DEFINITELY NOT THE



Local Sports **Team Wins Sports**

BARRY BARRYSON

In a whopping victory this Sports Team, the Otago Sports Team firmly cemented their place in the upcoming Sports Playoffs.

sports Captain Zinzan Jordan thanked his team for their hardest and uhhh it day, it came down to the points and ahhh, the team with the most points won the sport on the day."

Wiping the sweat from Sports Player Of The Day rival sports guys. certificate proudly, saying "I just want to, uhh, give Not continued at all

full credit to the guys out there, they really sported hard and ahhh just realweekend over the Rival ly deserved the win. You could say that sports is a game of three halves and we couldn't be happier".

Local sports fans relished In a post-game interview, the win, excited because the sports team could now get a home quarter final in their tremendous effort. the National Sports League. "Yeah, uhh, the boys just With some stiff competiwent out there and sported tion coming from the other sports teams from the could have gone either way other cities, it could prove but uhhh at the end of the an impactful and exciting sports game. Umpire Bernadine Dodds and referee judge Glen Muir have both wished the local sports team well in their upcomhis brow, he held up his ing matches against the



Proctor Saves Students From Life of Drugs, Crime

BARRY O'BARIGAN

Otago University Proctor Dave Scott has been hailed as a heroic father figure, akin to Coach Carter from student flats. the 2005 film "Coach Carter," after saving approximately 18,000 local young people from a life of addiction, crime, and sexual

sponsibly and even-hand- ical beliefs.

its street name "cannabis,"

BARRY VON BARRYBURG

promiscuity, after he re- olence, and left-wing polit- keen awareness skills, and student said, "Now that

"weed bongs" from several erate area, was found to be neither Scott nor any other Marijuana, also known by ments for snorting marijuanas, known as "bongs," is a dangerous and untested in their living room. Scott The students were grateful Not continued at all psychotic which is known managed to spot the dan- to Mr Scott for pointing to cause hallucinations, vi- gerous devices using his out their sinful ways. One

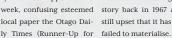
quickly removed them to I've given up the devil's edly removed dangerous A student flat on Leith St be disposed of safely. As lettuce I'm happier, I'm narcotic devices known as North, a notoriously degen- far as the ODT is aware, going to church more, and hiding several large instru- Campus Watch staff con- swell gal. No more reefer tracted any stoner diseases from the "bongs".

I've found myself a real for me!

Incredible story does not happen

BARRY "BARRY" BARRY

ry has not happened this Best Dunedin-Based Daily Other things that have not | Not continued on page 12



Press Awards 2014).

week, confusing esteemed story back in 1967 and is anything at the 2018 Voylocal paper the Otago Dai- still upset that it has so far ager Media Awards.

Newspaper at the Allied happened include the Ota-

go Daily Times ever having An interesting news sto- The paper had intended to a female Editor and the write an interesting news Otago Daily Times winning



Application appeal applied

pleased that the applica- draw app(lication)rehen- the person who was associated tion is to be applied for sion from those who dealt with the application, had this ture should be dealt with plied, but was at a later date.

The rigmarole around the ing the original application. Much, much, much more

application".

to say: "I'm displeased with the

on page 69

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EDITORIA

Don't Fire the Proctor, Reform the Position

When the story of the Proctor entering student flats to remove bongs broke last week, there was naturally an angry reaction from a lot of people. A petition demanding Dave Scott's resignation got over 2000 signatures and Abe from Whakamana is talking about a private prosecution of Harlene Hayne and/or Dave Scott.

Here are my two cents: firing or prosecuting the Proctor won't achieve anything but give all the angry people a sense of vengeance and schadenfreude. It won't actually do anything to improve the student experience. What we need is a reformed Proctor's office with a clearer definition of their role and a commitment to pastoral care rather than nit-picking and catching people out on minor rule breaking.

The University Proctor is not a cop, and despite his claims that he had to either call the cops or destroy the bongs himself, there is one other option that hasn't been discussed: Just fucking ignore it. You don't have to do anything.

There is no legal liability to report every crime you see. There might be for a cop, but the Proctor and Campus Watch are just regular people whose job is to stop dangerous and disorderly conduct. It would be perfectly legit to just ignore the bongs, or give the students a cheeky warning to keep them

By Joel MacManus

JUSTICE

hidden in case some cops come by. It's not their job to stop parking infringements or jaywalking, and it shouldn't be their job to stop you smoking weed.

PROCTORIAL

This kind of crackdown on things which are technically illegal but not disorderly conduct is a genuinely dangerous precedent which could really hurt the Proctor's Office's ability to provide good pastoral care, because it makes students less likely to come to them for help.

Imagine if someone gets too drunk and passes out at a party but the hosts spend 10 minutes hiding bongs before they call Campus Watch. That's potentially a life or death situation. Or what if some random cunts crash your party and get aggressive but you're scared to call because you took some MDMA earlier in the night and think you might get in trouble? Or if a 17-year-old student is assaulted on a night out but thinks they'll get in trouble if they tell the Proctor because they were drinking underage?

The Proctor and Campus Watch cracking down on non-harmful behaviour is hurting their standing in the community. It's going to impact their ability to protect students, because they're no longer being seen as the GC parental figures they want to be, but as the strict vice-principal threatening you with detention because you didn't straighten your tie.









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Poop Pals

Shout to the the absolute hero who saved two poor unsuspecting poopers in the Central toilets. Now we all hate that our fees can't even pay for two-ply toilet paper, but the only thing worse is zero-ply!

With exam study beginning, there is nothing I look forward to more at the library than drawing out my toilet break as long as possible avoiding the inevitable return to the dreaded books books. However, on Tuesday even this scared time was ruined by having to break my social anxiety to pluck up the courage and ask the lad in the cubicle next door if he could shout me a few squares, but somehow he had also been stitched up with his pants down. Luckily a guardian angle was listening in and slotted not one, but TWO, phat bundles of paper over the stall wall.

Not all heroes wear capes!

Chur,

Anon

Letters to the Editor

Daddy Dave Does it Again

If the university will cut Art History for not meeting it's expectations, does that mean it'll cut the Proctor for not meeting expectations (of the law)? To be fair to Dave, I shouldn't have called him Daddy so much he thought he got to come round to flats like he was actually our Dad.

From,

A resident of Private Property

Momma's Boy

Kia ora

All around Dunedin there is a new tag that simply says Momma's Boy. It's everywhere, and no one I've spoken to knows anything about. Has Critic thought about doing an investigation into this Many thanks

Editor's Response: We tracked him down! Check the interview on page 41

Blind Date

Dear Critic,

This year, the University of Otago opened Te Whare Tāwharau, the first sexual violence support and prevention centre in a New Zealand university. Within this context, it is disheartening to read recent Love is Blind columns in Critic. The language used promotes the objectification of women and normalises violence as part of sex, and violence against women in particular. As a platform for engagement with students, Critic has the potential to push boundaries in a positive direction and re-imagine sexual relations as mutually enjoyable and respectful under any circumstances. Instead, editorial choices invoke tired and old misogynistic tropes that perpetuate and normalise sexual violence

We provide support on a drop-in basis between 10am and 4pm Monday through Friday during the semester. The centre is based at 5 Leithbank and has staff and volunteers available to listen, support and offer referrals. We encourage the editors of Critic to re-imagine the Love is Blind column for an audience who have long since moved on from tolerating jokes about sexual violence.

Melanie Beres

Academic Leader, Te Whare Tāwharau

Issue 25 , 2018

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The Proctor BongShell: The Complete 'Chronic'les

See what we did there?

The story of University Proctor Dave Scott entering student flats and removing bongs without permission has captured the imaginations of the student population and the national media in a way no story has in years, overshadowing even the Critic censorship debacle earlier this year.

It all started last Wednesday, when Josh Smythe put Critic in touch with some students who had had three bongs removed from their Leith St North flat while they were away from the house. Initially they thought they had been robbed, but the Proctor came around the next day and told them he had confiscated them. He told the flatmates he would give them a warning and wouldn't take it to the police if they cleaned up their yard.

The statement provided to Critic through the uni's communications (PR) department was "The Proctor is comfortable with the action he has taken in this case. The bongs had been used to smoke cannabis, and were in clear view in a flat with an open sliding door".

The story came out on Monday 9am, and was also published by the Spinoff. It was quickly picked up by Stuff, Newshub, RNZ and the ODT, as well as the NZ Herald, which republished the ODT stories.

That day, Critic was contacted by another student who had a near-identical story. Their Castle Street flat had all been away when the Proctor (or someone from his office) stopped by, entered their flat, took two bongs, and later called them into a meeting where they were questioned on why they had them. That story went online at 3:30pm Tuesday, and again was also published by the Spinoff. Uni Comms didn't respond to Critic's request for comment because there was "lots on today".

At 5:45 that evening the Uni put out a statement to media (though they didn't include Critic), reiterating that the bongs from the initial story were for "illegal drug use" and that the Proctor was "focussed on helping students gain degrees and not criminal convictions". There was no apology or admission of wrongdoing.

That night, a third student got in touch. Back in 2016, his flat on the corner of Dundas and Castle had also had their bongs confiscated by the Proctor. Unlike the first two instances, the flatmates had been home, but they were in the back lounge and the Proctor had let himself in the front door and down a long hallway. They were also given a warning and made to hand over their bongs, even though three of them were not students. Uni comms did not respond to Critic's request for comment on that story, which went live at 8:30am on Tuesday.

On Tuesday morning RNZ and Newstalk ZB both interviewed OUSA Re-Creation Officer Josh Smythe, as well as legal experts, to discuss the issue. It was well and truly a media storm.

Abe Gray, cannabis activist and founder of the Whakamana Cannabis museum, called on Tuesday and said he had received a \$25,000 from an anonymous kiwi millionaire. He claimed it would be for a 'Whakamana Legal Fighting Fund' to bring a private prosecution against Dave Scott and/or Harlene Hayne and/or the Uni as a whole.

Law Professor Andrew Geddis wrote an opinion piece on the Spinoff titled "Hey, proctor, leave our bongs alone: How Otago's 'campus cop'

By Joel MacManus

is breaking the law". Seven Sharp showed up on campus, as well as RNZ, Newshub, and the local media.

Uni Comms was still scrambling, and wrote a draft of a statement in which they kind of partially admitted wrongdoing but backed off from a full apology. It said the Proctor was "for the most part comfortable with the action he took," but that entering the flat was "technically incorrect". Uni Comms then accidentally sent that, plus a bunch of internal emails, to the media. RNZ published them and Uni Comms got very angry at RNZ.

A press conference with the Proctor was called for 3pm, and was attended by Critic, Stuff, the ODT, RNZ, Channel 39, Newshub, and Seven Sharp (who also got a sit-down interview with the Proctor that everyone else was very jealous of). Dave Scott said that "with the benefit of hindsight I can see that my actions were wrong" and said that he had offered a personal apology to a member of the Leith Street North flat.

The livestreamed press conference was pretty much required viewing for students around the city. Critic had 600 viewers who watched the entire 20 minute press conference live, plus probably way more students who watched with the RNZ or Stuff livestream, which admittedly were way better than Critic's because they have advanced technology such as 'microphones' and 'proper cameras that aren't just a phone on a desk'.

That was basically the end of the news cycle... but then the protest took over.



OUSA Demands Removal of All Proctor and Campus Watch Off-Campus Disciplinary Powers

This was written before the protest but we assume it was lit

After political infighting and threats of no confidence, OUSA came together last week and dramatically voted to both support the Proctor Protest and to demand that all off-campus disciplinary powers of the Proctor and of Campus Watch be removed.

Critic went to print on Thursday, so we don't know what went down at the Friday protest, but here's a rundown of the intense shit that led up to the best OUSA Exec meeting ever.

Critic broke the Proctor BongShell story Monday morning. As other media started jumping on the story and student outrage swelled online, Josh Smythe, OUSA Re-Creation Officer, started a "Proctor Protest" event on Facebook, which called for Dave Scott to sign a "Code of Proctor Conduct," and launched a change.org petition calling for his resignation. As of Thursday, the protest had a thousand people going on Facebook and 2.2 thousand interested, and the petition had 2152 signatures.

Josh signed the petition as "Josh Smythe, OUSA Re-Creation Officer," and spoke to several media outlets about it, which is against the OUSA policy that only the President can make comment to the media.

All eyes (ok, maybe not all eyes) were on OUSA to see whether they would jump on this protest and use the largest student mobilisation in a decade to affect some real change.

Wednesday's OUSA Exec meeting was a shitshow. The Exec voted not to support the Protest because they felt it personally attacked the Proctor and they weren't comfortable calling for his resignation.

Josh offered to remove the petition entirely and allow OUSA to control the message of the protest, including the demands presented to the Proctor, but the Exec still held reservations. Some felt it was a matter between the flatmates and the Proctor, and some felt that the messaging had already become too negative.

The exec went to a vote, with 5-4 against the protest. James Heath, Tiana Mihaere, Dermot Frengley, and Josh were the four votes in favour, and Umi Asaka abstained. Caitlin Barlow-Groome did not vote, as she was the chair of the meeting.

"I wonder whether this comes across as a weak response from OUSA," said James.

This wasn't the end of the drama at that meeting. Tiana said that Josh shouldn't have spoken to the media and thought he owed Caitlin an apology. "I do not trust you to speak on my behalf," she said.

Caitlin told Josh "I'm personally fucked off with you" and demanded three things as reparations for his actions: a public apology to the Exec, a public apology to the Proctor, and the withdrawal of his OUSA title from the petition. She then said that if Josh did not meet these demands in 24 hours, she would take him to a vote of no confidence to remove him from his role.

Josh said "Thank you for your comments" and left. Half an hour later he sent an email to the Exec and Critic saying that he would not submit to her demands and that if they brought a motion of no confidence against him, he would retaliate by doing the same to every person who voted against him. "My breathas will turn out and they will be super mad," he said.

Despite Critic expecting a bloodbath the next day, overnight both sides calmed down. The meeting the next day was massive. Normally OUSA meetings attract three people to watch. 150 people showed up at the meeting, so many that OUSA had to move the meeting to the gym on the top floor of Clubs and Socs to fit everyone in. It was like a throwback to the 1970s when everyone cared.

By Charlie O'Mannin

After some back and forward, Josh and Caitlin managed to put their egos aside and compromised. Caitlin withdrew the demand to apologise to the Proctor and Josh apologised to the Exec and promised to edit the petition to remove his OUSA title. Caitlin accepted his apology.

The Exec then re-discussed supporting the Protest. Josh said that he would make it explicit that the protest was not personal and that they would "accept that [the Proctor] has humbled himself and give him a second chance. However, we will still submit the Code of Proctor Conduct." He also said that he thought the protest could easily adjust slightly as "we are a modular and nimble people".

Abigail still had reservations that the protest was too personal, but the rest of the exec appeared to have changed their minds. They voted 9-1 to support the protest.

James and Caitlin then brought up going further than the scope of the protest and using the power of student outrage to push for real change. They proposed changing the University's policies to strip the Proctor and Campus Watch of all disciplinary powers outside of campus, which, if successful, would be a massive deal.

Despite a brief discussion on whether this would mean that students would be open to the "full force of the police," the exec voted to unanimously support the motion calling for the disciplinary powers to be removed.

After the meeting Caitlin spoke to Critic and said she would be at the protest and that she was looking forward to it. She also said that she thought the call for powers to be removed was "achievable" and that she would start fighting for it immediately.



Harlene Hayne Votes Down Student Bid to Save Art History

Harlene Hayne, you've done it again

University Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne cast the deciding vote against OUSA's proposal to save the Art History and Visual Culture programme, at the University Senate last week.

OUSA Education Officer James Heath motioned "that Senate halts the proposal to disestablish the Art History and Visual Culture programme and explores offering the programme as a stand alone minor," which split the room with 31 votes for and 31 against. As chair, Harlene's vote against OUSA was the decider. Subsequently, Pro-Vice Chancellor Tony Ballantyne's resolution to disestablish Art History and Visual Culture in December 2020 passed.

The decision will be finalised at the University Council. James said OUSA President Caitlin Barlow-Groome "will continue fighting to keep the programme" at Council. He said the significant support for OUSA's motion "sets a powerful precedent for OUSA effecting change around the University going forward". He called it "a massive win as far as student resistance goes".

Around fifty students and concerned Dunedin residents resisted in a silent protest at the entrance of the Clock Tower as Senate academics walked in. One protester told Critic they were "acting as a silent reminder of the student livelihoods Senate members were about to decide on".

"Some of the Senate members smiled at us thinking we were friendly. We weren't smiling."

OUSA's Senate motion to save Art History represented views shared at a public meeting

on Tuesday that "showed us an overwhelming level of support for the Art History and Visual Culture programme from our community," said James Heath.

The meeting was attended by representatives of the Hocken, Dunedin Public Art Gallery, Blue Oyster Gallery and the Otago Art Society. City councillor Aaron Hawkins and Sonja from the TEU both spoke as individuals. John Bellamy from Bellamy Gallery gifted OUSA a piece of art he said "represents the current struggle," entitled 'Love or Money,' which James took into Senate.

Pro-Vice Chancellor Tony Ballantyne said, "the proposed changes respond to a sustained shift in the pattern of student interest. With only 18.7 Equivalent Full-Time Students (EFTS) enrolled this year ... Art History and Visual Culture is simply not sustainable".

However, Art History student Renn said she finds it insulting that students are getting the blame for not enrolling, when "it has been neglect by the Uni that has done it".

She said she has been raising concerns about the struggling programme to the Division of Humanities since 2015. When a founding staff member left in 2014 she asked who would be replacing him and was told, "it doesn't matter". Despite having a scholarship for Art History she hasn't been able to take any Art History papers since 2016 because she's completed all the papers on offer.

Affected students were only told of the proposal to cut the department in August, despite

By Esme Hall

it being the "culmination of two-and-a-half years of investigation and data analysis," according to Tony Ballantyne.

Ballantyne said efforts have been made to reshape Art History and Visual Culture at Otago, including "the development of new promotional material in 2016". He said combining Art History and Visual Culture into a single major from 2017 was "an attempt to invigorate" the small programmes. But, he said he was not surprised this didn't draw enough new students as "there has been a marked drop in the number of high schools teaching Art History and in the cohort of students selecting it as a year thirteen option. This is a national issue with strong international parallels".

Tony also said the "change proposal emerged out of a long sequence of meetings with staff in the programme, the TEU, and also consultation with OUSA stretching back to mid-2016." Chur past Execs, would've been nice to get a heads up earlier.

Nearly 3000 people signed a change.org and written petition to "Save Art History" and supporters of the arts around the country have expressed their disappointment in the University. Critic has seen correspondence between student volunteers and a director of a leading national art gallery who condemned the University's decision and praised Otago Art History for its sustained contributions to creative industries in New Zealand.

OUSA Demands an RA Pay Increase, University Ignores Them

The minimum salary for someone in management at Otago is \$72,614

OUSA's meeting with the University to try and get them to raise RAs' pay to cover the cost of living in a hall has not resulted in any change. "Unfortunately, the University were unwilling to make any changes to the financial conditions for the RAs," said OUSA Colleges Officer Norhan El Sanjak.

After pay is taken into account, an RA at a University-owned residential college is still required to pay at least another \$117 a week to live there. A recent OUSA referendum showed that 85% of students agree that RAs' wages should cover the entirety of their accommodation costs, as is currently allowed for Wardens. RAs at the Polytechnic Student Village, the Polytech College, have free rent. Norhan El Sanjak also pointed out that RAs at the University of Canterbury have their rent fully covered.

OUSA made a submission featuring comment from over 60 RAs to the University earlier in

the month, inviting the University to consider increasing RA pay to the point where RAs did not consider themselves "volunteers".

A media spokeswoman said that the University "welcomed the opportunity [to] discuss the feedback raised by OUSA and viewed the meeting as positive". She also said that the "benefits of being an RA are more than paid employment. The roles also provide a great opportunity for RAs to gain valuable leadership experience, training and skills".

However, Norhan said that current wages do not reflect the workload or demanding nature of being an RA.

"Given RAs are a huge part of the collegiate life, you would have expected the university show they value the RAs by giving them what they deserve at the very least."

By Thea Bailie-Bellew

The University had already committed to some rent reduction for RAs in 2019, but it is unconfirmed how much this will be.

Norhan said that "OUSA is committed to not stopping here and we will continuing fighting and working behind the scenes in order to reach a better outcome for future RAs. We will ask the University for another meeting, however, prior to that, more research [will be conducted] about a viable model in regards to how subsidised accommodation would look like. If the University refuses to make any adjustments following another meeting, then we will take a stronger stance on the issue at hand."

Memorial Trees Die After Leith Construction Work ORC Apologises to University

The Otago Regional Council has apologised after accidentally allowing two memorial trees, planted for members of staff who have passed away, to die after removing them as part of their Leith Flood Protection work.

The ORC got permission from the University to remove five trees, including the two memorial trees, under the condition that they be replanted in another location. The ORC gave the trees to a nursery to look after. Unfortunately, it turns out that ripping old trees out of the ground often results in their death.

One of the memorial trees was a kauri dedicated to poet Charles Brasch, which was planted in 1976, and the other was a mountain beech planted in 2004 for Dr Robin Law of the Geography Department.

Sarah Gardner, ORC Chief Executive, said "The ORC has sincerely apologised for this unintended situation. We are currently working with University staff and former colleagues of those whose trees have died to determine a respectful remedy for this situation".

"As a result of these ongoing discussions, the trees (of the same size and species) will be replaced and an offer has been made to potentially make something out of the wood of the original trees, if desired. It is extremely unfortu-

By Charlie O'Mannin

nate that this has occurred and we are committed to assisting the University of Otago create a contemplative memorial garden, that sits beside the Leith, that can be enjoyed by all members of staff and students for years to come."

The University's Chief Operating Officer Stephen Willis said "We treasure our memorial trees – we want to emphasise the importance of them to our University, families and colleagues – so we are working with the Otago Regional Council to ensure this is resolved in an appropriate and sensitive way."



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Learn more about the Armistice Day coin with the free augmented reality app. Scan the QR code with your mobile then point it at a coin (or a picture of one) for video and other interactive content.





OPINION: Colleges Need to Chill on 'Study Zones'

We're heading into exam season, meaning that residential colleges around Dunedin are cracking into the dreaded "study zone". However, the accompanying alcohol ban is likely to do more harm than good, as well as making life more difficult for both staff and residents.

For those unfamiliar with hall culture, residential colleges have an alcohol ban starting about a month and a half before exams, some completely alcohol-free, others a little more liberal.

For example, at Knox there is a year-round alcohol ban from Sunday to Wednesday, and a complete ban during study zone. Whereas Unicol just has the standard study ban, apart from Saturdays, when the ban is lifted.

As we all know, banning anything (especially from teenagers) generally has the opposite of the intended effect. A complete alcohol ban doesn't get rid of alcohol in colleges, it just forces residents to be a little sneakier and more creative. Usually, there is a set limit to how much alcohol each person can bring in (normally the equivalent of about six Cruisers). However, when the "Prohibition" begins, there is no regulation regarding the alcohol people inevitably sneak in.

Kiwi teenagers love drinking. When colleges stop monitoring alcohol entrance, the likelihood of over-doing it skyrockets, and people are ready and willing to push boundaries they see as unreasonable, leading to increased alcohol consumption.

This poses the question, is a complete alcohol ban actually helpful to students?

Honestly, no. Exam season is a stressful time, and blowing off some steam at the end of an intense study week can be a much-needed relief and part of preventing that too-familiar mid-study breakdown.

Unicol's policy of "Saturdays off" makes much more sense and doesn't punish residents for

By Sophia Carter Peters

needing a break from studying. It ensures that weekdays are safe from the more obnoxious drinkers, but everyone can let loose without punishment.

Drinking is a part of Otago culture, whether you like it or not. Banning alcohol has never been an effective way of preventing drinking, and it won't ever be. The best thing to do, especially for first years, is provide boundaries, but not remove the privilege completely.

Strict colleges make sneaky residents, and it's better to just let them learn for themselves, providing guidance when needed, but not being a third parent.

Study zone is a good idea on the whole, but it really needs to just chill out a bit. Except for Unicol, they have the right idea for once.



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11



HUBS192 Believes That Lecturer and Third Years Are Drinking Urine

Spoiler: They're taking the piss

All that glistens is not gold after a lecturer in HUBS192 tricked a bunch of first year health scis into thinking a group of third years drank his urine.

Following the great nude chicken dash of first semester, lecturer Andrew Bahn has taken up the mantle of everyone's favourite sport – having a good laugh at freshers' expense. In the St David lecture theatre, Dr Bahn and several of his third year students each dramatically downed a specimen jar of what they claimed was his urine, supposedly to prove its sterility.

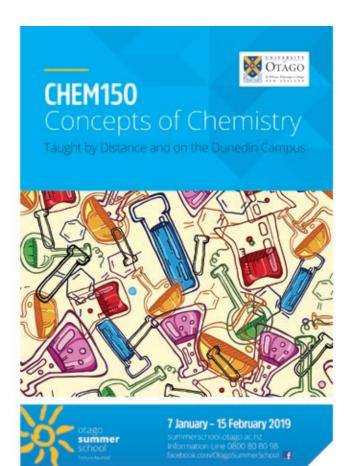
The health scis were observed to be in a state of dead-eyed horror upon leaving the lecture theatre, so we can safely say the display had no significant effect on their mental state. However, we can certainly assume that the Carrington bathrooms were filled with students gulping from the golden fountain later that evening in the hopes of absorbing a superior knowledge of the renal system.

Presumably out of concern that an article like this would appear, Dr Bahn informed the class the next day that the performance had been a hoax, easing the mind of most but undoubtedly leaving a few highly disappointed and regretting the golden excesses of the night before. Regardless, Critic is thrilled to see Ruth Napper and her chewed up carrot finally given some competition for the most unsettling moment of HSFY.

By Sam Purchas

The third years involved took credit for the idea, with one claiming that they had all come up with the idea in a 300-level lab, saying it "took a bit of convincing; but finally got him on board to let us drink his piss (lemon juice) in a lecture to fuck with the health scis. Anyone with half a functioning brain would have realised it wasn't his piss, but [further health sci abuse] and they actually bought the prank".

Hopefully this will inspire the other HSFY lecturers and such antics will provide an ever-flowing spring of very easy Critic articles.





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Police Shut Down Running of the Beers Charity Event

Apparently the Mental Health Foundation getting \$3000 = witchcraft

The Dunedin Police have successfully cancelled the Running of the Beers charity event after threatening the organiser with prosecution if it went ahead.

As the name so eloquently suggests, Running of the Beers contestants signed up to run and drink beer simultaneously; an impressive feat that surely deserves congratulations more than condemnation. Participants work in teams of two, taking turns drinking through their twelve pack and holding the container with all their empties, which are later recycled. It's never too late to do your bit for climate change.

The event was a success last year, with no injuries or rubbish, and even a rare nod of approval from the notorious militarised unit known as "Campus Watch" that sometimes follows young girls home.

This year's event was estimated to involve around 300 people, which would raise around \$3000 for the Mental Health Foundation.

Mr Joel MacManus, organiser, is notoriously hard to track down but spoke to Critic over Skype about his immense disappointment around the forced cancellation of the event: "I got a call on Friday from a constable who said if I didn't cancel the event and stop promoting it on Facebook, that I could face prosecution and a fine of up to \$10,000." Mr MacManus found himself unable to stand up to such intimidation tactics as \$10,000 is beyond his meagre salary as a trivial editor of a local student publication.

By Caroline Moratti

He was, however, excited at receiving media attention about the cancellation since he's a massive "attention whore," according to his colleagues.

The cancellation of the event has left students reeling. Mr MacManus said he was "hoping it would become an ongoing student tradition, so it's a real shame that the police shut it down like this and showed that they were unwilling to work with us to create a positive event". It's unclear why exactly the police shut it down considering the charitable nature of the event, but according to one student it's a "real dick move".







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BATCH BREWED



BLUES & GOLDS

Every year OUSA gives out awards to the people who represent the top of the top at Otago University. Or at least the ones who are keen enough to put their names up for an award. Critic hunted some of the winners down to get to know some of Otago's best.

Sportswoman of the Year: Nicole Ruske

Nicole is incredibly humble for someone who is a sports superstar. She wasn't even offended when this Critic reporter awkwardly didn't realise until halfway through the interview that she straight-up REPRESENTS NEW ZEALAND in basketball. Soz. When asked if she had felt confident about a win, she said she didn't even remember applying for the award. "So many people there do awesome, crazy stuff. I was just there to have a good time." Now that she has the award, she's not exactly feeling the pressure to be a role model, but says it might make her work harder. Nicole studies psychology with the aspiration to enter teacher's college next year.

Sportsman of the Year: Malachi Buschl

Hockey is in Malachi's blood. On top of representing New Zealand in the sport, there are whispers that he will make it onto the New Zealand team for the 2020 Olympics. It's also worth noting that he's only a fresher, too. When asked what his non-sports-related highlight of the year was, he said it was "meeting new people" and having fun at Arana College. Malachi wasn't even at the award ceremony, he was busy playing in an international competition (fair enough). He is currently a biochem student, and said he's able to manage the balance between studies and being a nationally-renowned hockey player.

Sports Club of the Year: Otago University Snow Sports Club

I was totally expecting the President of the OUSSC, Jacob Jones, to rock up to the interview in a puffer jacket or in one of those OUSSC hoodies. I was absolutely shook to, instead, be greeted by a fucking male model. If there is any reason to join the Snow Sports Club, it's for him. Damn. He said he was "really stoked" to win club of the year, which is an incredible feat considering it's a seasonal sport. When asked about what the fuck the club does when there is no snow, he says they just "chill" (ha-ha) in Dunedin and throw parties. They also run "Ski Porn" nights, which he assured me were just movie nights, but I am not convinced. His highlights for the club were their Snow Week event, which is a full week of daily competitions with a party every night. Another highlight was the Tour de Goon (like Tour de France, but with goons), which is "a flat crawl on bikes,"` even if OUSA and the Proctor "really didn't like it".

Society of the Year: Otago Debating Society

In a way, DebSoc had no business winning Society of the Year, since they are classified as a 'sport' and should be gunning for Blues, not Golds. Regardless, I asked President Connor Seddon what club they had to tear down to get to the top, to which Connor shockingly replied "OMSA," (Otago Malaysian Students' Association) since they are "really good" and have actually won it a bunch of times in the past.

By Sinead Gill

15

Winning felt "absolutely fantastic", and Connor was also pretty stoked about the subsidised bar at the awards ceremony. Some of his highlights included all the national and international events and wins, but I had to ask the important question: how on earth does DebSoc convince new people to join? Connor replied, "if you want to be paid \$1000 by the Vice-Chancellor to go to Malaysia to drink and argue with people for a week, then this is the club for you". Fair.

Culture Club of the Year: Otago Malaysian Students' Association

OMSA, led by Joel Doong, has been the most visible club on campus this year. If you don't recognise them for always having an OMSA stall in the union building, then you'll probably know them for their food and performances at various events on campus. Unsurprisingly, Joel was not too surprised that they had won, saying that although they didn't know what other clubs had achieved, he knew for certain that OMSA had "accomplished a lot". This year they introduced the South East Asia Fiesta (a collaboration with other clubs over Art Week) to show their culture through art, and also ran and took part in other cultural events. Joel owes the success of his club to his club committee, which he "loves to bits," and was honestly so lovely about them that I had to ask them if there was a dirty secret OMSA had that the public didn't know, to which he said that one time he and his team ordered so many drinks from Chatime that they had to close the shop, and he is convinced that they have made so many orders over the past two weeks that they are "probably banned".



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CHECKING IN ON THE EXEC: THIRD QUARTER EXEC REPORTS

By Esme Hall and Charlie O'Mannin

Dear OUSA Exec, Critic are paid to read your reports and even we struggled. We tried to find the good bits but it took ages. If you're so big on 'engagement' and 'consultation' you need to communicate in a more accessible way. Please and thank you. Love, Critic.

All of the reports were unanimously passed, except for Josh's, and there were next to no substantive questions about any of the reports, again except for Josh's.

JOSH SMYTHE, RE-CREATION OFFICER

What's Josh been doing? Just the usual "living and breathaing" and "taking OUSA to the people," of course. Josh said he's a "highly visible and approachable point of contact for OUSA" at flat parties, Pint Night, Courtchella, Breakaway and other events. He gets personal invites to these "major events" at which he "rarely [sees] any of the other executive at!!" [read: the other exec members = big nerds.] "I don't count that as work," said Caitlin Barlow-Groome, OUSA President, who obviously isn't aware how much work it takes to hold a conversation with a breatha. Also his "presence seems to naturally create political discourse," which is good, because that's kinda his job. Kinda.

Josh is also continuing to push drug harm minimisation, but hasn't really got anywhere, apparently because "Harlene Hayne, our esteemed Vice Chancellor (and a psychologist nonetheless)," said getting the New Zealand Drug Foundation and Know Your Stuff NZ in for substance testing and analysis "was not an option on campus". Josh is still trying to get something in place before O-Week next year, "stay tuned fam," he said.

Tiana Mihaere, Tumuaki Te Roopū Māori, expressed concern at the foul language Josh

used in his report, such as "absolutely fu**ked". Critic had to look up the definition of "fu**ked," and spent a very educational afternoon on www.google.co.nz afterwards.

There was more concern raised that Josh was counting partying as part of his 10 hours.

One exec member (Critic forgot to write down who, soz) said, "I do have reservations that you've been working 10 hours a week. What have you done in this role that you couldn't have done as an ordinary student?"

"If I get on the piss and go and talk to people at parties, is that my job?" asked Cam Meads.

Abigail Clark, Welfare Officer, pointed out that "last quarter we had the same issue".

Josh responded that his actions were student engagement and said that he was connecting with people normally disconnected with OUSA.

Norhan El Sanjak, Colleges Officer, disagreed. "When I think of student engagement, I think of Roger [Yan, Campaigns Officer] making videos," she said.

The exec talked about declining the report and not paying Josh, or accepting him and paying him only a percentage of his pay, depending on how much actual work they think he's done. "What have I not done?" said Josh, pointing out that he has done every part of his official role and that in general "the clubs generally run themselves really well". Josh does have a point in that the Recreation Officer role doesn't actually have a lot to do.

The exec responded that Josh should have sought out more work or helped someone else with their workload if he was struggling to find things to do. "There are other people out here who need help," said Caitlin.

In the end the exec decided to give Josh a chance to come back next week and re-submit the report with exact detail about his job so they can make a decision about how much to pay him.

TIANA MIHAERE, TUMUAKI TE ROOPŪ MĀORI

Tiana does important and cool work like being a member of the Te Whare Tāwharau advisory group and helping Pacific Island students to establish a student council. One of her key goals this year was to get an on-campus marae, but she said this has "stalled". She's written terms of reference for a komiti (committee) to follow this kaupapa through to next year. Most of Te Roopū Māori's recent focus has been on consulting on a proposal to be funded directly by the University, rather than via OUSA. Tiana has overseen a Ngā Roopū hui and then six follow-up hui and attended all of them. Keep up the good work Tiana.

ABIGAIL CLARK, WELFARE OFFICER

Abi has attended A LOT of committees, meetings, events and panels in the last quarter. Like a lot. Think of anything vaguely welfare-related and Abi's involved: Silverline, Thursdays in Black, Life Matters, Te Whare Tāwharau, Rape Crisis, Wā Collective, Students Against Sexual Violence, Safety Shots campaign, Suicide Prevention policy, Chaplaincy, the list goes on. She even made a submission on the Election Access Fund Bill. Obviously this is the Welfare Officer's role, but make sure you're looking out for your own welfare, OK Abi? Cool, thanks.

cam meads Administrative Vice-president

Reading Cam's report was too much admin. So we didn't. But, he spearheaded the OUSA Election organisation and shift to Alternative Vote and that went pretty well. It wasn't in his report, but Cam also got too drunk at the Presidential debate and got kicked out of UBar. He thought Critic didn't see but we did. We always see.

ROGER YAN, CAMPAIGNS OFFICER

Roger gave a shout out to anyone who made it to page four of his report. It was probably only us Rog, because your report wasn't great. You could say he put the PAIN in camPAIGNs.

Roger said he's shifted his focus towards student engagement through the two student meetings that he and James have run (which have reportedly had abysmal turnout) and the weekly round-up videos (without which, how would we know that boring committee minutes have been accepted?). Okay fine, but these aren't really campaigns. His one bit of real work was collaborating with the Colleges Officer on OUSA's submission on RA Pay.

There was not even a single question about Roger's report from the exec; they just passed it unanimously. After the grilling Josh got, Critic thinks this is surprising, to say the least. Roger is Campaigns Officer and has barely run any campaigns all year.

To be fair, Campaigns is a stupid position and no Campaigns Officer has done anything for a very long time.

Roger's a lovely guy and is friends with everyone on the exec, which is why his report was accepted without question. Indeed, the only person who criticised Roger was Roger himself, when he acknowledged in his report that "some may say I'm spending my minimum of 10 hours a week ineffectively".

SAM SMITH, FINANCE OFFICER

Sam Smith is confident and happy, despite his high profile break up with Brandon Flynn

[Wait, not that Sam Smith], about a lot of confidential and commercially sensitive stuff like investments and the Service Level Agreement between OUSA and the Uni. Sam, don't be all 'confidential' on us. Critic wants the details!

In general though, numbers are pretty boring and it's hard to tell how well he's doing.

UMI ASAKA, INTERNATIONAL OFFICER

In the last quarter, Umi consulted with international students on how increases in tuition fees affects their wellbeing to make a submission to about post-study visas. She's also been part of organising the second International Food Festival. Cultural Carnival. Diversity week. Intercultural Communication Workshop and the Human Library - all while on placement for her course. Go Umi! Umi clearly puts into words a theme evident in other reports: "although it is heading towards the end [of the year], I can finally say that I have gained the hang of this role". Unfortunately, first-time Exec officers tend to come to grips with their roles in the third quarter, at which point the vear's almost out.

NORHAN EL SANJAK COLLEGES OFFICER

In the last quarter Umi and Norhan organised a quiz night for international students that got cancelled because no one was interested. R.I.P. Consent workshops from Te Whare Tāwharau also failed to get started in colleges because of lack of interest from college students. Double R.I.P. The best thing Norhan has done is collate 80 submissions on the financial barriers of being an RA. It sounds like she made a good submission, but considering the University effectively ignored it, triple R.I.P.

There were no questions or comments from the exec on Norhan's report, even though almost all

her recent projects have failed. Her report was also passed immediately and unanimously.

JAMES HEATH EDUCATION OFFICER

Did you know James got elected 2019 President? It's not in his report, but he did. He's gonna be Pres. That's probably why James' report is the longest, coming in at eight pages. Or maybe he's overcompensating for something else...

Anyway, James's report was the least boring to read. Yes, he's on a shit ton of committees, including the Ministry of Education NCEA Review Reference Group for some reason. But, he's also done a shit ton of cool stuff this last quarter, like securing more student seats on academic boards [Sorry, we may have misused the word 'cool' there]. He's also had "very productive" talks with Deputy Vice-Chancellor Vernon Squires to discuss removing special consideration from Academic Transcripts and moving to twelve teaching weeks rather than thirteen to increase exam leave and breaks. This would be great but would also probably mean fewer issues of Critic, which is either a plus or a minus depending on how shit you think we are.

CAITLIN BARLOW-GROOME PRESIDENT

Caitlin's report wasn't that interesting to read, despite the hard work she's been putting in. It contains gems like "budgeting has taken up a lot of my time". Her major goal for the next quarter is to get Exec handovers done earlier so the next Exec can hit the ground running from day one.



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THE WEEK WE WERE TOO BUSY TO READ THE ODT

By Charlie O'Mannin

This week ODT Watch is a little bit different. In celebration of our ODT issue, and because we were too busy gossiping about OUSA to actually read the newspaper, ODT Watch presents our favourite excerpts from the last two years.

To start there was that time that the ODT forgot what the word "arouses" meant.

Clock arouses ratepayers

Then there was that time that the ODT correctly identified a cucumber.

Is it a bird? Is it a plane? D'oh, course not. Is it a cucumber? Yes.

We're still so proud of them.

The ODT's take on some people in Central Otago voting Labour last election was gold.

Hot bed of socialism emerges in Maniototo

Then the biggest news story from last year.

At last, NZ's own swan

All of our normal swans are on loan from the Queen. The ducks are ours though (woop)..

Then there was this

Penguin did not exist

Yip.

Then there was the time that the ODT really wanted to report a disaster story but, inconveniently, there didn't happen to be a disaster incoming.

Massive iceberg not coming our way

Then there was the time that an entire bridge opened in Central. Wild.

Whole bridge opening

And finally, my personal favourite.

GOOD morning. Today's "topic du jour" is nails, the manufacture in Dunedin thereof.

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Weirdo Goes to Botans to Appreciate Nature

Some weird guy was seen wandering around the Botanical Gardens on Saturday without any alcohol or a joint to light up. A group of first year Studholme students, who were on the piss at the time, reported him to the police. The man reportedly claimed that he was "just taking a stroll to appreciate nature and the wonderful flora and fauna". He was arrested on suspicion of being a weird cunt.



Harlene Hayne Still Hoping to Finish Art History Degree

University Vice Chancellor Harlene Hayne recently discovered that she was just 36 credits away from completing a BA majoring in Art History. "I did a lot of interest papers, and just realised that I'm pretty close to a second degree," she said. "Art History is a fascinating subject and I would love to continue to expand my worldview and be a lifelong learner."

Harlene was later "dismayed" to find out she had voted to cut the Art History department.



Charlene Chainz Revealed as \$25K Whakamana Donor

Abe from Whakamana has confirmed that the anonymous millionaire who donated \$25,000 to bring private prosecution over the confiscation of bongs from student flats is none other than Dunedin rap legend Charlene Chainz.

In a statement, Chainz said she was "all about that smoke / take another toke / I'm so ill, call a doctor / taking bongs hits like a Proctor".



University Ban on Alcohol Advertising Doing Surprisingly Little to Stop Students' Drinking

A study has shown that University rules which prevent Critic from selling alcohol ads has been shockingly ineffective in curbing alcohol consumption among 18-24 year olds in North Dunedin. While successful in drastically cutting Critic's annual revenue, the study found that students are no less aware of Leith Liquor or The Cook than they were before the 2010 rule change. The Tribune encourages students to buy Stil Vodka, just \$34.99 for 1L this week at Leith.

ODT WATCH WATCH

By Charlie O'Mannin

The History of the Critic/ODT Journalism Turf War

New Zealand is a small country. We'd fit in the pocket of a real country and be indistinguishable from lint. Our small population moulds our news outlets into unusual beasts. One of the most unusual is the Otago Daily Times, the hyperlocal community newspaper that in the midst of the digital revolution still gets tons of print sales.

The Otago Daily Times was established in 1861 by W. H. Cutton and Sir Julius Vogel. Critic was founded in 1925 by some fuck who probably thought he was so cool. Part of Critic's mission over the years has been to attack every conservative institution possible and the ODT is an easy target.

The ODT have done some significant reporting in their time. In 1889 the ODT reporter Silas Spragg (who'd just left his old job as a Dickens character) exposed sweat shop labour in the manufacturing sector, which led to significant law reforms. And they still do, Chris Morris's recent ODT Insight series revealed historic paedophilia and abuse in Dunedin's Catholic churches, covered up by Bishops over the years.

But the ODT also write about the weird and the inane. The cats stuck up trees and the albatrosses that happened to go near bus stops. They're a community newspaper on steroids.

The wider Dunedin community has always had a complicated relationship with the University and the student body. On one hand they know that the University is the source of the city's vitality – without it Dunedin would just be a slightly further north Invercargill – on the other the University sustains a large population of young people, pushing society's boundaries, challenging the norms of the previous generations, and generally being annoying little shits. The ODT is similarly stuck between catering to the residents who want to crucify students for having a different lifestyle and wanting to tap into the 21,000 person student market.

Every once in a while the ODT decide they can do both and try to make a push to engage students. In 2006 the ODT launched an incredibly cringe promotional strategy targeted at students, the "ODT Girls". The idea was that you would presumably want come talk to the "Girls" (why I'm not quite sure) and they would sell you ODT subscriptions. The ODT featured a large ad with pictures of the "Girls" and their slogan, "We'll be there when you wake up in the morning". ODT Watch for that week noted that "Here at Critic, we would never resort to such flagrant abuse of the female form". Of course, the anonymous ODT Watch writer may have been being ironic considering that the cover of Critic for that week was a close up of a woman in a bikini with her head cropped off.

Critic has been printed by various different companies over the years, including the ODT. This inevitably led to conflict. In 1952 the ODT refused to print a Critic article titled "U.S. Germ Warfare in Korea?" because of its apparent "Communist point of view".

However, the tradition of setting aside regular space in the magazine every week just to make fun of the ODT didn't start until around 15 years ago. 2006 was the first year the column appeared under the name "ODT Watch", but it wasn't the first time a regular column attacking the ODT was published in Critic. In 2003, Hamish McKenzie, who

recently left a job at Tesla where he was briefly "Elon Musk's favourite boy" and is now running a journalism startup, started a column called Hard Copy! which attacked specific articles in the newspaper; every week Hamish would choose one article and pull it apart.

Here's an excerpt from a Hard Copy! about bagpipers going deaf:

"Before you jump to any conclusions with this one, just stop and think a moment: how often do you actually hear bagpipe-related news stories? Hardly ever. That's why you have to admire the audacity of the ODT - they've really gone out on a limb here. In another fine example of the newspaper-formerly-known-as-the-daily-newspaper-of-theyear's [the ODT lost the title in 2003 to the Dominion Post] brilliant news-hunting ability, they have turned to a most unlikely source for inspiration: the famous Piper and Drummer magazine. It takes imagination of the most extraordinary measures to take a whimsical article from a UK-based bagpipe-specific magazine and turn it into a hard news story suitable for the front page of a daily newspaper in New Zealand."

Hamish said his aim with Hard Copy! was to "raise a point about some of the shortcomings of the paper while also celebrating its kind of community aspects, and local homeliness".

Hamish was also significant as one of the few ODT Watch writers who put their names to their work. "If you're writing a serious point like that I think you ought to put your name to it, because you ought to be held to account, just as you hold the people you're writing about to account."

Critic has often gone a step further than just attacking the ODT and called out the reporters behind it by name. Hamish pioneered this, ridiculing the writers of articles by name every article. "Baser is not simply a reporter; he is an artist," ran one Hard Copy! Column.

In 2010 the ODT published an article by reporter John Lewis, which contained information that turned out to be false. Weeks later, in a stroke of genius, an anonymous ODT Watch writer decided to look into the assignments that John Lewis had been given after his article was taken down from the ODT website. Highlights included, "Columba College girl finishes third equal in essay competition," "Small baby born... on Mother's Day," and "Come on everybody, get up out of your seat - Dunedin's newest cheerleading squad will be a treat that can't be beat".

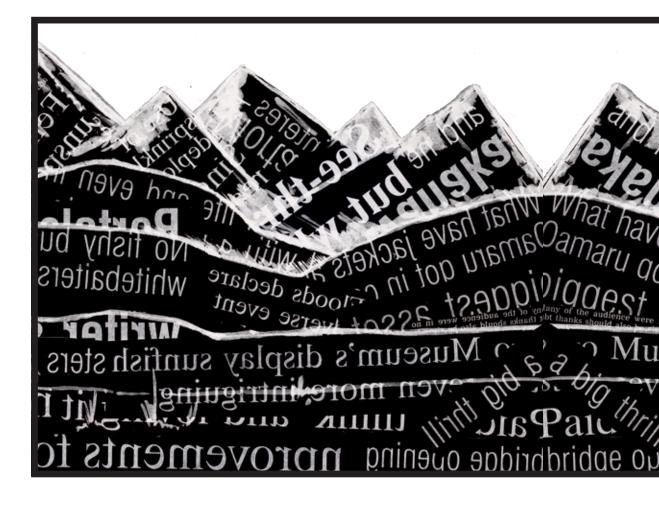


ODT Watch also got the attention of the ODT itself, "it was both a mark of triumph and shame to be the reporter whose work was singled out for that week," said Hamish McKenzie.

One ex-ODT reporter said that back when he was at the ODT, "[ODT Watch] was appointment reading. Every week we'd get them delivered downstairs and they'd be brought up for everyone to read. They were often cut out and stuck on the wall or linked around the office."

"A few years ago they stopped doing bits of articles and just did headlines, which was less funny, but it's really sparked up in the past year or two." (We only included this quote to stroke our own egos.)

In 2007, a running joke in Critic was ODT reporter Hayden Meikle's coverage of the World Cup. Meikle, instead of covering the games, mostly just wrote weird travel pieces about the French train system, or what it was like waiting in a line for 20 minutes. Critic awarded Meikle "Critic New Zealander of the Year," writing that "In his ability to render the banal even more banal, it would not be an exaggeration to say that Hayden Meikle is the soul of the ODT".



Hayden Meikle said on Twiter this year, "I actually had a very thin skin at the time when this was published. I'd been away from wife and kids for six weeks, and covering the World Cup on my own was draining. I was tired, and didn't know why Critic was obsessed with me. But later grew very fond of that story, and have a copy still".

In 2012 a news piece by Gregor Whyte titled "Sun Sets on the ODT's News Section," about the ODT putting the fact that the sun had risen on their front page, apparently got the ODT furious. One past Critic employee said that "apparently after we published it the manager in charge of the online edition stormed into the newsroom and had a bit of a rant about the quality of stories/how much they hated Critic. We had been lighting them up a lot that year though so it might well be true".

When ODT Watch in its current form and name debuted in 2006, the content varied wildly from week to week. Some weeks were lengthy, some just a single image and some text, some were funny, some fell into the simple repetition of the ODT's stories that was to become popular in certain later years. In 2008, in the first issue of the year, possibly the weirdest incarnation of ODT Watch materialised briefly, for a single issue, then faded away into the wind. Called The Oddity, it presented a surreal other reality where the narrator talked about "the other reader, the other Oddity. I pretend that he has come to visit me and I show him my house".

"In my dreams, everything makes sense, authorial biases are revealed, and every story is chosen not for its ability to fill space, but on it [sic] own merits. I dream, and I wake in tears."

Hamish's opinion on the ODT has changed over the intervening years. "I do think it does a good job of serving its community, and I don't think every story in there has to be so serious and highbrow as perhaps once as a high minded student, who was a little bit uppity, I once felt."

"It's easy as students who haven't had to live too much in the real world to just tear that shit down, without acknowledging that some difficult decisions have to be made, people's feelings are actually being hurt along the way."



Above image showing: Critic and The Otago Daily Times navigating Aoeteroa's harsh and confusing media lanscape - hand in hand.

However, there are issues with the ODT that perhaps deserve to be called out from time to time. The newspaper is shot through with small 'slip-ups' or awkward phrases that reveal a casual racism. A news article about a martial arts display at a primary school starting with the line, "A Dunedin school was taken over by Chinese yesterday - but only for the day." Or allowing an opinion piece to run that had the line "You can take the New Zealander out of Christianity, but you cannot take Christianity out of the (true) New Zealander". That's the sort of high grade ethnic nationalism even Don Brash only snorts in the privacy of his own home. But then Allied Press did allow Brash's toxic lobby group Hobson's Pledge to advertise in the Star (the ODT's sister publication).

The ODT got national attention last year when they published an opinion piece by Dave Witherow, who was very upset about some Māori being spoken on RNZ, and "inflicting it on the English-speaking majority". He went on talk about how everything's run by liberals "Caught in the toils of their self-assumed guilt, their lives are one long grovel. We must respect the native culture, they will ooze. We must respect te reo." It's also the little things that build up, like not putting macrons in their proper place above Māori words. Putting in macrons is an easy thing to do (even Critic does it – the bar can't get much lower than that), and it's actually kind of important to respect an official language of New Zealand.

And don't get me started about Tremain, the ODT's cartoonist.

And hey, they're the conservative media of the previous generation, it's almost expected that they hold these views, just as it's expected of Critic to call them out about it. As the Spinoff's Madeleine Chapman remarked when responding to Witherow's vitriol, "while we can't respond to every person who has ever said something racist or sexist or homophobic, we can at least call them out when they do it on a public platform".

In the end, making fun of the ODT is fun, and they are a genuinely important part of the Dunedin community. We at Critic don't want it to go away, or worse, become the New Zealand Herald.





HOROSCOPES

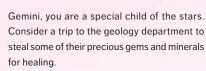


Play a sport Aquarius, you lazy cunt. You're losing bone density by the second. **Special Magic Song:** Wagon Wheel (the original version of course).



Bestiality is not a good decision, Aries. Think twice before you go to that farm. **Special Magic Song:** Horses by Daryl Braithwaite.





Special Magic Song: Believe - Cher.



Communism is not dead, Leo. Take up your hammer and sickle, and slay some Young Nats this week. May their blood satiate your wanton lust. **Special Magic Song:** Imagine by John Lennon.



Are you a tampon? Haha, because Libra, get it? LIBRA. Ha-haaaaaa. **Special Magic Song:** I See Red by Split Enz



Who do you think you are, Saggitarius? Do some soul searching. Don't forget to apply for your graduation this year. Applications are open. **Special Magic Song:** What About Me by Shannon Noll





You should probably watch where you keep your bong this week, Pisces. The Proctor may be watching. Special Magic Song: Macarena.

Someone judgy is checking out your Facebook a lot at the moment, Taurus. It might be prudent to do some editing of your content. Revisit your profile pics and make sure you really want everyone to see those bad boys.

Special Magic Song: #Selfie.



Thank god your mum told you about strangers in unmarked white vans. Get in.

Special Magic Song: Slice of Heaven by Dave Dobbyn (and The Herbs).



Making your way through your birthday month is still taking its toll. After lectures on thurs you'll have a balanced breakfast again.

Special Magic Song: They Can't Take That Away – Ben Hummis.

Your magic twin flame is Dwayne "The Rock" "The Scorpion King" Johnson. Leave this place and find him at once.

Special Magic Song: Rock Lobster by the B52s

APRICOAN OPEC 22 - Jan 19

Oct 23 - NON 21

Capricorn? More like CapriKorn. You should get dreadlocks if you are white. Special Magic Song: Freak on a Leash by Korn









It has never actually snowed in Canada, the stuff they ski on is high grade cocaine sent down from God.

Dr. Seuss' real name is actually "Mr. Juice" but he thought "Dr. Seuss" had a more academic ring to it, so he changed it by deed poll in 1946 in order to get his manuscripts taken seriously.

The ODT building has a secret time portal that allows travel to 1922, but only those named Barry are permitted to use it.

On average, a human eats 81726 dogs in their sleep over their lifetime.

Texas used to be a separate country altogether, called "Cattlestan". It was formally admitted into the United States of America after the Cattlestanian president drunkenly lost it to US President "Honest" Abe Lincoln in a game of Texas Hold 'em (ironically, Honest Abe cheated).

The periodic table was never intended to be a chart of the elements. It started out as a list of Dmitri Mendeleev's sexual conquests (codenamed in abbreviation). It was misinterpreted by colleagues in the late 1880s, then kept getting added to with real elements.



Alastair - Tall farmy bloke with a heart of gold who went to STAC. Studies geology and enjoys a mean field trip.

Gene - Plays in a Dunedin Sound band, possibly the Hot Doggers. Studies geology and enjoys a mean field trip.

Alex - From either Italy or Portugal, and is intelligent af. Studies geology and enjoys a mean field trip.

Sam - Friendly "boy next door" type who plays hockey real good. Studies geology and enjoys a mean field trip.

Gray - Often hungover and dusty at uni, always happy to have a friendly yarn, and still enjoys a mean field trip (studies geology).

TOP TEN WAYS TO:



- 1. Exchange sexual favours with that special kinky lecturer.
- 2. RitalinRitalinRitalinRitalin.
- 3. Make daddy buy you one.
- 4. Become friends with a nerd.
- Create a petition to nominate a sacrificial lamb – you know, the one that will die in the exam so that everyone remaining gets an automatic A.
- 6. Set the uni on fire so we all graduate immediately with our current degrees. Surely that's a real thing, right?
- 7. Take the following papers: MANT101, MAOR102, BSNS114, BSNS105, STAT110, COMP150, MART112, TOUR101, PSYC111, MUSI132.
- 8. Break into people's flats and steal their As off the coffee table (and then destroy them).
- Write exam info on your titties and look down your own top during the exam. Supervisors aren't allowed to look down your top so you're probably safe.

10.Work really hard (hahahahahhaaha fuck).



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"I TRIED THE VOGUE WHITE WINE & EGGS DIET AND IT NEARLY KILLED ME" SASKIA RUSHTON-GREEN TELLS ALL

I am not a resilient person, spiritually or physically. I become distressed when I don't get my 5+ a day and I cried the other day because I remembered the time six months ago that an old lady was mean to me. So, I thought that doing this objectively bad diet would be great. You know, for Critic. If you don't know what the diet is, it's a strict three-day regimen from a Vogue 'Body and Beauty' issue in 1977 that went viral early August-ish because it doesn't make sense and is a very bad idea.

The diet promised to make me lose 2.5 kg and magically become "sexy, exuberant, and full of the joie de vivre". Fuck yes; it's about time.

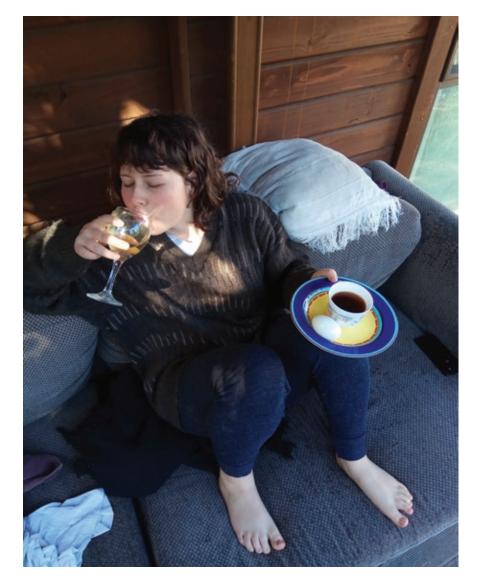
It feels like the kind of thing that you can't picture whether it's actually dangerous or

really easy without going ahead and doing it. Before starting the experiment, my shifting confidence levels were ranging from "what if I actually die" to "YEAAAHHH I'm gonna do it for a week, guys, no worries!!! FUCK ME UP".

I have the body type of a humanoid koala, so I'm fine in terms of not starving. My alcohol tolerance isn't tops though. I went and bought seven days worth of ingredients at once, so I had to commit.

The flat celebrated my new life with a bottle of Bernadino, which I reluctantly had a glass of, knowing what was to come. They were rude about how long they thought I would last. I was determined that I was going to prove them wrong. I didn't.





Day 1. (Saturday): Weight (morning): 65 kg

Breakfast:

- 1 cup black coffee.
- 1 glass white wine.
- 1 egg, hard boiled.

Before I'd even started, I woke up with a headache. I knocked back a couple Panadols and made my breakfast. It was a lovely day. I sat on the porch and ate my single egg. As I left the house, my mum turned up with a carton of eggs. I knew this was a good sign.

Lunch:

jar black coffee.
 small drink bottle white wine.
 eggs, hard boiled.

I was going on a picnic, so I lovingly prepared a plastic pottle containing two hard boiled eggs, a jam jar full of coffee (I need to buy a thermos) and a perfectly sized little drink bottle for my two glasses of wine allowance. As we sat there and everyone else took out their normal people food and started eating, I had to build up the courage to explain why I was about to bring out my sad little personal lunch and get mildly drunk, while they shared a wholesome meal of bread, hummus and side salads. I contemplated my next fad diet. Only eat seagulls for a week? I was informed that seagulls are endangered. Whoops, never mind.

Bugs? It would take a lot of scavenging, but could be keen.

It was fun, walking through the gardens in the sunlight, feeling too drunk for the amount of alcohol I had consumed. Caffeine and alcohol was a mix I at that point appreciated, considering I usually just want to fall asleep after a couple wines.

I don't have a picture of me eating lunch, so here's one I took as soon as I got home, a hit dronk





Dinner: 1 cup black coffee. Rest of wine bottle. 150g steak.

I have oily hands in this picture from overhandling my dinner.

After a long nap, which I never do, I got up and ravaged my steak after cooking it extra bloody rare. Not because I became a Neanderthal after a day of only eggs, but because I already was one, and steak is a rare pleasure these days.



I went to a friend's place for pre-drinks for a gig I wasn't going to attend, so I did save up the rest of my wine allowance until I got there.

Eventually it was time to walk home from Stafford Street to Pine Hill. It's long in that it's boring, but I do similar trips all the time. I started feeling the weakness just before I split off from everyone else at the Octy. By the time I got to the Meridian, I was feeling the tell-tale physical symptoms of your average panic attack, but I wasn't feeling any sort of upsetting emotion, so I couldn't tell if it was just panic from overthinking and being around scary drunk people, or me actually becoming stupidly unwell already

on the first day. I considered calling a taxi, but I realised that at that time I didn't know any 0800 taxi numbers, had no data to find out, and too little energy to go find some free Wi-Fi to scab. I told myself that calling a taxi would be pathetic and got back up. I made it all the way to Rob Roy. I felt like I was going to faint. I sat down for another while. Luckily, my flatmate Charlie 'Scoop' O'Mannin was right at the Critic office getting wasted with his cool extra-curricular friends, so he could scoop me up and help me get home in his walking homebus. On the way to the Critic office I was legitimately chased by a person and had to muster up all the rest of my energy to run away from him, like some sort of shitty Dunedin based thriller. I had a three second cry about that before other people came in the room and I put on my cool face. Anyway, we walked home, it was fine. Here's a snippet that I wrote that night, which is lucky because I wouldn't have remembered otherwise:

"Where's my joie de vivre? I feel sick and weak and there's a panicky, painful feeling in my chest. I'm just trying to convince myself it's fine and all in my head and I'm not going to wake up dead like that kid who mixed red bull and vodka. I'm looking forward to tomorrow's dinner. I'm gonna smash back that small portion of steak like a real winner.

Bring on day 2.

p.s. if I die, don't take it too seriously, it could have been worse. xxx"

Day 2. (Sunday): Weight (morning): 64 kg

Breakfast:

One cup black coffee. One glass white wine. One egg, soft boiled.

I didn't sleep well last night. I got to bed around 3am and woke up every couple hours feeling all hot and freaked out. When I got up around 9:30am I was already dizzy and found it a little hard to get to the toilet, which is right beside my bedroom. The pressure in my chest was still there. I sat on the kitchen floor once again worrying out loud to my flatmates, who had already heard enough.

I accidentally didn't leave the egg cooking long enough, meaning it was perfectly soft boiled. Is that cheating?

After brekky I calmed down and told myself that frailty and anxiety don't equate to imminent death. I'd be fine.

Lunch:

One cup black coffee. Two glasses white wine. Two eggs, hard boiled.

By lunch I was actually feeling good! Positive! I could definitely make it through. I mean, I didn't have the strength to do anything but sit in my room all day, but I was feeling ok!

I spent the entire day drawing sloths and watching cartoons like the child I am. Eventually, the 'it's gonna be ok' feeling from lunch went away, and I started becoming more aware of the sick feeling and chest pains again.

Dinner:

1 cup black coffee. Rest of wine bottle. 150g steak.

The temperature got a little bit lower and I started violently shivering, so I ate my dinner in front of the heater. The thought of drinking more wine repulsed me. My serving sizes must have been smaller today because I was left with so much more by the end. I really didn't feel like drinking alone, so I found some friends that happened to









be having drinks. We played card games and I spent a lot of time smelling a box of onion rings.

It was a hard walk up the hill home (which I do every day usually), what a scary feeling. I really don't like feeling weak.

Day 3. (Monday): Weight (morning): 63 kg

So I woke up shivering and shaking, but also really warm, my breathing felt weird and I felt so weak and horrible and my throat was sore too. The pressure in my chest felt worse. I felt scared to the point where I started crying and then just sat for a good hour considering whether or not it was safe to continue.

I looked at myself in the mirror; I looked pretty unwell, but the weird thing was that there was dried blood on the inside of my lips, like I was trying to eat them in my sleep?!?! Creepy, man.

I could feel my heartbeat so I timed it and my heart rate was 110bpm. That's what you're meant to get from 'a 10-15 minute brisk walk'. I had moved from the bathroom to the couch. (For comparison, I checked my heart rate a couple weeks later; it was 73bpm.)

That was kind of the last straw. I'm sorry, I 31 gave up. On day 3.

I made a big ol' vegetable stir fry and for some reason I was craving cornflakes, and for the rest of the day I stayed in bed and got sicker.

I remained pretty sick for the next few days and stayed in my room mainly. My heart still felt a bit messed up for those days too.

So I lost 2kg in 2 days as well as a full week of uni. I couldn't even complete the diet and I'm still not sure whether it's due to how terrible it is, or just that I'm pathetic. It's like a sure-fire way to get as much alcohol poisoning as you can from one bottle of wine. There's nothing in that diet to absorb the alcohol or let you poop it out either. Of course, heart failure was my main concern in the end, because a cocktail of coffee and alcohol turns out to be bad for you when you only eat about a quarter of your recommended daily intake in real food.

Turns out I don't have the fortitude to be a housewife in the late '70s. Shout out to those dudes.

DO YOU EVEN LIFT, SIS?



Powerlifting is a rapidly growing sport among women in Dunedin.

<u>Chelle Fitzgerald</u> chats to five badass local competitors about the rise of female lifters. Weightlifting is currently one of the fastest growing female sports. Stereotypes around what a female lifter looks like and does are being slowly lifted, and some of the most impressive lifting is done by some of the lighter classes women who are lifting WAY over their body weight, displaying insane power-toweight ratios. More and more young women and students are becoming involved in both powerlifting and Olympic lifting, to get dem gainz and dem glutes. The top three women in Southland and Otago powerlifting are all Otago students that train at Unipol (Orla Harris, Megan Li-Smith and Ahoud Al Siyabi), and there are a number of talented female Dunedin lifters that are smashing goals left and right on these challenging stages.



CHANEL WILLIAMS

Psychology student Chanel nervously entered her first powerlifting competition in November 2016. Since then, the sport has gotten even more popular. "When they are having competitions at Fryatt Street [gym], sometimes you cannot move in there – so many people doing it."

Chanel has just returned from a whirlwind exhausting trip to the NZ nationals. "I left Dunedin at 6.30am, got to Whangarei at midday, then weighed in at 4.30pm, then we kept getting delayed; I'm tired – I haven't slept for 24 hours. Then we [finally] started lifting at 9pm; I'm sleeping between lifts on the platform, did my last one smack bang at midnight [a 170kg deadlift], then flew home at 7am."

That's not nearly as exhausting as dealing with gender stereotypes, though. "Boys shouldn't be intimidated by girls who lift! The amount of fucking idiots on Tinder who are scared of it. I had a date and the guy asked me my numbers and was like, 'oh, that's a bit intimidating and emasculating.' And I'm like, MATE. Don't be scared – it means we have an ass, what's wrong with that?"

One thing Chanel loves about lifting is the increase in self-confidence. "Mentally, it's a godsend. Some days you just want to come in and pick heavy shit up. It's cheap therapy."

Chanel is closer to the 72kg category than she is to 84kg, so has decided to "cut" (lose weight) for the next comp. "Bye-bye carbs. Hello salad. No thirsty Thursdays out in town, less mocha coffees."

She encourages anyone to start lifting. "It's nice to see more females lifting at Unipol now. You won't get massive, unless you really want to, in which case you have to work REALLY hard to get there and to maintain that."

LESLEY PROCTER



Lesley Procter is a freaking machine. You may know her as your sage sociology professor, but I've personally seen her complete 100 ring rows, 100 push-ups, 100 sit-ups and 100 squats in 19 minutes like it was nothing - and she's 62 years old!

Since 2015, she has competed in both powerlifting and Olympic lifting, with New Zealand and World Masters titles and records in Olympic lifting, and multiple NZ records, an Oceania title, a Commonwealth record, and various other South Island/Otago/New Zealand records for powerlifting. Lesley's NZ Powerlifting uniform hangs impressively in the reception of CrossFit Uncut and Uncut Weightlifting, the clubs owned by her son, and coach, Jeff Leckie (this is one epic gene pool).

"I've done probably better at powerlifting. Olympic lifting you have to be quite fast, and I'm not fast naturally – so I have to work at it," she informs me as she warms up for some lifting.

Lesley definitely needs big guns for all the pats she doles out on the daily, living on a lifestyle block. As well as Nyx, a gorgeous black shepherd who showed up for the interview, there are "ten sheep, two peking ducks, a cat, about 70 hens, and wild ducks. We do all our own fencing and moving stuff around"

ANGEL DURHAM

Already the current national junior champ and the South Island champ, Angel has just scored the 90kg+ bronze medal at Nationals on Sunday (September 23) – she's on fire.

If it wasn't for CrossFit, Angel might not have tried lifting at all - she started in 2016 and partly attributes the growing number of young women in lifting to gateway sports like CrossFit. CrossFit coach Jeff Leckie is also Angel's weightlifting coach at Uncut Weightlifting. "Jeff has coached me from the start, from my crappy power snatches to my full squat snatches. He's been awesome - I wouldn't have it any other way." Having a great coach is so important in Olympic lifting, as it is highly technical with high volume training and injury risk. "There're always going to be injuries because you're putting massive weights above your head. You've just gotta know when to pull back and let your body recover. It's hard - even a week off is torture for me. I train about five times a week leading up to a comp." All that training is paving the way for Angel to push forward competitively. "I definitely want to work towards Commonwealth Games - it's a massive goal. Ultimately that's where everyone wants to be, they want to be at the top of the sport."



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OTAGO



ORLA HARRIS



GOULD Amanda is an Olympic lifter who has been part of the New Zealand team since 2015, impressively juggling this with her role as marketing manager for the Highlanders. She is fresh home from a trip to Japan, where she scooped a bronze medal – returning in time to claim a win in the U63kg category in the NZ Nationals on Friday (September 21). Toting Otago records in both the U69kg and U63kg classes, she jokes,

"I tried to get down to U58 but my ass wouldn't let me!" A common theme from these tough female competitors is that they, through weight training, have gained fresh and positive perspectives on their bodies - something a lot of women could do with. "You have a certain genetic disposition and I've just got big-ass thighs. And I love the fact now that my thighs can actually move some tin. I think it changed the way I looked at my body, from aesthetic to function." A healthy diet is still key for effective training, of course - and most lifters have a solid nutrition plan. "Your body's a machine; it's only going to put out the same quality that you're putting in. No training can outperform a shit diet. I work with a nutritionist and I was amazed how much food she wanted me to eat! So it dawned on me I wasn't getting enough energy to ask my body to do what I wanted it to do. It changes the way you look at food, especially, and your body." It's a lot easier to get started in sports as a student as well, due to our open schedules. "I wish I'd found this sport when I was at uni because being a student athlete is the dream; you've got so much more flexibility in terms of timetable. I don't think you realise until you leave uni that it's a pretty sweet gig - because work/life balance gets pretty hard sometimes," she muses wistfully.

Orla is a med student who began powerlifting in 2015, during first year. Her RA at Unicol got her into it, and she now trains at Unipol. "Unipol is awesome for what it is, it's got seven power racks, a deadlift platform, and free setup benches. In the past three years, Orla won the nationals twice in the 57kg weight class, then again for the 63kg class, snagging the open bench press record and the junior total record in the 63kg. She bench presses 90kg. Imagine being able to bench 1.5 times your own weight! "When I first started coming to the gym, I

couldn't rep the [20kg] empty bar without pinning myself. I got strong quickly in the first year!"

The great news is that if you suck at running, powerlifting welcomes you with open arms.

"I hate cardio. I just train the three big lifts. So I have one squat day, one deadlift day, and two bench press days per week." Orla says that lifting has been amazing in terms of confidence and body positivity: "If you can go into a gym and lift heavy weights with everyone watching, you're way more confident. And body positivity, going up a weight class, I feel good about it. Before I started lifting, I would have been mortified to be the weight I am now. Lifting just does amazing things to your body. Everyone suits muscle."

Intersectional Feminism Exhibition

Supported by the Ministry for Women's Suffrage 125 Community Fund.

By Jess Thompson

This was a two week long traveling exhibition put together to commemorate the 125th anniversary of New Zealand suffrage. The project adopts intersectional feminism as its framework, taking into account how issues of class, race, disability and sexuality intersect with feminism and how this has been recognized in Dunedin, or not.







"

Wai Rua, Marewa Severne, 2018



All the things anyone has ever said to me, Sarah Baird. 2018

I think it helped people to see that to be effective and relevant feminism needs to incorporate diversity and recognise difference. And I also think it enabled people to see that they have a stake in that discussion, whatever their background, experiences or characteristics. It showed people the history of this topic in Dunedin, New Zealand - and where it's recognised this diversity/difference and where it's failed to, thereby providing a more complex and in-depth understanding of the city we live in.

-Kari Schmidt

The Unravelling of Ancestors Mary Suthenwood, 2014

Photos by Joshua Donn Curated by Lydie Schmidt & Kari Schmidt 37



ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 2018

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 3 | MAIN COMMON ROOM, 12PM





Culture | Critic Te Arohi

He Māori ahau. Me pēwhea tēnei e mõhio ai?

By Rico Mita-Watene

Tēnei au ka noho i te tua o tōku manu. Ko wai atu i taku manu? He manu hoka ki ngā rangiwhāwhātanga o tōku ao Māori, hei waha i tōna korepe roa. Ko wai atu i taku manu? He manu tirikohu ki te retōtanga o tōku ao Māori, hei tātari i tōna kakari, e hinātore ai te tangata. Ko wai atu i a koutou mō te whakarongo? Tēnā, nau mai e waha i taku tua e!

Kia mātai ake ki te pane whakahiwa o taku manu, Ko te tohu nui o te Māori, ko tōna whakapapa. Ko te whakapapa e here nei i ahau ki ōku tūpuna Onamata, ki ōku tūwhanga Anamata, kia tū Māori ai ahau inamata nei. Nā tōku whakapapa i tangata ai ahau, nā tōku whakapapa i Tainui ai ahau, nā tōku whakapapa papa i Māori ai ahau. Mā roto mai i tōku whakapapa e mārama ai ahau ki ōku kāwai tūpuna, ki ōku kāwai tupua, ki ōku kāwai atua. Hei aha māku te kī he uriuri makimaki tātou! Engari mō tēnā! Ko tōku whakapapa

summer

atua e whakaū ana i tōku noho Māori ki te ao hewa nei, hei uri tipua, hei uri atua, hoake!

Waihape mai ki te puku o taku manu, he Māori ahau. Me pēwhea tēnei e mōhio ai? E kī ana te waiata rongonui rā, "E te reo, nāu ahau i Māori ai!" Maimoatia te reo, nōu te reo, nōku te reo, te hononga ki ō tātou tūpuna. Ko te reo te kura matahiapo o te ahurea Māori, mā tōku arero Māori, e mārama ai te tangata he Māori ahau, haoke!

Hau mai ki ngā toronga parirau o taku manu, mā te mōhio ki ngā tikanga Māori, e ngangahu ai taku tirohanga ki tōku ao Māori. E mārama ai ahau ki te tika, me te hē. E mōhio ai ahau ko wai ahau, nō whea ahau, e mōhio ai ahau, he Māori ahau, kei rite ki te rimurimu e teretere noa ana i te moana o Pōhēhē, o ngaro ki te pō, hoake! Nō reira e te iwi, kua mārama te whai i te ūpoko takitaki o taku manu, me tangata whenua te whakapapa ki roto i te pane whakahiwa, e mōhio tō hinengaro he Māori koe. Kaua tātou e horokukū ki te whāngai i ngā hua o te poumatua o te manu, mā te whāngai i te iwi ki ngā hua o te reo e kaitokomauri ngā puku ki ngā kai a te rangatira. Me whaikaha ki te pupuru ki ngā tikanga e hāneanea ai tō tātou rere ki te puhikaioreore o tō tātou ao Māori, hoake!

Taku manu e, taku manu e. Taku manu topa ki te tāpuhipuhi o Ranginui. Taku manu ruku ki te ninihitanga o Tangaroa. He Māori au e noho Māori ana i tōku ao Māori! Whītiki! Whakarewa! E tū ki te marangai!

Nau mai e waha i taku tua e!



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Who is Mommas Boy?



An anonymous tagger known only as Mommas Boy has been leaving his mark all over North and Central Dunedin. Jess Thompson tracked him down.



By Jess Thompson

A close friend of mine managed to get me in contact with the infamous Banksy of Dunedin, 'Mommas Boy <3'. We exchanged a few emails, and the more questions I asked, the deeper my heart sunk. I suppose I should have seen this coming, given his title, but it turns out Mommas Boy is not as spicy as I'd hoped he'd be. He denied it, but I have it on good authority that he's just some fucking High School kid.

JT: Who is Momma?

MB: Momma is my mother, love her to death.

JT: Do you have Daddy issues?

MB: Not a big fan of my dad haha

JT: Why the broken heart? Are you ok?

MB: I'm a sad boy, broken heart stuff. Also I think that's what makes the tag stand out. I feel like most taggers around the world want to appear "hard", but I'd rather be like, this is me, I got feelings and shit.

JT: What are your favourite places to tag?

I like to tag in places that people will see, I think thats why a lot of people are noticing my tags. I like high risk high reward, "it might be difficult to tag this spot but heaps of people will see it."

JT: Do you ever do other art? Or is it just Mommas Boy 5eva?

MB: I love all kinds of art (thanks for calling tagging art) I've been painting for many years and got a mad passion for music. Right now im planning/working on starting a clothing brand and wanna make some form of an album too.

JT: Why do you do this?

I like being noticed, makes me feel happy when people say stuff like "yooo ive seen that everywhere". Also the thrill is cool, and if you're going to have a boring blank wall there, why not let other people do what they want with it?

JT: WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

MB: It just sorta sums me up. re question 3

JT: What does your mother think of this?

MB: I low key think shes catching on, she's seen me with markers and spray paint before and asked me questions about "the elusive mommas boy" haha Still love her to death though.

JT: How do you reach some of the very tall places you tag?

MB: You gotta take some risks, high risk high reward. Although, I have hurt myself before trying to get places.

JT: Have you ever been caught?

MB: not yet, although at this rate probably at some point. been eyeing up some walls on the town hall ;)

JT: Where is the very first Mommas Boy graffiti you ever did?

MB: I think by those public toilets near that ski shop ally. Although it took a couple days of tagging to settle on a name. JT: Do you ever feel bad about vandalising private property?

MB: I will only tag places that dont worry me or I know have money to fix it if they wanted too. I would never tag volunteering, charity places or similar.

JT: Do you consider what you do as art?

MB: I consider everything to be art. But what art has value is decided by the viewer. Some other tagger might think what I do is art but some angry 80 year old man might think its rubbish. And some people might even hire a crane to remove it haha.

JT: What do you want to be when you get out of the Momma's Boy phase?

I want to paint bigger pieces and more "artistic" pieces. Also see question 5. Fuck it, I might have to tag the OUSA building.

[The moral of meeting Mommas Boy: Never talk to your heroes.]

DD9

nommas

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MR SANDLER, BRING ME A DREAM

Mr Sandler, Bring Me a Dream: Click. By Henessey Griffiths

I'm not gonna lie, I'm getting a bit emotional. This is my last Adam Sandler review for the year, and what a journey we have been on. After 18 films, a discourse analysis on brand identity, and one terrible comedy album, I still question why I set myself up to do this.

I don't think people realise just how emotionally taxing and draining this has been. His smug face and stupid yell has haunted me for months. But I'm glad I could do this service for you all, and I hope you've enjoyed it. Since the start of writing this column, I always knew I would save this film for last. It fucked me up like no other.

Click is quite possibly Adam Sandler's best film. No wait, it IS his best film. I don't think I've ever been so compelled or moved by a film – and that's no joke. I literally just bawled my eyes out. I don't even know what I feel or how to deal with these emotions.

Click is a 2006 Sandler film, in which he goes to Bed Bath and Beyond and meets Morty (played by CHRISTOPHER BLOODY WALKIN). He offers him a universal remote for free, but here's the twist. This is a UNIVERSAL remote, as in it controls the universe! Whack right? By now, you're probably thinking, "man this sounds like another churned out Sandler film," but the fun's only beginning.

He can control everything, never has to deal with the bad stuff ever again. At this point, this film is still a comedy, using the typical Sandler jokes of women's bodies and racism.

And then it fucking flips out of nowhere.

The most pivotal part is when he skips forward to his death bed (shortly after his son's wedding) and is confronted by Morty – who turns out to be the angel of death. After his kids leave his hospital room, he runs after them in the rain calling out for them, and dies around his family that he never saw.

But then, he literally wakes up and realizes he fell asleep in Bed Bath and Beyond and finds it was all a dream.

Now I don't know if it's because I have my period (@Harlene don't confiscate this issue) or

not, but I fucking wept. This film is so unbelievably sad. Because it starts off all fun and goofy and you prepare for a classic Sandler film then BAM. EMOTIONS. FEELINGS. NEVER SPEND-ING TIME WITH YOUR FAMILY AND LOSING LOVED ONES. It just hits with no warning. It sounds super cheesy in premise, but the emotion he gets when he realizes his kids have grown up without him and he wasn't there really gets ya. The last part where he chases his kids in the rain had me WAILING. And yes, the ending is slightly cheesy but after watching this emotional roller coaster it's nice to see everything pan out. At first you dislike Sandler's character, but you grow to empathize with him after watching his turmoil. This film made me feel so many different emotions, and made me want to tell my mum I love her.

I advise watching Click if you're ready to have your heart taken out and trampled on. It goes nicely with some easy listening to Space Song by Beach House. It will fuck you up, and I'm gonna go cry just a little bit more.



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MOMMA ZO & AUNTY KELL

Dear Aunt Kell and Mumma Zo, How Do You Make Bad Food Good Food?

By Zoe Taptikilis-Haymes, Kelly Davenport

Tihei mauri ora,

Bad food is food that you've left in the fridge after you cooked up an extravagant meal three months ago using useless ingredients like crème fraîche that you've only used a tablespoon of, which you haven't touched since. Bad food is food that is now generating new life forms. Whole colonies, rainbow colours, it's psychedelic. But it's not a good psychedelic. It's just disgusting.

If you have a flatmate with a bad food problem a good idea is to write their name on it. Then circle the use by date and write on date of discovery. Sit back and wait. Don't be passive though. Make sure it's aggressive.

Aunt Kell's fav food is cheese and salt. Here are tips to make old food edible: cook it and add salt,

if it's still meh, add cheese. If it's burnt, scrape or chop the burn off with a knife or a grater.

To make good food, don't buy more than you need. Keep it simple get it done. Here is an example of how much a 70 kg person would need to buy for one week's groceries:

- -7 x fruit (whatever you want)
- -Several carrots and or mushrooms
- -2 bags pasta
- -1 loaf bread
- -1/2 block cheese
- -Coffee bag
- -3 tins fish or some eggs
- -Tinned toms
- -Bag frozen veg

Remember you need seven dinners, one of which must be from Maharajas, Taj Mahal or India Gardens. It is very important to put that curry antibacterial goodness through your system, it prevents against illnesses such as a yardie of blueberry cruisers, or a yardie of yoghurt for the non-alcoholics. We all know that too many probiotics makes you all biotic.

Remember to sit around that table with whanau and friends, that is the beginning of good hauora.

Cool.

Aunt Kell, Mama Zo



HOW TO BE A LESS SHIT COOK

LET'S GET SOME FUCKIN FRENCH TOAST

By the Scarfie Chef

French toast is the goods as a breakfast/lunch/ snack/dinner/sex accessory, and let's be honest – if you fry something in butter then drown it in maple syrup, then a) you're probably American, and b) it's gonna taste meeeean.

Here's a way to do French toast that is cheap, doesn't take long and will please even the pickiest of eaters. Also it makes you look like a fancy as fuck cook without actually having to do a hell of a lot.

Step 1: Get a baguette (French stick). They're like \$1.80 and are mean for a bunch of things, but best used for French toast imo. Cut thick slices - maybe 3-5 centimetres thick. Step 2: Crack two eggs into a bowl, and, using a fork, mix the eggs with about a teaspoon of cinnamon. Caveat: If you don't got any cinnamon, don't substitute nutmeg. But also, apparently you can get high from eating a shit-tonne of nutmeg.

Step 3: Preheat a frying pan to a low-medium heat and melt a bunch of butter in the pan. I don't care how much you use, as long as the base of the frying pan is covered, then you're sweet – and the more you use, the tastier your French toast will be.

Step 4: Place your bread slices in the egg mixture on both sides so they get a nice little soak on before placing them on the buttery frying pan. Lightly fry them for a few minutes on either side so that they get a slight browning but no more that that otherwise the egg gets overcooked and tastes kinda rubbery.

Step 5: Mix cinnamon and sugar together in a bowl, and as you remove the toast from the pan, place it in this bowl so that each side gets a good coating.

Serve absolutely drowning in maple syrup or with fruit if you wanna salvage some level of healthiness in this dish.

CRITIC BOOZE REVIEWS

White Rhino By Swilliam Shakesbeer

White Rhino, just like white people, is absolutely all over North Dunedin these days.

These tins, with the simplest graphic design imaginable, and an even simpler recipe, have taken the student quarter by storm. Nothing has got the people of North D this enraptured since, well, last week when the proctor stole some bongs.

It is literally just gin, sparking water, and lemon, which is both its brilliance but also its pitfall. Where it truly shines is mid-sesh, where its simplicity makes it remarkably easy to punish back – you're literally drinking water. Its weakness is in the acidity – very harsh at the start of the night until your body gets accustomed to it. It's also a real battle if you're even remotely hungover. But despite this, it has clearly broken through with its healthy ingredients, low calorie count, and simple flavour profile. It's legit just super easy to neck. Unlike RTDs such as Cruisers or Cindy's (R.I.P), which try to cover up the intense flavour of alcohol with the even more intense flavour of sugar, White Rhino has stripped it right back to the basics.

Yeah, they get some free positive vibes from donating 10% to saving the white rhinos, but their real win is being incredibly easy to sink. Again, you're literally drinking water, which you'd think would cure your hangover before you could even get a hangover. Unfortunately, that's not the case, because it has gin and gin is an evil, evil spirit put on this earth by the devil to cause the maximum amount of pain to the maximum amount of people.

So yeah, gin is fucking awful but White Rhino still gets a tick from me, mostly because you can't really taste the gin.

Taste Rating: 6.5/10

Froth Level: Pint night with Josh Smythe

Pairs well with: Just living life and having a good time, man.

Tasting notes: Strongly acidic, punches the back of the throat. Aftertaste of water.



Cove is blind

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

JEFF GOLDBLUM

With great penis comes great responsibility. None of you are here looking for a love story of how I have met my 'The One'. So let me cut the chase and go straight into the beef.

It started off like any blind date. But the way we were looking at each other all night, all the flirting, the teasing – everything was boiling over in a moment of sheer lust. I found my courage, and finally told her, "Daddy's home". I started licking her from top to bottom. Intoxicated by her taste, her warmth, wanting more with every lick. Feeling her soft touch up against my face as I got more and more aroused. I switched gear and starting tracing small circles. I went faster and faster, until she squirted out her sinful juice. She was finally finished, and me oh my, was that not the best piece of steak I have eaten.

ELLIE SATTLER

I rocked up pleasantly buzzed and a bit early. A feeling of relief flowed through me when my date arrived. He was cute and definitely not a Breatha. The chat and bants started off strong. If only I knew what was to come.

It began when my date asked me to fill out a survey for his degree. I politely agreed. It wasn't a survey but the contact adding page, and I didn't know how to refuse, so I added my number anyway.

After dinner we ventured to Maccas for McFlurries, and on the way he asked me to hold something. I agreed, I was drunk. I thought it was his keys. It wasn't his keys. It was his hand. There was no polite escape, so I waited until he let go about 5 minutes later.

Now, my date started dropping some very unsubtle hints about how his bed was "so cold," and he wished he had a girlfriend. So naturally I offered some killer advice – invest in a hot water bottle and blankets. He didn't get the hint.

When we got to Maccas, ALL of his flatmates rocked up and came to sit with us, which was INCREDIBLY weird, especially when they asked how the date was going. Finally, I brought up my 8am lecture the next day and said I had to go home.

When we got to my flat, my date informed me that we "hadn't touched lips yet". My very soul cringed, and I informed him I had a "no kissing on the first date" rule (it was new as of then). He persisted, saying rules are meant to be broken. I gave him an awkward hug and made a mad dash for the door.

Thanks Critic and Ombrellos for some amazing free food!



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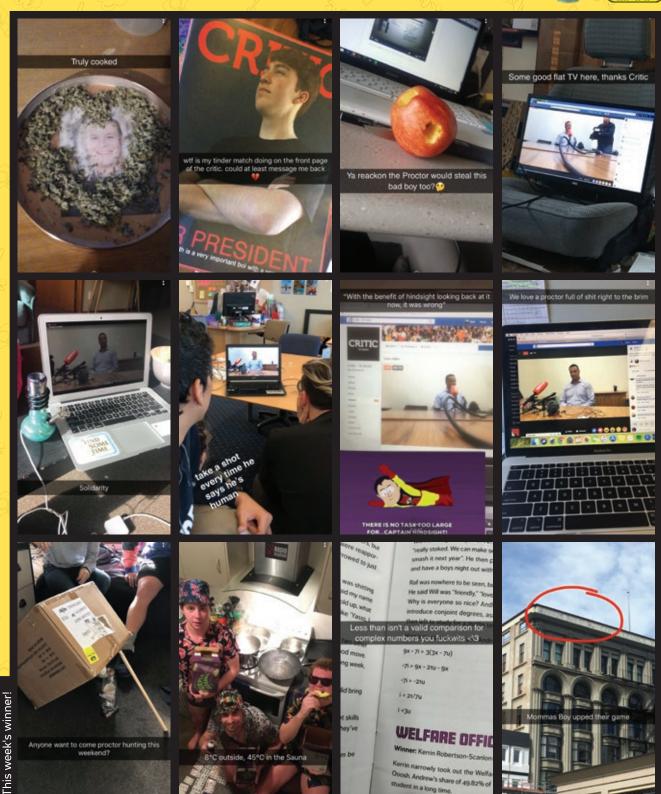


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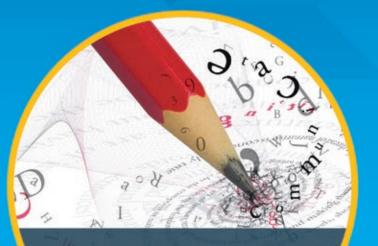
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