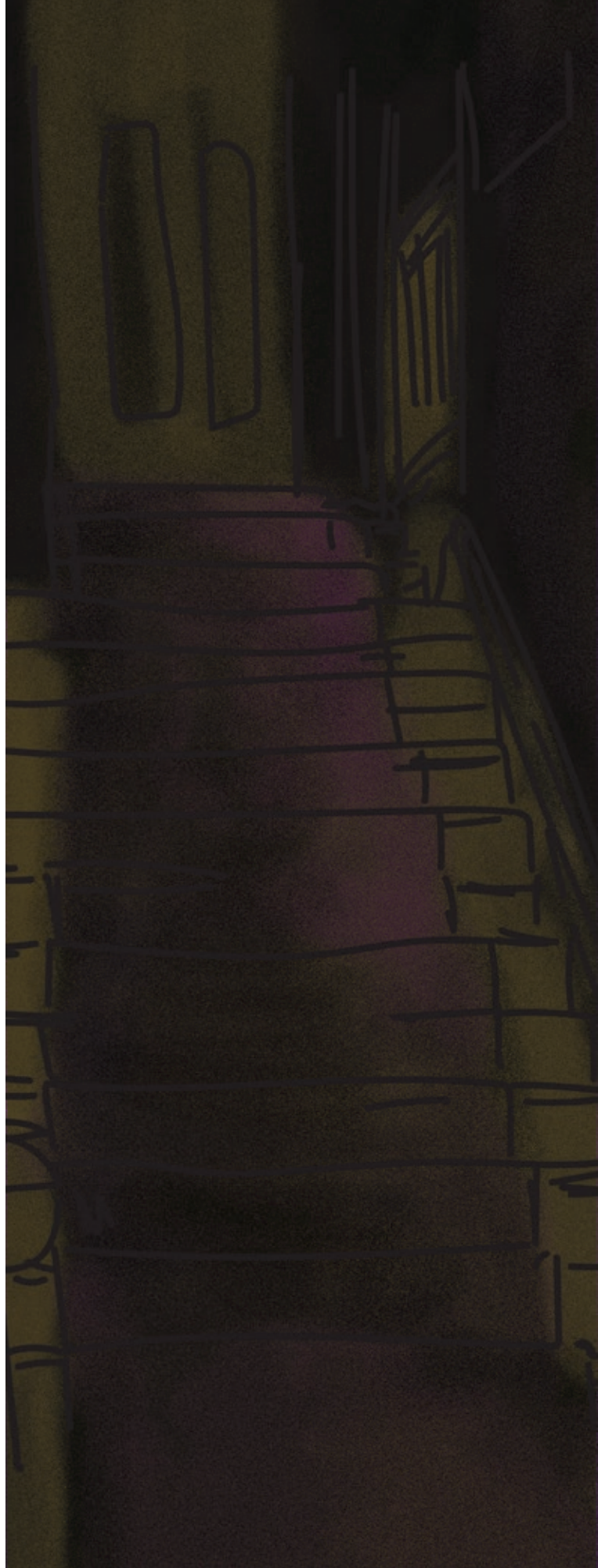
At 8pm that night I send another text: "Hey, just genuinely concerned you might be dead, let me know?" Again, nothing.

This boy is an Amelia Earheart copycat of the finest form. He wins top marks for committing to his cause. That's when I see it, the little green dot beside his profile picture on Facebook. Active. Alive. Asshole. I decide that this is the final straw, and wipe him from my mind.

Cut to current day, I'm living my best 'no one hates a health sci more than a health sci hates themselves' life. I'm leaving St. Dave after another soul draining 3pm chem sesh, checking what types of carbs will be on tonight's menu, when we bump into one another. Our eyes lock and what do I get? Silence. Pure nothingness.

So, I pose this question to Critic and its readers:

What the fuck?





GIRLS BEHIND THE GAMES

BY LISA BLAKIE

The following is a personal account and does not reflect the opinions of my employer.

Lisa Blakie is a Community Manager and AWARD WINNING Narrative Designer in the video game industry. She works at Runaway Play, a mobile games studio located right here in Dunedin. Together with colleagues Caroline, Zoe, Emma and Leanne, she started a global viral campaign, called #GirlsBehindTheGames, that encouraged thousands of women to speak about their roles and their meaning and their importance in the games industry.

At Runaway Play, we are almost at gender parity, with people from different countries, ethnicities and backgrounds. It's what we like to call diversity. So why is this seen as special, different or worth talking about? Globally, only 22% of the video game industry is

made up of women. Even worse in New Zealand, just 17% of employees in games are women. Even WORSE worse, according to the International Game Developers Association (IGDA), less than 4% identify as transgender and less than 2% as "other." 68% of the industry chose to identify as white/Caucasian/European. Aboriginal, or indigenous people represented 2%, and those identifying as black/African American or African made up 1%. The games industry as a whole looks like a bunch of pieces of dry spaghetti.

Why do I love games if I'm a lady? Honestly I don't know – games are fun. I played them as a kid and haven't really stopped since. I self-taught myself academic theory around games, I work in the

games industry, I write about games, I read books about games, I listen to podcasts about games, I watch people on YouTube play games, I wear t-shirts with games branding on them. I eat out of Pokémon cereal bowls, for goodness' sake.

And yet, games are still not seen as being for me.

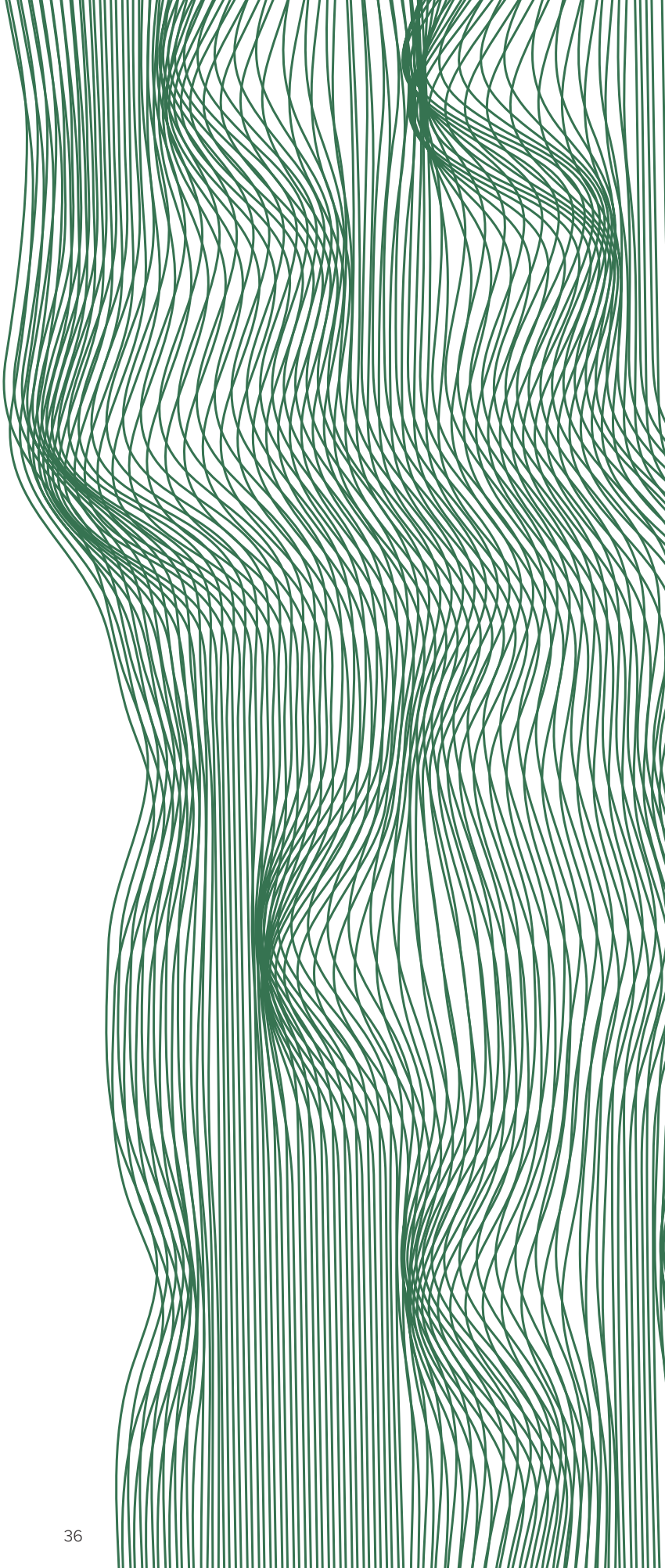
They are shooty-bang, violent and harmful for the children. They are addictive and encourage gambling. They turn people into serial killers. They are a waste of time. They are "low culture". Which of course, is all bullshit. Scientifically proven bullshit. But still, I am often met with a cocked head of confusion when introducing myself and explaining that what I do as a career or hobby involves video games, especially as a woman. This is funny when I bring it up talking to straight men, because apparently it's really sexy to be interested in games as a woman. Ooooh, you enjoy something that's traditionally marketed towards ME? That's hot. I see you as not like other women, who clearly are trash because they do not enjoy or understand the complex medium of video games that I have been conditioned to feel entitled over. That's my impression of an entitled gamer dude bro.

That being said, I strongly feel that in the games industry, things are improving – albeit at snail's pace. In mainstream media however, they are not. Some sort of gaming controversy pops up, like how loot boxes encourage gambling, or how school shootings are linked to violence in video games (they aren't). Traditional media go hard on this. They're not one to highlight the positives, especially when it comes to video games.

But games have innovated, becoming more accessible on mobile platforms, although these have another stigma towards them altogether. "Candy Crush Saga is a time waster, mobile games are generally for your mum anyway, so they don't count". No Brian, mobile games have simply innovated for inclusion so that people like your mum can play games. Despite this, stigma to the word "gamer" is still apparent. My mum plays our game Splash: Ocean Sanctuary every single day, but swears she isn't a gamer. It's because she doesn't identify with the culture. But who even cares? You don't have to identify or label yourself to enjoy a medium of entertainment.

I had an interview with a traditional radio station and their first question was, "most people think of guns and cars when they think video games . . . you're a bit different?"

At least it's guns **and** cars now. Mario Kart go hard as hell.



Then you go to Play by Play. A games festival, here in New Zealand, that encourages kids to work in games, with all-girl specific workshops and a conference with a diverse range of speakers from different ethnicities, genders, sexualities and professions.

When I went to the Game Developers Conference in San Francisco, I saw three people dressed as furies and someone wearing elf ears. There were diversity advocate roundtables, talks about player inclusivity, and highlighting of problems with conventional Eurocentric game design. While the sea of over 30,000 attendees was largely white men (with beards and/or glasses), the content at the conference is highlighting the needs, wants and success of a more diverse industry.

#GirlsBehindTheGames showed us that the global industry wants this to be the norm too. We were approached by Bioware (Mass Effect, Dragon Age), Electronic Arts (The Sims, FIFA, Madden), Riot Games (League of Legends), as well as indie companies like Snowman (Alto's Adventure) and usTwo games (Monument Valley) to participate in Twitter takeovers, where they would highlight women who work at their companies on Twitter. If I had seen this as a high schooler, who was on Twitter at the time only to follow members of Panic at the Disco, perhaps it would have made my career path a little clearer and I wouldn't have wasted a year studying, and failing, law.

#GirlsBehindTheGames even attracted attention from our very own Prime Minister, Jacinda Ardern. She came and visited us in our office, speaking with us about the initiative, and also created a video to show support for the campaign, encouraging diversity in male dominated fields of work.

It gives me hope – it's an exciting time for game development. Game making resources are free and more accessible than ever – to those with computers and internet, of course. If you want to work in games, show this to your worried mum, dad or caregiver please; in New Zealand the video game industry is a viable, secure and profitable career to be in. Take it from me, your local award winning Narrative Designer, working in games is dope. You can be a programmer, an artist, a marketer, a community manager, a game designer, a narrative designer, a researcher, a tester, a writer. The list is ongoing. If you want to work in games, don't let the stereotypes negate your feelings and passion, especially if you're currently misrepresented in the industry – as a Māori woman, I am too! It actually just makes you cooler.



Kia ora Otago, My name's Roger and I'm your Campaigns Officer! First off, if you're reading this, MASSIVE kudos to you! I know a number of people who often skim past the exec column so thanks a ton!

To me, my role is mainly a supportive one- ensuring my fellow exec members have the right tools and knowledge to run their campaigns effectively and relay these ideas to the different OUSA departments if need be. But when not helping with campaigns (be it the exec's or my own), I perform my general exec duties. This comes in the form of sitting on various boards and groups such as the Humanities Divisional Board and Information Technologies Advisory Committee; it also includes things like volunteering and helping out at OUSA events.

This year Education Officer, James Heath and I, have started an OUSA weekly recap series (check them out if

you haven't), where we discuss what OUSA is up to as well as what happened at the latest exec meeting. Among other things, I've also helped out President Caity organise the Castle Street clean up last quarter.

Whatever the coming months brings, I'd ideally get a semester-long cleanup initiative started, have more street cleanups, and continue trying to get the word out on what OUSA does/can do in one way or another.

Again, massive shoutout if you made it this far! It's not the most interesting of exec columns but if you have any questions, wanna chat, or just hang out? HIT ME UP

Roger Yan
Campaigns Officer
campaigns@ousa.org.nz



* Photo courtesy of Gravity Events



WHAT'S HOT AT OUSA

Flating Expo
You shouldn't see your breath indoors.
TUES, MAY 15TH
UNIVERSITY LINK

POKER TOURNAMENT TEXAS HOLD-EM
5:30PM - MAY 18TH
OUSA CLUBS & SCS CENTRE
\$3 FEE, FEE TO COVER SNACKS
1 \$200 2 \$150 3 \$100
For more info and to work, head to ousa.org.nz/recreation/

Do you have a fantastic semester one teacher?
Nominate them for an OUSA Teaching Award!
bit.ly/teachingawards18
Voting is open online until the 1st of June
ousa

SCARFIE THINGS
7:30PM, MAY 16 - 19 & 20- 26
AT THE COLLEGE OF EDUCATION ASSOCIATION

CHARITY FIGHT NIGHT
8 WK TRAINING PROGRAM
FIGHT FOR CHARITY!
WINNING OF \$500-750 GOES TO THE BEST FIGHTER (GAINST OF CHINA)
APPLICATIONS OPEN TO ALL OUSA, OUSA & DU STUDENTS AND STAFF
FRIDAY 13TH JULY - UNION HALL

WHAT DO YOU WANT
OUSA ONLINE REFERENDUM
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RADIO ONE 91FM presents the 2018 OUSA
FRIDAY 5 MAY
DOORS OPEN FROM 9:30PM | ENTRY \$2
AT U-BAR FINAL: WEDS 30TH MAY
DUSTY SUNDAY · LANEY BLUE
DIDYMO · THE SHAM · ZI SHAW
BATHSALTS · ASPER · YOUR FACE



OUSA



SNAP OUSA



OUSANZ



OUSAEXEC



bit.ly/ousasignup

IF I'M ANXIOUS

By Eliana Gray

I've been wishing hard
On every seed catch wooden railing first star
For those moments I'm afraid of
For the moments that I love

It's like dust
The way the terror settles on everything
The way you forget that it's there
Until you run your fingertips and come up
coated
Say 'Oh, how long it must have been'

I developed a cough

A violent shudder
The lungs contracted
Obligated to refuse the collection
Of the long thread of history
Drawn with every breath
Saying 'I never noticed how bad it had be-
come'

When I first came here
I developed a reaction
A difficulty of breath
From the pollen in the air filled the wishes
More vital than dust
Just as fearful

FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTIONS ABOUT IMPROV

Dunedin improv troupe “Improsaurus” – the professional arm of the Otago University Improvised Theatre Club – has just launched their ‘All-Stars’ season of fortnightly shows. While the closure of Fortune Theatre was a blow, their next show is at Allen Hall, and they are announcing a new location soon. We sat down with troupe member, poet and local hottie Kate Skinner to get some insight into what the hell improv is.

So do you just like, make everything up?

We do! Some people claim we don’t, but we do. We have a theme for the show, but at the beginning of the show we will ask for some audience inspiration. That inspiration guides the entirety of the show: characters, scenes, dialogue, plot, basically everything. That is how last season, a prompt of ‘Superbad’ turned into a show about a superhero who smashes cars.

How does a show work?

So we have around six performers, and an MC on the night and they will explain to the audience what improv is and practise doing “Ask For” questions. The MC comes up with the format for the show, which is basically a theme that the show is based around. So for example, it could be a game show, or surviving an apocalypse, or a high school romance, which gives us some direction as to what characters to expect and what the climax could be.

How do we know it’s improvised?

That’s where the Ask For comes in. So the MC will say to the audience something like “Name a non-geographical location,” or “Name an unusual object”. That’s what keeps us honest – we can’t possibly prepare for what the audience is going to say. And you can normally tell because, even in a fantastic show, we’ll sometimes make mistakes, like forgetting a character’s name, or walking into a space that was just set as a giant hole, or contradicting what was previously said. For us, that is bad improv, and we work really hard to NOT make those mistakes, but, to be honest, that is sometimes where the joy of the show comes from.

Do you practice? If it is all made up, why would you?

A lot of the time people ask if we practise for the show. We do, but that doesn’t mean we plan scenes, we just practise the skills associated with improv to keep our minds sharp and agile. For example, the fundamental rule of improv is that you have to say yes to everything. In fact, you have to say “yes, and…” Not accepting an offer is

called “blocking”. So like, if your scene partner said “grab that knife” and you said “it’s not a knife, it’s a carrot” it would ruin the flow of the scene – now you are arguing about whether this is a carrot or a knife, as opposed to grabbing the knife and single-handedly killing all the zombies that are attacking your town!

What drives the plot?

Such a great question! Plot is one of the skills we practice a lot. The platform is usually set in the first scene, where we introduce the characters and “normalcy”. Then they encounter a problem that changes normal life. Then something has to happen to accentuate that or make it worse, then we reach some sort of major climax. The final key is the resolution, probably the hardest part. The plot needs to wrap-up, but you also want the characters to change in some way – it isn’t interesting to watch the characters just go back to their old lives – they just saved the world!

What’s the worst Ask For you’ve ever had?

People love stuff involving sex, such as prostitutes or dildos. We did a documentary themed show and we asked for the topic of the doco and we got crayons. CRAYONS? As a team, we knew very little about crayons, but we ended up doing three scenes about different types of crayon colours. It was still a blast!

What’s the scariest thing that’s ever happened to you on stage?

Because you can’t predict what your partner is going to say, you can sometimes find yourself in a strange scene. If we ever end up in a position where we feel we uncomfortable we just end it, no questions asked. As for screwing up, we are all friends and supportive of each other. Improv is far better when you trust your partner, which includes making your partner look good and being nice if a scene doesn’t go so well. Plus, we are our harshest critics, and the audience usually enjoys even the scenes we hate!

Are there any shows coming up that you’re particularly looking forward to?

Our current season is ‘All-Star’ themed, it’s all made up of formats that we used in the past that worked really well. On Friday the 18th of May, 10:30pm at Allen Hall, we are doing an Armando, which is a variety of monologues and short scenes. After that, we’re doing “Improsaurus: The Musical” a fully improvised musical, songs and all. The shows only cost \$10 and are a blast!



GAME REVIEW: DAD OF WAR



By Lisa Blakie

The last time I played God of War was when I was a small high school bean. I was really into Greek mythology because I was a fucking loser nerd and was PUMPED to play a video game surrounding the myths and legends I had come to love. Mainly due to the silly quicktime sex scenes (hello, remember I was 14, thanks) and gratuitous violence I was INTO IT. After playing the first God of War, I didn't get to play any of the future games in the franchise due to my new-found love of RPGs aka hot anime boys in Final Fantasy and Kingdom Hearts.

Fast-forward ten years. Holy SHIT I am OLD. I am spending ANZAC Day sitting in the same spot on the couch fully engrossed in a new God of War game. I think I rose briefly to pee, do a small house clean and get my washing in. That's enough responsibility for today, Lisa. Time for some bad posture inducing scoliosis on the couch and throwing M&M's at my face.

The internet has fondly named the game Dad of War due to the new characterisation of Kratos. Formerly a burly unforgiving killing machine, he has chilled out, perhaps due to the influence of his family. The most important person in that family is our tiny angry son Atreus. Only eight or so hours into the game I am in love. My flatmate was shook. He could not believe I had spent \$100 on a game focused on killing and death and war when I typically am a hard defender of games with non-violent mechanics. My love for this game stems from the relationship between Kratos and Atreus. I am all about relationships in games. Although it's not about dating Kratos (I would though), it's the formation of the slow growing

bond between Atreus and Kratos that had me hooked. Their dialogue as well as movement in the game is so well crafted. Dads, or Dad-like figures are fairly popular in video games. Take The Last of Us, The Walking Dead and Dream Daddy, for example. Three completely different games with Daddy figures that are all unique and memorable in their own way. I wish someone would do this with Mums in video games but lol, that's a whole other article. God of War is the same. Kratos still holds his character true to the previous God of War games, but now has a tiny little feisty baby boy to see over. Atreus is a typical curious child, boasting his knowledge about the stories of the land while also questioning everything, even the core gameplay. He asks things like "why don't we talk to these people first?" or, "do we really need to fight?" Questions I often ask myself while playing games. But of course you need to fight, it's a God of War game however these little touches dialogue from Atreus really made me appreciate why I am fighting in the first place. There is reason for the violence, rather than just a given unspoken understanding of "well, that's just how games work!"

Every time you die, Atreus screams heartbreaking shrill cries of "NO, don't leave me alone here!" or "FATHER!" but he also does this sweet thing where he can resurrect you. Kratos holds Atreus on his back while climbing, boosts him up to higher places, makes classic "are we there yet?" remarks, he even helps you in battle. The two are an inseparable team. Atreus can't be without Kratos and vice versa, the relationship is so tightly interwoven into the gameplay, which is something I would LOVE to see more triple A games do.

RATING:



10 DADS OUT OF 10



Dunedin Flat Names Project – Double The Fun

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

One thing I often hear is that students like their flats to have a ‘bit of character’ in their first couple of years flatting. ‘Character’ can often be synonymous with cold or crappy, because toughing it out in an old, cold flat is considered ‘character building,’ ‘a rite of passage,’ or a ‘badge of courage’. It certainly provides for rich story fodder in the years to come about how you developed a lung infection from black mould, or that huge orange fungus that took up residence in the bathroom which became the treasured flat pet, or that time the ceiling collapsed because there was a hole in the roof (the Beehive has claimed all these accolades). Seriously though, you’ll still have great flatting stories to share without living in a complete shithole.

Puns, jokes and irony are inherent in naming student flats, they often make reference to the state of the building or immediate environment. Names that fairly regularly recur over time are The Palace and The Jungle, but The Manor, The Heap, and The Swamp all evoke the nature of the building, and you know that those classy sounding ones are going to be as bad if not worse than the crappy sounding flats. Things get interesting when flats share a building or are semi-detached. In Dunedin many of the older student flats share a firewall (yes, this is where the digital terminology you’re familiar with hails from). The proximity of these flats often creates a situation where one flat name may be inspired by

the neighbouring flat’s name, or may refer to both flats deliberately, often for humorous reasons.

Wahaha and Hahaha; Smackdown and Raw; Old Block and Chip off the Old Block; B1 and B2 (Bananas in Pyjamas) are all neighbouring houses, most sharing a firewall, while 660 and Almost Famous, and The Lighthouse and The Boat are detached neighbouring houses. The Baker’s Dozen and The Dolls House comprise at least a couple of separate flats and their names reflect this collegial neighbourly environment.

One of the most enduring and evocative duos still extant is The Fridge and The Fridgette on Castle Street. This pair have been around for many years and in the past they have been worthy of their names – they also do look a bit like fridges with their grey monolithic facades. The Fridge is traditionally a male flat and the Fridgette a female flat (not sure if this is still the case, let me know). The Fridge features in the 2008 documentary, “Old, Cost and Costly: Sub-Standing Housing in Studentville,” when many Dunedin tenants were having issues with the state of their rental housing – just the usual: mice, mould, no insulation, holes in the roof. The occupants of The Fridge were pretty clear on the origin of the name, “It’s so cold . . . it’s called The Fridge”.



Booze Review – Jägermeister

Swilliam Shakesbeer

There is no such thing as Jägermeister. It does not exist. It is a myth, concocted by a shadowy group within the government for the sole purpose of accustoming the masses to the taste of rat poison, so one day they can feed it to you and KILL YOUR WHOLE FAMILY.

Think about it: have you ever taken a sip of Jäger and thought “I bet a rat could survive drinking this”. It literally tastes like vinegar, syrup, and burnt hair; there is no way that any real, commercially viable alcoholic product would taste like that. It only exists to make you think rat poison tastes normal. It doesn’t, it tastes like Jägermeister.

And consider this: have you ever actually seen anyone drinking Jägermeister? Even if you have, how do you know they weren’t a paid actor planted in your line of sight in order to trick you into thinking people actually drink Jägermeister?

You may be thinking “Oh, but they sell it at stores, so someone must be buying it”. That’s a lie. No one buys it at liquor stores, they just give away free apparel and merchandise with the logo on it to help them spread the lies.

Even the “backstory” makes no sense. It was, according to Their lies, created for elderly Germans as an after-dinner digestive aid. Then out of nowhere in the mid-’80s, frat boys at Louisiana State University started smashing the stuff back in huge quantities. They were drinking it ironically – sculling as much of it as possible in an attempt to prove their masculinity by drinking something that tastes like a blended up shoe.

None of that makes any sense. Jägermeister is a lie. The earth is flat. Vaccines cause airplanes. Chemtrails are turning gay frogs straight.

Taste Rating: 2/10

Tasting Notes: Cherry, aniseed, liquorice, allspice, secret government conspiracies to KILL YOUR FAMILY AND ALL THE BEES.

Pairs Well With: Dead rats, the Black Plague.

Froth Level: Smoking weed with George Bush while you watch slow-mo replays of 9/11





Advice – How to Know if You Should Take Yourself to the Doctors

Mammy Zo and Aunt Kell

It's that time of year. Exams are nigh, Seasonal Affective Disorder is imminent, fruit is about to get so expensive you get scurvy and if you haven't had chlamydia yet, chances are you might.

At this time of year, it is hard to know if you are actually sick (at least if you're sick you can be in bed where it's warm and dry), and it's also hard to know when you should go to the doctor. This is why you have us.

Any good health practitioner will/should tell you that the best medicine is being healthy in the first place. There are many ways to stay healthy: eating, sleeping and shitting on the regs is a great first step. In winter all three of these things can get confused by the rain.

A way to combat said confusion is to switch from coffee to herbal tea or a simple decaf in the afternoon. If you get a teapot, you can have tea with your friends, which is also good for you. Teapots are

reportedly the best instrument for blowing out the sinuses.

Another thing a lot of people forget to do is to breathe the whole way in and the whole way out, clearing the sinuses and warming the lungs. An easy way to fix this is to roll your elbows in, so the inside of your arm faces the front. Voila, breathing and posture fixed. Go on, try it for yourself now.

So those are some small ways you can not be pale, rashy and sneezy this winter.

Here are some ways to determine how ill you really are: use a thermometer, if your temp is 37+ C° then you're ill. If you're coughing/sneezing blood, then you're ill. If you are peeing blood then you are ill, or on your period (which is a great opportunity to freak out your flatmates and be like "OH MY GOD I'M PEEING BLOOD"). If you are struggling to physically shift yourself from the bed to the toilet, then you're ill. If you're still chundering from the party

two days earlier, then you're ill.

In all of these instances you should drink lots of water, get some sleep, heat up your room, and take a health day. Better to rest early on than have a breakdown in exam season. And remember water is actually REALLY GOOD FOR YOU.

Go to the doctor if: you've checked WebMD and its most likely not cancer – but you just want to make sure.

Don't go to the doctor if: you're just wanting to chat up that cute secretary in the pink jumper with the twinkly eyes and the compassionate face. Nah, actually you go talk to the hot secretary! You go!

You should go to the doctor if: you think you should go to the doctor, but you won't because you're too embarrassed, or if you've got legit skies painskies and ugly skin bits.

But remember, if this is your first winter in Dunedin, Winter is Coming.

Aroha Nui,

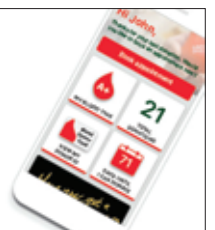
Donations at Union Hall

 Tuesday 22nd May 12pm - 4.30pm

Have you thought about donating plasma? Contact us for more info

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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

Shelley

When Critic's blind date confirmation came in, I decided it was time to try shake off my forever single name tag.

I walked into the Dog With Two Tails a class five minutes early, and the staff showed me to an empty table. I made a start on the tab and ordered some curly fries. At this point, things were still good.

Then in jogged tall, blond and red-faced.

He was 10 minutes late and said he'd run straight from Capping Show rehearsal (?) and basically talked the entire date about Capping Show, which he's apparently acting in, how stressed he is with juggling assignment deadlines and rehearsals, and generally seemed like he came for a free therapy session rather than a free date. I asked what he studied, and he said he was almost finished his honours. He wouldn't tell me anything about his work, saying he was "way too stressed to acknowledge his studies until Capping Show finishes".

I didn't even know what the Capping Show was, so I asked him – a big mistake. He started getting all worked up, saying it stretched back over a hundred years and it was rehearsed sketch comedy? He was fully zealous. At one point some of his spit landed on my curly fries and I gagged a little. This wasn't the frothing I'd anticipated.

By then I'd written off the date altogether, so I SOS'd my flatmate and she called me to say she was having a 'personal crisis,' needed me and would pick me up in five.

I got off the phone and told him I had to go, and he said "No, I'll get you a free ticket to the show!"

I said I would be busy, downed my drink and got the fuck out of there. So Capping Cultist, good luck for your performance, I hope your acting is better than our date.

John

I had arrived at a Capping Show rehearsal when my mate asked me how the blind date had gone. Shit. Realising I'd double booked myself, I legged it over to Dog With Two Tails as fast as my injured ankle could go.

I got there a few minutes late, and the waitress took me to a table where a girl was eating curly fries. We got the small talk out of the way, and sadly we didn't have much in common. She was doing a BCom and used to live in Wellington, and couldn't relate to my theatre background. The only thing she asked follow up questions about was my involvement in Capping Show, and after half an hour of monologuing about the show, its history and my role I was desperate for her to change the subject.

While I ordered a drink she got a call from a friend, and after ten minutes of chat told me there'd been a flat emergency and her friend was coming to pick her up very soon. I was relieved but felt bad for her.

She said she might buy a ticket to Capping Show and I told her I'd save her \$14 and offered her a free one as she seemed really keen on it. Then she backtracked, saying she was probably busy that night.

I thought really? You're busy for ten nights? Because there are multiple shows.

But she was gathering her coat and seemed really stressed, maybe because of her flat emergency, and got into a car that was waiting outside the restaurant.

Left alone with the majority of a bar tab, I ordered some food to go, walked back to rehearsal and did my best to convince my cast mates that I'd been a Casanova. Cheers Critic for the opportunity, and Shelley, maybe I'll catch you in the audience this week

SNAP, CRACK & POPPLE US

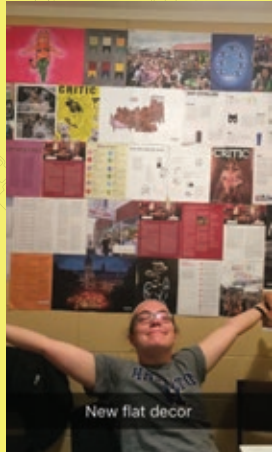
*The best snap each week wins a 12 pack of



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



How long am I supposed to sit here and watch this shit



New flat decor



Thanks critic for keeping us warm



Just spent almost \$8 on whipped cream because the critic told me to. What is wrong with me????



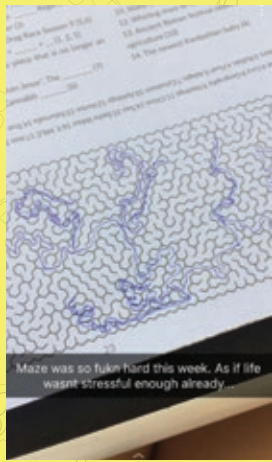
which Dunedin Sound band is this? 🤔



I've worked in retail and this is easily the best look book. Will be dressing like my degree from now on #outfitinspo



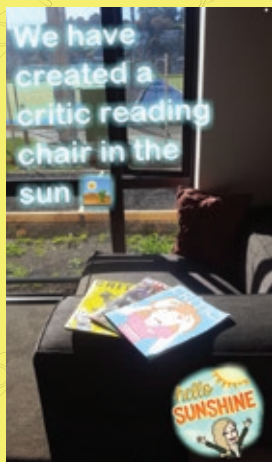
THIS WEEK'S WINNER



Maze was so fukin hard this week. As if life wasn't stressful enough already.



So the guy in liquor land just asked me "so what's the plan tonight bro, just a quiet one?" "Yea bro, I love to slip away at a nitro before bed"



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50% off all perishable food items 4.30-5pm weekdays.

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Any 3 of the following for \$5.50

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Doritos

- Scarfie pie range

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Special RAD1 discount at all times, simply present your card/app to the driver at the start of your journey

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15% off the total bill

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

Good Good

Free fries with every burger purchased w./ tertiary student ID

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

Hell Pizza

Free wedges or dessert pizza when you spend \$20

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

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This 'N' That Giftware

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Vapourium Ltd

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

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50 Gorillas

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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.

