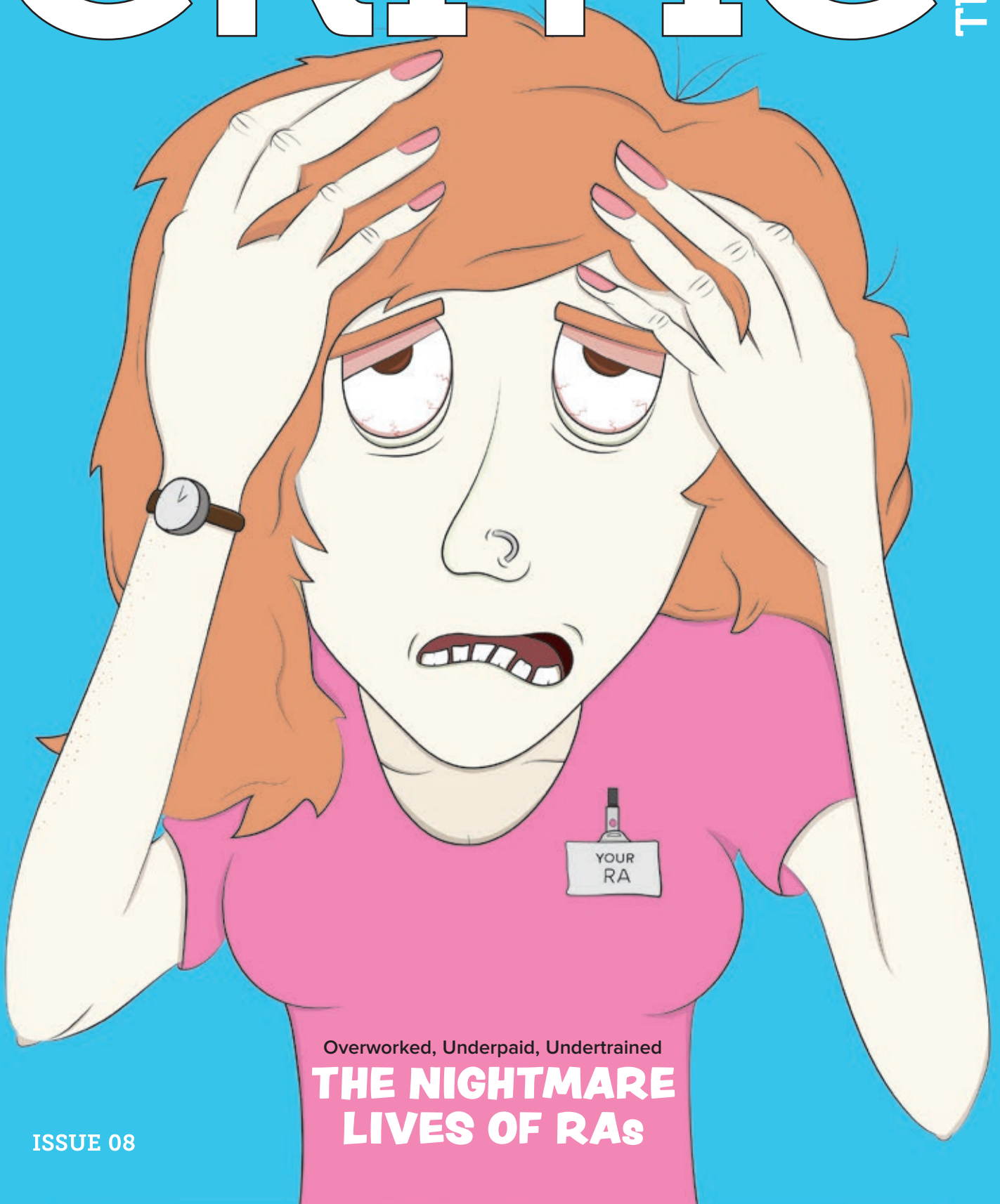


CRITIC

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Overworked, Underpaid, Undertrained

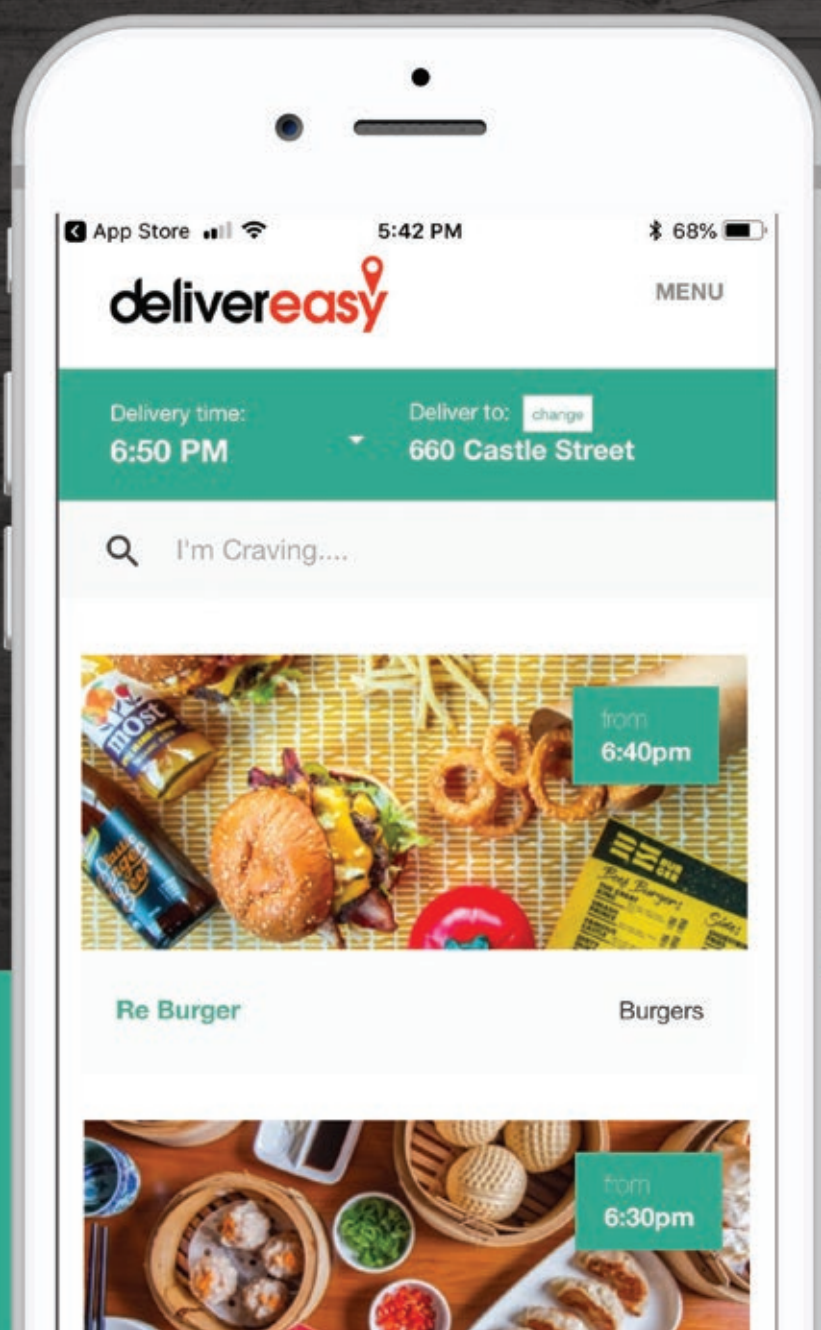
**THE NIGHTMARE
LIVES OF RAs**

ISSUE 08



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Editorial

Editor – Joel MacManus
 News Editor – Charlie O'Mannin
 Features Editor – Chelle Fitzgerald
 Culture Editor – Jess Thompson
 Chief Reporter – Esme Hall
 Sub Editor – Nat Moore
 Sports Editor – Charlie Hantler

Design

Lead Designer – Jack Adank
 Designer – Erin Broughton

Contributors

Zoe Taptiklis-Haymes, Kelly Davenport,
 Cameron De Leijer, Alexander Wool-
 rych, Sarah Gallagher, Mike Peebles,
 Lachie Robertson, Caroline Moratti,
 Callum Doyle, Mel Ansell, Hennessey
 Griffiths, Jim/James Eunson.

Production

OCM – Alex McKirdy
 Distribution – Nick Allison

Advertising Sales

Tim Couch
 Tim@planetmedia.co.nz
 Peter Ramsay
 Peter@planetmedia.co.nz
 Jared Anglesey
 Jared@planetmedia.co.nz

Read Online

Critic.co.nz
 Issusu.com/critic_Te_Arohi

Get In Touch

critic@critic.co.nz

Facebook/CriticTeArohi

Tweet/CriticTeArohi
 03 479 5335
 P.O.Box 1436, Dunedin

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 Terrace, Wellington.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

In the beginning were the words and the words were "Get off that MOFO Bike and push it you Motherfucker"

Then on the second day there were pictures and the pictures showed the MOFOs pushing their bikes

And on the third day the MOFOs decided they would ignore the words and the pictures and just keep riding those MOFO bikes at speed towards the great unwashed and using them as target practice.

Any chance Campus Watch could be issued with "Stingers" to rip those MOFO tyres to pieces?

You cyclists are a plague of locusts and I am coming for you - I don't know who you are but I am going to kill you.

GET OFF YOUR BIKES!

And an even bigger curse on the staff members who choice to ignore the epistle of Saint Harlene - Shame on you!

Peace and Love

Delbert (longing for a safer campus where pedestrians can wander free from bike rage)

Dear Critic

It is 8.40am on monday morning, i am trying to go through my weekly ritual of reading the Critic and i can't find one!! None in unipol OR archway. my monday is at least 70% ruined please never do this to me again, thank you

Mackenzie

Editor's Response: Our delivery van broke down. Please forgive us.

Hello Critic,

I saw in this weeks issue that there is a popular boi in North Dunedin called Jason who's favourite movie is Mulan.

Is he a real person because lord knows I need a tall man who loves Mulan. He needs to be swift as a coursing river, with all force of a great typhoon, with all the strength of a raging fire and mysterious as the dark side of the moon.

Thank you!

Tegan

Editor's Reponse: Yes he does. But he's so popular and he doesn't even know we exist.

Hey Critic,

Big fan here. I'm an international student here for the semester from America. My uni's student newspaper is quite trash if I do say so myself, bloody awful to try to read front to back without falling asleep. So you can probably guess how intrigued I was by the Critic Sex Edition when I saw the cover of 2 nearly-naked men sitting in a stand on campus. I grabbed two.

Cheers,

Samantha Staub

Editor's response: That's not the only thing we do better than America.

Dear Critic,

Shame on you for not recycling your magazine boxes. I thought this magazine was progressive and cared about the environment yet can't even be bothered to put your rubbish in the right bin. I found one in a normal rubbish bin.

Regards,

Your local eco hippy

Editor's Response: Sorry. We do put most of them in a cardboard recycling skip, but sometimes I get lazy.

LETTER OF THE WEEK

Congrats! You won a \$30 UBS voucher.

Dear Editor,

Fuck me, what a stellar games section you put on this week.

I've got to be honest, there's been some rough ones here and there but man oh man. Not only did you lot prescribe the many with a faultless selection of skilfully crafted games, but you did it all with a beautiful crisp green backdrop which delightfully framed my procrastination for the next hour. Wow.

Yours, faithfully

ThankfulThatINoLongerReadSalient

SPAM OF THE WEEK

Congrats! You infected our PC

I want yours lollipop. S#x with me. I lvoe behind. I'm fucking bitch. I burn with passion. I'm a dirty bitch. I'll do you as you want. K!ss my @ss! I love behind. Squeeze my nipples. I want even stronger. I'm drippingsp between my legs. Fill me with sperm. My nipples are punctured.

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EDITORIAL

By Underpaying RAs, the University is Taking Advantage of its Most Kind-Hearted Students

My first year at Otago in a residential college was the worst year of my life.

I had left my small school where I had known most of my classmates since childhood, and been transplanted into a hectic mixing pot where I didn't know anyone and felt like I didn't fit in. I was homesick, drinking way more alcohol than I was used to, and under the pressure of getting into a professional course. That took a toll on me.

I was miserable. I was depressed, and wouldn't admit it to myself until I spoke to a counsellor over a year later.

Feeling lonely in a residential college fucks you up. You're constantly around so many people who are all putting on their best face, that you feel like there must be something wrong with you.

I thought I was the only one who felt that way. I know now that I wasn't. Mental health problems in residential colleges are incredibly common, but people just don't seem to feel comfortable talking about it until at least a couple years later. Once I reached 4th or 5th year I started hearing so many stories similar to mine, from people I never would have expected.

This week's cover story by Caroline Moratti investigates the underpayment and undertraining of RAs in Otago Uni residential colleges. RAs are so essential to the wellbeing of first years. They are the first people to go to and the most immediate support for freshers.

With the epidemic of stress and depression among first year students, attracting high quality RAs, paired with a well-funded counselling service, should be the University's absolute priority in protecting their students.

RAs are expected to be support staff, counsellors, academic advisers, friends and authority figures. They're expected to be available 24 hours of the day. They do it all while staying on top of their own studies. And, as Caroline reports, they literally lose money for working there.

The kind of people I know who chose to be RAs just ooze goodness. They're the ones who are always out volunteering somewhere, who will get out of bed to sober drive someone to the hospital, who will constantly ask

you how you're doing (and mean it). They're the kind of people who are so nice they unintentionally make you feel like a bad person by comparison.

They didn't sign up to be RAs for the money, they did it because they had a genuine compulsion and desire to help people. And the University knows that, and completely takes advantage of them for it.

It's not technically that they're underpaid, it's that they're overcharged. RAs don't have the ability to choose their living arrangements. They're required to live in the hall, and the University charges them the full \$363 a week for that right. None of them would have had expenses anywhere near that high if they weren't an RA. They're paid for their work, and then made to give it all back, plus usually over \$120 a week extra.

The Uni is shamelessly making money off the selfless, caring people they rely on to look after their freshers' wellbeing. It's absolutely heartless. And it's not a cost thing; colleges run a surplus, they can afford to pay their RAs properly.

It wasn't always this way, and it doesn't need to be this way. Otago Uni used to offer free rent in exchange for being an RA. Victoria Uni still does - they pay normal wages, but they offer discounted rents for RAs so that their pay fully covers the cost of living in a hall.

Paying RAs enough to cover their whole rent would go a long way in proving that the University treats its students and employees with the respect they deserve.

I'd like to sincerely thank all the current and former RAs who helped Critic put this story together. Speaking out against an employer, past or present, isn't easy. RAs are made to sign a contract that specifically bans them from speaking to the media. In fact, after Critic reached out to the University for comment (thereby alerting them to the story), they told Wardens at the colleges to warn RAs not to speak to us.

Despite this, several RAs still spoke out and helped us to shine a light on this issue. That takes courage.

By Joel MacManus





Proctor Tries to Shut Down Student Party, Fails

"We were going to throw the party regardless of what he said"

By Charlie O'Mannin

A student-run party to raise money for the Dunedin Wildlife Hospital went ahead last week despite the Proctor's attempts to shut it down.

Pedro, one of the organisers, told Critic that he went to see the Proctor to gain the University's approval for the party, and that the Proctor "just pretty much shut down all our ideas straightaway without really giving it any thought or any reasoning," before telling them the event couldn't exist and emailing the landlords of the properties they were going to use and to shut it down.

When asked for comment, a University spokesman said, "The event planner advised they would provide three or four security guards for the event. However, nothing was arranged in relation to emergency services, glass or rubbish collection, toilets or managing crowd numbers".

The residents dispute this, saying that they had been planning the event months in advance and presented the Proctor with a detailed safety plan, including five security guards, a rubbish scheme, crowd barriers, and a no-glass policy. "There was no chance that anyone was going on roofs, we had the rules set out very clearly, but he just wrote off everything we said."

The organisers had organised "some of the best local bands" to play, including Mako Road, Mild Orange, Old Boy, and Dislocate, and had set up a proper stage, spending \$1000 on speakers.

The University spokesperson also said "The event would have breached the Sale and Supply of Alcohol Act in that it was providing a place of resort, therefore putting the organisers in jeopardy of possible police prosecution".

This appears to be referencing section 235 of the Act. There has never been a conviction for a residential party under this law in New Zealand.

Pedro said the organisers only approached the uni because they wanted "some Campus Watch watching over, just to have them there and make sure everything was sweet. We didn't need them because we had five security guards, but it would have been nice to have the uni on our side".

The whole purpose of the event was "as a fundraiser to thank the people of Dunedin for supporting" students. "We were trying to present a positive image for students," showing that they can give back to the community. "It's almost as though he didn't listen to a word we said and just saw it was a party," said Pedro, "which was pretty draining".

The University spokesperson said "The balcony collapse incident in 2016 as a result of a pop up party sadly demonstrated how such events can go catastrophically wrong, with life time consequences for some of the victims. The University makes no apologies for doing its absolute best to keep students safe".

The Proctor reportedly sent emails to "every single person you could pretty much send an email to" to try and stop the event. Pedro says that the emails were "super disrespectful," claiming that the event "was incredibly poorly planned, and that there were no safety precautions or anything involved and that it was going to be a disaster".

The event went ahead anyway because "we were going to throw the party regardless of what he said". They organised the event on the sly at a different location, only told people the day before, and sent out invitations privately through Facebook. Pedro said that the event, which was attended by 300-400 people at its height, went "super smoothly; there were no injuries, nothing went wrong. Everyone frothed it".

At one point Campus Watch came along and "they said everything looked perfect and just left, didn't even stick around".

Pedro called the Proctor's actions "ridiculous". "We tried to approach him with a sensible thing and he just shut it down."

Pedro says that the organisers are planning on doing another event, "more open invite," later on in the year when it gets warmer. He said that he's "definitely keen to do it again," but that "in the future I'll never consider going to the Proctor".



Burglars Hit Hyde Street

Hyde your things

Hyde Street resident Sam Gallagher, says he is “pissed” after having a Playstation 4 and an Xbox One stolen from his flat.

After “a big night” out on the piss, he got home and went to bed, but couldn’t sleep because he “accidentally drank pre-workout drink”. “So I got up around 4am to play a bit of Fortnite, and the consoles were gone.” He was unsure whether the breaking had occurred while he was out, or after he and his flatmates went to bed.

The doors were locked and there was no sign of forced entry. Sam called the police who did “the classic blame the students thing and said that we’d must have left the door open”.

Sam emphasised the stupidity of the burglar, saying that they didn’t take any of the cords or controllers. He pointed out that the consoles aren’t usable without the cables and controllers “and that’ll run you a good 50 bucks each,” and if they turn up on Otago Flattening Goods they’re going to look “stolen as fuck”.

Sam blames non-students, who come into the student area specifically to steal from students. “Students don’t steal from other students,” he said, arguing that students feel compassion for other students in the same financial need.

Sam also says that there’s a culture where people think it’s ok to just wander into flats on Hyde as if they’re public property, but that in the end “we live here,” and that this trespassing is very irritating.

Sam posted in the Hyde Residents Facebook Group asking if any other people had been robbed over the weekend. One resident replied that they’d woken up with a stranger in their house, and Sam also said that someone he knew had found a stranger hanging around inside their flat, who said “Oh sorry, I didn’t think anyone was home” after getting caught, and quickly left.

University of Otago Proctor Dave Scott said that while the University puts effort into

student safety, including CCTV cameras and Campus Watch, “some students still need to take greater personal responsibility for their flat security. This can be as simple as shutting and locking their front and rear doors”.

“The frustrating thing is that there is a known problem, but even in the face of knowing there is risk, often no proactive action is taken. The matters described are often opportunistic thefts. If the opportunity is removed, then the theft does not occur.”

Critic thinks the University should invest in a bounty hunter system.

By Charlie O’Mannin

A portrait of John Laurenson, a man with short grey hair, wearing a white shirt, looking directly at the camera. The background is a blurred indoor setting with large windows.

Men's Only Med Group Hopes to Combat Mental Health

Men's Only Med Group Hopes to Combat Mental Health

By Esme Hall

The Otago University Medical Students' Association (OUMSA) has started a men's only social group for mental health support called "Men in Med". It forms part of OUMSA's wider initiative to provide social events that aren't centred around alcohol.

Third-year representative on OUMSA John Laurenson is leading the project. He says "it is very early days," but they'll aim to have fortnightly meet-ups where people can hang out without "alcohol being a focus". The first get-together is Friday 20th April at The Poolhouse; OUMSA will subsidise the cost of playing pool.

"Obviously we'll be in an environment where alcohol is sold, but it's not encouraged. We're trying to change perceptions around alcohol, rather than ban it altogether."

Laurenson is aware that "setting up a men's only club" is a hard-sell. But, he says the "logic behind it is targeting the statistic" that men have higher suicide rates. "Men were lacking a space to just talk," and OUMSA wants to provide that. "We're not trying to exclude people, just help people who need it."

"We're not selling [Men in Med] as a place where you should come and tell all your friends about your mental health issues, but we're giving them a space where they can if they want to." There aren't many Med events where people have "space to talk sober, rather than shout across a room over some Macky Gee."

He said he has "So many friends I don't see unless I'm on the piss, when we have mean catch-ups," with whom he would find it hard to talk about issues when sober.

Laurenson says "everyone is super excited about it. In the space of 24 hours we had 160 people on the page, it reflects there is a need there."

Some people aren't so excited though. A medical student told Critic, "it's straight up bullshit. Men don't suffer from higher levels of mental health issues, quite the opposite. I feel very confused as to why I was lied to like this."

"The exclusion of women has the assumption that women being present for the discussion of mental health is part of the reason why men have mental health issues.

Look, I'm not female and even I'm offended by this."

Critic also got a snapchat from a female med student saying "Hello? 1950s? We have a club that escaped from your decade?"

Laurenson said he's "been very open that it is ok to be offended by it. But, if you are, come talk to us about it. Don't sit there and be unhappy about it because that's bad for us and that's bad for you."

Further, Laurenson says that OUMSA is "very loud and proud to support initiatives for women's mental health," and Men in Med is just his current priority.

Laurenson is open to "suggestions and ideas at the moment". If successful, he hopes the group can be a "figure-head for other professional programmes or organisations."

Recreation Officer's Re-Created Report Accepted

^ _ ^

By Charlie O'Mannin and Joel MacManus

Success! Josh Smythe, OUSA Re-Creation Officer, has had his quarterly report passed, granting him his honorarium for the first quarter.

Josh's report, which was covered in Critic #6, was dedicated to "the breathas and the homies," insisted on listing his title as Re-Creation Officer instead of Recreation Officer, and contained lengthy ruminations on drug legalisation. The big old meanies on the exec refused to accept his report and demanded he re-submit it before he could get paid.

Which he has. And it's pretty much the same. Except longer, with even more about drugs.

"I addressed concerns, made quantifiable goals, took out the emojis, and used appropriate titles," said Josh, beaming with pride.

One of his quantifiable goals was "attending no less than three significant student events per week during university weeks".

"I'm concerned that you're talking about flat parties," said Abigail Clarke, Welfare Officer. "I'm concerned that going to parties and partying isn't a valuable use of your time."

"Look at the way you've just denigrated parties," said Josh. "I don't drink, I connect with people. I'm not gonna neglect my duties guys. I have so much energy."

When asked for an example of something useful that he had learned from interactions

at parties, he said "people want more Hyde tickets. Maybe we can do Hyde and Leith next year". The conversation was immediately shut down.

"I don't have a problem with Josh going to parties as long as he does 10 hours of other work," said Sam Smith, Finance Officer, reasonably.

There was concern that a passage of Josh's report, which read "I feel that the majority of issues with student culture (violence, sexual violence, property damage, rubbish, self-harm, isolation, depression, anxiety) can be DIRECTLY and concretely linked to the effects of alcohol abuse," was problematic.

Cam Meads, Administrative Vice President, said that linking alcohol and sexual violence was "quite offensive". "I have a concern with the third point, where you say 'I feel the majority of issues can be directly related to alcohol abuse'. I'm not happy accepting a report that says sexual abuse and depression are related to alcohol abuse."

There was some confusion that the term "directly linked" implies that alcohol is the only cause of these issues, potentially removing blame from the perpetrators.

"I don't think it implies that," said James Heath, Education Officer.

Josh said that was not the intention of the line. "I'm just observing a direct link," he said.

"What's the goal?" said Cam.

"To address this as an issue," said Josh.

"Scientific literature supports [that alcohol and sexual violence are linked]," said Josh.

"It doesn't," said Tiana Mihaere, Te Roopū President, who is a med student.

The agreement was that Josh would take out all the things listed in his brackets, which kept the point of the sentence, while taking out passages that were debatable.

Cam had another point to bring up. "You said there are alternatives to alcohol, and that LSD has potential healing powers. Are you suggesting that as the alternative?"

"The science is behind it, man," said Josh.

Kirio Birks, Postgraduate Officer, then said (according to Critic Editor Joel's notes) "I think I can speak to this, blah blah blah blah blah, I am a nerd."

Caitlin got so bored that she changed the subject and moved to pass Josh's report with small amendments. It passed unanimously, and only after it was too late was it revealed that he had still managed to sneak an emoji in. Josh said that he'd fix it "out of the goodness of my heart as a non-binding decision".

Critic noticed that they also missed one instance of the term "re-creation," which remains undetected to this day.

Student Bar Might Actually Happen After All

U-Bar doesn't really count

University of Otago COO Steve Willis has indicated that a new or revamped student bar on campus could be a possibility as the Uni looks at new developments over the next couple of years.

The Union Food Court is “not losing money any more,” Willis said, while addressing the OUSA Exec in a meeting last week about expanding food and entertainment services. He hopes to build on that to revitalise the whole area.

“I think there's a better use of money. We can have more interesting amenities, hopefully a student bar.”

According to OUSA President Caitlin Barlow-Groome, one of the most likely outcomes at the moment is a bar facility next to or as part of Union Grill, which could host functions and serve alcohol in the late afternoon.

Last year a tender was put out to companies for a “campus-wide food, beverage, and retail strategy” which would “maximize the relevance of services, excellent customer experience and surplus returned.”

The need for a new, dedicated student bar has been brought further into the spotlight after lines have grown increasingly out of control at U-Bar (née Re:Fuel). At last week's

By Joel MacManus

Pint Night two students said they waited in line for “at least 45 minutes” before they could get in. Last month, police were called over an “out of control” line after reports of people being crushed and unable to breathe.

The Union building (Union Hall, U-Bar, Common Room, Food Court and OUSA Offices) is owned by University Union Ltd, an independent holding company, owned jointly by OUSA and the University of Otago. The businesses operating out of it are run by the University.



CCTV Cameras Begin to Roll Out

Yay, we're finally being surveilled!

CCTV camera installations are “running a little late” but they have arrived, says a University spokesperson.

Two new cameras are now operational. One faces west on Albany Street outside the Link, while the other faces north on Leith St at the corner of St David, which “is kinda by Arana,” according to OUSA President Caitlin Barlow-Groome.

Weather permitting, further cameras will be operational on Leith Street by the 20th of April, just in time for the Hyde Street Party.

The University spokesperson says that the Uni is also in the process of installing cameras

on Albany Street, which “are expected to be operational soon”. A camera on Student Health is “expected to be installed” in the week of April 23rd to 27th.

“CCTV Signage has been installed around Albany and surrounding streets and Leith Street and surrounding areas but is by no means complete. Once all 26 new cameras are up, the University will double check that signage is sufficient and covers the cameras that are there.”

The cameras add to the existing CCTV network that is operated from the Proctor's Office. Feeds are sent to the Campus Watch

control room and footage is held for 30 days before being overwritten. “Only approved management staff can view recorded footage, and footage cannot be used for addressing non-criminal student behaviour under the Code of Student Conduct.”

So, just remember to smile, because you're on camera now.

By Esme Hall



President's Pet Fish Murdered in Brutal Homicidal Rampage

Critic refrains from using a single fish pun, despite thinking of several very good ones.

By Charlie O'Mannin

OUA President Caitlin Barlow-Groome has been in mourning this past week after her beloved pet fish were eaten alive by her flatmate's friend. The gruesome mouthful assault occurred after her flatmate and his friend had been drinking alcohol and perhaps swearing. The friend menacingly plucked the poor little fishy from the tank and "dropped it in his mouth and chomped it". Both of her pair of fish, of which there were two, died in the attack and their fishtank was smashed. She had possessed the fish for four weeks before their tragic demise.

Caitlin said it was "disgusting" and that she was "disappointed that people I trusted would let somebody eat my fish".

"They were one of a kind," said Caitlin, with profound sorrow in her eyes. "I was never planning on eating them."

The fish were called Mongey, "named after the Mongrel Mob," and Kingey, because "all the flat used to drink Kingfishers".

Caitlin said she was having a meeting with her flatmates tonight. They "owe me \$170 for the fish tank and the fish need to be replaced," although she admitted that "they can replace them with some crumbed fillets if they like".

Critic thought that Caitlin might be on the Animal Ethics Board, and that we could make a joke about it. It turns out we were confusing it with the Animal Practice and Compliance Committee, which is an entirely separate thing apparently. "Just lie and say I sit on it," said Caitlin. Critic swore a blood oath that we would take her lie to our graves.

"It's clearly a slow news week if you're writing about this," said Caitlin. It was a slow news week. We gave a full page to this.

Erin, Critic Designer, said "That's so fucked" ("Don't print that, now my mum will know I swear"). Saskia, Critic Illustrator, said that "I wouldn't have bitten the fish, I would have swallowed them whole".

Jack, Critic Designer and 80% vegan, said that he "would kill someone if they ate my fish". Joel, Critic Editor, said that he "would not kill someone over a fish".

Would you kill someone who ate your fish? Critic encourages you to write a lengthy letter on the subject and send it to editor@odt.co.nz.



OUSA Lobby for More Seats on University Council

Critic writes very serious article about a very serious thing

By Charlie O'Mannin

OUSA have drafted a submission lobbying the government to increase the number of student seats on the University Council.

There is only one seat currently reserved for a student, held by the OUSA President. Sam Smith, OUSA Finance Officer, said that only having one student is “not adequate to ensure students are meaningfully represented”.

“Increasing the number of student seats on Council may seem insignificant, but it means that students are no longer the lone wolf in the room. Two students can support each other, present a wider range of perspectives and ultimately have a stronger influence on decision making, the effects of which filter

down to our students and their communities.” OUSA's submission also says that they'd like to see the extra student seat reserved for the President of Te Roopū Māori, the Māori students' association. “Te Tiriti o Waitangi obliges the University to see Te Roopū Māori as a parallel body to OUSA but this is currently not happening. By reserving a seat for a Māori student representative, a wider ambit of world views are captured and fed into the decision making process. This perspective is invaluable”.

While currently all universities are required to have at least one student on their councils,

other tertiary education institutions (TEIs), like polytechs, are not required. OUSA's submission also lobbied for these institutions to have seats on their councils reserved for students. “Students are strongest when we band together and support one another to effect change. OUSA is using the power of over 17,000 students to say, it's not good enough that only a few TEIs have students on their Councils. It should be a basic requirement that all students are represented in their tertiary institution.”



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Vic Uni RAs Protest Training Cuts

At least they get paid properly though

Resident Assistants at several Victoria University halls have complained about receiving reduced training sessions prior to the intake of students in 2018. A number of RAs have said they felt the training provided this year was inadequate, especially around sensitive topics such as suicide prevention and sexual assault.

This year's training for RAs was just three weeks, shortened from five weeks in previous years.

Several RAs told Salient that they believed the changes were an attempt by the university to reduce costs for hall accommodation services. Rainsforth Dix, Director of Student and Campus Living, disputed this claim, saying "the training was reduced in line with the changed responsibilities for RAs following the review.... the key role of RAs is to engage students in community life, not to manage issues and incidents."

One person who was involved in the 2018 training told Salient that several RAs told them after the training that they were "waiting for a critical incident to occur, to highlight the inadequacy [of the] training to the outside world" and that a number of

RAs were "not feeling confident that they were going to be well supported; not feeling confident that they had the tools to address critical incidents".

Dix said "We believe that the RAs were given adequate training before the students moved in, however we are happy to receive any feedback as we are always looking to improve how we do things and how we prepare our staff". She added that no official complaints have been made by RAs about their training.

One particular concern of RAs that spoke with Salient was that the training around mental health incidents was lacking, and many were left unclear what they should do in the event of a mental health crisis for a hall resident.

In the suicide prevention training undertaken at individual halls, RAs were told to provide students with the number of a 24 hour counselling service. One RA said that while this was good in theory, a lot of students are not comfortable talking to someone on the phone about such personal information. They wished that there was a

more easily accessible counselling service, for first year students especially.

A returning RA said of the training, "I felt that I was a lot less prepared to deal with mental illness and stress [of hall residents] this year".

At one hall, the Head of the Hall acknowledged that the outside training was inadequate and did provide this feedback to the organisation.

Training for RAs will continue throughout the year in their own halls. In addition, RAs at all halls will be invited to a follow up training session with CoLiberate regarding "Embodied Consent" in April.



Freshers Do Sport, Critic Makes Up Results

Selwyn Makes Everyone Very Uncomfortable With Gross Team Name

By Joel MacManus

The season kicked off last Saturday for the turgid, semi-competitive shambles that is the inter-college sports league. Critic did not send a reporter down to watch any of the games, because if we wanted to watch a whole lot of sweaty freshers yell and bump into each other, we'd just go to Starters at 9:30 on a Thursday.

Despite not seeing any of the games, we did manage to get our hands on the results and the team names, so we're just going to randomly speculate about what happened.

The day kicked off with the men's recreational football, as the atrociously named Selwyn College "She was only XI" (what the fuck Selwyn) notched up a victory over a rag-tag group of Te Rangi Hiroa kids. Selwyn struggled to keep up with the speed of the TRH team, mostly because they were so busy doing smug rich-people smiles and laughing at their own team name which they all thought was hilarious and repeatedly patting themselves on the back for thinking of.

The Hayward Hornets and Toroa FC tumbled to a draw. There were a plethora of scoring opportunities in the last 10 minutes, but the strikers failed to capitalise because both teams got too puffed and all sat down.

In the rugby, Arana saw a strong start to the year in their campaign to defend their Overall Inter-College Sports title from 2017. They found themselves overmatched up front, as the forward pack from [OTHER COLLEGE] had apparently hit the fresher five surprisingly early. It was looking like an uphill battle, before legendary RA Alex Lister subbed in and proceeded to score three consecutive breakaway tries, all from behind their own 22. He converted them himself, and was carried off the field as a hero, where he had to reject multiple offers of blowjobs from die-hard fans.

Overall, the games themselves were largely uninteresting affairs, but everyone really just wanted to see who could come up with the best team name.

The aforementioned Selwyn Paedophiles easily took out worst name, and everyone unanimously agreed that they were bad people who should be banned from everything.

Carrington women's football came through with "Let's get Messi," while the Selwyn girls proved surprisingly self-aware, naming both their netball and football teams "The Cult".

Volleyball clearly attracted the more

creative freshers, with names including "How I Set Your Mother," "Notorious D.I.G.," "Spike Tyson," and "Sets in the City".

Arana really committed boldly and unnecessarily to a theme, with ten teams named "Nemos," "Dorys," "Crushs," "Gills," "Squirts," "Pearls," "Darlas," "Bruces," "Marlins," and "P. Shermans".

Selwyn stuck with their traditional rugby name "DKDs," which does not stand for anything, but kinda sounds like "Dickheads" if you say it phonetically.

UniCol, who apparently don't know how colours work, entered netball teams named "Golden Cats," "Black Cats," and "Furious Cats". Furious is my favourite colour too.

Cumby was overwhelmingly boring and uninspired, with their football teams called "Scorers," and "Shoots" and their netball teams called "Shooters," "Nets," and "Goals". Other options for their 'things that are on a court' category of team names included "Balls," "Lines," "Posts" and "That one fresher guy who always takes it way too seriously."

But in the end the naming award had to go St Margaret's College, who entered just one team in the recreational volleyball league, yet still gave it the name "St Margaret's 2".

The Critical Tribune

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STUDENT CLAIMS 1/64TH HERITAGE TO JUSTIFY OFFENSIVE HYDE ST COSTUME

"I've been on Ancestry.com, that means I can dress like a chola," claims local third year student Becky Kane upon purchasing her Hyde St keg party costume. Kane justified her lazily stereotypical costume of a Mexican drug cartel member through "watching Narcos" and proving that she is in fact 1/64th Spanish. Kane says that this costume represents her "heritage," despite having zero knowledge of Mexican history or culture. When asked if she believed her fake moustache, poncho and sombrero is an offensive stereotype, she deflected the question by ranting about "social justice warriors". Kane has since refused to answer any further questions.



MANHUNT FOR JAYWALKER ENTERS 48TH HOUR

A citywide search for a criminal crosser has been ongoing since Tuesday afternoon. Dunedin crimester Mathew Denys was spotted crossing the road without a green man by a concerned citizen who contacted police. Police Constable James Everest said "we've come close to catching him a few times, but he has managed to evade capture by illegally crossing the street, and we have been unable to pursue without stooping to his level".



MAN RETURNS FROM DEAD TO ASK: "U UP?"

Several mourners of late Dunedin man Chaz Chadderson (19) were shocked to receive a text from him at 2am on Sunday morning. Chadderson, an active participant in the Dunedin community, had been memorialised after he went missing and was assumed dead.

Kelsey Summers, Bianca Laurens, Patricia Lockwood, Sarah Graves, Lola Robins, Yolanda Sweet, Tracey Huia and Tiff Lukes contacted police in the early hours of Sunday morning to report they had all received a text message reading "u up?" from Chadderson. Police immediately began an investigation, but said there was still no trace of Chadderson.

Summers and Laurens reported they had just popped past his on the way to the supermarket. Summers said "It was really creepy. The whole house creaks and smells like death. There're weird markings on the wall and I swear there was like a boggart or something in Chaz's cupboard". Laurens said she was waiting until next weekend, when she hoped there would be a second coming of Chadderson.

HUMAN LIGHTNING DAGGERMOTTIE PLAZA!

A singular instance of the effect of lightning occurred at Whalley Range, near Manchester, England, on a late Sunday afternoon. Three boys named Edwards, Greenough and Jones the first two peaking in Cedar street, and the last in Beattie street, were overtaken by the severe storm which swept during the greater part of winter, and took refuge under a tree having large over-spreading branches. They had not been long in this position when a vivid flash of lightning illuminated the atmosphere, and the boys were more or less stunned by the force of the shock. The electric fluid seemed to have circled round the tree in a curiously serpentine fashion, and what was still more singular was the fact of one of the boys being struck by the lightning.

PRIDE OCT OF PLACE. — In the attack of the Prussians on Orléans, France, a surgeon, while engaged in attending on the battlefield, by some wounded Austrians, was taken prisoner by the enemy, the Prussians being then engaged to retire. When the Austrians were forced to retreat, the surgeon was released.

Popular Boiz.

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

Sergio: Only ever drinks Envy. Is the best.
Cuddly. Listens to Radio One. Sends great memes.

Michael: Says that buying dinner is his “pleasure” and not to “worry,” then when you don’t have sex (no one ever has sex with Michael) he sends you his bank details over messenger and asks you to pay for half. One time he ripped his scrotum and his ‘friends’ won’t shut up about how funny it was. He thinks that he’s super funny but his friends are actually quite mean to him.

Raph: Short for Raphael? Not sure, he has never confirmed. Is a total sweetie. Super smart, funny and painfully shy. Makes art in his bedroom and pushes it under the bed whenever you come over because he’s too embarrassed to let you see it.

Hazza: Drug fucked. Only eats potatoes. Surfs, but doesn’t own a board. Tried to kiss you at a party when he was dating your best friend.

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ODT Watch

By Charlie O'Mannin

The Week the ODT Correctly Identified a Cucumber

To start this week the ODT are pondering a question

Just who are the buses for?

Simple: Presbyterians, Vegetarians, Finns and anyone whose surname includes the letter J. But nobody else!

Next, the ODT forgot the difference between past and present tense

The best way to prevent the spread of the infection was to wear a condom, she said.

It “was” to wear a condom. It isn’t any more of course; most experts now agree that the best way is to wrap your penis in ODTs – guaranteed abstinence.

Next, we continue the saga that is the ODT’s attempts to shoehorn Superman quotes in everything,

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

At least they guessed correctly this time.

Then, a letter,

New slogan?
AS a former Dunedinite I had this lightbulb idea: if you replace the “D” in Dunedin with “T” you get “Tuned in”.
What a great slogan for our southern city? “Dunedin — Tuned In”.
Or has someone thought of it already?
Tony Kaye
Hamilton

No Tony, no one has thought of that already. And there’s a reason, Tony.

And finally, we don’t know what’s happening here, although we’re sure there’s a perfectly reasonable explanation.

Better to kill suspects

Fiction is stranger than Truth



You can bring up any baby animal underwater and it will learn to breathe like a fish

"Nippy" means cold because all nipples are inherently cold

A conversation between three people is called a tri-alouge

A provisional conversation between three people is called a trial-alouge

A conversation between three angels is called a triangle

A conversation between three elephants is called a triumphant

LSD stands for LotSofDrugs #re-creation

There was once a dinosaur that could run really really fast

Fire alarms are water alarms for fire

When having sex in the reverse cowgirl position, both parties must moo backwards when they climax or face the consequences

In 47 BC Julius Caesar came when he saw what he'd conquered

Plastic bottles are made out of plastic, but water bottles are not made out of water

Peas are wees

In the wild, seals only balance balls on their noses on special occasions

With an electron microscope you can see the tiniest tear drops

If you construct an intricate web of lies, you can have two husbands at the same time

Facts & Figures

Truth is stranger than fiction

Tigers can, and will, take revenge on those who have wronged them. They are one of the most vengeful animals on the planet.

Socrates was very worried that the increasing use of books in education would have the effect of ruining students' ability to memorise things. We only remember this now because Plato wrote it down.

James Doohan (Scotty on 'Star Trek') received an honorary doctorate from the Milwaukee School of Engineering. The university gave him the degree after half of its students said in a survey that his character had inspired them to choose engineering as a career.

In 2015, a Louisiana man was arrested for drunkenly riding a horse on a highway. When detained, he said, "The horse knows the way home" and the sheriff concluded it did not constitute DUI.

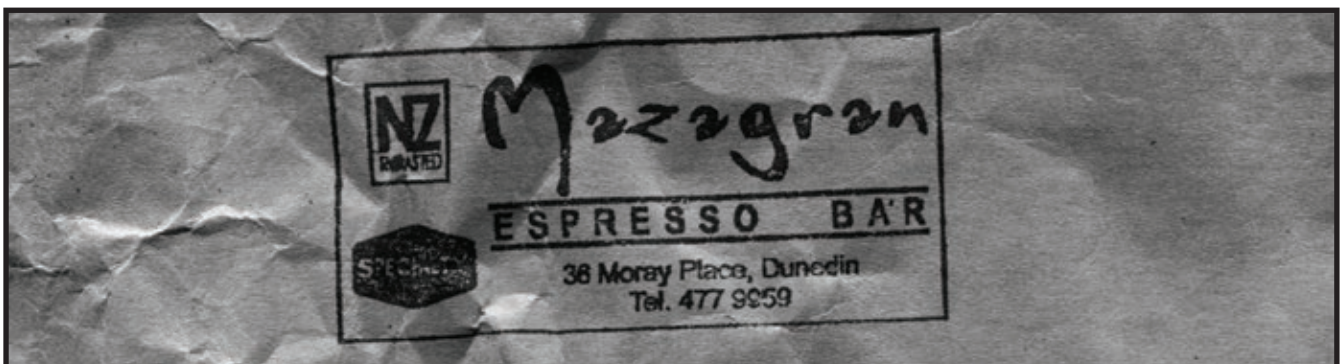
Canada has the "Apology Act", whereby apologising to someone after an incident can't be used in court to establish guilt or liability of the person apologising.

By law, no United States officer can outrank George Washington. He was posthumously promoted to Six-Star General in 1976.

Not only is USA the 3rd most populated country in the world, but if it had ONE billion more people, it would still be the 3rd most populated country in the world.

In 2007 workers in Antarctica discovered several perfectly preserved crates of Scotch Whiskey left behind by Ernest Shackleton in 1909.

Frank Goldsmith, Jr., a Titanic survivor who later lived near Navin Field (Tiger Stadium) in Detroit, never took his children to baseball games because the roar of the crowd reminded him of the screams of people dying in the freezing water.





THE NIGHTMARE LIVES OF RAs

*All names of RAs in this article have been changed due to strict contracts forbidding RAs to speak to the media

By Caroline Moratti

My parents may not be legally obligated to look after my drunk ass after age 18, but someone has to if I'm not going to end up dead in a ditch. Enter Residential Assistants. Soft, welcoming and with a bosom so loving that freshers can suckle lime Cruisers from their titties, RAs are the father figure in your life who finally returned from getting that pack of cigarettes.

Being an RA sounds like a pretty sweet gig. You don't have to endure flat arguments about who last did the dishes (spoiler alert: it was me, motherfuckers) or even cook for yourself. In return, you just give some of your time and labour that you'd normally devote to crying to Grey's Anatomy in your room. But is RA life really so easy? The answer, it turns out, is murkier than Casper the friendly ghost's jizz.

Charlie* was an RA in 2017 while in his third year of medicine, because he wanted "to see what support there was for health sci students in halls, and help in any way I could".

He emailed in an expression of interest, did a 10-minute interview, and the next thing he knew, he had landed the job. "They sent me the residential agreement paperwork first, which is the same as all the students get. So, you sign it, and they only send

you your RA contract a month later, which outlines your pay and all that. I didn't realise I would be losing a net \$4,000 from doing the job when I signed the first lot of paperwork."

The UniCol Residential Assistant pack, which is the same for all the University-owned halls, reads, "In 2017 basic scale residential assistants are employed and paid for 34 hours per fortnight at a rate of \$16.50 per hour, or \$561 per fortnight. This payment is subject to tax. The cost of accommo-

"IT'S INCUBATION OF STRESS, ANXIETY, AND AWFUL MENTAL HEALTH PROBLEMS"

dation in 2017 is \$363 per week."

If you crunch those numbers, an RA at a University-owned college pays between \$117 and \$137 a week, depending on tax, kiwisaver and student loan repayments, just to do their job.

Considering that the average cost of renting (plus food and bills) in Dunedin hovers around \$200 per week, you're saving at most around \$83, which works out to a lucrative \$4.88/hour.

Another RA, Michael*, said he "basically considers it volunteering.

It's not how you save money. I'm paying to work here."

Amelia*, an RA at a Victoria University hall, said that staff pay a discounted rent to start with, which is normally fully covered by their paycheque. "400 dollars is taken off my [fortnightly] payslip, I get paid minimum wage, and then I get to keep whatever is left over. If I work more than 29 hours over two weeks there'll be something left over."

Sarah Boyd, a media spokesperson for Vic Uni confirmed this, saying "The rate that RAs receive is confidential, but they receive an hourly rate and an accommodation allowance which covers their accommodation in the Hall." But it's not just the measly pay that wears you down, it's the hours.

Charlie said, "You don't have a day off, I wish someone had told me that. The contract doesn't say that. But we were told that we're 'never off duty.' Officially, we're not meant to work more than 34 hours a week. But whenever a resident talks to you, you're expected to be working. The excuse 'I'm not on duty' is not a thing that exists."

Jamie Gilbertson, the Senior Warden of the Otago University Colleges, responded to these claims by saying "With proper approval RAs





can work outside of their 34 hours. The live-in nature of pastoral care employment requires boundary management. 'On-call' is a more particular employment term and status of work."

Let's rewind for a moment, though. Before they start the job, all RAs must undergo some form of training. You know, the stuff to prepare you for the big scary job ahead; like law camp for law students, only less jelly wrestling (too soon?). Remember, this training is what separates that fuckwit in your hall who passes out naked on his bedroom floor from the guy who puts

"WE FELT LIKE WE WERE THE LAST RESORT FOR SOME OF THESE STUDENTS"

him in the recovery position.

Arana Warden Gilbertson said that RAs receive "basic training on things like first aid, how to recognise symptoms of mental health issues, handle first contact reporting of sexual assault, as well as fire warden training (and other emergencies), pastoral care with all that it means (i.e. homesickness, transition from home to the University, academic pursuits, sexuality)." From a glance, this all sounds pretty good. But how does this translate into reality? Charlie broke it down for us: "For training, in my hall we only had two weeks together where we basically went over an RA manual, which was a big rulebook and series of expectations. The training really focused on alcohol abuse. In reality though,

in my whole year we only had three cases where we directly had to deal with alcohol related problems. We needed more mental health training. The college was very firm on the stance that that wasn't our job. Overall, it definitely wasn't sufficient for what we were about to face. It didn't train us to be good RAs."

Other RAs called the training they received "lacklustre" and said it "only fuelled a basic understanding of the job to come".

So, what was the job to come? Well, as it turns out, dealing with a shit-ton of mental health issues.

Peter* described his hall as "an incubation of stress, anxiety, and awful mental health problems" for first year students. When asked how much training RAs get for combating serious mental health problems, he said "none". If there was any, it was a ten-minute speech sandwiched between others on international exchange programs and the class rep system.

There were reportedly at least four Otago University student suicides in 2017. It is shockingly common for RAs to have to deal with suicide attempts, despite lacking the necessary training. In one instance, an RA had to take several weeks off work and seek counselling (which they paid for out of their own pocket) to cope with the trauma of a resident making an attempt on her own life.

**"IT'S NOT
HOW YOU
SAVE MONEY.
I'M PAYING TO
WORK HERE."**

As Lauren*, an RA at a private college put it, "there was a large pressure on RAs to do their jobs correctly, because we felt like we were the last resort for some of these students. Which obviously should never be the case, because we are not professionals, we are just friendly young people who try our best."

Charlie said he "spent more time in the emergency department and the emergency psychiatric service department as an RA last year than I did as a medical student. There were suicide attempts, self-harm, just terrible things, and you're the adult in that situation. The amount of times I wound up there was easily in the double digits. Those were really long nights. And there was no compensation for those EPS nights, no extra pay or anything. It was just considered part of your job."

Suddenly that training seems more important, doesn't it?

It's important to remember that RAs are still just students. They have the same terrible timetable, the same night-before assignments, the same exam meltdowns. And during all this, they have to look after about 25-30 residents. It's like those teenage mums in high school – how the fuck do they do it?

"The first seven weeks were amazing," Charlie said. "You felt like you were helping. But then it hits that eight-nine week mark, and suddenly you're just exhausted. You have nowhere to go to let off steam, because the problem is in your home, where you live. The trouble is that institutions like halls think that fatigue and burnout is a personal issue, not an institutional one. All the RAs began to realise that the problems we were raising with management just weren't going anywhere.

**"WE WERE
TOLD THAT WE'RE
'NEVER OFF DUTY.'"**

There's no formal complaint process, you'd just go in and talk to the warden, but nothing would happen."

A smaller point (but one that a shitposting institution like Critic is deeply concerned with) is the impact on RAs' sex lives. "We couldn't bring people back to our rooms if we wanted to spend the night with them. We'd have to follow the same procedure as the residents, which involves handing in an application a couple of days before for overnight guests. But I couldn't spontaneously stay out all night at someone else's. Again, I would have to fill in a form." After all the shit they put up with, it's fair to say that RAs deserve some sex. Not from their residents, that would be very bad. But someone should probably have lovely, consensual, appropriate sex with them.

It's clear that there are definitely some institutional problems when it comes to being an RA. You're underpaid, sex-deprived, and dealing with some pretty intense shit.

But despite all that, Charlie said "If I had known what the job would really be like, I wouldn't have applied, but I don't regret that I did". Bonding with your residents and fellow RAs can make it all worthwhile.

After that touching moment, I'll leave you with this: in Charlie's hall there were ten RAs. Only one returned for 2018.

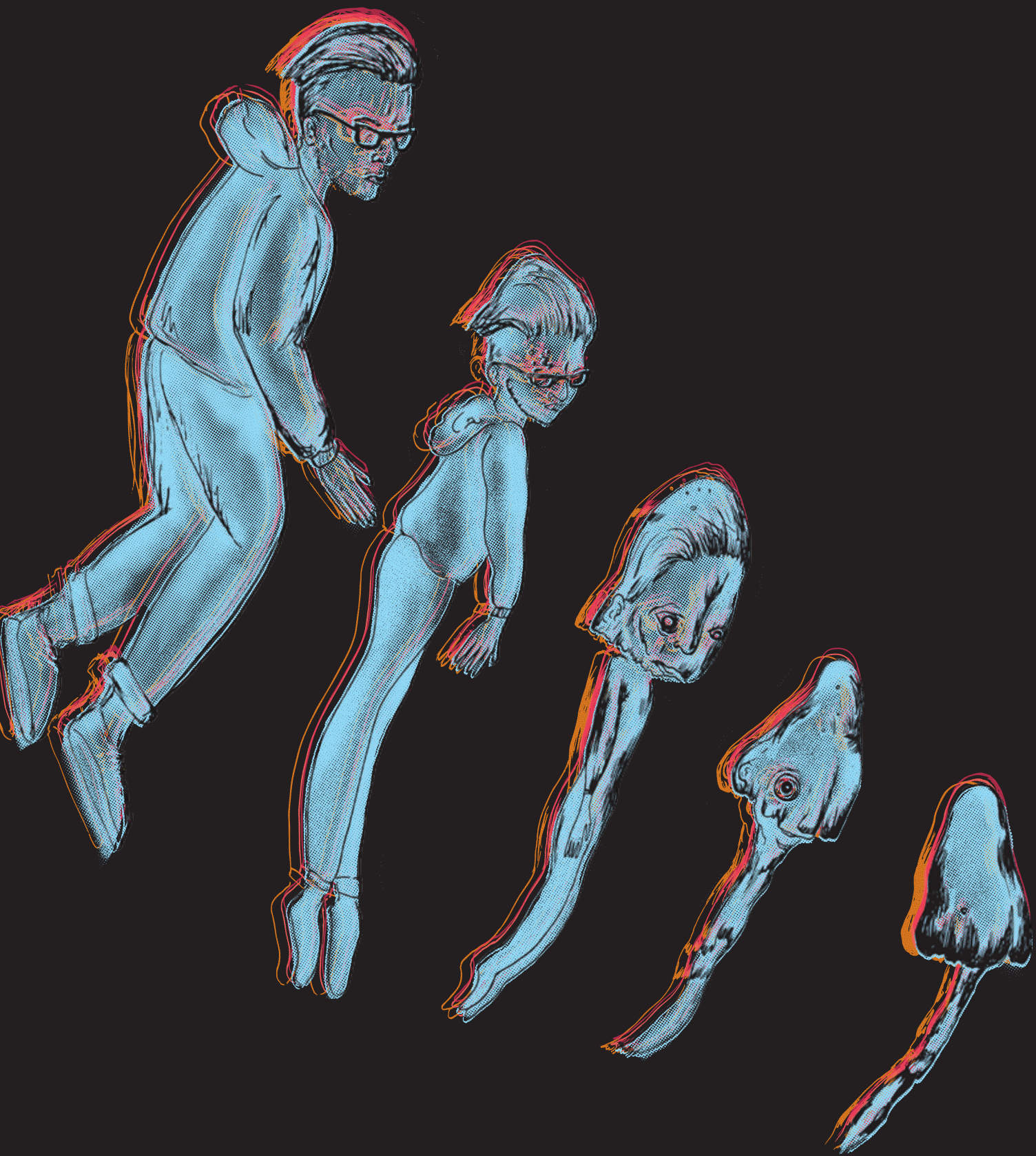
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I TOOK MUSHROOMS AND WENT TO A CONCERT, BECAUSE JOURNALISM.

If there's one thing that Critic has taught me, it's that you can do the dumbest shit you can think of, and if you write about it afterwards, it's still technically journalism. Watch every Adam Sandler movie in a year? Journalism. Wear a fedora for seven days? Journalism. Fuck a guy to smoke his meth? Questionable, but still journalism ["How Wack is Crack?" - Issue 1, 2013]. And luckily for me, apparently so is taking a shit-ton of magic mushrooms and going to Outer Limits.

Originally, this plan had been hatched when Young Thug, a.k.a. Jeffery, a.k.a. SEX was still supposed to show up to Outer Limits. However, as this is the man who wasn't able to show up to his own music video, it shouldn't have surprised me that he cancelled his appearance several weeks beforehand. He was replaced by Alison Wonderland, a name with such a shit level of pun that she should be writing for Critic. But as I'd conned Critic into giving me a free ticket already, since they still think I'm actually a journalist, why not go? Sure, I didn't know any of the bands. But enough of these fun guys (see what I did there?) and it wouldn't matter who the hell was playing. There was just one problem. I had no idea just how many mushrooms I needed. Should I take half my stash and hope it was enough but potentially barely feel anything? Or should I take all of it and possibly melt my brain? Faced with a

difficult decision, I figured that it's best to have too much of a good time than a boring time, and decided to eat them all and suffer the consequences later. We started off at a friend's flat. Being responsible students, they would not be accompanying me on my descent into decadence. Instead they would be drinking enough alcohol to permanently damage their livers, as God and the liquor industry intended. Somehow the Leith Liquor staff (who I will be bringing legal action against for such awful fucking advice) had convinced them to buy some sort of basil-flavoured vodka, which was really dish soap. Finally we departed, alongside what seemed to be Dunedin's entire fresher population. We'd hoped Fresher Flu would have culled the numbers somewhat, but unfortunately they were fairly resilient.

Once we finally made it to the line, it was time to get this party started. Once down, you have roughly half an hour before they kick in. This was the worst part of the night as I spent the entire time questioning whether it was kicking in, or if that asshole had just sold me some mouldy portobellos. So, there I was, listening to music I didn't like, by a band named after a Chinese delicacy. Was this actually going to work? Would I be okay in a huge crowd? How much had I actually taken? Hang on, why does it feel like these lights are moving on their own and pulsing into my brain?



What I hadn't realised was that, as I questioned whether I was even tripping or not, the mushrooms had snuck their way into my system. What I assumed had been sick lighting effects had just been the start of the visuals. All doubts of the potency were shattered when the screen, which had before been displaying some graphic effects straight out of Windows Media Player, suddenly transformed into a wild kaleidoscope of shifting colours and textures. The music, previously generic shitty EDM remixes (sorry Alison) was now this pulsating, shifting, almost sentient music that was the greatest thing my brain had ever encountered.

Now many people use this point in a trip as a way of reflecting on their inner selves, coming to some sort of revelation about their life, their actions and how they interact with the world. Myself? I just enjoyed the pretty colours and enjoyed my brain going into full meltdown. Time had lost all meaning, and I was struggling to keep track of what was real and what was just the result of the furious fungi. It didn't help that Dunedin parties and concerts bring out the weirdness in everyone. At times I would stop dancing and just watch the sheer insanity of what was happening in awe. I was a part of this spectacle of ridiculous behaviour, but had convinced myself that I was only a

spectator. One lad, who was apparently on some even better shit than me, was going around sucking his friends' fingers. Two girls, who looked so similar I assumed they were identical twins, started making out; it was good to see that Gore is still well represented at Otago. At one point we were pulled into a mosh pit (how is that a thing at a fucking EDM concert?). My stoned serenity was quickly cut short by about 10 shirtless lads slamming into me, which, as I didn't go to Unicol, was an unpleasantly novel experience for me. Luckily, my friends came to the rescue, and we relocated to a slightly more clothed section of the audience, where I could resume my slack-jawed staring at everything and everyone. A few people caught me staring at them and assumed I was either trying to fight them and/or flirt with them. Luckily one look at my pupils and they understood that I was too gone to warrant engaging with, leaving me free to find the next light, glowstick or particularly aesthetically pleasing shirt to get lost in.

Finally, it was over. Miss Alison came out one last time from behind her wall of monitors, one of which I imagine was actually doing something musical, to hastily check where she was actually playing, tell us we'd been great, and bugger off. I quickly checked to make sure I still had my wallet, phone and the correct number of



limbs. Everything seemed to be in its place, although I did find some blood on my shirt (the origin of which, to this day, I have absolutely no idea). As we watched several determined lads charge into the women's bathroom, only to be chased back out by its occupants, my group decided that we were going to town, which I enthusiastically agreed to. But to be fair, at this point you could have told me you were going to feed me my own leg and gotten the exact same response. Nevertheless, we were off to see what else the night had in store for us.

However, disaster struck. A female companion's heels had given up the ghost; the straps had broken off. Some would have taken this as a sign that they'd had a good night, and that it was time to admit defeat and head home. But true scarfies don't know what defeat is. They can't even spell it. Pausing only to neck the final bottle of basil-flavoured piss water, she somehow tied the broken pieces together and powered on into the night. Maybe this was actually no big deal, but to my mushroom-muddled mind, this was awe-inspiring.

Town was a blur of music and people. The mushrooms were proving to be a bad influence, and I had to stop myself multiple times from staring at people again, or in one case trying to get close enough to stroke the most beautiful patterned shirt I'd ever seen

(upon later consultation I found out it was just a flannel shirt). I had to get away, to take myself somewhere far from others where I could be at one with the world and explore what the mushrooms were telling me. As I set off home, the possibilities were endless. Would I go to the Uni and stroke old buildings and see what they told me? Would I go to the Botans and try to go full bush? Instead, I heard a scary sound near Castle Street, so my night ended with watching YouTube videos of dancing whales synced to Pink Floyd before passing out.

This was a tricky article to write, because either I must be doing mushrooms wrong, or everyone else is lying about them. You always hear about how they cause existential experiences, that you're transported to another world or have some life changing personality switch. For me they just made shit look cool and made me feel amazing. Although to their credit, they did make Alison Wonderland listenable, which is nothing short of a miracle.



GAME OF FACULTIES

If HBO weren't being massive cockteases and making us wait a whole extra year, the new season of Game of Thrones would be out by now. But it's not and everyone is very sad about that. To ease the pain of not having any new episodes, Lachie Robertson fired up the ol' imagination and paired common degrees at Otago University with some of the Great Houses of Westeros

HOUSE STARK: COMMERCE

The commerce students are the ones everyone are rooting for, but fuck they struggle. These champs are the kings in the North (D), earning respect from their peers by being good cunts on the piss and looking out for their mates when winter comes. Unfortunately, like the Starks, many a commerce student's journey comes to an early end because of their tendency to worship the Old Gods (Speight's) too hard, landing them in trouble with the Red God (Harlene). These battlers are known for missing every class, sinking piss and rigs that have been sculpted by years of beer pong.

Words: "Winter Is Cumming" – truly wise words, Dunnaz gets cold AF

HOUSE ARRYN: DENT

One of the great houses of North D, the dent students are always good company. Their problem is that, like the Arryns, they are often hidden away in their castles studying. When they do come to the party they well and truly bring it, but, unfortunately for the rest of us, these occasions are few and far between. Known for their spunky dark blue uniforms, flossing and slutdrops.

Words: "As High as Honour" – these guys low-key love blazing up.

HOUSE TYRELL: BA

The humble arts students often get shit around campus for taking the easy out at uni, but we don't think anybody should blame them for that. Like the Tyrells, many arts students hail from wealthy backgrounds and are enthralled by the "finer" things in life, such as literature and art history. Arts students are known for being a very friendly bunch who smoke weed and chill out. This being said, they will fire up if you throw around any sexist, racist or just generally bigoted chat, which is arguably their most admirable trait.

Words: "Growing Strong" – a reference to the Tyrell rose, but for the arts student, we imagine it's also referring to their bud.

HOUSE LANNISTER: LAW

Golden haired fuccboiz and fuccgirlz rule this department and are known for some seriously incestuous antics (the real reason Law Camp was banned). These units low-key sink a lot of piss but are a little less vocal about it than some of the other groups at uni. Can often be a bit snobby and care too much about what people think. This lot are notorious for being pretentious fucks, pushing kids out windows and just being bad people.

Words: "Hear Me Roar" – we get it, you guys love attention.

HOUSE TULLY: PHARM

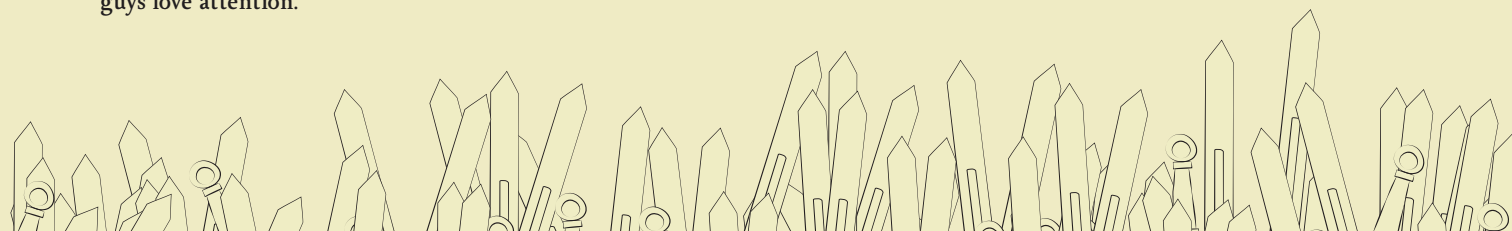
Pretty loose units, the old pharm kids. Not known as one of the great houses, and all of them low-key wish they were in med or dent – but they're a fairly positive group, so they just get on it instead of wallowing. They love drugs, they love pissing up, but most of all, they really love drugs.

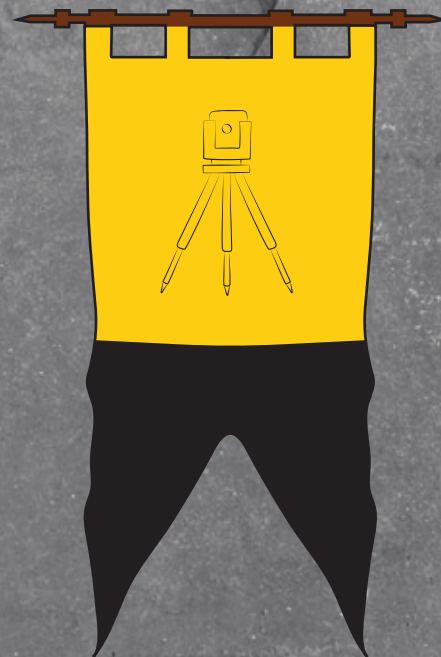
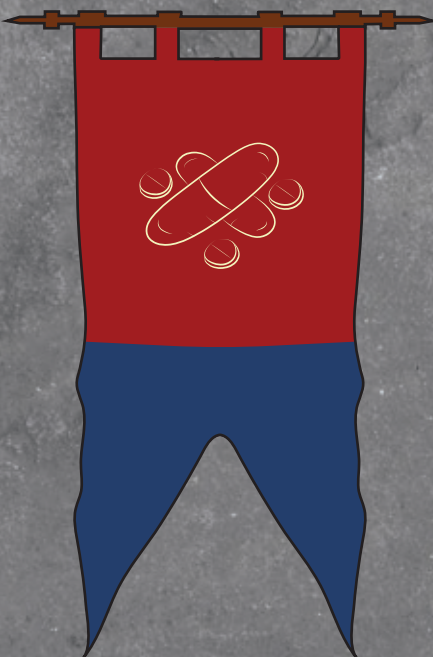
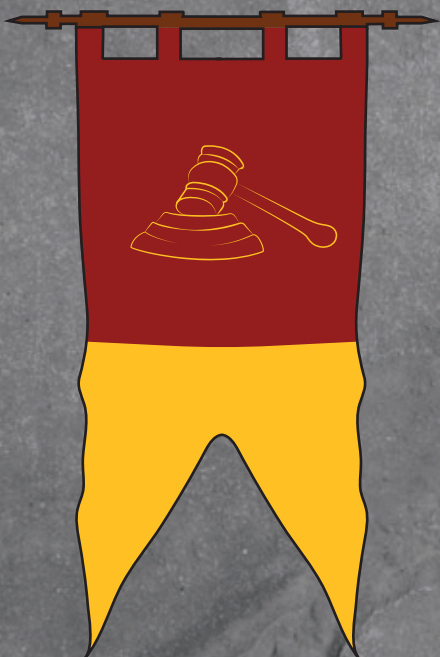
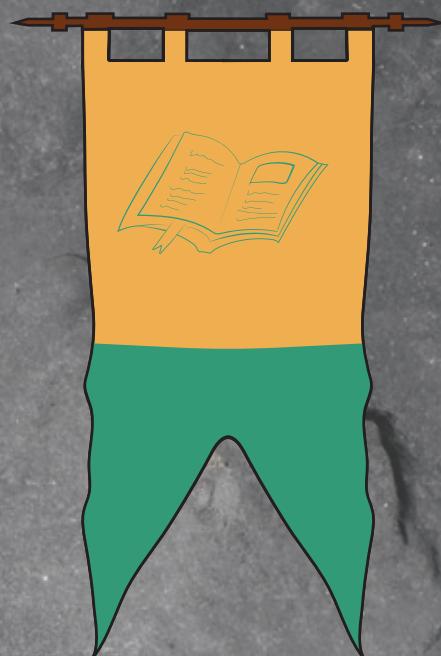
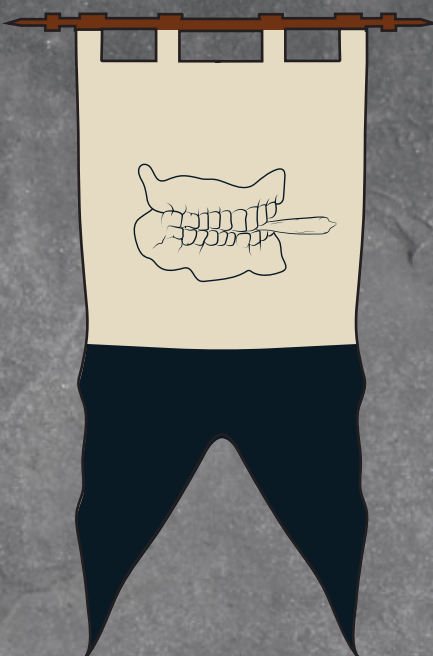
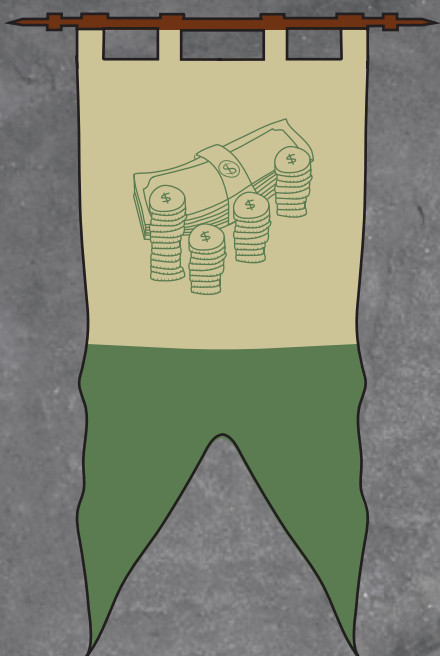
Words: "Family, Duty, Honor" – more like "Scrumpy, Vodka, SoGos".

HOUSE BARATHEON: SURVEYING

Passionate, bullish, alcohol-driven monsters. King Robert would've been proud to name this bunch Baratheons. Never in my five years in North D have I met a group of students more likely to scull a jug of SoGos in a show of masculinity. An extremely proud and old house, they are not known for being particularly intelligent folk – but are renowned for their unparalleled love for sinking piss and rooting.

"Ours Is the Fury" – work hard play hard, amiright.







HOUSE MARTELL: PHYSIO

Neither the largest nor most prestigious house on campus, but they've got heart. Made up largely of people who gave up in med after first semester but were like, "meh, physio seems chill". Known for being more chilled out than their cousins in med but are still actual students, as opposed to their cousins studying PE.

"Unbowed, Unbent, Unbroken" – that's what physio students dream of turning their clients into.

WILDLINGS: PE

The PE students have long been trying to assert themselves as real students at this great university, but let's be honest – they might as well be at polytech. These frothers are known for rowdy get-togethers, drinking cold ones and being undoubtedly the most attractive group in the dirty D.

Words: "PE is hard! We had to do Hubs191 which was basically health sci."

HOUSE TARGARYEN: MED

When the gods created med students, they flipped a coin. They're either good cunts that balance studying, sinking piss and general good cuntery, or total psycho crazy fucking nerds (you know who you are). Like the Targaryens, med students are very elitist and look down on anyone who isn't a med student. A notoriously incestuous house, with nearly 40% of doctors marrying other doctors.

Words: "Fire and Blood" – self-explanatory.

HOUSE GREYJOY: BSCI

Easily the saltiest bunch at uni with a huge chip on their shoulder. This lot are pretty much just health sci dropouts that have a point to prove to the rest of the uni. You'll hear many a BSci complaining about how they have to work real hard and do labs and shit, but nobody really takes them that seriously. Known for being salty and overly aggressive, and for not really having any mates.

Words: "We Do Not Sow" – they don't sow the seeds of friendship, but instead force themselves on others with their obnoxious chat.


WHITE WALKERS: COMP SCI

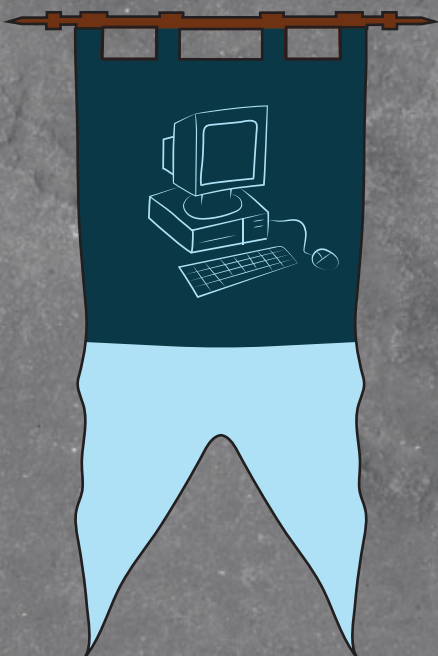
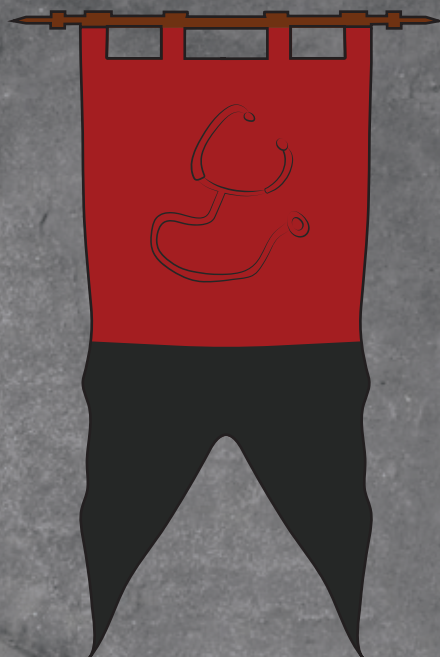
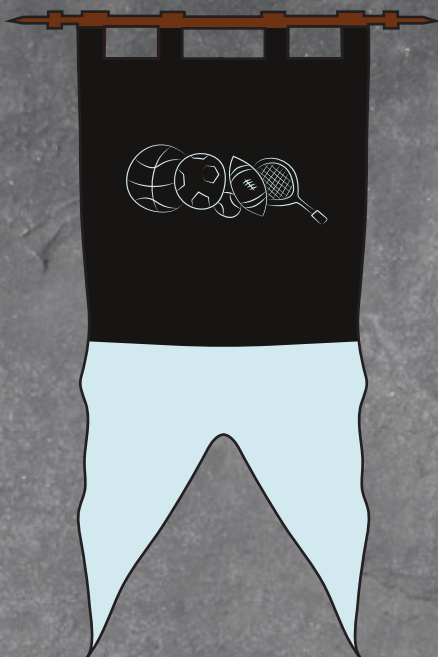
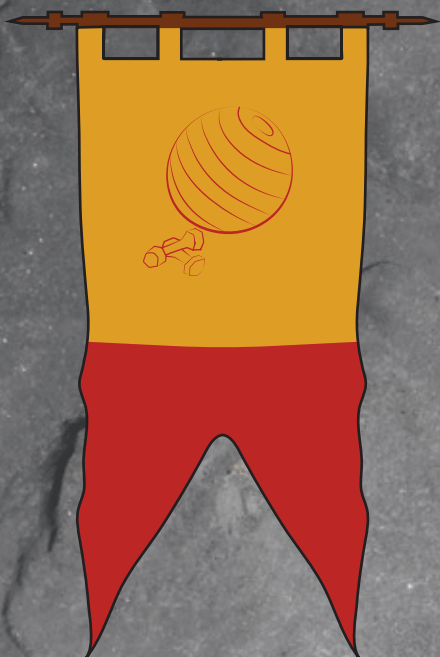
Have you ever met a lit comp sci student? Do they even exist? Are they living? One thing I know for sure is that any talk about coding is just objectively shit chat. Known for being very pale skinned, cold to the touch and playing with dragons.

Words: I dunno can they even speak? Is HTML a spoken language yet?

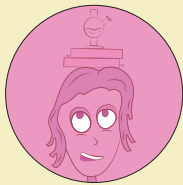
POLYTECH: HODOR

Words: "Hodor."





Horoscopes



Aquarius:

Jan 20 – Feb 18

That boy you've had your eye on is potentially available. Once you reveal your true feelings you'll need to ensure the spell is complete by placing a vial of semen infused with rosemary 'neath his pillow.

Lucky substance: Rosemary and/or Semen

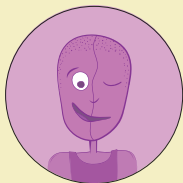


Aries:

Mar 21 – Apr 19

Should you receive a bad grade this week, be sure to offer your professor a lap dance in exchange for a revision. The retrograde of Mercury has put them in an extremely sexual (and agreeable) mood.

Lucky substance: Viagra



Gemini:

May 21 – Jun 20

Are you hungrier than usual? You are going to buy not one, but FOUR \$2 pies on Thursday. You may or may not regret your gluttony.

Lucky substance: Cannabis

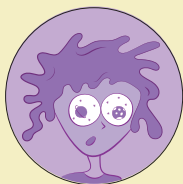


Leo:

July 23 – Aug 22

A family member has some surprising news, which you don't really care. A friend will offer you some chemical assistance.

Lucky substance: Ritalin



Libra:

Sept 23 – Oct 22

Many cosmic forces are on your side this week, Libra. Time to treat yo'self to an evening of relaxed, yet decadent, masturbation.

Lucky substance: Tramadol



Sagittarius:

Nov 22 – Dec 21

A flatmate has a devastating secret, which you should listen to supportively. This could also open a newfound path of love in your life.

Lucky substance: Alcohol



Pisces:

Feb 19 – Mar 20

On Wednesday, should a stranger flash you a smile, you must immediately strike with deadly force, for this stranger is a member of the secret reptilian race and is here to steal your secrets.

Lucky substance: Cyanide



Taurus:

Apr 20 – May 20

On Tuesday an unlucky letter may arrive in the mail. Quell your woes with a nice psychedelic trip while you finish your assignments.

Lucky substance: LSD



Cancer:

Jun 21 – July 22

You have more assignments due than usual this week. You will receive mystic forces of extra perseverance and focus.

Lucky substance: MDMA caps that you bought (from that guy who sometimes has a husky puppy in his car), which actually turned out to be meth.



Virgo:

Aug 23 – Sept 22

Why so sleepy? Saturn enters the fifth house, causing you to fall asleep a lot in class and while driving.

Lucky substance: Heroin



Scorpio:

Oct 23 – Nov 21

Should you feel the urge to shoplift this week, do it! Nobody is watching. Except Jesus.

Lucky substance: A large trenchcoat with many pockets



Capricorn:

Dec 22 – Jan 19

This week is the start of a new phase of Jupiter, which is the time of communication and excitement. Due to this, Capricorns will feel highly communicative and full of high hopes for the future.

Lucky substance: Cocaine

SUDOKU

Easy

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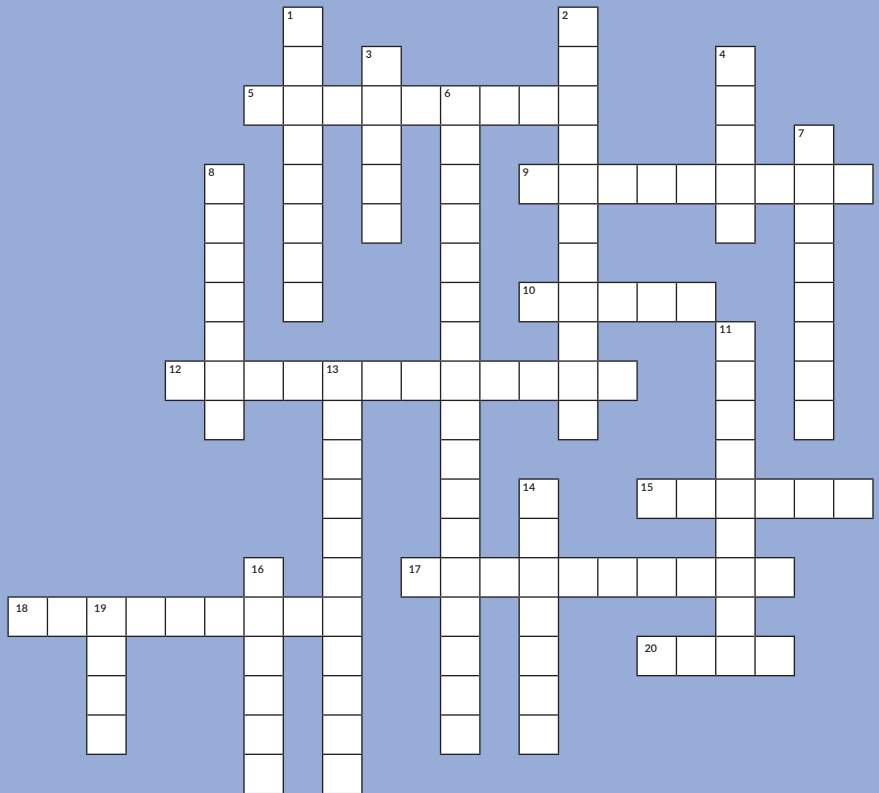
Medium

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Hard

		5	7					3
6		2						4
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CROSSWORD



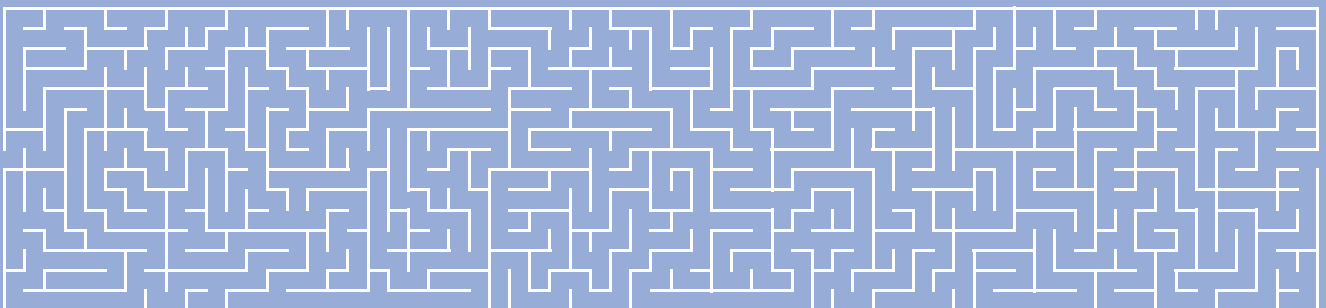
ACROSS

5. _____ Plane, named after Rene Descartes (9)
9. Greek 'Father of History' (9)
10. He painted lilies on water 'n' shit (5)
12. Chris Nolan film starring Matthew McConaughey (12)
15. "Fool's Gold" (6)
17. The end of the world (10)
18. Andalusite, kyanite or sillimanite are _____ silicates. (9)
20. _____ Faker, artist from Melbourne (4)

DOWN

1. Collarbone (8)
2. Diana prince (11)
3. Worst excuse for journalism: _____ Daily Times (5)
4. Occam's _____ (5)
6. Dr. Dre lyric "Heeyyyyyy, ____ _ ____ _ (5,4,5,3)
7. Kendrick Lamar won this prize recently (8)
8. Otago's Vice-Chancellor, _____ Hayne. (7)
11. Extreme exaggeration (9)
13. The most capped All Black in tests (6,5)
14. Critic News Editor and adorable Radio One dog (7)
16. Black _____, trippy show about dystopic future scenarios (6)
19. Former Otago partying event, The ____ 500 (4)

ANSWERS
Across: 5.Clavicle 2.Wonderwoman 3.Otago 4.Razor 6.Smoke Weed Every Day 7.Pulitzer 8.Harlene 11.Hyperbole 13.Richie McCaw 14.Charlie 16.Mirror 19.Undy
Down: 1.Clavicle 2.Wonderwoman 3.Otago 4.Razor 6.Smoke Weed Every Day 7.Pulitzer 8.Harlene 11.Hyperbole 13.Richie McCaw 14.Charlie 16.Mirror 19.Undy





USA 2018 PHOTOGRAPHY COMP TOP FOUR



Jonathan Barnsley
'Campfire'
jono.barnsley@postgrad.otago.ac.nz



Ming Yap
'Untitled 2'
mingjin.yap@gmail.com



Jehoon Mun
'Untitled 1'
jehoon.mun@gmail.com



Supp friendss, coming at you straight outta another hecically beautiful Dunedin Weekend, stoked to have this opportunity to communicate with yas all. I wanna thank so many lovely people for being involved in our wonderful student community, those that are genuinely opening their hearts and minds, contributing their feelings and vibes, I feel you.

Eight new clubs have been affiliated so far this year, and we have recently begun organising the official Clubs and Societies 2018 Parade to celebrate the Uni's 150th!

We live in tumultuous times. As the spectre of world war hangs over our heads and our biosphere teeters on the brink of drastic change (warmer summers ae), it's hard being young in this increasingly complex and fast paced society. Our necessitated shared goal is to grow into the most adaptive, connected, and innovative generation Papat nuku has ever seen. OUSA plays a pivotal role in this transformation, and my goal is to assist to the best of my ability.

OUSA can be a potent voice to highlight issues, especially ones that disproportionately impact students. My goal is to ensure OUSA identifies and addresses these issues; especially the archaic drug laws that are causing so much harm in our community.

Expect many more youth/student driven progressive movements to emerge as our generation grows into power around the world. A generation raised on critical analysis (thanks internets), truly primed to take societal structures that maintain outdated sociocultural biases and re-create them from a humanistic, scientific, and pragmatic standpoint to address an ever changing reality.

Have hope, kia kaha, and get ready to stand up for the changes that need to happen in order to steer our species away from the socio-cultural-environmental brink we are poised upon.

Get involved, get engaged, make connections -

See ya at pint night!! <3

Josh Smith
Recreation Officer
clubsrepeousa.org.nz

WHAT'S HOT AT OUSA



OUSA



SNAPPOUSA



OUSANZ



OUSAEXEC



bit.ly/ousasignup

WHERE DOES STEW END AND CURRY BEGIN?

Gordon Oliver



When you reach a certain age you begin to ponder the deeper, more meaningful questions in life. If you have some semblance of intelligence you will be able to work out what question I will be discussing from the title.

Encyclopedia Britannica defines stew as a “dish of meat, poultry, or fish, usually with vegetables, cooked in liquid in a closed vessel over low heat”. It hastens to add that a good stew should never boil, an important fact which should be known by everyone.

The Good Housekeeping Cookbook (global authority on all things cuisine) describes stewing as a method of cooking meat by heating in liquid until tender then served with the cooking liquid. These definitions raise more questions than they answer.

I was certain that vegetable stew existed and was most certainly a real thing. Must stews contain meat? A quick google turned up a multitude of recipes for vegetable stew, so popular culture would suggest otherwise.

Stew’s origins are unclear, but records go back to the Ancient Greek historian Herodotus, who mentions the Scythians (an ancient tribe in the central Eurasian steppes) partaking in its hearty goodness. Stew is also featured in *Le Viandier*, one of France’s earliest recipe books. These examples make stew look like a purely

Western invention, perhaps the distinction lies in Eastern vs. Western origin? But this hypothesis doesn’t stand up to scrutiny. Eastern examples range from Bo Kho, a Vietnamese beef stew, to Sancocho in the Caribbean.

Stew seems to have stood the test of time. The Ark of Taste, a group dedicated to cataloguing endangered foods, lists no stews as being at threat of extinction. Despite its deep history, stew is considered by most to be a peasant food and is often held in low esteem. This is probably due to its simple technique and its ability to transform lower quality meat and vegetable into a nutritious meal. Our poor humble stew is portrayed as a filthy tramp, as the ill-informed public disregard its versatility and ancient roots.

Our second subject for examination is a tad more flavoursome: the curry. A common misconception is that the curry is an old thing, when in actuality it was invented in relatively recent times. The word “curry” comes from the Tamil word “kari,” which means “sauce”. This phrase gives us a clue as to the difference between curries and stews, as stews aren’t sauce-like. The layman believes that “curry” refers to simply any Indian or Asian dish of this nature, but the term actually describes a specific blend of spices adapted by Indian immigrants to Britain from their traditional spice mixtures.

Spices iconic to curry include: turmeric, cumin, coriander, fenugreek, nutmeg, ginger, mace, mustard seed, fennel, cayenne pepper, chillies, allspice, anise, black and white pepper and bay leaves.

The dish the Western world thinks of as a curry, in India is called a “masala”. Traditional masala is much more plain than curry, featuring fewer spices and having a less intense and pungent flavour. The origin of using spices in cooking most probably originated from the use of spices as an antiseptic agent to prevent meat and vegetables from becoming unsanitary.

Stew and curry share many similarities, from the necessity behind their original creation to the preservation of ingredients and their methods of preparation. The untrained eye may find it difficult to differentiate between the two, especially in borderline situations, but fear not! For we here at Critic have devised a simple formula to get you started on identifying what you are eating.

First assess the ingredients. If two or more of the aforementioned curry spices are included it’s probably a curry. However, to make sure, assess the fluidity of the substance. If you could feasibly drink it, it is a stew (possible curry spices present just make it a spicy stew). Before I leave you I will offer one final piece of advice: most curries are served with rice, but not many stews are served with rice.

**HONOURING THOSE WHO FOUGHT,
VALUING PEACE**

THE OUSA ANZAC SERVICE

1.30pm, Wednesday 25th April
Outside the University Staff Club

(Main Common Room if wet)

MR SANDLER, BRING ME A DREAM

A weekly review of every single bloody Adam Sandler film



Review Of Adam Sandler Himself

Henessey Griffiths

Time to get real with you all. Uni is kicking my ass right now. I'm behind on my work and the last thing I want to do is waste two hours of my time reviewing another shitty Adam Sandler film. I started reading my reviews in his voice as if he was mocking me. The other night I couldn't get this mental image of him naked in a bathtub full of money out of my head. I'm only human, and need a break from his style of comedy for a bit. I feel I've got to know him well enough now that I can review Adam Sandler as a person.

You see, Adam Sandler is a mid-range guy. He's just a dad. If he weren't famous, he'd just be another average Joe who loves barbeques and New Balances. In terms of looks, you see him and think "aw yeah". He doesn't fit conventional beauty standards for male actors, which oddly works in his favour. In terms of his personality, many people feel indifferent towards him. Sure, you might hate him in terms of his films, but does that mean you hate him as a person? From what I can

gather, Sandler seems like a really chill person, the kind who'd teach you a basketball trick or sign your tits. This perplexes me even more. If he comes across as a down to earth goofball dad, why does he do what he does?

I have a theory about this. Adam Sandler is 51 years old. I believe that sometime as a young adult, right before his time on Saturday Night Live, Sandler was kidnapped by scientists somewhere in Hollywood. They had seen his sketchy comedy, and knew he had potential, but just didn't have quite what it takes to make it big. So they took part of Sandler's DNA, and merged it with samples from two older comedians – Kevin James and Rob Schneider. They extracted Kevin's goofy dad charm and Rob's inappropriate uncle vibe and mixed it with Adam's talent for comedy – creating the perfect robot/human comedian. This version of Sandler – also known as Sandler 2.0 – is the one that we see in films and television shows. The real Adam Sandler has experienced one

of those mind-eraser things from Men in Black, and his memory now is replaced by what the scientists have programmed him with. This then means they can have the original Sandler as the friendly, hospitable one on the street, greeting fans and being his quirky self, while Sandler 2.0 is out making shit-tier films. Original Sandler gets 75% of Happy Madison Productions' profits to keep him quiet, while Sandler 2.0 thinks about fart jokes and offensive comedy.

This is the only logical explanation of how Sandler works. Otherwise, we as a society have let this man take us over, and brainwash us into giving him money for the same film over and over again. I am just so conflicted about him. Why did I start this? Why couldn't I live in ignorant bliss and just enjoy Pixels and Little Nicky?

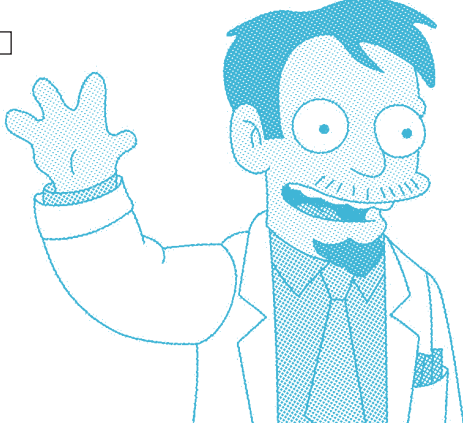
Adam, if you're reading this, I have two questions. Firstly, why are you the way you are? And secondly, how big is your dick?



SHOWING NOW:

MATTHEW GALLOWAY
The Freedom of the Migrant

NOT NEUTRAL Selected works
from Wellington Media Collective Archive 1978-1998



DR. Nick

The world's climate is changing. "Once in 100 years" storms now seem to be happening yearly. Flooding is becoming increasingly common. Ski conditions are a shell of what they once were. Climate change is here. While the conversation used to be about how to prevent it, the question now is how to mitigate it.

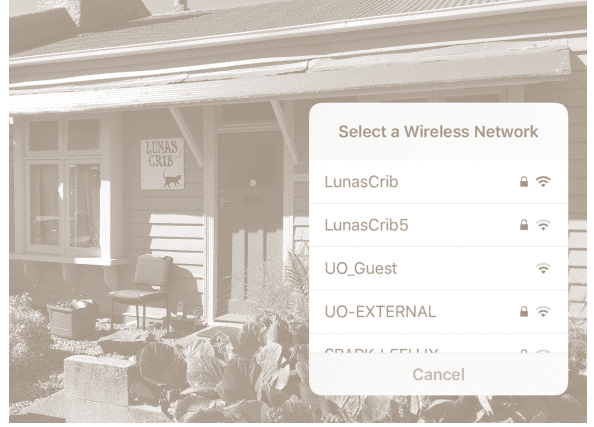
Here's a quick run-down of how it works. Certain gases, produced through fossil fuel use and agriculture, accumulate in the atmosphere. The main culprits are carbon dioxide and methane, but there are others as well. These gases are known as "greenhouse gases," and they insulate the planet. However, unlike for your flat, insulation is not a good thing for the planet. Greenhouse gases cause the world to retain heat, and, on average, warm up. This is where it gets more complicated. The planet contains a variety of complex weather and water current systems which 'distribute' the heat and weather around the globe. These systems are why New Zealand has such a mild climate, whereas continental Europe has more extreme temperatures, despite some parts being as close to the equator as we are. The extra heat in the atmosphere is interfering with these weather and water current systems, which is changing where the heat gets distributed. Simply put, this leads to more extreme weather; hotter, drier summers, stormier winters, and warmer temperatures on average.

The warmer our planet gets, the harder it becomes to soften the blow, or prevent further warming. The world's climate is finely balanced, and the more it's pushed, the more likely it is to completely topple over into chaos.

Fortunately, doom and gloom is not guaranteed. There are ways to reduce the impact of climate change, and reduce the amount of greenhouse gases that your lifestyle creates.

Here are some:

- 1) Cycle more – maybe you still need to drive for work, but if you're travelling short distances, and the weather is nice, use your bike or walk! It's better for your health as well as the planet's.
- 2) Eat less meat – animal agriculture releases huge amounts of greenhouse gases into the environment. The less meat the world eats, the less greenhouse gases are produced.
- 3) Part of a political party youth wing? Pressure the MPs and party leadership to do more to protect the environment and reduce emissions.



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

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

Back in the heady days of the 1960s the tricky thing to do was sneak your flat name into the telephone book – not an easy feat as only personal names were permitted for free. This didn't stop the med students who flatbed at Smersh HQ on Cumberland Street. An ex-flattie revealed, "It was relatively simple to get your flat into the phone book. We calmly told the little man at the post office that the surname was Smersh and the first name was Harold Quentin. No problems".

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

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

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



Swilliam Shakesbeer



Kinda By Cameron De Leijer

Corona is popular. No understatement, Corona is like herpes, because every third person in the room has it, and it's usually a fuckboi. Like a dude passed out on the couch and a girl crying on the verandha, Corona is the permanent staple of every flat party. They're nice to drink, but they're a summer beer. Given that winter has come early to our little slice of paradise here on the Antarctic Riviera, it might be time to put the Coronas away. Winter is the time for hot soup, crying, and cheap whisky beneath wool blankets.

The biggest issue with Corona is that it tastes best with a wedge of lemon. What a complete fuck around. It's not an Ikea desk, I shouldn't have to assemble by beer before I can drink it.

But if you choose to forgo the lemon, you're in for a shit time if you like beer, because you won't be able to taste any. Corona is a slightly stained vat of water with some alcohol subtly squeezed in.

Corona does one thing well, and that's branding. Its whole deal is making you forget about the shithole situation you're in and pretend you're up a mountain or on a beach. And at the end of the day, isn't that why we drink in first place? Being constantly conscious of your surroundings and your actions fucking sucks. Any minutes or hours I spend functioning without my brain recording it is a sweet respite from the horrible reality of my own life.

The foreign words painted on the bottle make it seem fancy. I have been informed that the slogan translates to mean 'The Most Fine Beer'. Which is accurate. It's fine. It's got no real personality or flavour, but it's always consistently produced, refreshing, and crisp. It's fine.

Taste Rating: 7/10

Froth Level: Getting fucking skewered in the eye by a bottle cap that went flying across the room (Why do they pop so fucking aggressively?)
Tasting notes: Not a whole lot. Hints of white privilege and gentrification. Aftertones of being blonde and travelling the world on Daddy's credit card.
Pairs well with: Drug money, surf wax, a sense of entitlement.

Ginger kisses contain both gingers and kisses, blended together in some sort of large grinder, which surely can't be ethical. Both gingers and kisses are average on their own, but when combined they become equal to the sum of their parts.

In Poland in 1942 one lucky slider, Gretchilio Nibs, invented ginger. He then lost an arm because, you know, he was a soldier. This was unrelated to his discovery and the war. It was the only unlucky thing that ever happened to him. I was there, in the beginning, I saw it all. I tasted the first ginger, seasoning a broiled ratatouille. I didn't know it at the time, but it tasted very gingery.

Cut to a small Austro-Siberian township in the 13th Century BCE (Before Kissing Existed) and a sky afire with lust. Hans "Lips" Dashi-Dorzho invents the kiss all on his lonesome. The secret passes lobbering through the generations like a sexy, saliva-y heirloom.

At the war's spicy climax Hans's descendant and Gretchilio met on a beach in Slovakia. There they combined their secret powers and created the ginger kiss.

Ginger kisses are the perfect gift/plate to bring to a pot luck, afternoon tea or shared lunch if you don't really know the host. They don't taste that amazing, but they are likely to get eaten and will not end up offending anyone. They'll always excite a crowd of kids, but inevitably disappoint everyone when they remember they don't taste as good as they look.

One downside to the modern day ginger kiss is they are super dry due to companies saving money on the cream filling. The key to a moist ginger kiss is plenty of fats and butters wedged between the softer outsides, giving you that rough-around-the-edges but sweet in the middle appeal. It's like the Sam Neill of biscuits.

Ginger kisses are brown, which is a colour. Other things that are sometimes brown include bark, dirt, walls, wood, brown t-shirts, excrement, some pears, most things made out of wood, ok we ran out of things that could be brown.

Tasting Notes: Tastes like history

Pairs well with: Making up origin stories, after match food at Under 9s rugby, free real estate.



How to Give it to That Git in the Middle of the U-Bar Mosh

Mammy Zo and Aunt Kell

Pint night is the old-but-kind-a-nouveau-new thing for those who are keen on a social Wednesday evening. Because of this, the U-Bar mosh is arguably the most sociologically significant location for Dunedin students. There is an important code of etiquette to partaking in the mosh, so freshers listen up.

For starters, don't be boring if you're hanging over the front barrier, and never be a part of any wall of dude bros that transects the mosh in two. While there is nothing inherently wrong with being boring or with having a good ole dude-bro time, the mosh is a critical place of fun, and both these behaviours are some serious mellow harshers. Some other basic mosh etiquette involves not getting separated from your crew. This is important for several reasons. Firstly, you can't say g'day to your mates if you're not with your mates. Secondly, if you're the sloppy git standing on everyone's toes and falling on everyone's boobs, you don't want to be doing this alone. The third reason is to stop your mate from being said sloppy

git. They need to know what they're doing, and it's better if that news comes from you rather than those weird U-Bar bouncers. Moshes are complicated social spaces to inhabit, they're a dynamic beast and a moody mistress. Some ways to make it more fun include: Jumping up and down with the single fist pump. Jumping up and down with the double fist pump. Throwing your bra at the stage (a great excuse to get a new bra), and of course, charging about on all fours in an attempt to get the entire mosh involved in a neat, chair-height conga line.

Everyone knows that the best way to get to the front is to go up the sides and push in along the front barrier. But the low-key best place to be is smack-bang in the middle. People in the middle of the mosh almost certainly want to be there. And if they want to be there, they almost certainly want to have fun. You don't get through a box of Wild Moose just to fuck about not having fun. KEEP IT SIMPLE. GET IT DONE. But remember that the chill vibe in the sweet leather couches is also an option.

It's hard to tell why getting to the front is such a necessary plight of the average U-Bar mosh attendee. Yeah, maybe there is some parsley sized garnish of cool that you can wear, for that glittery, vodka-y hour and a half. But as soon as you walk out those U-Bar doors, no one is going to be able to tell that you were at the front of the mosh, and are therefore very cool. The final triage to be administered to the terminal U-Bar mosh is the pushers at the back. Let's look at the rationale of the problem at hand to begin with. U-Bar can max hold 200 people, and they're not allowed to let in any more than that. So why push everyone toward the front? All that happens then is having 200 people in the space of 50 people, and you'll probably end up with glandular fever, which sucks because you didn't even suck anyone's dick. Cool. Glad we've sussed that.

Ciao,
Aunt Kell and Mama Zo.
P.S. have FUN.

Two Tails of Love



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

Wonder Woman

The Critic blind date seems to have a recurring theme: turning up late and embarrassing yourself by being more drunk than your date. I arrived ten minutes early, but it turns out that this only makes you more susceptible to embarrassing moments.

My intention was to wait in the car for a bit and only be five minutes early but after a copious amount of alcohol consumption, I, unsurprisingly, had to pee. Cue me pulling up tight jeans in a locked bathroom where much to my surprise, and his, a dude opens the door and bears witness to the struggle between myself and my pants.

So after washing my hands, I had to walk past him, do the uncomfortable shuffle past while exchanging embarrassed apologies before heading straight to the bar, asking if he was my date (he wasn't), and returning to the table promptly in hope of not getting into any more trouble.

Thankfully, my luck changed when an attractive med student sat across from me at the table. Also he was the kind to share a bowl of fries and spend the rest of the tab on alcohol. Just my type.

The conversation flowed, he laughed at my jokes, and we only talked about the weather once. Also managed to slip into the conversation my recent 2:00 yardie, probably within that same time frame.

At probably about two hours in, a guy came up to our table and said how he was looking forward to our Critic write up. Sorry to disappoint, but it doesn't make for good chat when the date (in my opinion) goes pretty well; we didn't run out of things to talk about within the three hours that we were there.

I had a really nice time and got a text from him saying he did too, however at this stage I won't be writing a follow-up for Critic: The Wedding Issue, but super excited for the one where our date is published so I get to find out why I haven't been texted since the day after lol.

Steve Trevor

Having flicked to the back of Critic to read the blind date column during Monday lectures more times this year than I've caught sight of the library, and having reached the age that freshers are almost out of bounds with the infamous half your age plus seven formula I figured it was time to see what Dunedin could muster up.

With salt still in my hair after rushing from the surf, and a few Kingfisher Strongs doing exactly what they were designed to do, I followed the Critic blind date tradition of stumbling into the Dog With Two Tails fashionably late. The friendly bar staff pointed me towards a table where my date was already seated. It's safe to say I was a tad taken aback when she stood up to greet me and turned out to be over a foot shorter than me.

The long and the short of it is that conversation flowed just as quickly as our drinks – smoothly ticking off the natural small talk of spirit animals, crazy cousins, how to avoid the tenancy tribunal and getting free food from the fresher halls. Just a pity she declared she hated the accent of my homeland, not being from NZ originally. Guess it's a good thing she didn't come by mine as the national flag hangs above the bed . . .

Recovering from that minor hiccup, we quickly decided to put as much of the tab as possible into drinks, opting to share a bowl of curly fries whilst sipping on beers that put my beloved Double Browns to shame (Yea, sorry I lied, I can't say no to DB's metallic tones with hints of beer sprinkled through).

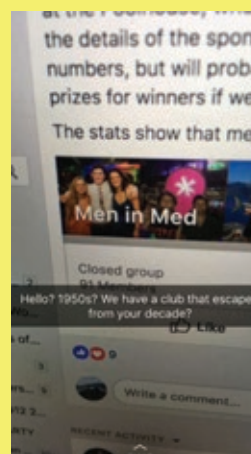
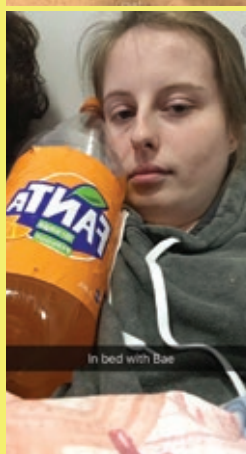
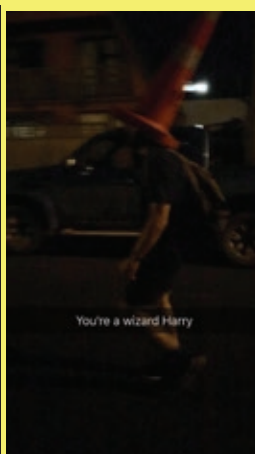
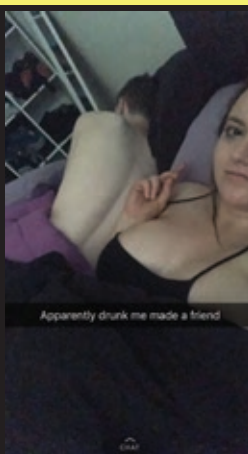
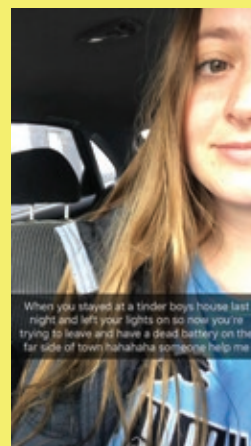
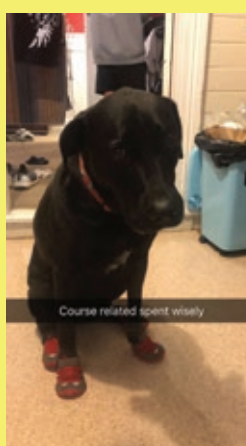
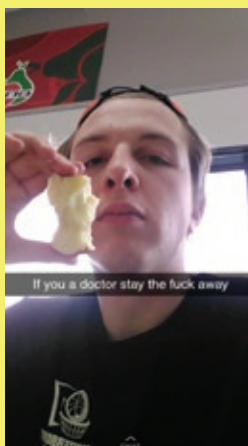
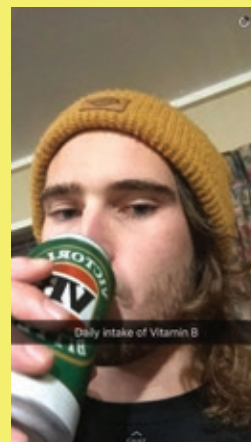
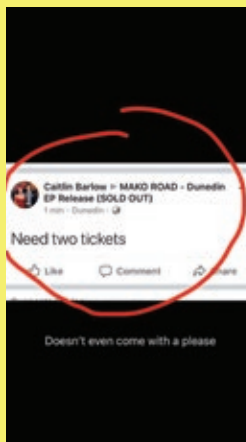
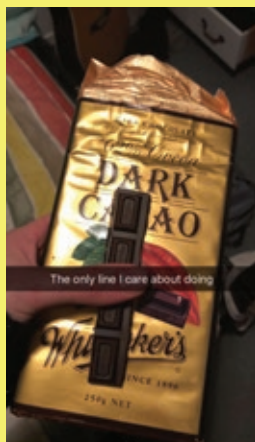
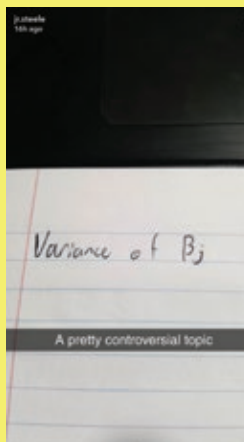
The night was soundtracked by a few old geezers creating jazzy tunes that would put the likes of U-Bar to shame – sending us both into a state of mourning over the late Re:Fuel. However, we were quickly brought back to high spirits as almost simultaneously we suggested absinthe to send us on our way wandering these too familiar streets.

Here's to the Dog With Two Tails, Critic, my date and ticking another one off the scarfie bucket list.

SNAP, CRACK & POPPLE US

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

*The best snap
each week wins
a 12
pack of



THIS WEEK'S WINNER

Amazon Surf, Skate & Denim

10% off full-priced items

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

Burger King

Two Bacon Cheeseburgers for \$4.90

Cornerstone Ink Tattoo Studio

\$80 per hour

Cosmic Dunedin

10% Student Discount

Lumino The Dentists

\$69 new patient exams and x-ray

10% off further treatments

(excluding implants and orthodontics)

Megazone Entertainment Centre

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

Only Ur's Beauty Parlour

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

The Poolhouse Cafe and Bar

Half price pool every Monday night
Every Wednesday Poolhouse pool competition \$5.00 buy-in, winner takes all. 7.30pm start

Rapunzel's Hair Design

Women's cuts from \$49.

Half head of foils w/ toner from \$109.
Balayage/Ombre from \$199

Stirling Sports

10% off all non-sale items

The Bog

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

Bowl Line

2 games for \$15

Brunch 'N' Lunch

50% off all perishable food items
4.30-5pm weekdays.
Limit 2 food items per RAD1 Card/
App holder

Capers Cafe

2 for 1 Gourmet pancakes, Monday to Friday only

Campus Shop

Any 3 of the following for \$5.50

- 440ml Pepsi can range

- Bluebird chips 35-80g including Doritos

- Scarfie pie range

Del Sol

Free churros with every main purchased

Good Good

Free fries with every burger purchased

Groom Room

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

Hell Pizza

Free wedges or dessert pizza when you spend \$20

La Porchetta

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

Nando's

10% off your meal

Op-Shop on St Andrew

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

One Supps Dunedin

10% discount store wide
(only available in-store)

Painted Rock Tattoos

10% student discount

Pizza Bella

Snack lunch, fries and a drink for \$12.90

Pizzeria Da Francesca

Upgrade from small pizza to large Dine in Only

Poppa's Pizza

Free Garlic Bread with any large or regular pizza

Rob Roy Dairy

Free upgrade to a waffle cone every Monday & Tuesday

Subway

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

T M Automotive

\$50 warrant of fitness fee

This 'N' That Giftware

10% off storewide

Vapourium Ltd

\$3 Coffee happy hour Saturday & Sunday, 1 - 3pm

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

Velvet Burger

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

YHA

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

Zaibatsu Hair Art

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

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