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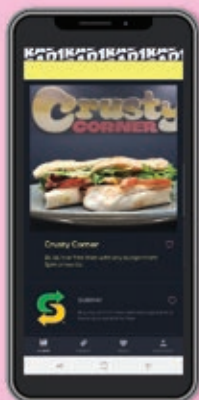
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Editorial:

I Don't Want to Live in a World Without the Giant Mountain Lobelia



By Charlie O'Mannin

Ok, buckos. It's happened. I've snapped. This was the last fucking straw. I was on board, but now I'm jumping off. Don't count on me no more.

We all know that climate change is destroying the planet and that as humans we've pretty much proved ourselves to be unworthy of existing but, like the rest of you sheeple, I could pretty comfortably block it out and concentrate on my mundane meaningless existence.

BUT THEN I FOUND OUT THE TRUTH.

That's right. I'm talking about the Giant Mountain Lobelia, the King of the Tropical Alpine Palms. It initially seems spiky and intimidating, a tyrannical ruler of the Ethiopian heights, but then it shoots up a huge woolly protuberance, sometimes more than 10 metres tall, and reminds you that it loves you, that you're spe-

cial, that it rules with the benevolent authority of nature itself.

Implausibly large in arid mountainous terrain, the Giant Mountain Lobelia predates the formation of tall mountains in Eastern Africa, to which they've adapted (I stole this sentence from a piece Patrick Barkham wrote for the Guardian, fuck you SafeAssign this is adequate citation).

BUT THE GIANT MOUNTAIN LOBELIAS ARE DYING. CLIMATE CHANGE HAS MEANT THAT THEIR HABITATS ARE SHRINKING RAPIDLY AND THERE'S A HIGH CHANCE THAT THEY'LL BE EXTINCT BY 2080.

THIS IS NOT FUCKING GOOD ENOUGH. WHAT THE FUCK. WHY HAVE WE DONE THIS? DO WE HAVE NO SHAME?

WHY ARE WE FUCKING AROUND WITH DISPOSABLE CUPS AND RECYCLING? WHY AREN'T WE BANNING OIL? WHY AREN'T WE GETTING RID OF CARS? WHY AREN'T WE USING THE GUILLOTINE ON THE HEAD OF ANY COMPANY THAT POLLUTES? WHY AREN'T WE SPENDING EVERY CENT OF OUR PUBLIC MONEY ON CONSERVATION? WHY AREN'T WE REPLANTING OUR BARREN COUNTRYSIDE? WHY ARE WE LETTING PEOPLE HAVE CHILDREN? WHY AREN'T WE STERILISING EVERYONE ON THIS FUCKING PLANET AND TAKING THE HONOURABLE WAY OUT?

WE HAVE PROVEN THAT WE HAVE NO RIGHT TO EXIST.

The Giant Mountain Lobelia can take our place. It is ten times the species we are.

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ISSUE 15

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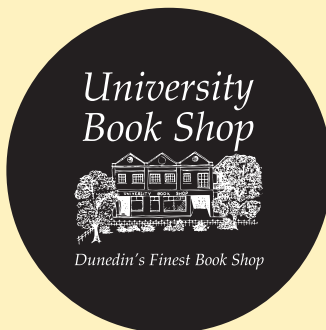
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Letter if the week

Hi Sophia,

Your surprising article 'Taking It To the Grave.' in Critic #13, 2019 reminded me to visit the Southern Cemetery to identify Oheadstones of my forebears. Yes, I have become a genealogical bore due to most ancestors of mine, who migrated to New Zealand, arriving in Dunedin during the Gold Rush.

Anyway, despite dabbling in cosmic substances during my misspent yooof, I've never regarded any previous personal experience as par-anormal. While in the cemetery that afternoon, though, I witnessed something perplexing. After reading your feature I was wondering if you've ever witnessed anything similar.

Thanks for your intriguing and adventurous articles!

David Mulrooney

Kia Ora Critic!

Do you want to Get Shrek'd?

Why not come along on 18, 19, 20 July for Med Revue 2019: Get Shrek'd, A Meddie-Ogre Production. Net proceeds from ticket sales are donated to charity - this year it's ChatBus, a service that provides free counselling to primary school kids in Dunedin.

If you want to see some funny skits, decent acting and fantastic dances to absolute bangers from the Shrek soundtrack come along! Tickets are only \$17 and are available from www.oumsa.org!

Cheers!!

*Please email letters to
critic@critic.co.nz
Letter of the week wins
a \$30 voucher from
University Book Shop!*

Ballad of a Breatha

On Castle Street the Breatha dwells,

upon a keg he stands;
He boofs a cap (the legend tells)
Between his cheeks it's crammed

The piss is sunked, his jaw is clenched,
Pupils size of a plate
Ten DBs and still not quenched
Wears Thrasher, yet cannot skate

He spies a busty fresher wench
From Uicol there yonder
He sprays some Axe (a noble stench)
and hoots and hollers to her

"Ey girl," he calls, 'cross Dundas way,
"U going Starters 2nite?"
She smells, downwind, his body spray,
Their pheromones ignite

They meet that night, hearts beating rapid,
He nods a subtle 'sup,
But, alas, his members' flaccid,
He cannot get it up!

Egads – oh no! – his whisky dick!
The caps have taken their toll
She grasps his floppy joystick,
and she scoffs: "Is that really all?"

She goes back to her dorm room
(with some battery-powered toys)
The Breatha, alone, stares into the night,
and cries,

yeah the boys

Dearest Critic,

Wtf is this 'Walk Your Wheels' shit? Instead of inconveniencing the students who have found an eco friendly way to get around, how about put cycle/skate pathways around the university! It's a super brisk walk trying to get from a lecture at teachers college to a lecture at the hospital in 10 mins, but ain't nothing but a thang on a skateboard. So much more time and energy efficient!

Skateboarding (and biking) is such an easy and cheap way for students to get around, it should be encouraged not penalised.

Pathways for wheels and walkers is the way of the future, get up to speed Otago Uni!

**Sincerely,
Steve**

Dear Critic

Recently some friends and I began to search for a suitable flat. We are a few sensible(ish) dudes including some seriously studious

members. Upon seeing a nice flat we texted the landlord for a viewing and met up the following day. Immediately the landlord quizzed who would be in our flat. Upon learning it was a group of males he said he could not show us around because ten years ago he'd had issues with an all-male flat. He specifically said if we were mixed we would be fine. He did not even show us inside or offer to look into us further, throwing our hopes and desires of a good flat in a shitty heap all because of our gender. It seems shitty to complain about being a male but isn't this discrimination? I get that he has every right to not give us the flat but to not take tenants because of their gender seems a bit sexist.

Sincerely, sadbois who don't want to flat on castle. :'(

Dear Critic

This is a PSA for anyone that likes to stream videos from their devices to a smart tv or chrome cast.

When you stream from your device, control of the stream doesn't just show up on your own device, but on the phones of everyone else on the same Wi-Fi connection as you, as well as showing what website you are on. That's fine if you just like streaming Lofi beats to chill/study to off of YouTube, but remember that if you are streaming a website privately, the whole flat will be able to see, so maybe keep it on the phone.

**Sincerely
Flatmate of an XVideos viewer**

STARTERS

WHAT'S GOOD

WED:

QUIZ NIGHT
6PM - 8PM

THUR:

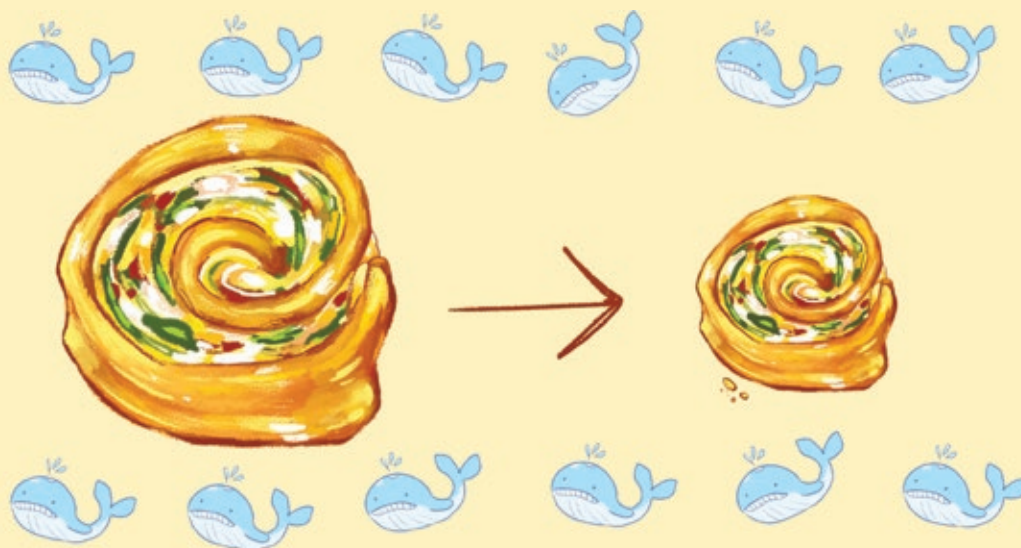
POKER NIGHT | 7 PM - LATE
HAWAIIAN HEAVEN
ALOHA BABY! | FT BO AND THE CONSTRICTORS + DJ'S | 8PM - 12AM

FRI:

ACRILLICS
8PM - 1AM

SAT:

QUEEN OF HEARTS | RANDA
8PM - 1AM



Savoury Scroll “No Longer Worthy” Of Hilarious \$4.20 Price Tag

Capitalism strikes again

By Sinead Gill | Chief Reporter

An anonymous student has accused St. David’s Cafe of shrinking the size of their savoury scrolls. In an interview with Critic, they allege that the portions are “no longer worthy” of the hilarious \$4.20 price tag, but that “the real betrayal is that they never even acknowledged it. No signs, or anything. Like, am I imagining it? Is this gaslighting?”

A University spokesperson confirmed this conspiracy. Allegedly, a “number of variables”, including “significant” increases to labour and ingredient costs, led to “adjustments to portion sizes of some items we produce”.

The anonymous victim responded to this statement with “fuck that” and “flour ain’t gold”.

However, she did concede that basil pesto and feta were ‘boogie’ condiments.

The “crestfallen” former patron of the basil feta scrolls, fighting back tears, added that “hard times are upon students as it is. I can barely afford undies let alone paying that kind of money for a mere bite of scroll.”

“It used to be that one butter was not nearly enough. Now, one butter easily does the whole scroll,” she said. Another student, who overheard this part of the interview, interrupted to say that this “definitely crosses a line” and were now contemplating a boycott. A second concerned bystander chipped in to say they

were already boycotting St Dave’s Cafe, but only because he claims there is never enough leftover sushi for the 4:30pm ‘everything 50% off’ sale, thus rendering a trip there pointless.

Chlöe Swarbrick, who had the misfortune of wandering into Critic while I was writing all of my news pieces, told Critic that she believes that “campaigning for change” is the only solution.

A University spokesman assured frequenters of the Cafe that their aim “is always to produce quality food at a reasonable price, and we will continue to do the best for our customers under the current market conditions”.

The real kicker is that Saint David is the patron saint of W(h)ales. “That just puts salt in the wound, really,” said one student who I just made up.



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NZUSA are Preparing to Fight “Tweaks” to the Fees-Free Policy

Nothing in life is certain but death

By Sinead Gill | Chief Reporter

Although the National Student Union, NZUSA, started the year at a \$74,000 deficit, the entire staff of James Ranstead (President) and Caity Barlow-Groome (Vice-President), with the blessing of the NZUSA National Executive, have decided to invest in a 20-hour staff member for a ‘fees-free’ campaign. A campaign that the Government has technically already launched.

Ranstead said that before they made this decision they had “reforecasted” the budget

to a “near break even” position for 2019. This is largely due to Caity’s hustling throughout the year, lowering the cost of their usual equipment hire by 81% and their rent by an unspecified number.

The fees-free campaign is technically an active Labour party policy that began with first year fees-free in 2017, with the intention to roll it out for a full three years (the typical time it takes for an undergraduate degree) free by 2024. Of course, just because it was a policy during election year does not mean that they have to follow through. James said, “we have been signalled by politicians across the coalition that we need to be pushing this, and we have been warned of tweaks”. Bastards.

With this new person (still to be hired) taking 20 hours of campaigning off of his hands, Ranstead will be focusing his time on the “Student Voice”, Postgraduate Allowance (which the Gov have already ruled out for this term), and Reform of Vocational Education campaigns.

Chlöe Swarbrick, who wandered into the office while we were writing this article, got paid in a large corn cob from Nandos (#spons) for her opinion on the matter. She said that as a body who represents the interests of all students, and as having fees-free as a student issue, it seemed legit for this position to be established.

University Set to Start Charging for Cup Libraries

Normal libraries continue to remain communist and boring. Insert boob joke here where I write something witty about C Cups.

Caroline Moratti | Staff Writer

In your daily update of ceramic news, the University is set to start charging for use of cup libraries, with borrowers paying \$1 to get a cup and on returning it will get \$1 off their next coffee purchase.

You may have seen the colourful, quirky cup libraries around campus, looking like something Wes Anderson would finger bang your grandma with and use the mug to collect her

juices. Cup libraries are a blossoming part of liberal agenda, but are traditionally free in order to encourage use - such is the case with Canterbury University, the golden standard of the vessel world. The libraries at Otago will be free for a fortnight from this Monday, until the capitalist switch is set to take place.

The switch comes as three campus cafes, St. David’s cafe, Te Mātiti and The Staff Club, move to abandon single-use disposable cups from Monday, with the rest of the University set to follow. Whilst this is all well and good, it’s unclear why the charge for the cup library needs to go alongside this new environmentally friendly initiative. University of Otago Campus and Collegiate Life Services Director James Lindsay says that the reason for the bond is “to encourage customers to bring their

own cups, and if they have borrowed a cup, to bring it back”.

The controversial move has divided students, with some welcoming the charge as a way to pay for washing costs and replacement cups. However, there has been criticism from others for discouraging the use of cup libraries, and see the added cost as an attack on their personal liberties.

On more positive news, the University is set to do a promotion on keep cups, which, for the next fortnight, will only cost students \$6.50 for a University cup and coffee. Keep cups are a good alternative if you wish to stay out of the murky waters of political cup library drama. Stay safe everyone, these are dark times.

The University & The Sexual Misconduct Policy

By Caroline Moratti | Staff Writer

Under the new Sexual Misconduct Policy, which was made public at the end of May this year, the University is obligated to “ensure that students are informed of this policy, related resources, and education programmes”. However, according to Thursdays in Black Otago, the University has fallen significantly short of this task.

They alleged that, despite the University’s resources, they have “not provided significant enough resources to Te Whare Tāwharau [the University’s sexual violence prevention centre] or accepted our repeated offers to collaborate” on communicating the policy, as is required of them. They said the University “has taken the first step by creating this policy” but they are “still waiting for them to take responsibility for it and to provide a meaningful way of letting students know how

this impacts them - because sexual violence is an issue that affects all students”.

According to Thursdays in Black Otago, Te Whare Tāwharau are expected to take time and resources already dedicated to other initiatives or forms of advocacy for this new policy. Melanie Beres, Te Whare Tāwharau Academic Director, said that “We appreciate that TiB are so passionate about ensuring all students are aware of their rights and obligations under the new sexual misconduct policy”.

“Much of the work outlined in the policy related to education and prevention is already being achieved through TWT’s prevention and education workshops. Our mandate is to support those affected by sexual violence and work with our community to reduce the impact of sexual violence. SMART [Sexual Misconduct Action Response Team] are responsible for implementing and enforcing the policy. This process is well underway.”

Meanwhile, a general University spokesman says that “the University is satisfied at the level of communications to students and staff so far”.

TiB said if they “had more resources, we would be ensuring that it was mandatory for all students to hear both about the policy itself, and support options if they experience sexual misconduct or violence. We urge the University of Otago to take this step to ensure that all students are informed, as a sign of its dedication to no tolerance and reducing the likelihood of sexual violence.”

A University spokesman said that the responsibility to communicate the policy has been split between various departments, and include media engagement, poster and digital screen campaigns, and others. Therefore, “on the whole did not require budgeting”.

Otago Uni Says Nup to 126,000 Cups

That’s a shit load of cups.

By Nina Minogue | Staff Writer

Otago Uni has announced that as of July 15, they will be phasing out disposable cups across all campus cafes. The first three cafes to be affected by this change will be St. Davids, Te Mātiti and Staff Club. While some students already use reusable cups at the campus cafes, the University has estimated that each cafe uses 14,000 cups each week. The Uni has said that each cup is used on average for 3 minutes before being disposed of, and with 9 cafes on campus, that’s an estimated 126,000 cups that

would be reaching landfill each week. That’s a shit load of cups.

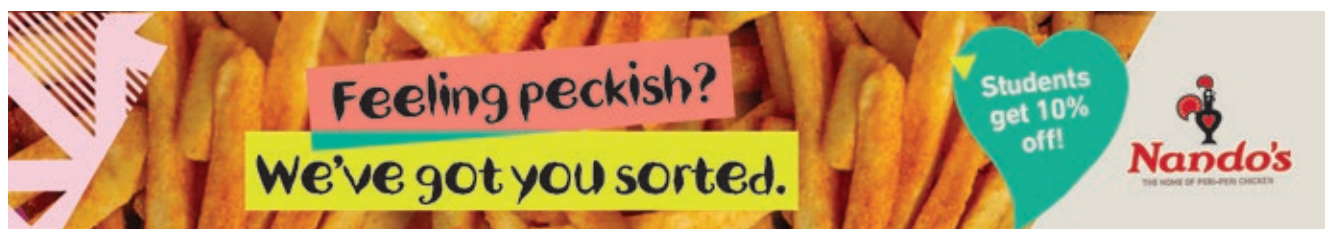
As part of the initiative, the Uni will be setting up a mug library in the Link available for all students to use, alongside keep cup giveaways in the coming weeks.

Reception amongst the student body is largely positive. Third-year student Emily said, “I think it’s great that we’re not just sitting here patting ourselves on the back for banning plastic bags but are continuing to look for ways that we can help reduce our impact on the environment”. She says that the Uni’s move is a reflection of students’ attitudes about the environment. “Otago students caring about something

other than burning couches. Take that, ODT.”

Students also said that this initiative felt like only just the beginning, with one saying, “It’s going to be interesting to see what other cutbacks on plastic the University will be looking at, especially with all the takeaway options like sushi dishes and salad containers”.

Another student noted that “Hussey & Laredo have already been letting students borrow mugs rather than give them disposable cups. You can buy keep cups from Uni for 10 bucks and then get a free coffee with them, and then with the mug library... there’s literally no excuse.”



Otago University Trades Suicide Prevention Framework For 'Wellbeing Matrix'

Critic suspects this is an Easter Egg to Keanu Reeves becoming the next Vice-Chancellor.

By Sinead Gill | Chief Reporter

Despite working on a Suicide Prevention Framework for over a year, the Healthy University Advisory Group (HUAG) have decided to replace it with a 'Wellbeing Matrix'. A framework is basically a set of ideas and principles about how something should work (so, how suicide could be prevented, theoretically), whereas a matrix is just a cool way of saying 'network'. Both of these imply that they are a guideline of some sort, as opposed to a policy that mandates what people should or shouldn't do.

HUAG made this change from suicide prevention to general wellbeing when they learned that district health boards around the country begun developing their own regional suicide prevention policies. The Southern District Healthboard are developing their policy through the 'WellSouth Primary Health Network'. As the University of Otago is a key stakeholder in the community, HUAG believes

it makes more sense to feed into a regional policy rather than develop their own.

However, local and central Government policies around suicide prevention do not render a University policy or framework obsolete. The Victoria University of Wellington launched a "Responding to Suicidal Behaviour by Students" policy in 2014 while central Government had their own strategy. Their policy "of assertive and compassionate response[s] to any form of suicidal behaviour by students and hall residents" aims to identify students at risk and provide "earlier and more effective intervention and support following any suicidal behaviour".

Jason Cushen, the chair of HUAG, does not see the Wellbeing Matrix as a "shift away" from suicide prevention, but rather a "different approach" to tackling overall wellbeing, for staff as well as students.

When asked if he saw worth in the University of Otago having their own prevention strategy for students, like Victoria University, Cushen repeated that it made "more sense" for HUAG to focus on overall wellbeing if there is going to be a regional strategy. He denied the suggestion that this was the University shifting responsibility from themselves to the public health system.

Critic asked a bunch of students what, if any, role the University has to play in supporting the mental health of its students. There was a consensus that the Uni has a "significant" role, as much of the stress students face are, in part, caused by studies.

Another, who is a Residential Assistant, said that it was important to offer services, especially in halls, as RAs are "on the frontline" of their students' mental health support. A University spokesperson said that there is no current demand for such a service.

Cushen believes that the University already "is doing a lot of great stuff" and collectively "adds up to quite a comprehensive service and support network". This network is spread throughout many different parts of the University, including Student Health, Colleges, OUSA Student Support, Te Whare Tāwharau and the Proctor's office.

Cushen hopes to hand over this Matrix to the Vice-Chancellor and her advisory group for further action. It's "up to her what she does with it", though he says he does not intend to let it "sit in the bottom draw".

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OPINION: My eEquals is Bullshit

That \$30 could have been spent on vodka, you monsters

Erin Gourley | Staff Writer

"Pay \$30 so that employers can trust that your grades are what you say they are, you lying/untrustworthy/deceitful student." Underneath it all, that's the vibe of My eEquals. The system is based on the idea that students want to scam employers by sending them false academic transcripts. So, apparently, we have to pay \$30 to ensure employers can trust us.

For those who like to ignore emails from the University, and especially emails from companies loosely affiliated with the University, My eEquals is an online platform which lets you share your grades electronically. Every semester for the past two years, Otago students received an email with a link to the website after exam results come out. Subject line: 'Your documents have been updated by University of Otago'.

There is very little explanation around the whole thing. One email went out when it was implemented, then no communication. You make an account on their website, and the webpage shows you nothing. It just requests

your payment details so that you can see the document. And then you pay \$30, and share your transcript with a link.

Or you don't, because fuck paying \$30 on top of the fees you already pay to the University to share the grades you have already earned.

I'm not suggesting that there are sinister intentions behind My eEquals. The whole thing is well-intentioned. All universities across New Zealand and Australia are implementing the website. Basically, they decided they needed a service that would allow people to share their verified academic transcripts online. My eEquals made the lowest bid to provide that service, so it was introduced. And two years on, we're still paying to not use it.

Maybe I'm just being cheap, but if you're going to trial a new system on students, don't make them pay for it. Especially when the new system holds no real benefit for students. At the moment, employers don't care whether your transcript is a paper copy or an unofficial PDF of your results or a link via My eEquals. Janet, the fifty-year-old HR manager dealing with your emails, does not really care which form of academic transcript you've sent. Of the three options, My eEquals is the option most likely to confuse her, because it takes her to

a website rather than giving her a document which she can chuck in a folder with the rest of your application.

As a free service, is it useful? Yes. But it's aggravating that we are supposed to pay in order to gain the trust of employers rather than just flicking through an email. Whatever the lofty aims of digitising our academic transcripts, the current system introduces an unnecessary expense to the already-stressful graduate job application process. It sets up a digital wall between you and your academic transcript. To take down that wall, you have to pay up.

I have doubts about the long-term potential of the My eEquals. For anyone who doesn't remember, high schools and intermediates across the country have tried to roll out educational CV-type websites that would be valuable to our careers, like My Portfolio. As far as I'm aware, those systems still exist, but they haven't caught on in the way schools hoped they would, or lived up to the way that they were advertised to students. I have very little faith that My eEquals will go a different way.

The University can use students as a trial for a new qualification sharing system. That's fine. But don't charge us to be part of that trial.



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Writing About The Executive Reports So They Feel Like Their Lives Have Some Meaning

TLDR; some people are great, some people are shit

By Sinead Gill | Chief Reporter

If you noticed that we never covered the first quarterly reports of the OUSA Executive back in March, then you are either Will Dreyer, OUSA Education Officer, or... (no, you're just Will Dreyer). Now that the second quarterly reports are out, though, Critic can compare what goals and promises they kept first semester, what fell by the wayside, and how much hustling they will have to do to save face for the third quarter.

President James 'Big Daddy' Heath

It's great to have a President who sets the bar high, but exceeds it every time. Our only (and very genuine) critique is that he has only done 664 out of 2439 dabs he promised to do in Harlene's office. He thinks that the joke is 'out-dated'. What is the joke, James? A promise is a promise.

Pourangi Templeton-Reedy – Vice President (Resigned)

Pou openly admitted in his report to not having worked his full twenty hours a week this quarter. But since they changed the payment system to being fortnightly instead of upon the passing of each report, and Pou resigned before the reports were even discussed, there is nothing OUSA can do.

Bonnie Harrison – Finance

Having goals as the Finance Officer seems easy since OUSA has full-time accountants

and it's not like she has ultimate authority over all of OUSA's money. Money is too much like math. She could be running the association into the ground and we'd be none the wiser.

William Dreyer – Education

Will cares way too hard and does way too much. Chill out bro.

Kerrin Robertson-Scanlon – Welfare

Kerrin's report was covered in last week's issue. Since then she has promised to step up or else resign. We'll be keeping tabs on her progress and keep you in the loop.

Georgia Mischefski-Gray – Campaigns (Resigned)

Either Georgia got away with murder this last quarter, or her behind-the-scenes work has gone unnoticed by us. From what Critic can tell, all Georgia has done in six months are environment-based initiatives culminating into a single week campaign that she won't even be able to lead, because she will be busy campaigning in a by-election. That being said, doing one campaign is an improvement from last year's Campaigns Officer.

Sabrina Alhady – International

Sabrina continues the long tradition of International Officers who do crazy hours and crazy great work maintaining a thriving international community.

Dermot Frengley – Post-graduate (Resigned)

Dermot got a lot of attention last week, so we don't need to repeat the same shit twice. The bar was set veeeery low but he raised it high anyway,

despite how difficult it is to engage with the often aloof and alienated postgraduate community.

Josh Smythe – Re-creation

Josh continues to tick all the boxes required to get paid and maintains a "grassroots approach" to engaging with the community. Talk about sticking to what you're good at. Leave the policy shit for the squares.

Jack Manning – Colleges


Jack fell on his sword in the Exec meeting (but just the tip), admitting he had prioritised general executive work over his colleges work. However, there was a consensus that throughout the quarter he had been improving the quality and quantity of his work. He's got some meaty projects coming up to fight for RA rights.

Taylor-Rose Terekia - Te Roopū Māori Tumuaiki

As an ex-officio member of the Exec, technically the Exec can't do shit but accept her report, even if it's bad. Good thing it's great. Like most positions, she easily doubles her hours in reality. She does admit that she isn't loyal to her 9am office hour time, but we'll forgive her. Nobody is perfect.

Mary-Jane Kivalu – Pasifika Rep

This is Mary-Jane's first quarter as an ex-officio member of the OUSA Exec, so is exempt from our first-to-second quarter comparison. But it is worth noting that her report was uploaded with the final section still reading a series of "Content goes here. Content goes here. Content goes here. Content goes here."

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Student Enrolment Numbers Double



Still a pretty tiny number

By James Joblin | Reporter

The number of students enrolled to vote in the upcoming local elections is on the rise, with the number of Otago students enrolled doubling so far this year. These numbers still remain a fraction of the total student body.

In recent years, the percentage of Otago students enrolled has remained at around 2.5%, or 1 in 40 students. This year, the percentage has doubled to see 5% of students enrolled.

The increase follows four weeks of an OUSA campaign including free snags and dumplings for students who enrol to vote.

The campaign has been apart of OUSA's plan for student participation in the upcoming Dunedin local elections but, while the dumplings were well done, OUSA is not sitting down to eat just yet.

"We have currently planned for four more BBQs – all finishing just before the deadline for enrolments," said James Heath, OUSA Pres-

ident. "This marks the end of our enrolment phase though I imagine we'll see something similar closer to election time."

James estimated that OUSA has given out at least 10,000 dumplings. "We can attribute at least 1000 enrolments directly to BBQs," he said. However he was not willing to speculate on the rather stagnant number of students enrolled. "I would suggest waiting until final enrolment numbers before even addressing this. It is far too early to tell what percentage we will be enrolling."

James also said OUSA have received a positive response from the Electoral Commission, who have staffed the barbecues and provided enrolment packs for on the day sign-ups.

OUSA's campaign for student involvement in the local body elections will continue with more barbecues, visits to residential halls, door knocking, and competitions to be expected. James said that OUSA are committed to engaging students in local body elections.



DUNEDIN NEWS

So. Rumours, rumours.

Will it happen or not? It would certainly bring a bit of excitement.

It may be the big break for some locals. If they're after very short plump people with large hairy feet - I'm the man.

Love formula.

Red? Far out she doesn't love you
Hahahahaha

Lost your bed? it's on School
Street by the bowling club

Rare and special creatures we should be saving
(but instead we are commercially fishing them to the brink)

anyone lose a budgi

SO did anybody get any Snow ?

Anyone know why I have been hearing a helicopter for last half hour

ODT WATCH

This week someone let the ODT read the thesaurus again...

Is Lime's easy ride lubricated by laissez-faire?

Then a sage warning about an upcoming crisis:

Mindful focus
on World
Juggling Day

We should all be mindful of World Juggling Day,
specifically mindful of how to end this pagan
sacrilege once and for all.

We promise we haven't altered this title at all – this was all there was.

— well, hopefully

Then the ODT was weird about oysters.

Sublime toast to **oysters**

Why is "oysters" in red? Oysters aren't red. Oysters are the off-white colour of cum and it's beautiful and the ODT shouldn't shame them for it.

And finally a classic plucked at random from the ODT's coveted pun drawer.

Ice and easy does it

The Critical Tribune



Clan of Horny Goblins Raid Critic Stands Solely for Moaningful Confessions

Last Monday a horde of at least 20 sex-deprived beings descended upon campus to steal as many copies of Critic as possible. It is currently unknown whether the creatures were students coming out of Winter hibernation, or actual goblins.

The Critical Tribune spoke to one of the goblins briefly after the raid,

but all that could be made out was "nnnyessss, sexy column, favourite column". They then scuttled off.

The goblins are currently suspected to live in either a Dundas Street flat or the North Dunedin Sewers; the Critical Tribune reporter who followed the horde back to their lair couldn't tell the difference.



Student Health to Offer Vaccines for 'Fresher Plague'

According to Student Health's specialist in Dark Age ailments, Dr. Charles Lorm, "it's all coming back. First it was measles, this semester I'm betting on the black plague."

The Tribune reporter had difficulty understanding Lorm's next sentences through his doctor mask, but are fairly sure we caught the words "miasma", "yel-

low bile" and "buboe" through his lavender-filled leather beak.

If you have the plague, Lorm recommends 10 sessions of leech-based bloodletting at Student Health, which will be available for discount with a Community Services card.



Highschooler Presenting Speech on 'Why Speeches Are Bad' Thinks He's A Real Funny Cunt

Jackson Collins has been left heartbroken this week after receiving a low-achieved mark in his year 11 English speech. Collins said "I was just like, sitting at home thinking about what to do my speech on, and I just thought it would be a really original and funny take on the assignment".

A member of the class reported that

it was "fucking boring" and "not even very good". Mr Prunett, teacher of the class, refused to comment specifically on the speech. However he did state "this shit happens every year. Stop being meta, just stand up, talk, get your 4 credits, and get the fuck out of my class."



It's 2am and Your Stupid Loser Flatmate Won't Stop Getting High and Making Noise With His Shitty Lame Friends

Looks like your flatmate, Sammy, is smoking weed again. That would be all well and good if somebody in this house didn't have work in the morning.

When asked why he felt the need to make so much noise and smoke weed at 2am every night, Sammy replied "oh my God, shut the fuck

up. Stop pretending you're a real reporter. What are you gonna do, write a Critical Tribune about me? Fuck off."

Latest reports have confirmed that Sammy is a fucking asshole.



Rory and His Forest Garden

By Oscar Francis
Photography: Oscar Francis

On the North End of George Street, in an orange brick house bedecked with vines and separated from the street by a row of feijoa bushes, lives Rory and his forest garden. The George Street Orchard has been ex-Otago student Rory's pet project for the past ten years.

He invites me to try a grape. It's a weird moment. It tastes like grape lollies, only much better - juicier and more complexly flavoured. I always thought that they just picked the artificial flavours for candy out of a hat or something. Grapes from the supermarket taste like a bland mass product in comparison.

The grapevine is just a small sample of Rory's growing prowess. His peaches are delicious, as are his apples. It's clear he's onto something. It seems like a very satisfying life, to be able to go out into the back garden and harvest fresh, high quality food. But it's not as easy as it looks. Rory spends a lot of time in the garden, and hones his skills during his day job as a horticulturalist.

While Rory still buys most of his carbohydrates from the supermarket, his dependency upon supply chains based on fossil fuel use has reduced a lot due to the garden. He mainly gears it towards high value perishables and

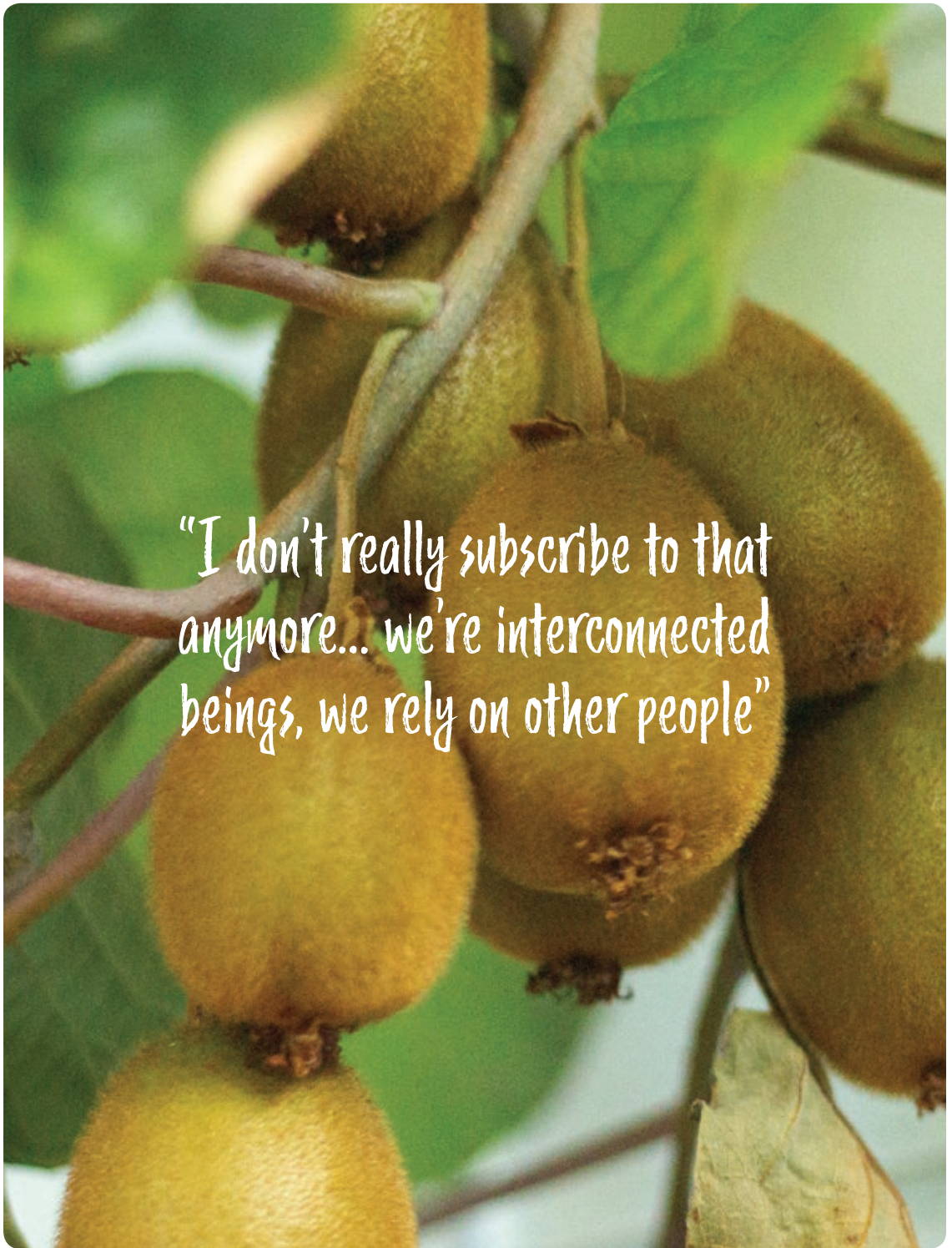
food you can't easily buy, including feverfew (a flower similar to chamomile), gooseberries, currents, passion-fruit, tamarillo (although it hasn't fruited yet), Yukon (a South American tuber crop) and paw paw.

Rory says that in the early days of the garden he was driven by a "radical idea of self sufficiency". He says "I don't really subscribe to that anymore [...] we're interconnected beings; we rely on other people." Indeed, Rory uses his garden as a teaching space to demonstrate the possibilities of sustainable food gardening in a small urban section.

He sees permaculture (an agricultural ecosystem intended to be self-sufficient and sustainable) as an ongoing conversation that "anyone who contributes to it sort of defines what it is". He says it's important to tackle issues like growing sustainable foods as they are "the low hanging fruit" - the types of issues that, when solved, begin to present new opportunities for more solutions to be built on top of them.

The George Street Orchard uses the organic method of "no-dig", which Rory says is "the only way to go". No-dig refers to the practice of avoiding ploughing and turning





"I don't really subscribe to that anymore... we're interconnected beings, we rely on other people"





the soil as much as possible. Apparently the ploughing of the soil releases carbon into the atmosphere. So, for all the much-maligned impact of animal farming on the environment, industrial monocultures of vegan crops are, in many ways, disastrous too.

In contrast, the tactic of no-dig permaculture is to steward the soil so that it can nurture as many different types of plants as possible. A diverse selection of plants increases the resilience of the garden. For instance, Rory plants peach, kiwifruit and berries along with multiple kinds of feijoa - not to mention 14 different species of apple tree.

These perennial (lives more than two years) trees are a key part of building a sustainable food network. As the trees last year after year, there is no need to plough the field where they grow, to weed or plant new seeds. The carbon from the soil is kept in the ground as the tree itself sequesters carbon from the atmosphere.

Yields are maximised by carefully picking sites for each plant, at the same time as a diversity of plant varieties and different species of individual plants are chosen so that if something unexpected happens to one planting, there'll still be more left over to harvest. It is well known that plants are often given to erratic behaviour, but climate variables such as frost and drought can affect flowering and fruiting too.



*"If you can't maintain
one square metre, how
can you do ten?"*

For Rory, a large part of the importance of running the George Street Garden is showing other people what can be done within the confines of an urban section. He says that unfortunately it's often hard for students, as the "growing calendar doesn't match up with the semester calendar". He advocates for landlord buy-in; to encour-





"The growing calendar doesn't match up with the semester calendar"



age students with green fingers to get busy as the potential rewards and savings for students are high.

Composting is one of the easiest and most cost effective ways for students to reduce their waste footprint, while at the same time furnishing them with materials for gardening. Rory says that the main problem with compost, especially in student flats is a lack of carbon. This leads to the substrate "getting slimy or stinky".

Rory reckons one of the solutions to the "too many food scraps" in the compost pile problem is for landlords to supply straw or woodchips. Either that, or "make it all happen at one person's place", preferably someone who really wants it. He's had success in the past with putting a sign out front of his old flat soliciting donations from the community.

The message regarding compost is to go big or go home. At Rory's place, he runs two three-square-metre piles, but advocates at least one square metre as a minimum to get the compost hot enough. Plastic bins, he says, tend to not be big enough. He has a similar perspective on raised beds - they're not as good at getting into the soil, but they are effective if the alternative is not an option, such as in cases of polluted topsoil.

Rory's main advice to scrubs is not to get carried away, but rather to start small and stay organic. "If you can't maintain one square metre, how can you do ten?" He emphasises that newbies should do their research, steward the soil, and focus on learning the processes for abundance - such as weed control (something Rory spends much less time on now the garden is well and truly established).





When Opportunity Knocks: The Best Dunedin Op Shops

By Sophia Carter Peters

A small town gal in the big city exercises her gosh-darn given right to hunt for bargains on the mean streets of Dunedin, while giving the lowdown on what's good, what's bad and what's ugly.

SaveMart

Despite the overwhelming size, SaveMart's chaotic energy, price range and location does not put it high on the rating scale for op shops in this review. Like a lucky oyster, sometimes you will find a pearl within its tough, grimy walls. More often than not, however, you will be greeted with something a wee bit over-priced and potentially slimy. SaveMart is more likely to have some brand-name items, but they're pretty expensive by op shop standards. One of the best parts of op shops is the disregard for appropriate pricing, which SaveMart doesn't adhere to consistently enough.

Atmosphere: 2/5

Layout: 2/5 (got lost)

Pricing: 2.5/5 (some good, some really bad)

Smell: -3/5 (musty as fuck since 1998)

(Stussy top - \$25.00) – fuckin' branded

Orphan's Aid Op Shop

Quiet and small-ish, on the far side of the Botans, Orphan's Aid walks the fine line between "cool" and "old lady". It definitely houses some interesting pieces you may not be able to find anywhere else. The atmosphere feels like your grandma's house; calm, eclectic, buncha random shit, but still a bit whimsical and fun to be there. Aside from clothing, there is lots of odd cutlery, plates, bowls, and dishes of various sizes and shapes at criminally low prices, if you're looking to spice up your already mismatched flat dishware. Really reasonably priced, very little over \$20.

Atmosphere: 4/5 (very chill)

Layout: 4/5

Pricing: 5/5

Smell: 4/5

(Top - \$2.50

Pants - \$8.00)





Paperbag Princess

With a central location and almost-Pinterest decor, it is no surprise that Paperbag Princess is the “white-girl op shop”. The interior and atmosphere are really pleasant. As one of Dunedin’s many repurposed Victorian-style houses with high ceilings, multiple levels, and creaky staircases, it’s one of the cosier stores. Although there are some great pieces, they are only occasionally present, and prices are a gamble. Their big sales are pretty exciting and can hold some hidden gems if you’re patient with good timing.

Atmosphere: 5/5

Layout: 4/5 (vintage and trendy)

Pricing: 3/5

Smell: 4/5

(Top - \$14.00)



Op Shop on Andrew

This is another smaller, low-key op shop, but in the downtown area and more easily accessible. Another super low priced, smaller business op shop run by two lovely ladies (hint: you get a very approving glance if you bring your own bag, what a dream). Op Shop on Andrew has a wide variety, but the real highlight is definitely the super weird collection of costumes and fancy coats which push the envelope of fashion and taste. It can be a little confusing, as there isn't much organization, but the low pricing and the kind atmosphere completely makes up for it. Plus, there's a special tingle that one can only summon from a wholesome rummage.

Atmosphere: 5/5 (wholesome)

Layout: 3/5

Pricing: 5/5

Smell: 4/5

(Top - \$5.00)



Salvation Army

Quite a few stones throws from the city centre, this op shop is less populated by students and more so by the general public (the who? They exist???). With this wider demographic does come a lot more variety and lower prices. Boasting a wide selection of clothing and random other shit (broken photo frames? Yes PLEASE!), Salvation Army is worth the occasional trip, especially for super cheap plates and cutlery. The one downfall, aside from the distance, is the presence of many EXTREMELY haunted-looking dolls. They watch the store from a variety of vantage points, judging your purchases and/or soul. I'm not paranoid or anything, but maybe bring some holy water.

Atmosphere: 3/5 (big windows, but creepy dolls)

Layout: 4/5

Pricing: 3.5/5

Smell: 3/5

(Cardigan thing - \$6.00)





Kaka Vs. Kea: Dunedin Botanic Gardens Edition



By Oscar Francis

There are three, and only three, reasons that a student might visit this fair city's botanic gardens. Firstly, drinking in a tree in an attempt to mimic an introduced marsupial. Secondly, trashing the fountains in the Mediterranean Garden by partying on the eve of a national tragedy. The third and final reason is to see the birds.

Like a five-star Pokémon trainer, the Botans have a seriously cool collection. Ducks. Seagulls. BigGulls. Stormy BigGulls. Hundreds of sparrows. Blackbirds. Even the occasional starling. This garden has but one crowning glory: the aviary.

Many species are kept at the aviary, both native and exotic. They range from the mundane (hi, canaries) to the mint - the big bad parrots, of whom there is a whole selection, from parakeets to cockatoos. However, to take the crown of mintest, there is only competition between two: Kea and Kaka. For the uninitiated, the Kaka is basically a joyful forest parrot while the Kea is its badass alpine cousin.

The Dunedin Aviary has not one, but two breeding pairs of Kaka, which are held to contribute to wild populations. Initially these breeding pairs contributed to the establishment of the (relatively) wild, although supplementary fed, populations at the Orokonui Ecosanctuary.

Since the genetic stock of the resident aviary pairs are now well represented in the local area, these days the

chicks are reared in Dunedin then shipped North to Kahurangi National Park, under the auspices of Project Janszoon. The hilariously titled (after some Dutch explorer's middle name) programme has been a remarkable success over its nine-year tenure.

Located at the Abel Tasman National Park, Project Janszoon has been a large contributor to the fact that, while South Island Kaka are rated as "nationally vulnerable," the North Island Kaka, another distinct subspecies, is only rated as "at risk". The effectiveness of the carefully-managed captive breeding programme is also helped by pest control efforts, including trapping and aerial 1080.

The pair of Kaka down in the bottom of the Botan's aviary came from Queens Park Gardens in sunny old Invercargill, the second-hand carpet capital of the lower Southern Hemisphere. Alisha Sherriff, who is in charge of the breeding program here in Dunedin, is hoping they will reproduce this coming Spring, and that the chicks will be reared by their parents in the aviary with barely any human intervention.

The parent-led raising of the Kaka chicks allows their natural inquisitiveness to be fostered. Despite being in a public space, Alisha says the Kaka are good at interacting on their own terms. When it comes time to release the chicks into the wild, a soft release approach is used. Rather than abandoning them to the vicious whims of the big wild world, supplementary feeding is used to manage the release, so an eye can be kept on them.

Alisha says that there are seldom issues with releasing captivity-raised Kaka, and that "Kaka are pretty good at wilding up pretty quick". However, the release project is not without its risks. The two main threats to Kaka populations are, along with habitat destruction, inbreeding (hence the need to steward genetic diversity) and predation, especially of the eggs of nesting birds.

Kea and Kakapo tend to nest on the ground, making them immensely vulnerable. While, Kaka tend to nest in tree hollows and lay their eggs off the ground, predation (especially from stoats and cats) is still an issue, especially during mega masts (which is when predator numbers, particularly rats, boom due to an increase in foodstuffs from beech forests). The increase in predator numbers means that when the weather cools off, and the food-source that led to the population boom diminishes, the predators will turn towards native birds for food.





This is a real threat for Kaka because of the propensity of stoats ("public enemy number one" for the nation's native birds) to gorge on rats fed by the mast, before turning their attentions to nesting birds as the beech seed season passes. Alisha frames this as "a typical story of the New Zealand bush. We have a huge problem with predator numbers in our forests."

Although the government's stated goal of complete eradication of pests by 2050 might not be strictly realistic, it seems that the best bet for New Zealand native birdlife is captive breeding and predator control. However, Alisha emphasises that conservation is not an exclusive domain for those with a three year degree: everyone can get involved, through planting native trees, backyard trapping or financially supporting conservation efforts.

press, due to perceptions of them as alpine troublemakers. They were for a long time subject to a bounty because of fears they were killing sheep. The bounty system is now viewed as an example of historical mismanagement. The Kea beaks at the Otago Museum are a macabre reminder of an attempt to extinguish a unique, inquisitive and interesting native parrot.

The more recent alpine terrorist narrative has tended to foreground Kea as car wreckers, as seen in many insurance television ads. Alisha says this is more due to Kea at tourist hotspots becoming habituated to the presence of humans, than it being behaviour present in more wild and remote Kea.

Part of Alisha's role at the aviary is to spread a message of responsible conservation. One of the things that she wants to discourage is people buying large parrots, such

"We have a huge problem with predator numbers in our forests."

While the South Island Kaka breeding program has been a relative success, Kea breeding in captivity is not currently practised. DOC maintains oversight and a monopoly on the breeding of native species vulnerable to extinction. Alisha points out that there are dangers of overbreeding and making redundant populations that can only exist within captivity. This has typically been the case for breeding Kea.

In recent years, Kea have been decimated by introduced predators. Alisha suggests that a return to captive breeding of Kea pairs could be an effective way to bolster vulnerable wild populations. "I'm really passionate about Kea."

The Kea kept at the Dunedin Aviary are there largely for advocacy reasons, as Kea have traditionally received bad

as the Sulfur-Crested Cockatoos, like those they keep at the aviary. "Think about what you are doing before you randomly go out and buy these birds; they're a lot of work." They can live for 50 or 60 years – truly a long-term commitment. They can also end up "with really negative habitual behaviours" because they've been mistreated, or because their natural behaviours "are just not understood". At the aviary too, they have more space and specialist support than hobby owners can generally afford.

If you're keen to see and support birds, do it at the Dunedin Aviary rather than trying to commit to a long-term relationship yourself with limited means.





OUTSTANDING IN HIS FIELD

THE MAN WHO BECAME A COW

By Phillip Plant

60,000,000 tonnes of beef is eaten worldwide every year.

So that settled it. I would have to become a cow.

I watched a thrilling documentary called “How to be a Cow” and it was without a doubt the most significant and life-changing 60 seconds of my entire life. From this video, I learned some important rules surrounding what it takes to be a cow. For example, you have to be able to sing and dance, you must eat grass, and there’s also some specific rules regarding being able to jump as high as the moon and also being able to communicate with your cutlery. It was very informative.

The next step was the physical transformation. It went a lot like the makeover scene in *The Princess Diaries*, except completely different. By that I mean that I went to Krazy \$ Deals and bought a costume and that was it. Regardless, I now felt the part.

The final, and most important step, was to go to a farm and live as a cow. So I did. In hindsight, I probably shouldn’t have worn a thin cow costume in a field in the middle of winter, drank from a trough, and eaten grass, but I’m desperate and will do anything for attention.

The first thing I noticed about cow life is that it’s really fucking boring. The only things to do were eat, take a shit, and scream. Usually I love doing those things, but somehow the looming thought of me being killed, butchered, and eaten just ruined the fun.

To make it worse, I was walking on all fours through a pungent mix of shit, piss, and mud. This would have been bad enough, but not only did I not have any hooves (because I couldn’t seem to grow them for some reason) but I also didn’t have any gloves either. If I die from typhoid, please just set my body on fire. I don’t want to come back as a zombie or something; one go on this planet was more than enough to break my spirit.

The boredom was pretty bad. I realised that I had to find something to keep me entertained soon, or else I would probably end up butchering myself just for the lols.

I tried watching the clouds and looking for interesting shapes and patterns, but seeing as I was a cow I was conceptually constrained to simple things like trees, hay bales, and those sexy droopy udders.

I had tried socialising with other cows, but all the ones near me were really rude and refused to talk to me. I’m not saying that the Angus are racist, but I was the only Friesian in the whole field. Sadly it wasn’t just the cows that refused to be seen with me. The sheep ran in fear when I approached while the cats and dogs mocked me from a safe distance. I thought the chickens might be friendly, but it turns out they’re the nastiest cunts on the whole farmyard. They took one look at me and said they would kill me for fun if I so much as mooed at them.

After that, I gave up on having any fun and cried myself to sleep over the thought that one day, without warning, I would be taken away to be gutted and turned into sausages, which was conflicting because I love sausages.

The next day, after I had reverted back to my human form, I considered my experience as a cow. I thought about how even though carnivorousism is a natural part of life, it seems strange that we as humans have instilled within us the idea that entire species are fit for nothing more than to be killed and eaten. Of course the real problem isn’t that the average everyday person has a spag bol every so often. It’s the capitalistic corporations that are more interested in profits than sustainability. And I thought that if I was going to be killed and eaten then at least the whole of my body could be used. And don’t buy meat and forget to use it and then throw it out; I don’t want to die for nothing.

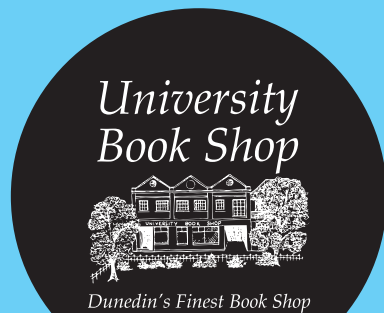
This whole thing made me realise that cows probably don’t enjoy their place in the world, and that I should stop eating beef or pork or anything like that. However I will still eat chickens, because those birds are bastards.



The sheep ran
in fear when I
approached; the
cats and dogs
mocked me from
a safe distance.



LAURA ANDERSON



presents Students to Watch

Laura Anderson found her passion in the most unusual of places, a university paper. While most

of us slouch in the back of lectures on Facebook, or are even lucky if we attend the damn thing in the first place, Laura was busy listening and learning. Her 200-level politics paper about political parties and elections steamrolled into something much bigger than an essay or a grade. "Everything was group work, and then you start talking to people that are likeminded, that have the same kind of ideas." Her and her peers "just realised that the things we'd been educated around at Uni, like voting and the Treaty and gen-

eral policy should have probably been taught to us earlier in life, rather than us finding out about it after we were eligible to vote". I'm lucky if anyone in my tutorial will even lend me a pen.

This mutual frustration flowered into the group Generation Vote. Generation Vote aims to "educate high schoolers about the importance of elections and voting and try to destigmatize involvement in politics". After some initial trouble approaching high schools, this year Generation

*“It’s young people’s right.
The opportunities are there;
we should be taking those
opportunities.”*

By Caroline Moratti

Vote ran a 7-week workshop at Otago Girls, where the students learnt about a variety of politics, even going so far as to run a mock election. Although let's be real - if you're an ACT voter, every election is a mock election. Laura's proud of how far the group has come in such a short time, saying "you just realise that if you really want to change something, then starting with something small like Generation Vote is quite possibly the way to make change that you want to". The group continues to go from strength to strength.

Laura really wants to get young people involved and active in politics: "It's young people's right. The opportunities are there; we should be taking

those opportunities. If we were more aware of the decision makers we have, and how those people can influence every day life, we'd have a much more productive society." If you have a younger sibling, or maybe you're a Commerce boy dating a highschooler, make sure to involve them in chats about politics. Also tell them to use protection. But also the politics thing.

Laura herself is gearing up for what Critic predicts will be a very successful career in civic education. One to watch, if you will. She's currently involved in part-time work for the electoral commission, POLSA, Generation Vote, and is completing a masters in Politics. If that sounds

busy - you're right (although that didn't save Laura from nursing a small hangover during our interview). We stan a social queen. She's set to continue with Generation Vote, with the electoral commission funding some of the upcoming workshops. If you want to get involved with Generation Vote, check out their at Facebook page 'Otago Generation Vote'. It's full of fun bits and opportunities to volunteer. You can meet the famous Laura herself, as well as the rest of the wonderful team. Voting has never been sexier.



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STUDENTS TO WATCH OUT FOR

By Henessey Griffiths

Have you ever dangled your legs over the edge of Lover's Leap while drinking the finest three-day old bong water? Or ever finished your yardie of Billy Mavs only to find out that three caps were secretly placed in it? Or ever ate vomit out of the 10Bar bathrooms just for a Snapchat? Local shit-cunts Joe Madsen and Thor Elley are no stranger to these kinds of antics. After humble beginnings as lab partners for PHS191, Joe and Thor have been through a lot together. From causing \$3000 worth of damages to a flat, to snorting lines off dicks - you name it, and they've done it. As Joe puts it ever so gracefully, "if everything in our earlier life would've classed us to go to Hell, then everything we're doing now should balance it out. But also, we're all going somewhere and I'd rather go somewhere warm."

Joe's beginnings at Uni were not smooth sailing. Within his first month at Otago, he was involved in an altercation at the Botanic Gardens that left him with brain damage and partial paralysis. "Two people stomped my head in, and I couldn't remember anything including my name, what year it was, or even what was happening. It erased all the memory for the past two years of my life, and I had to go into rehab," said Joe. After this incident, Joe began to truly embody the yolo lifestyle. "Ever since the brain injury, I've thought that since my life expectancy has gone down. It's at the point where if I get any minor concussion, it counts as a major and would most likely kill me. So ever since then, I've thought let's do as much as possible while I still can," leading to what was a wild 2016 for both Joe and Thor.

One time, Joe asked a random man in town for Eccies leading him to "whip [his] sick out on the dance floor before passing out standing upright in the urinal". He also had a Facebook page created about him entitled "Joe's Weekly Hookups" - thus giving him the nickname 'Fuckboy'. One of the most memorable tales was from his 21st. He recalls: "I got down on one knee and handed my yardie of Billy Mavs to my frail Grandma and start necking it back. I spewed my guts out while Grandma patted me on the back, which was a good family bonding moment, until my mate told me that he put three caps in it. That's where the night got messy; all I remember is a few grams going down the throat and up the anus. When I wake up in the morning, the only time I lie upright is to do lines of BZP off my friend's back."



“I got down on one knee and handed my yardie of Billy Mavs to my frail Grandma and start necking it back. I spewed my guts out while Grandma patted me on the back”

On Thor's side, when he moved to Dunedin he decided he would forget the word no and become his own 'yes man', leading to his obsession with "just doing stupid shit". Aside from breaking two ribs in drunken nights at town or getting a 19% on PHS191, Thor loves to prove any doubters wrong. "I made a joke or passing comment about drinking bong water and someone said 'oh you won't do it', I got all the boys around, did chop cones til the water was black and necked the whole thing to prove them wrong. I don't think I have an obsession or addiction to drinking bong water, I just think it's funny." Despite the days of sleeping through a chest infection due to a lack of motivation to go to Student Health, Thor notes the time he "filled [his] bong with Indomie noodles and


ripped it through that. Surprisingly enough, it didn't change how they tasted. I also filled my bong with those little silicon beads that dissolve in water, and it gave me a lung infection since they're highly toxic and I smoked the fumes. I think I had an intervention after that."

While Joe and Thor reminisce fondly over the times they've had together, they both know when to knuckle down when need be. At the start of 2017, Joe and Thor decided to focus on their grades so they can both graduate together. As Thor notes how "my alarm that wakes me up every morning says, "GET UP CUNT, GO GRADUATE WITH JOE"", they are both achieving A's in their respected studies for the greatest redemption arch of all time. Thor will be graduating


with his Zoology major, as well as works within environmental contamination outside of class. He plans on doing his Masters in Wildlife Management, leading into the DOC trainee course in Nelson. Joe will be graduating with a degree in Computer Science and Information Science, but has a few business ventures in the pipeline working alongside his DJ career.


While Joe's days of doing a gram every weekend and Thor's days of dropping tabs twice a week may be behind them, their legacies as some of the loosest students to watch out for live on.

Do you know a student that everyone should watch out for? Email culture@critic.co.nz




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from 5pm





Crusty Corner Cafe



Crusty Corner Cafe

BEST STAFF NAMES AT OTAGO

THESE ARE ALL 100% REAL

By Asia Martusia



Sherlock Licorish
Information Science

DJ Champion
Biochemistry

Dick Cannon
Department of
Oral Sciences

Grant A. Butt
Physiology

Ray Hope
Property Services Division

Robert Burns
Music, Theatre and
Performing Arts

Jackie Daniels
Biochemistry



Selwyn College – Te Maru Pūmanawa



Welfare Team Vacancies for 2020

Sub Wardens provide supervision, guidance and support to all residents of the College. They foster College spirit, uphold the best of traditions and provide exemplary leadership. They are positive, well organised people – enthusiastic about Selwyn and keen to contribute.

In addition to taking responsibility for the welfare of residents on their floors, Sub Wardens also take charge of a specific portfolio, eg Sustainability, Maori & Pacifica, Community Outreach, Formal Occasions, etc.

Applications are invited from senior students (4th year +). Potential applicants are strongly encouraged to attend the information evening in the Selwyn College Senior Common Room, Thursday 18 July, 6.30pm.

For a Position Description and further information about the process, please visit www.selwyn.ac.nz or contact the College.

E: senior.tutor@otago.ac.nz | P: 03 477 3326

Applications close Friday 26 July.

A MEANINGFUL INTERVIEW WITH MEANINGFUL CONFESSIONS

By Henessey Griffiths

"What does my super religious girlfriend and medicine have in common? I don't think I'll ever get in either of them," is one of the latest confessions received by UoO: Meaningful Confessions. With over 17,000 likes on Facebook, the page was set up for students to anonymously confess their deepest secrets, library crushes, and rants. Although the admin moderator team changes, Critic got an exclusive interview with some of the most powerful vigilantes on campus.

How did this page come about?

Legend has it that on one fateful night in 2017, a second-year Otago med student was procrastinating studying for their final exam by binge reading UoA: Meaningful Confessions. They thought to themselves, "Man, reading this is so depressing - if Otago had a confession page, it would be way spicier and a much more enjoyable way to waste precious study time". And so, UoO: Meaningful Confessions was born.

How many submissions do you receive daily?

Since taking the reins in September 2018, our page has steadily grown. A typical post will reach approximately 12,000 people with some going as high as 30,000, such as the one about how not to use a cock ring. While our numbers are not as large as UoA, we feel as if the engagement in terms of likes and detailed comments are second to none.

We will receive about 10-20 submissions a day. This drops off significantly during semester breaks and holidays. As you can imagine, a lot

of confessions don't make it because only 3 are posted every day. The most commonly rejected submissions are those which are overtly sexual, mentions traceable details, in poor taste, or a combination of all three. We aim to have a diverse range of confessions so that the page does not become stale over time. As you can imagine, this can become difficult when topical issues arise, such as library confessions during exam season or spicy sex confessions during Hyde Street.

What is your tolerance and moderation process of really marginal confessions?

One of our restrictions on submissions is anything that includes hate speech or racist slurs. Thankfully, we do not receive many submissions containing overtly hateful language so this issue is only dealt with on occasion. We always consider whether the content of a post can offend some readers (most of them will offend someone), though this has to be balanced with whether the moderation team thinks the post is appropriate and can contribute to public discourse in a meaningful way. Being such a vague criterion, we rely on the feedback of our viewers to hold our posts to account. Therefore, if one of our marginal confessions is reported for containing hate speech, we review the post and adjust our criteria accordingly.

Has there ever had to be external help and guidance provided from a confession?

In one case, yes. A person submitted a confession about something personal that they

wanted to be followed up by OUSA. But they didn't want their name associated with it for fear of the repercussions. So I copied the confession and sent it from our Confessions email address. In other cases we have read distressing confessions. But due to the nature of our page we have no clue how to get in contact with these people as it is all anonymous. We do try to keep it all light-hearted for the most part, but it's also important to recognise that not everyone is having a good time.

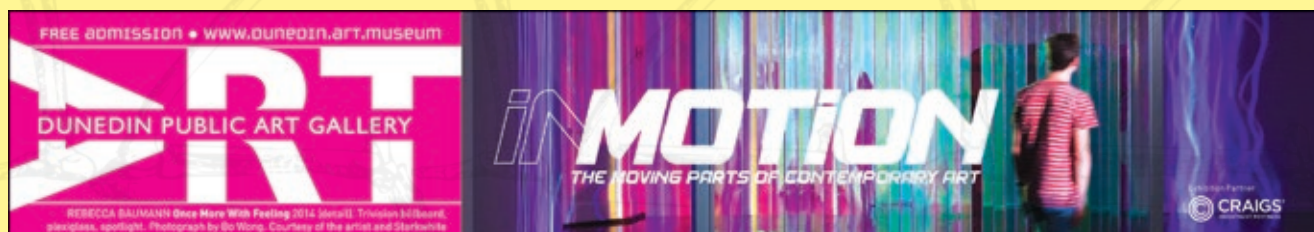
Why is this page important?

Without pretending as if it is a high form of art, we think the page is a great reflection of the University's culture. We receive and post submissions from all types of people, and this is reflected in the wide-ranging content of our page. We'd like to think that the page enables and promotes meaningful discussion and (hopefully) provides readers with a good laugh. Even though it's just a Facebook page, for some people it might be the only thing that gives them some positivity that day.

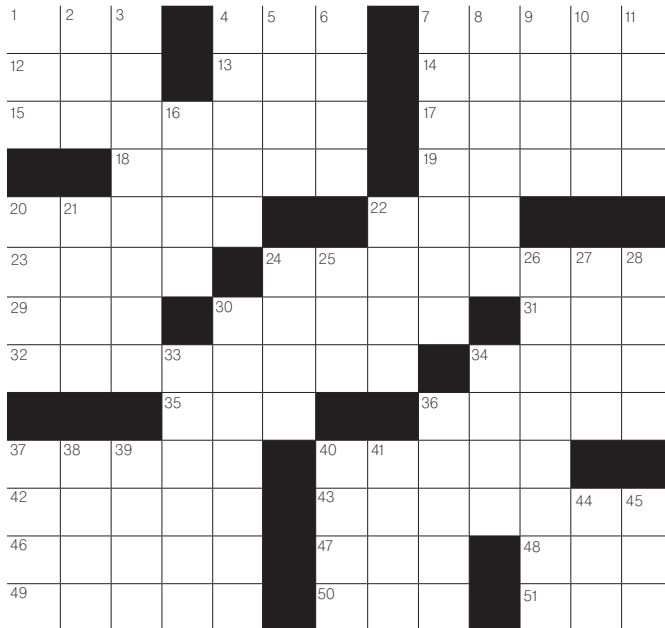
Are you secretly James Heath?

We can neither confirm nor deny any allegations of our identity.

You can follow UoO: Meaningful Confessions on Facebook.



C R O S S W O R D



ACROSS

1. Strike caller
4. Two (Sp.)
7. Thin candle
12. Dead _____ scrolls
13. Water (Fr.)
14. Nimble
15. Pain in a hearing organ
17. Rinds
18. Audibly
19. Map detail
20. Intense beam
22. Pea capsule
23. Heroic
24. Friendly
29. Fishing aid
30. Hockey venue
31. L. _____ Hubbard
32. Giving medical aid to
34. Cowl
35. RR terminal
- Penn and Connery
37. Nearby

DOWN

40. Carried
42. Flax product
43. Egg dishes
46. Make right
47. Race the engine
48. Quiet!
49. Cozy retreats
50. Vane letters
51. Kickoff device
24. Diva's specialty
25. Gents
26. Least narrow
27. Waterfowl
28. Goals
30. Is present at
33. Concur
34. Shoe part
36. Actor _____ Martin
37. Family group
38. Green fruit
39. Wallet fillers
40. Ripped
41. Prophecy
44. "Gone with _____ wind"
45. That woman

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SALMOND COLLEGE

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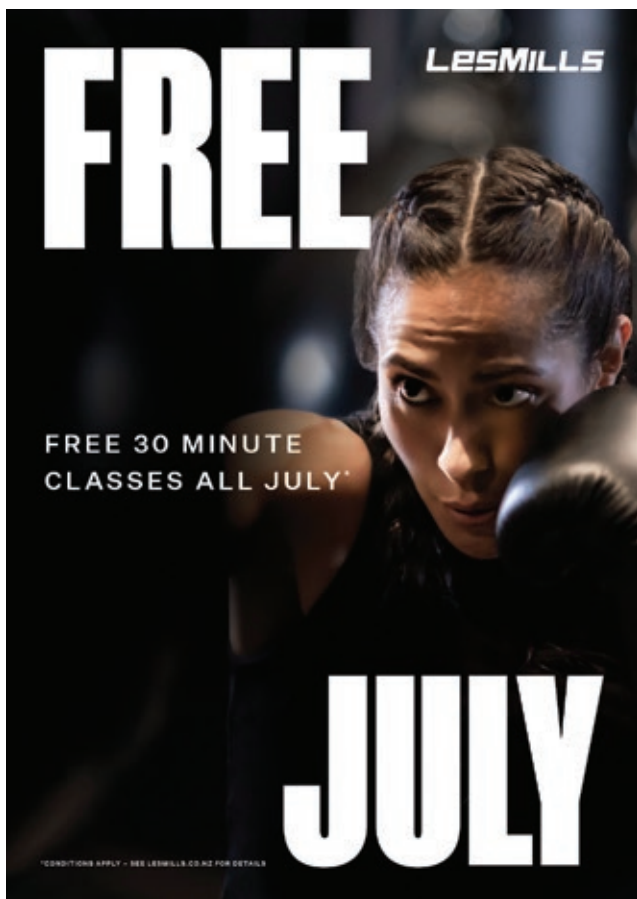
Be part of our team!

We are looking for capable and confident tertiary students, who have had success in organising people and events, are able to relate well to others and preferably have had experience living in a residential college.

This is a paid part-time position of 34 hours per fortnight - you will be well-trained and well-remunerated.

For a position description or more information, check out our website: www.salmondcollege.ac.nz or email head@salmondcollege.ac.nz

Applications close 25 July 2019.



Top 10 Worst Messages I've Gotten From Straight Boys on Tinder

1. "Sit on my face and I'll eat my way to your heart."
2. "I want to nibble ever so slightly on your lower rib-cage."
3. "I would call you beautiful, but beauty is on the inside and I haven't been in there yet."
4. "I want you to sit on my face before long, if that's something you might be into. If you're not into that, I enjoy drinking and discussing extreme music, extreme politics and walks."
5. "If I'm honest, I just love the taste of pussy."
6. "Are you here for the meme or for a Critic article?"
7. "Heyyy you down to fuck?"
8. "Wanna come for a ride to the dump?"
9. "I heard the hardest part about vaping is coming out to your parents that you're homosexual, did yours take that well?"
10. "Hey. You seem chill. Do you have all 10 fingers though? I've been burned too many times."

RAD TIMES GIG GUIDE

Check out r1.co.nz for more info

TUESDAY 16TH JULY

NOCTURNAL PROJECTIONS & OTHER SMALL HAPPENINGS -

OPENING NIGHT

DUNEDIN GASWORKS MUSEUM
FEATURING PERFORMANCES BY
CHRIS HESITATION, ROSE JAMES,
AGOSTINA IACOBONE,
AND FUCKAULT
5.30PM
FREE ENTRY

WEDNESDAY 17TH JULY

OPEN MIC NIGHT W./ BOAZ ANEMA

DOG WITH TWO TAILS
8PM
FREE ENTRY

OPEN MIC NIGHT W./ BRONWYN

INCH BAR
8PM
FREE ENTRY

T>I (UK)

CATACOMBS
TICKETS FROM TICKETFAIRY.COM
10PM

THURSDAY 18TH JULY

SOAKED OATS

'SLUDGE POP TOUR'

THE COOK
W./ PAPER FROGS, TYPICAL
MELANOMA, AND BLISS POINT
TICKETS FROM
UNDERTHERADAR.CO.NZ
5PM
ALL AGES

TOM FRANCIS

CATACOMBS
TICKETS FROM TICKETSPACE.CO.NZ
9PM

FRIDAY 19TH JULY

BRONWYN

OMBRELLOS KITCHEN & BAR
5PM
FREE ENTRY

P-MONEY

CATACOMBS
W./ VAYNE, JAY KNIGHT, SUS1,
AND EYZ
TICKETS FROM THETICKETFAIRY.COM
10PM

SOAKED OATS - 'SLUDGE POP TOUR'

THE COOK
TICKETS FROM
UNDERTHERADAR.CO.NZ
8PM

MACHETE CLAN, DRXNES, MUNGBEANZ, AND HOT DONNAS

SUBURBIA
TICKETS FROM
TICKETSPACE.CO.NZ
9PM

MORNING MORNING (AUS)

THE CROWN HOTEL
W./ KOIZILLA
9PM
FREE ENTRY

SATURDAY 20TH JULY SKEGSS

UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO MAIN
UNION COMMON ROOM
TICKETS FROM
UNDERTHERADAR.CO.NZ
8PM

NICK SAXON

DOG WITH TWO TAILS
6PM
FREE ENTRY

ZHUKOV EP RELEASE

THE CROWN HOTEL
W./ BLAME THROWER, BATAXE,
AND MENTAL FATAL
8PM
FREE ENTRY

SATURDAY 21ST JULY ROCK THE GASWORKS

DUNEDIN GASWORKS MUSEUM
FEATURING BOTH SIDES OF THE
LINE, DEE STREET BLUES, BEFORE
THE SNOOZE, DARRYL BASER,
PAUL S ALLEN, JACKSON CAINE
AND MORE
12.30PM
ALL AGES
FREE ENTRY





This week I have a ghost writer. In an effort to make me more sustainable, someone has written me a pledge to mark the start of Enviro Week. So here it goes:

"I, James Heath am not very environmentally friendly. But I am going to try. Being environmentally friendly is an absolute mind-frick so I will be schooled on how to be eco-friendly by my eco-friendly friends and will endeavour to put more fricking effort in.

Now when I grocery shop I will make the smallest of changes, buy a bamboo toothbrush and buy my fruit in a re-usable bag. Now when I go to a café for my coffee, I will make sure it's in my keep cup. Now when I have a meal I will not waste any of it.

Little things like this can have the biggest impact."

Thank you ghost writer. Enviro Week is a time of year for us all to acknowledge how environmentally slack we can be. The Environment is truly one of the most precious things we have – but most of us don't always reflect that in our actions.

Take up my ghost writer's pledge, start showing you care, and, to top it off, come along to some of our Enviro Week events.

James X

WHAT'S HOT AT OUSA

MON	TUES	WEDS	THURS	FRI
MOVIE NIGHT WASTE 7:30PM EVENING LOUNG FREE PORCARI	COMPOSTING WORKSHOP 5:00PM OTAGO ROOM BOHAMI & HOME COMPOSTING	DEC STITCH KITCHEN 11:30PM-1:30PM CLUBS & SOCS NO SEWING EXPERIENCE & REUSE	INFO DAY 40 COMMUNITY GROUPS 10-2PM THE LINN PANEL TALK 7PM RACHMAN	VOLUNTEER DAY BOTANIC GARDEN & LEITH RIVER

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NOW

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CAMPAIGNS OFFICER

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ousa elections

GREEN IMPACT

GET AMONGST IT



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@sustainability_at_otago

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you need to make you feel at home

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Champion

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EST. 1932. AUSTRALIA

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FEDERATION.

ELWOOD
APPAREL CO.

MAC

benefit
SAN FRANCISCO

YVES SAINT LAURENT

CLINIQUE

ESTÉE LAUDER



BONDS

CALVIN KLEIN

JOCKEY

Finance available
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in store to discuss your options



BOOZE REVIEWS OLD MOUT CIDER

At some point in your university education, you will inevitably go through a cider phase. Most fools automatically reach for the bright, garish Scrumpy, but a few - the few who dare to dream bigger - will dip their toes into the sparkling waters of Old Mout Cider. Drinking Old Mout is what I imagine riding a horse is like; strong, sweaty, my thighs aching as I take in a days labour. It's good, honest work. After I finish ploughing the fields, I take your mother in my tanned, muscular arms and I make pas-

sionate love to her. She's an older woman but she has the stamina and the vaginal stench of a much younger lass.

I'll tell you a trade secret - make sure to ardently check the back for the drink standards. Old Mout Cider drinks vary wildly in standards, ranging anywhere from a piss-poor 4 to a triumphant 9. The trick is in the wording. If it has the word "scrumpy" on the label anywhere, you're in business. Don't be fooled by

By Sinkpiss Plath

the boysencider; it's delicious, but the idea of 4 standards in a 1.25 litre makes me want to gag, and that's saying something (I destroyed my gag reflex after a particularly heinous year 11 school camp).

Overall, Old Mout Cider is a lot of sugar, and a whole lot of liquid. You'll feel bloated, and for fuck's sake, don't wear a jumpsuit whilst drinking this bad boy. It'll make you wish that you weren't such a pussy and had just downed some shots like a normal, functioning university student. That being said, Old Mout is the best cider a guy or gal can buy with a tenner. It's got the name, the good font choices, and the tasty bubbles, baby. So to all my dear cider drinkers out there, I see you and I wish you all the best. You walk the hard mile. You ride that fucking horse. It's tough work but somebody's gotta do it. Amen.

Taste Rating: 8/10

Froth Level: Horses

**Pairs well with: Loose fitting pants,
Gaviscon rapid-cool**

Tasting notes: 900000 grams of sugar

COOKIE SELLERS WANTED



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festivetreats.co.nz

MILD? MEDIUM? HOT?!

THE BLIND DATE SETUP TINDER IS JEALOUS OF.

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

LADY

On Thursday night, I was out livin' my best life. I was about to meet up with some mates before I got a call from Critic, saying that the Blind Date had been stood up and they needed a fill in. The dude had been waiting for half an hour and I felt pretty bad for him, plus it meant I would get a free dinner. I thought fuck it, you only yolo once.

I show up to Mamacita and it turns out I already know the dude on a "I'd give you a smile if I saw you around Uni" acquaintance level. The first part of the dinner was us trying to figure out what happened to his original date, and then progressed to us just talking mad shit. After barely touching our meals, we decided to keep the party going and head to a mate's place. We drunk some of the earth's nectar (VBs), tried nangs for the first time, and argued about whether or not you can say the n-word if you're white (fun fact: you can't).

But now the part you all wanna know, the fucking. On a scale of Not Fair by Lily Allen to Let Me Blow Ya Mind by Eve, it definitely ranked as an It's Only Sex by Car Seat Headrest. Like it wasn't mind-blowing, but it wasn't awful either. I think the build-up and the large quantities of alcohol definitely did hinder our performances in a less stimulating way. My one bit of advice to my date is to cut your fingernails next time. But hey, it's not a fair test if you only try it once right?

But overall thanks to Critic and Mamacita for a fun evening, as well as the original blind date who didn't show up and sussed me a free dinner. If my date is reading this, hmu for a smoko soon x

THE TRAMP

I don't ordinarily get nervous under any circumstance, but Thursday's panic really set in when I realized I had never been on a "dinner date" before. To calm the nerves I took a long bath and had a cup of chamomile tea.

Feeling much better I got ready, had a drink and made for the door. I was the first to arrive at Mamacita. I took a seat, ordered a beer and the waiting game began. I then ordered my second beer as the waiting game continued, and by about 7:30 I realized, there was no game and the only one getting played was this idiot who was drinking alone at a restaurant.

I quickly informed Critic that I had been stood up on my first EVER dinner date. I was sad. Critic told me not to despair and that a replacement date was on their way. My replacement date came strolling into the restaurant and into my heart 15 minutes later, thus saving the evening. We bonded over our love of nicotine and several mutual friends. She shared some wonderful stories about meeting Savage and Max Key (arguably the two biggest names in New Zealand music). I was so impressed I felt the need to namedrop every single person and I also drew her attention to the time I told Ben Smith he'd left his car lights on. After leaving Mamacita, we grabbed a couple more drinks and played Breather Bingo - I scored a humble 9/20. Later while drinking with some of my dates friends at their flat I was introduced to nangs for the first time, which mixed wonderfully alongside a fine batch of VB turning the rest of the night into a blur.

In the morning we arose, had a coffee and a cigarette together before I dropped her home.

P.S We totally boned!!!

\$50 COUPLES DEAL

Get two meals and two drinks for \$50,
including our margarita slushy!

*Valid only at dinner time between Mondays and Thursdays.

MAMACITA
TAQUERIA

UoO Moaningful Confessions

INTERNATIONAL SEXCAPADES

The downside of dating an international exchange student is that whatever meaningful connection you've made has a 5-month expiry date (assuming you met at the start of semester) because long-distance relationships are like the lie you tell yourself on a dusty Tuesday morning after blacking out in a bush on Castle that you'll never drink again – you might succeed if you tried, but studies have shown the average uni student is about 8-10 years away from developing any sense of self-control (Asher & Skinner, 1994). The upside, however, is that inhibitions are out the window as you're frantically trying to fit in all the sexual shenanigans a healthy lasting relationship should have before time runs out and you say your goodbyes.

So there we were on a cute date at Capers – remote control in my hand, wireless vibrating egg up her soaked pussy. She struggles making eye contact as the waiter brings us our 2-for-1 pancakes (thanks RAD1), her knuckles white from gripping the cutlery too hard. If anyone

noticed her facial expressions, they probably just thought her pancakes were really REALLY good. 9 minutes of picking at our food and cycling through the 10 vibration settings go by before she looks up at me with hunger in her eyes, hunger that pancakes cannot satisfy. She nodded her head at the door, so I quickly packed up our food, adjusted the growing hardness in my jeans as subtly as I can in a busy restaurant, and we headed out to make something of this borderline exhibitionist foreplay.

Expediently, Knox Church was right across the street and who else besides two horny kids would be at church on a Friday afternoon? We headed up to the first floor and settled into the pews overlooking the altar below. She wasted no time undoing my jeans and immediately I felt her tongue flicking at my balls then running slick up and down my hard cock. She takes my peen into her mouth and it hits the back of her throat as she tries to deepthroat me. She knows I like it sloppy and I feel her spit dripping off my balls and running down my asscrack. Remote still in hand, I bump up the vibrator intensity and her sudden muffled moans on my cock added to the pleasure. I then prop my feet up on the pews and she knows exactly what to do – still jerking my dick with her hand, her tongue traced lower down my crack and she starts tongue-fucking my asshole (it's 2k19, don't knock it till you try it). I don't think I've ever said "oh God" more passionately and sincerely in a church.W

Urgently, I pulled her up and bent her over the banister. The egg sees daylight once again, and was quickly replaced by my eager cock. I slipped in easy, her pussy already slick and dripping. As I pounded away I reached around to caress her hard nipples, then ran a hand down her body

to rub her clit. With that she thrust deeper against me, her pussy tightened harder around my cock, making me believe that surely heaven is real. Plus, we could repent for our sins on the spot as we committed them – that's spiritual efficiency right there.

Grunting hard, I felt my cum building up as we thrust furiously against each other. Unfortunately, right then we heard a door creak open followed by footsteps. We got spooked, quickly dressed ourselves, popped the egg back in and made our way out.

Exiting the church, we sheepishly brushed past a family of Asian tourists in the foyer who gave us strange looks – probably because we were suspiciously sweating too much for a place of worship, and maybe also because we reeked of sex. I'm probably breaching the word limit at this point, so long story short we ventured on to the changing rooms at Kmart where she rode me reverse cowgirl and I blew my load down the back of her throat, then we went to the movies and watched Tag (very easy plot to follow if you're multitasking doing other stuff under the seats).

No more than 3 weeks later she was back State-side and I never saw her again. Each new semester rolled around with a new international to fall for, a new remote control egg to buy, and new places to defile. So if you've ever heard a low buzzing sound at the library, or wondered why that girl at Maccas kept spazzing out every time she tries to put chips in her mouth, now you know why.

***Explicitly praising the lord: 9.5/10
recommend***

2019 Student Film Premiere

25-minute debut films from five of the world's next gen science film-makers

Saturday 27 July, 7:30pm | Regent Theatre

Tickets \$10 (plus booking fee) from TicketDirect or the Regent Theatre

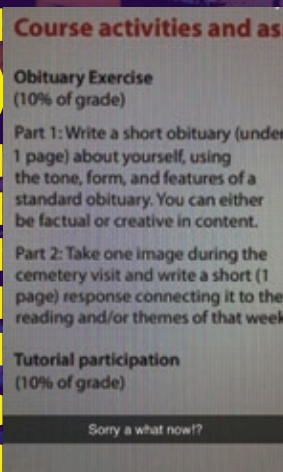
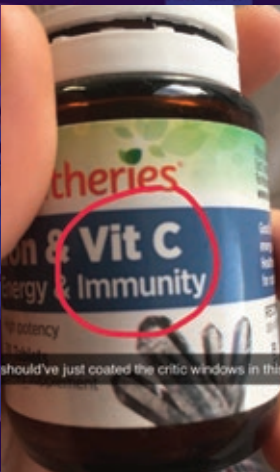
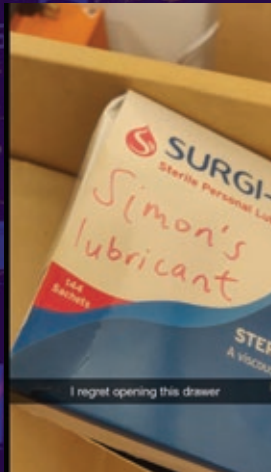
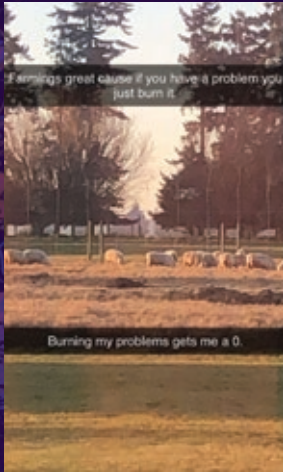


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This is a paid, part-time position, of 34 hours per fortnight.

THE CLOSING DATE FOR
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For a copy of the Position Description and information about the application process, visit the College website (www.knoxcollege.ac.nz) or contact the Master of Knox College Dr Graham Redding (master@knoxcollege.ac.nz or phone 021441905)

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