

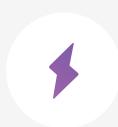


CRITIC

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ISSUE 17

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CRITIC

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Letter of the Week

Archway shop closed, and that's not OK

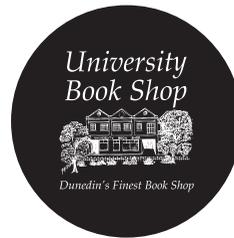
Bullshit that it wasn't productive enough it was always busy. And Jenny who worked there was an angel.

Besides, when they had the mail pick up, the courier had a puppy. A FREAKING PUPPY YOU GUYS. What will cure my anxiety now?

Critic, how do we get it back up and running again? Come on, CRITIZISE!!

Dear Critic,

This week I was struck to find out that our beloved Archway shop was closed FOREVER! Although this news hit my system harder than the Fresher flu in O-week, I found myself even more taken aback at realising that without an Archway shop there is no Shelly either. Shelly, for you heathens who don't know, was the main attendant of the shop for many many years. She was the lovely lady who would remember your name after hearing it once, who smiled at you and wished you a good day as you picked up your copy of the OTD, the one who calmly sold last-minute exam pencils to freaked out Freshers and was always singing along to the latest bop on the radio at the top of her lungs. She brought a unique sense of joy to the Link, and



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

I had to take this opportunity to acknowledge her enduring contribution to student culture! So, this is for you lovely Shelly, thanks for the years of smiles, your friendly chat and your joyous vibes! Archway shop, gone but not forgotten.

Love,
Nostalgic stationary addict-
Fiona Seal

Hey Critic,

Pretty stoked that the barnes dance crossing at GK Street is getting some recognition. Crossing those streets and walked on top of by very fast students does not slap. Gotta extend a cheers to Simon Underwood as well for reminding everyone to be considerate and for cyclists to slow down in the busy area, but can we also remind the lime riders? I almost got smacked into by some cunt who just yeeted through the very busy crowd on his lime at fuck you kilometers an hour. If I'd been just one do-si-do forward, I'd be lucky the hospital is only a couple of barnes dances away.

Cheers,
High Blood Pressure.

Dear Critic
Me and my friend were arguing over the cover of last weeks issue (issue #16) and

whether it was aioli or cum in the condom. He argued that it was an incessant amount of cum and it was too thick. The only reasonable and accurate way for us to settle this is for us to come and taste it for ourselves.

Sincerely
A Cum Connoisseur

Dear Critic Te Arohi,

Fucking mature students man. They just grind my soul down into nothing. Everytime I walk into my 2 o'clock History Lecture, there they are. They always put up their hands to ask questions about key concepts the lecturer fails to explain, what is this Kindergarten?! And they're always so nice. Like giving out biscuits on the last day of the previous semester! Who does this, University's an eat or be eaten environment! There's no time for pleasantries! But worst of all they ask you after class if you need a ride home! No I don't need a ride home, I need to study! I'll catch the bus! Unless you're going home now I would actually appreciate it, do you want to get a coffee on the way!

Sincerely, A guy who is in the same class as his mum.



EDITORIAL: Dunedin Needs its Own Mantracker

Last Wednesday I was introduced to one of the superior cultural phenomena of the 21st Century: the Canadian reality show "Mantracker".

Mantracker features two contestants, known as "prey", who are dropped in the Canadian wilderness and have to reach another point some distance away. Except there's a twist. They're being chased by a cowboy on horseback called Mantracker.

Mantracker hunts the prey down with a cruel smile. Whenever the prey tries to do tricky things, like walk backwards in the desert sand to fool the pursuers, Mantracker isn't having a bar of it, and sees through their shenanigans in an instant.

In the three episodes of Mantracker I've seen, the prey are always caught.

Which is why I think it's cheating to set the show in the Canadian wilderness. If no human has been past for ages, then surely it's simple for an expert to find the tracks of two panicking contestants.

We all know the Canadian Wilderness is a fake wilderness anyway. It's just some fucking trees and mountains and bears. A piece of cake compared to the real wilderness: North Dunedin.

Mantracker, with all his woodsman skills and his sidekick and his fancy moustache, wouldn't stand a chance against a pack of breathas. The prey who dive freely into the ice water of the Yukon would perish in the disease-ridden Leith. Traversing the Botans at night is more perilous than "bushwhacking" (gross) any sub-arctic forest.

What I'm saying is that, while Mantracker is a giant of modern media, we can ascend to even greater heights. That's right. Critic should make its own superior version of Mantracker. One where highly trained contestants have to traverse flat parties and duck Campus Watch. One where Mantracker is allowed a wee bit of meth to even the playing field. One where the stakes have never been higher.

Anyone interested in completely running this endeavour for me so I don't need to do any work but can claim all the credit should email me at critic@critic.co.nz. Also, anyone who thinks they can be as sexy a cowboy as Mantracker should email me as well (also I guess you should know how to track people, but honestly being a real hot

By Charlie O'Mannin
cowboy should be your number one concern).

If you think you can escape (or pretend to give chase only to be swept up by our sexy cowboy and carried off to some satisfying cowboy-sex) you should email the person I am getting to run this whole thing (see above).

I'm looking forward to having to do no work and having an engaging and enduring franchise I can attach my name to and take all the credit for.

Again, if you're interested in having all your glory stolen by me hit me up at critic@critic.co.nz.



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Did your 'one drink' not quite go as planned?

Don't worry fam, we got you. Get all your hangover cravings delivered from Night 'n Day by Uber Eats!

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Agnew Street Party Organisers Want a More Controlled Party than Last Year

Out with the ag-old, in with the Agnew

By Esme Hall | News Editor

The student organisers of the Agnew Street Party are trying to make this year's party safer after last year's got out of hand.

One of the organisers said the Proctor, Dave Scott, has been "an absolute legend" in helping them figure out how to make the now seemingly annual street party safer and more fun than last year. The student residents of Agnew Street initiated the meeting with the Proctor to make sure he wouldn't shut down the party and get advice on how to make it safer.

One organiser said they lived on Agnew Street last year when the party was "hectic", attended by over 2000 students. Police also arrested seven student-aged males for disorderly behaviour. The organiser said, "The police had to block the street off early. We couldn't even leave our flat and we had a little barricade up to

try and limit people coming into our property which didn't work super well to be honest." They appreciated Scott's advice because "we wanted a little bit more control than we had last year".

Proctor Dave Scott said he asked the organisers to consider banning glass and people on rooftops, providing non-alcoholic drinks and food, ensuring support for people who become unwell or unsafe, toilet facilities, limitations on advertising, set hours for the event, rubbish facilities, clean-up plans and a point of contact established for Noise Control.

In turn, Scott said "the Proctor's office is able to give planning information to emergency services in order to help them coordinate their own staffing/patrol needs on the day, the DCC in terms of noise and rubbish, and for Campus Watch to be able to ensure adequate staff are in the vicinity".

As a result, the students made the Facebook event private. "Within an hour the event reached 4000 people going so we decided to turn off

people's ability to invite other people; now it's just those of us on the street who can invite others. This was our decision and not the Proctor's. Obviously we know that people will just show up on the day because news travels fast through word of mouth but it still limits it a bit."

They also opted for a 'cans only (no glass)' event, and hired Gravity Events to help with the DJs, security, fencing, port-a-loos and the next-day clean-up.

This stuff isn't cheap, as Agnew Street isn't supported by OUSA like Hyde Street. Instead, an organiser said they have to "fork out all the costs themselves and let's be honest, we're all broke uni students." So, they're asking students to donate to 12-3215-0565324-00 to fund a more fun and safe party that doesn't break the bank and is still 100% resident-run.

Also, Agnew Street is the same weekend as the Dundas Street Bridge storming event. Just gonna leave that there.

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Students Felt “Unfriendly Vibe” at Queer Night

By Sinead Gill | Chief Reporter

Accusations of homophobic behaviour from members of the crowd have tainted the Queen of Hearts gig, “a queer-friendly event”, which kicked off OUSA’s 2019 Diversity Week.

One male student was removed from the gig after tearing down a pride flag, though OUSA and Starters Bar said that they were removed for being too intoxicated, not for any homophobic actions.

Jason Schroeder of OUSA Events said that when the footage was reviewed, it was clear that “the attendee who pulled down the flag did not do so in an aggressive or malicious manner”.

OUSA Queer Coordinator Kelli-Anne Te Huki agreed.

However, many of the students who were at the gig saw it differently. Critic spoke to almost a dozen attendees and one of the performers, all of who requested to remain anonymous.

One witness said a group of male students were repeatedly attempting to tear down pride flags, shouting, and throwing things at performers and described it as “a really depressing and scary experience”.

Another attendee said they were standing directly in front of the person who tore down the

flag, and they believed it was done intentionally.

“My friends and I were face-to-face with him [...] I can assure you I know what malicious intent looks like. He laughed at our faces,” they said.

Both Schroeder and Te Huki said that Starters staff and security had been trained in queer awareness in the lead up to the event.

Te Huki said that two support staff with staff ID were “were present and available should any support have been requested” and that Starters staff were aware of that.

“Throughout the event, there was security who were making rounds, and were quick to address events going on, including people making others uncomfortable. Any troublesome individuals were immediately escorted out of the event, and patrons asked if they were okay.”

One student however, said they felt more needed to be done to ensure a safe space was created.

“In the end, my girlfriend didn’t even feel safe saying a proper goodbye to me in case we looked obviously queer,” she said.

Another student said, “a few friends went home before this because the environment made them feel like shit and I didn’t blame them”.

“Thank God I saw Hahna Briggs [OUSA Senior Student Support Advocate] head-bopping behind me which gave me all the strength I needed,” they said.

The attendees Critic spoke to said that they want these queer events to be open to all, so long as people are respectful.

“It really isn’t hard,” one attendee said.

James Heath, OUSA President, says OUSA “openly welcome all feedback on how to improve events like this in the future. OUSA Student Support, our Queer Support Coordinator Kelli-Anne, and myself are available for support, and to raise any and all issues from the event.”

“Queerphobia, or discrimination of any kind, has no place anywhere or anytime. Any instances of this at OUSA events or services are completely unacceptable,” he said.

Those in attendance gave overwhelmingly positive reviews for the performers, especially headlining rapper RANDA, who “went hard”.



OUSA Will Introduce Candidate Pledges in Upcoming Local Body Election

Enrol to vote and make BYOs rowdy again

By Erin Gourley | Staff Writer

For this year’s local body election, OUSA will ask candidates to sign a pledge stating that they will commit to student-focused policies if elected.

The policy pledges will cover rental standards, landlord regulation, BYO policy, climate change, public transport, and mental health services. The areas of focus were identified after OUSA surveyed students with the question ‘What’s shit about being a student in Dunedin?’. DCC candidates have five potential pledges, DHB candidates have one potential pledge, and ORC candidates have one potential pledge.

“[The pledge] serves both as an accountability measure and a mechanism for seeking out quality candidates who will represent student

issues on a government scale,” said Bonnie Harrison, OUSA Finance Officer.

Aaron Hawkins, a candidate for election, supported the pledge system. He said it “seems like a good way for students, as voters, to get a sense of where candidates stand”.

Some candidates were not so sure. Christine Garey, another candidate, supported the pledges in that she was “not afraid to state [her] views on policies”. But she cautioned students not to treat pledges as a guarantee and said, “no one can promise they will get something through”.

Others were worried that pledges would affect the integrity of local body elections. “Pledging flies in the face of a Local Government Representative’s requirement to enter into all decision-making processes with an open mind,” said another candidate, Lee Vandervis. He also described the pledges as “anti-democratic”.

A more likely outcome is that pledges will simply be ineffective. Victoria University of Wellington Students’ Association (VUWSA) used a similar pledge system for 2016 local body elections. The majority of candidates elected to the Wellington City Council signed VUWSA’s pledge to implement policy towards a compulsory rental warrant of fitness. But once on Council, that majority did not introduce the policy.

When asked about achieving accountability with the pledges, Bonnie relied on the “hope [that] future Executives will continue to bring councillors to the student realm and keep them in the student eye”. As a short-term strategy, OUSA wants “prospective councillors to see the student body for what they really are - a significant stakeholder in this city that demands to be represented”.





OUSA Looking to Force Club Representatives to Attend SGMs by Withholding Funding

SGMs still too boring for clubs to be bothered

By Charlie O'Mannin | Editor

The clubs and societies affiliated with OUSA have had a mixed response to the new OUSA proposal which would make it mandatory for a club representative to attend every OUSA Student General Meeting (SGM) to try and boost attendance. The OUSA Exec are currently investigating whether they can withhold grants funding for any club that doesn't attend the SGM.

SGMs are forums open to all students which make decisions that impact OUSA. SGMs have the power to completely change OUSA and make the multi-million dollar association do whatever. It's one of the things that makes OUSA a student union and not a company.

Except no one turns up. SGM attendance has been seriously dire. In 2003, Critic ran the headline "Thousands Flock to First SGM of 2003, Says Blatantly Misleading Headline".

The last SGM this year was considered a roaring success because the Exec lured enough people over from the food court with the promise of free pizza to get the 100 people they need. "People don't go unless there's incentive," said Will Dreyer, OUSA Education Officer.

In a classic boring OUSA move, the Exec decided to set up a SGM Engagement Committee to fix the problem.

The SGM Engagement Committee returned a report detailing ways to increase engagement,

and came up with recommendations including giving away free food and drink, making the marketing more hip and studenty (read: more shit), and having it in a space better than the Main Common Room (that weird place that always has sports playing). It was noted that the questions are always fucking boring, or "flaccid" as OUSA Finance Officer Bonnie Harrison put it.

They also suggested that representatives from the 160 clubs and societies be made to attend to guarantee that someone shows up. Currently all of the clubs and societies are eligible to apply for OUSA grants of up to \$2,000 annually. The idea would be to cut off access to this funding for any club that sends a member to the meeting or has a good reason not to come.

The Exec were very excited at the idea of anyone coming to their stupid meetings. Bonnie started to question whether they would need a bigger room or raise quorum (the number of people they have to have come). "Let's see if it works first," said Will.

Mary-Jane Kivalu, Pacific Island Representative, said making club representatives attend will "help". "At the moment I need to shoulder tap people individually to make them attend [the Pacific Islands Students' Association] SGM," she said.

The Exec were unanimously in favour of the plan and voted to investigate it.

Critic reached out to all of the 160 clubs and societies that had email addresses to see what they thought about the Exec forcing attendance, and 15 replied to us.

Some of the clubs who replied agreed with the proposal. Aaron Anderson of the Otago Computer Science Society said that it is an "effective measure to increase turnout," calling it "fair". The Comedy Club agreed, although they have never been to a meeting so they're "not sure exactly what they're for".

"OUSA has done so much to support the clubs and societies, the least we could do is be more involved in OUSA meetings," grovelled a representative from one group.

Connor Seddon, President of the Debating Society, had a different view, saying that club representatives will not contribute much because matters that arise at SGMs rarely impact clubs, and that the policy would not work in favour of smaller clubs with less members. "The only thing in student politics all year that we wish we could have had a say in was this policy, and that wasn't even voted for in an SGM."

Melissa Stewart, President of the OUSA Archery Club, echoed Connor's sentiment saying, "Instead of punishing people who do care but can't make it, how about making better incentives so average students who can go will care enough to attend."

The POLSA Exec felt that the policy was delivered with "a lack of consultation" and was somewhat uncalled for. "We feel that our club, amongst others, does a service to OUSA by being engaged and motivated enough to volunteer many hours per week toward our club/s in the first place, and should not be negatively encouraged to participate."



A Win for OUSA Insiders in the Exec By-Election Results

Let's hope they don't quit before the year's out

By Esme Hall | News Editor

Georgia Mischefski-Gray is the new Admin VP, Benjamin McCook-Weir is the new Campaigns Officer and Matthew Schep is new Postgraduate Officer in a by-election Critic is calling "a win for OUSA insiders". Hoping the name'll catch on. Probably won't.

All the new Exec members are OUSA adjacent. Georgia was Campaigns Officer before she quit to run for Admin VP, while Ben was the Capping Show Director with extensive experience in OUSA, and Matt has run for Exec positions in three OUSA elections before this one.

Georgia took 65.83% (872) of the votes in the election that had the highest number of no confidence votes at 96. Dan Stride, who was on the OUSA Exec in the early 2010s, followed with 34.17% or 298 votes. Please enjoy attached photograph of Dan drinking

orange juice in 2011 that we found on our Facebook page.

Georgia said she's excited for "all the real interesting shit" about being Admin VP and, said she wanted to strengthen OUSA's sustainability policy and keep the Executive accountable for doing their work.

Matthew Schep won the Postgraduate role with 145 votes, which was unsurprising seeing as it was uncontested. He received 18 no confidence votes.

Matthew said his big goal is to "reach every postgrad office and department and connect with them to be really representative". Matt said his Uni workload wouldn't be a problem like it was for outgoing Postgraduate Officer Dermot Fregley, as he's finished his Masters dissertation and is currently only doing some coursework for interest.

Benjamin McCook-Weir won the Campaigns Officer role by 7 votes; in the election's big-



gest win for single transferable vote (STV). In the first round Adam Currie got 285 votes compared to Benjamin's 263 votes. John McWatters got the lowest number of votes with 113 so was removed. Based on people's second choice of votes Adam Currie was still in

the lead with 321 votes compared to Benjamin's 297 votes, however, when Patrick Manning was removed from the final round Benjamin McCook Weir came out on top with 431 votes compared to Adam's 424 votes.

Ben said that for the rest of the year he wants to bring the great existing work of students and the executive to the forefront, and ensure that this work is accessible to students through "better frontage and communication to students". Particularly with LGBT+ initiatives and the local body elections campaign. In regards to his STV win, he said, "that's how the cookie crumbles". Not just because he benefited from it, but because he genuinely believes it is the most representative model.

Adam Currie explained the STV voting system to Critic when asked what he thought of it. We know, but thanks. However, he did acknowledge that "it's better to have [someone] everyone thinks is ok, than one person that only a minority like". But he also pointed out that less than 5% of students vote, so "it's all a bit theoretical to be honest," which to be fair is a good point.

Adam was critical that OUSA had no "clear tikanga" around resignations and the rules around by-elections. He said "you'd never get these types of resignations from kaumātua/ other leaders in Marae/Hapū - the whole OUSA model is a very Pākehā way of doing things."

Adam was also concerned that, since Pou resigned there's not a single normally elected Māori rep on the Exec to support Taylor-Rose as the Te Roopū Māori Tumuaki President. He said "it's super important that we have people driving putting tikanga and Te Tiriti at the heart of OUSA, from simple Exec environment tikanga like opening and closing with karakia, to advocacy as a Te Tiriti ally - such as putting out a release to tautoko [about] what's currently going on in Ihumātao."

Although he didn't win the Campaigns position, John McWatters still wants to help OUSA - with their information security. On Wednesday, he alerted Critic that OUSA's election results could be prematurely viewed on their website. As a result, this was resolved and the results were officially announced later that day.

John said it is fair enough that OUSA is using a third party's software for voting and publishing the results since designing software and web development is difficult and expensive.

But, "when it comes to the integrity of an election, all reasonable steps to control who has access to voting data should be taken, and in this case it seems this wasn't done ... Blaming a third party who may well be at fault is simply not good enough. Only the returning officer should be able to publish this information," said John.

He suggested a review of OUSA data security conducted by one of the "talented students in Computer Science and related degrees" currently studying at Otago.

"I would personally love the opportunity to analyse the information security of OUSA elections." Very wholesome, John.

Breakfast's for champions. So get yours free!

Grab your mates and get your day started right!

Come along to OUSA Clubs and Societies building, Albany Street
8:30-9:30am

Every Wednesday until the end of second semester exams to get your free breakfast courtesy of OUSA
This week thanks to Health Yourself! and The Edge get a free breakfast on the 29 and 30 July,
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ousa



OPINION: Why We Must All Protect Ihumātao.

By Tiana Mihaere and
Te Moananui a Kiwa Ryan

"Not One More Acre of Māori Land" was the rallying cry of the late Dame Whina Cooper in 1975. 44 years on we use her words to rally behind the Protectors of Ihumātao who call us to stand up against the destruction of Papatūānuku.

Ihumātao has seen over 800 years of peaceful Māori settlement since the first migration of Polynesians to Aotearoa. In 1863, just 23 years after Te Tiriti o Waitangi, 400 acres of land were forcefully stolen by the Crown to pave the way for European settlement. During this confiscation over 500 men, women and children were murdered, the survivors fleeing South to the safety provided by the Kiingitanga. 30 years later they returned to a fraction of a place they once knew. Their land was cut into pieces and distributed to the same men that had slaughtered their people and ripped their home from underneath their feet.

The Auckland City Council had the opportunity in 2013 to give back 32 acres of land to its rightful guardians. Instead, they rezoned the

land to Future Urban and approved Fletcher Residential Ltd. to build a 480 high-density, high-priced housing development which will lead to land destruction and further pollute the waterways and seabed.

SOUL (Save Our Unique Landscape) representatives have called on the Auckland City Council, the New Zealand Government and the United Nations to intervene. But their voices have been met with deafening silence. The position of our Māori MPs have been equally as silent. We, as a generation of Māori and non-Māori, are fighting every day for the future of our Earth. Join us in this moment by calling on Prime Minister Jacinda Ardern to intervene and facilitate the return of this stolen whenua to its kaitiaki (guardians). Show the local MP David Clarke that this is an important issue by demonstrating in front of his offices. Raise awareness and support Indigenous Land Movements like the protection of Mauna Kea in Hawai'i. These are all things that you can do to help us protect Papatūānuku.

The people of Ihumātao have witnessed their maunga and urupā (grave sites) destroyed to

build the Auckland Airport, their stonefields mined out of existence to build Auckland infrastructure and their mahinga kai (food gathering places) polluted by sewage water from Auckland City. The whenua of Ihumātao has provided enough for the people of Auckland. It is time to give Papatūānuku a rest. SOUL are protecting the mauri of the whenua, the life force of the land. They aren't just protecting the land for Māori, but for all of Aotearoa. Our Kāi Tahu people have a saying. "Mō tātou, ā, mō kā uri, a, muri ake nei" – "For us and our children after us". This isn't about money or land 'ownership', this is about what we leave behind for our tamariki and our mokopuna.

This is why we stand by Ihumātao. For when our moko ask us where we were when the land was being destroyed, we will tell them we were on the frontlines.

#ProtectIhumātao
#ProtectMaunaKea
#ProtectPapatūānuku



Don't ride like a



Slow down and keep your distance.
Look after your fellow Dunedinites!

DUNEDIN CITY COUNCIL | *kaurihera a rohe o Ōtepoti*

Safer Journeys

Former OUSA Presidents Hit Up Harlene

The real reason people run for the OUSA Exec

By Esme Hall | News Editor

Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne has provided written references for one OUSA President and one OUSA Executive member since August 2011, according to records obtained via the Official Information Act. To the best of her recollection, she has also provided verbal references for two further OUSA Presidents and one further

OUSA Executive member during this timeframe.

Otago Uni Registrar stressed that these figures are reflective of Professor Hayne being approached to actively provide a reference and do not indicate the number of times Hayne has agreed to act as referee for OUSA Presidents or Executive members.

2013 OUSA President, Francisco Hernandez, said he's never asked for a reference from Harlene, but only because he had more appropriate

references who can speak to his performance as an employee.

Hernandez said, "I considered Harlene to be a colleague rather than an employer which is why I haven't put her as a reference. But in contexts where Harlene would be the appropriate referee such as a scholarship application I wouldn't hesitate to ask her."

Another former President said they would definitely not use Harlene as a reference and used a few expletives to do so.

Opinion: The University Lied About Stationery

Critic Chief Reporter has literally no life outside of campus

By Sinead Gill | Chief Reporter

Last week Critic reported that the Archway Shop stationery would move to Campus Shop South (the weird merch store next to the library). This was allegedly due to a high demand for stationery and a need for more space to stock things. We asked the University point-blank if Campus Shop South, which also sells University apparel, graduation gifts, the University's range of 150th products, phone accessories, and Highlanders clothing, would be providing more space for stationery than

Archway Shop had been able to. They said yes.

And so it was on.

Before Archway Shop was closed forever, I turned up, not with a measuring tape, not a ruler, but my feet to measure with. I wear a European size 42, which is approximately 27 centimetres. Instead of measuring the area of the whole shop I measured the length of each display (and the density, but didn't end up needing it). The space behind the till, including the postage, iGear, and miscellaneous shit, was not included in either store. Which means that the two walls of displays, plus the two shelves in the middle (with stationery on either side of each shelf), made for a total of 71 my-feet worth of space for Archway Shop.

A week goes by. I wanted to give Campus Shop South enough time to relocate their stationary. My dignity dropped to an all time low as I measured the displays in front of the workers (I'm sorry you were mad, I never meant to hurt you), and had to awkwardly measure all of the things they pointed out was stationary and should count. I still dispute that a stand with 150 pens that was there pre-Archway Shops closure should not count. However, even with them added, the amount of my-feet worth of space is ONLY THIRTY FOUR. Half of Archway.

The University wasn't able to get back to me to answer for their lies in time, but I couldn't wait. You needed to know.

Critic Gets Street Sign Spelling Error Corrected

Critic boosts its street cred

By Esme Hall | News Editor

Critic corrected a spelling mistake not in our magazine, but in real life. We're cool, promise.

Since 26 April, the street sign on Ethel McMillan Pl has read "Ethel McMillian Pl". Critic's intrepid reporter stared at the sign for weeks wondering if they'd switched tracks into an alternate reality where it was Ethel McMillian Pl the whole time. Eventually they emailed the DCC, whose spokesperson said "the spelling

is wrong – it should read 'Ethel McMillan Pl'. We will get this fixed as soon as possible."

The Critic reporter was so relieved that they weren't crazy that they wrote an article about it. Watch this space for the new street sign to be installed. We will be.

DUNEDIN NEWS

Finally, the myth debunked

Good morning everybody.

Crush the car. make him push the button!

Does anyone in this group own this car that is parked on Oxford street outside radiator services? You are blocking a drive so I can't get my car out, I can see 5 parks that are empty, yes I've been door knocking

AMEN TO THAT!

FYI... pak n save is crazy!!! Avoid at all costs!

Could anyone please tell me which year that the trains use do run in Dunedin before they stopped?

Good to see.

0
👍 1

DEEPEST APOLOGIES to anyone i just blinded on the northern motorway with my high beams, my regular lights just decided to stop working

Any info message their page

Information please.

Great to see Dunedin Fighting back.
What do you think we should do?

ODT WATCH

INSIDIOUS. Damaging. Unacceptable. Disturbing.

Damaging. Unacceptable. Disturbing
Student bumps into primary school teacher at Peaches & Cream.

I thought this isn't happening; this only happens to Tom Hanks in movies

Man regrets drunken night of sex with volleyball.

Japan prepares robots for Olympics

They can high jump, they can shot put, but can they love?

"There might be a few people, but I doubt anything will actually happen."

Psychic predicts DCC voting turnout.

Four years of vegetables' goodness celebrated

Despite the fact that they do fuck all.



The Critical Tribune



Local Cowboy Severely Misunderstood 'Barnes Dance' Crossing

Otago based yehaw cattleman Arthur Mustang arrived at one of the centre city Barnes Dance crossings last week expecting a barn dance. Mustang waited for an hour before double-checking the details of the barn dance he was expecting.

Mustang said "Well I'll be! I was standing at that there crossing just waiting for all the other folk to show. According to Wikipedia I was com-

pletely wrong. Who names a pedestrian crossing something that silly?"

Mustang fired a few angry revolver shots into the air before stating "I'm off to exchange a few kind words with Henry Barnes" and rode off into the sunset.

Scarfie With Flaming Couch Tattoo Never Burned a Couch In His Life



Third-year Biology student Thomas King has been showing off his latest tattoo, which depicts an iconic

Otago University couch burning. However, new evidence has shown that King has never actually burned a couch.

Some have claimed that King's tattoo is cultural appropriation, and that he should either burn a couch, or get a cover-up. King deflected all the scrutiny by stating "It's a spiritual couch. I'm a hardcore scarfie, but just on the inside." He continued, "I'm not a poser bro, I just don't want to risk getting kicked out of Uni".

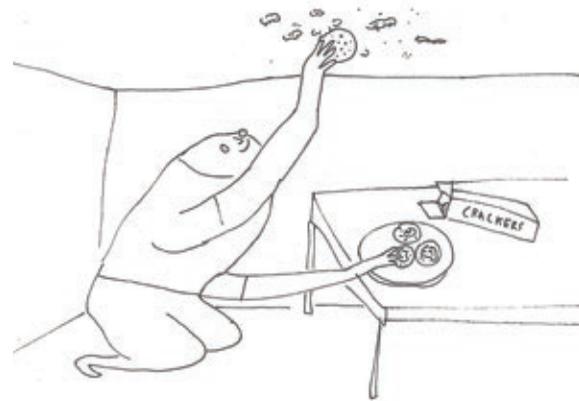
First Year Philosophy Major Hospitalised After Thinking Too Hard



Last Friday, first-year Philosophy student Chase Hughes had to be rushed

to the emergency room after he contemplated so hard that his brain exploded. Hughes's flatmates gathered the loose pieces of cranium in an old Domino's box and carried him to the hospital.

After 12 hours of surgery it was possible to restore the majority of his brain. Unfortunately however, Hughes will be lacking in some areas of thought. Hughes, who has currently completed a whopping one and a half philosophy papers, isn't put off by the accident, saying, "I don't need it, everyone knows real philosophy comes from the soul".



Mould Growing on Bathroom Ceiling Actually New Form of Cheese

Fourth-year Human Nutrition student Emma Greenwood recently discovered that what she previously thought was deadly black mould is actually a delicious new form of cheese.

She said, "My flatmate spilled a bottle of milk upstairs last semester, and we all kinda couldn't be bothered to clean it up. I guess it

soaked through our shitty uninsulated floor and started to cultivate on the roof."

Greenwood is currently working on pouring more milk upstairs in her flat to mass produce the product. The cheese has a delicate taste of both sweet cream and flat beer, with an aftertaste of cigarette ash.

Swipe for SMACK

By Caroline Moratti

Apparently people buy heroin from Tinder in Dunedin. Critic investigates.

Drugs. Most people dabble in these illicit substances at some point, whether out of curiosity, thrill-seeking, peer pressure, or my personal favourite, questionable coping methods. That's showbiz, baby.

But the days of buying drugs from some affable Seth Rogen-type in a dodgy alleyway are numbered. The world has changed; policing has become more vigilant, and millennials hate going outside. Not to mention that all the alleyways have been turned into cool hipster cafes, which honestly, is pretty great. RDC has great coffee.

So how do people get their drugs? The most common answer seems to be from friends or, more realistically, from friends of a friend. In Dunedin, where I can't go to Night 'n Day without running into some fucker

Tinder is the renowned dating app known for its spunky breeding ground of hook up culture, and also where your cousin met her now-boyfriend (I give them three months tops). Tinder is the place to be if you're a man that likes to take pictures with fish/a drugged out tiger in South East Asia or a girl that loves Snapchat filters and being in photos with large groups of people (seriously, which fucking one are you?).

Tinder, as it turns out, also isn't a half bad spot to acquire some freshly-squeezed drugs. Critic spoke to Charlotte* about her experiences using Tinder to acquire such drugs like weed, MDMA and heroin. She'd used Tinder mildly before, out of curiosity, before she realised that "there's a lot of interesting people out there, and it's a good resource to meet different crowds and people that supply different things". At this point in the conversation she winked. My palms became sweaty.

Charlotte had been trying to get heroin for a while, asking around casually, but described herself as stuck.

"Honestly, good men are so hard to come by these days."

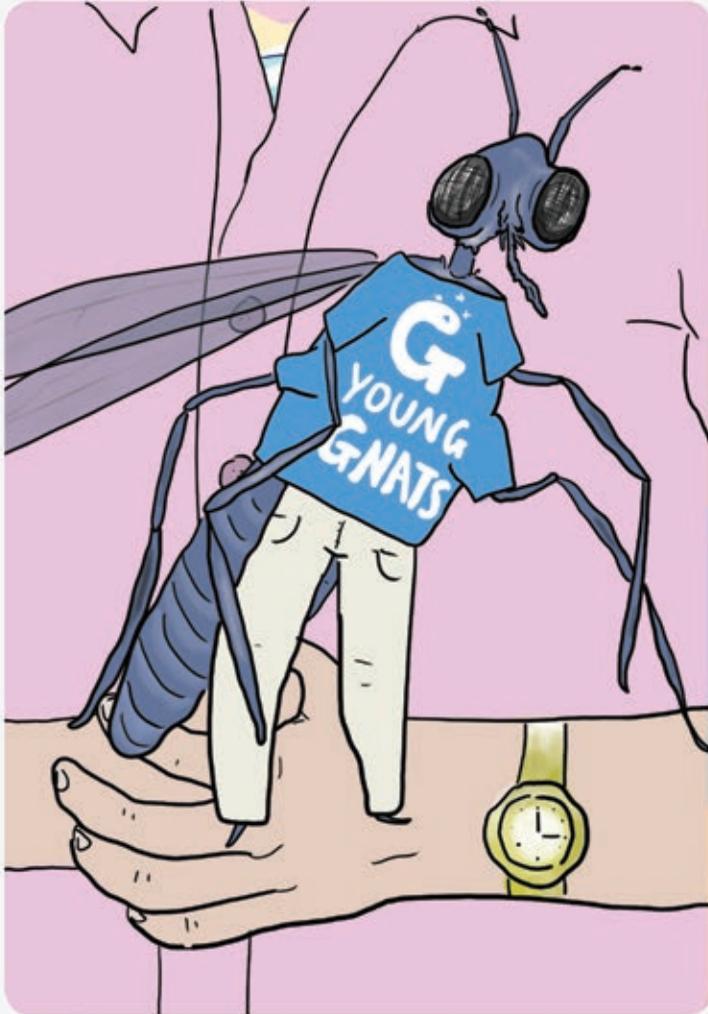
from primary school, this solution doesn't seem half bad. But what about if you don't have any friends? Maybe you're new to an area, or maybe you're just socially awkward. Maybe you do have friends, but they're all total squares and they're not going to sell you crystal meth on the down low. This is where Tinder steps into the picture.

So, she jumped on Tinder, uploaded a few cute pictures of herself alongside the bio "Trying to pretend this is trainspotting #justthereforheroin" and waited. She wanted her overall feel to come across as a bit humorous, but still with the underlying plea for narcotics. Sort of an in-between profile where you could potentially meet your future husband with a "haha just

Spark IT

4:20 PM

69%



joking (... unless?!)" vibe (which is what I do when people ask me why I don't look like my Tinder photos) but also might attract the small fish of the New Zealand heroin industry.

She mostly swiped right for "people that looked like they could dabble, someone that looked a bit unusual. One person offered me acid and they were wearing those Thailand pants, you know the ones, tie dye and stuff. People that just looked a bit open." Sorry Young Nats and Chino pants-wearers, that means you're probably not in Charlotte's key demographic - yet another young woman slips away from your slimy clutches.

When she matched with these scary liberals, Charlotte said she received a lot of messages asking if she was joking. When she reassured them that she was not, there were mixed reactions. She admits "there were a lot of liars, people would string me along for a while, saying 'Yes, I have it, we should meet up' and then wouldn't. I didn't go through with those meetings, but

guy without having to hang out with him, buying various drugs from heroin and acid to MDMA. Eventually, after a delightful family intervention, she stopped seeing him, but she still speaks fondly of him to this day.

Looking back, she rates her experience using Tinder to buy drugs as largely positive, but one that comes with warnings to those wishing to replicate her experience. Firstly and most obviously, trying to buy drugs is illegal and so people should obviously be careful. Charlotte herself wasn't worried at the time about police monitoring, though admits that people who matched with her were.

Aside from the obvious, she says that Tinder is only good for certain drugs, "When you can be sure of what it is, like weed because it looks like leaf, it can't really go wrong. When it comes to MDMA or acid, probably buy from people you trust. In terms on acid on Tinder, people seem to be lying a lot more; I wasn't sure if people were going to print off blotter paper and sell me 300 dollars of printed paper instead of drugs because its a

"It's a good resource to meet different crowds and people that supply different things"

they would usually confess when they realised I was fully not joking." Other reactions included "fuck you then" as well as concern for her wellbeing. A lot of men offered to give her weed and dick (my two most treasured possessions), but Charlotte persisted, searching for her elusive heroin fix. Eventually, after two weeks, she struck gold: a guy was willing to sell to her. Honestly, good men are so hard to come by these days.

After some initial chats to the guy about Wes Anderson and how he'd sourced the heroin, the young couple planned a meet-up: "We were gonna go see Isle of Dogs but we were too late, so we just drove around the city and would occasionally stop and have a little bump, kind of like micro-dosing until the high came on. In some ways, it was like a date I guess, but not really because there was nothing sexual, it was just friendly." After her initial date, Charlotte continued to buy off the

stranger and you have no ties to them." At this point in the interview I chuckled nervously, because I know if someone tried to sell me dried basil leaf I'd probably give them a fifty and sincerely thank them. But sure yeah, if you're good at recognising drugs, you'll be fine. Once again, Young Nats and Chino pants-wearers are unfairly discriminated against in our societal climate.

Overall, using Tinder for drugs isn't the world's worst idea. I use Tinder for validation, and the two are surprisingly similar; the highs last only a short time before you feel shit about yourself and yet again vow to avoid skinny white boys forever. However, if you are the kind of friendless individual that needs Tinder to buy drugs, maybe consider not taking drugs since, you know, you're probably not in the best frame of mind. But you do you, boo. While you're at it, try and find me a boyfriend.

Spark IT

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Literotica

In search of the sexiest books in the Science Library

By Erin Gourley

My journey into the most sexually tense space on campus (the Science Library) begins with a catalogue search. Peering self-consciously around me, I wait until the coast was clear before typing “sex” into the library search computer on the third floor and then I dive into the Library of Congress classification system to find the sexiest books in this repressed library.

Are the other people in the library staring at me? Have they noticed that all the books on my desk have the word sex in the title? I sacrificed my dignity to bring you the news that there is an erotic photography section in the Science Library. But, naturally, I didn't discover that until I was three hours in.

Love + Sex With Robots by David Levy

“I do not foresee the future, with robots as our partners, as totally without its problems.” That single sentence gives you an idea of how seriously David Levy is taking his book's topic. Love + Sex With Robots is about imagining a future in which we are all fucking – even marrying – robots. It's Westworld, basically. But without horses or saloons.

It also says a lot of depressing things about humanity. If Levy is right, then not only are robots going to replace other people, they're going to be better than other people. Better husbands, wives, politicians, surgeons, lawyers, and lovers. And robot sex is inevitably going to become a popular human activity.

But is this book sexy? Nothing with the line “[a]nd once the sexbot wagon starts rolling, nothing will stop it” could be sexy. This book is ominous. Please save us from the sexbot wagon. Please don't fuck robots.

Sex and Friendship in Baboons by Barbara Boardman Smuts

I am glad to announce that nothing in this book about baboons is vaguely erotic. Despite having sex in the title of her book, and smut in her last name, Smuts is determined to focus on everything other than sex. The one vaguely sexual fact I took from this book is that female baboons like to have multiple male sexual partners. Good for them.

Nudity: A Cultural Anatomy by Ruth Barcan

Nudity is a book about naked people. So, surely it is vaguely sexual? Nope. Not to make a sweeping generalisation, but no book that quotes Foucault and includes photos of nudist colonies has ever been sexy.

There's a lot of information about sex and I am quickly learning that facts about sex are the opposite of sexy. For example, the book tells me that in 1971, a study of university students found that 80% of women believed their pubic hair was “a powerful weapon in their sexual armoury”. Sexual armoury is possibly the worst term I've ever read. Armoury is when acid mine drainage fucks with limestone. That's not sexy.

Pleasure Zones by David Bell et al.

Another excellent title, another disappointing read, another book that proves the point that no work quoting Foucault has ever been sexy. Pleasure Zones includes an essay titled ‘Erotic Possibilities of the City’, which sounded like a promising third world bootleg of Sex and the City, but was actually a depressing exploration of how gay urban spaces were affected by the AIDS epidemic. All in all, it was much more serious than I expected and there was very little discussion of sex. Critical essays about gender are not sexy, I'm sorry.

The Exultant Ark: A Pictorial Tour of Animal Pleasure by Jonathan Balcombe

This book is about animals being happy. It's the best book in this cursed library. The photo of monkeys grooming a wild dog on page 77 made my heart melt. And now I'm going to ruin it for myself by reading the chapter about sex.

Balcombe laments that “the sensual – dare I say erotic? – nature of reproductive biology usually goes unexamined”. So he has photographed a lot of animals (moths, jaguar, sharks, frogs, dolphins, snails, various birds) doing it. From what I can see, animal sex comes in two varieties: that which looks uncomfortable and very rapey (mammals) and that which doesn't look like sex (non-mammals). My main takeaway is that a giraffe penis could probably kill five humans. And dolphins have

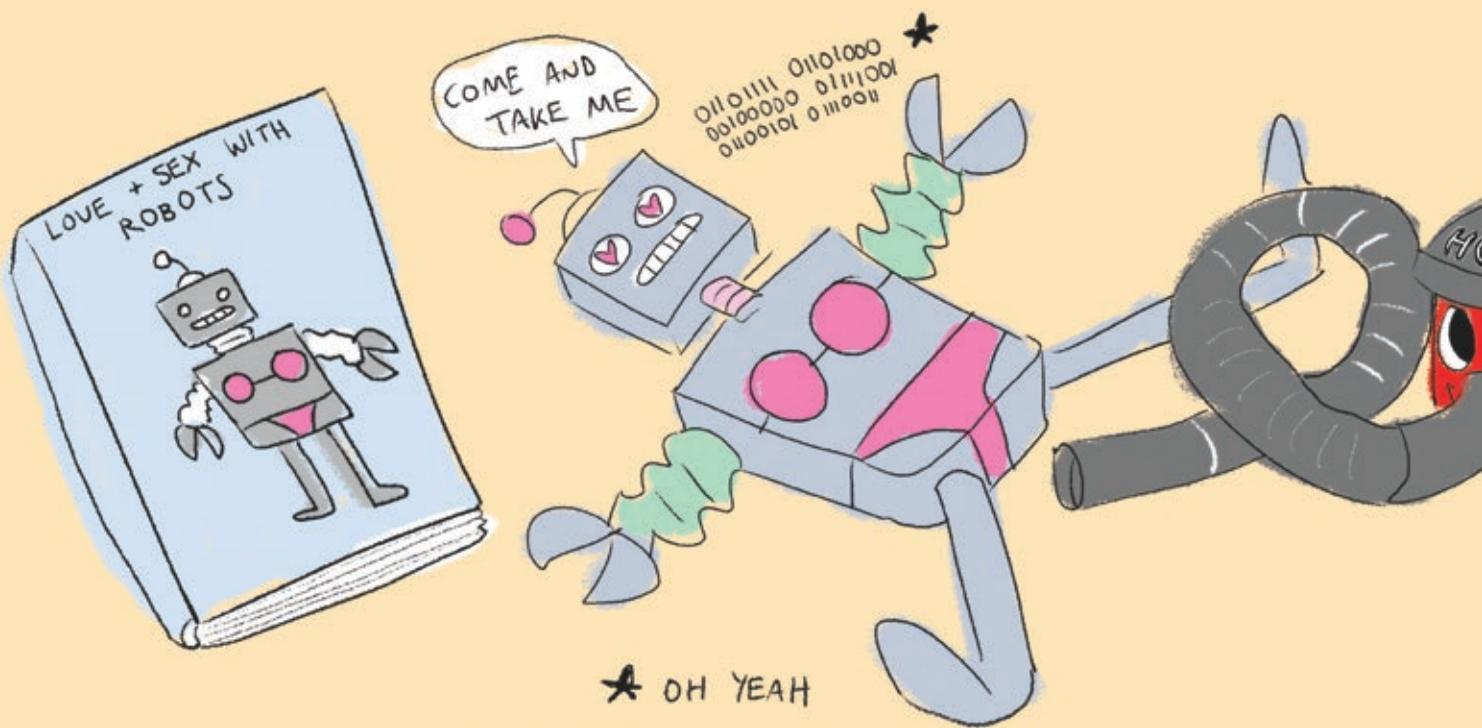


The Exultant
Ark

A
pictorial
Tour of
Animal
Pleasure

68

69



orgies. But erotic would be a far-fetched description of these photos, unless you're Malcolm Brenner or something.

Bonk by Mary Roach

On the first page of *Bonk*, a hype quote (from A. J. Jacobs, author of *The Year of Living Biblically*, which seems like a bad sign for his sex life) asserts that this book is “if not better than the act itself – then a hilarious and entertaining alternative”. That is a big call to make, A. J. Jacobs. And it is disappointingly inaccurate.

This book contains a lot of information about sex, but that information is not sexy. Marie Bonaparte had her clit surgically moved, twice, because she struggled to orgasm – horrifying. People have died masturbating with vacuum cleaners – also horrifying. Heterosexual couples have the worst sex – something we all already knew. Are any of these things sexy? No. This book is the first in a long string of books in the Science Library which, while still about sex and excellently titled, are not even vaguely erotic.

Is Arsenic an Aphrodisiac? by William R. Cullen

Apparently, arsenic has historically been used as an aphrodisiac. Sexy? If you want to risk arsenic poisoning, it could be. (Do not try this at home.)

Assume Nothing by Rebecca Swan

Assume Nothing is a photo book about gender fluid, transgender, and intersex people. I don't know why it's in the Science Library, but I appreciate it. It is a relief from baboons and robots and other reflections on science. There are some beautiful and sad stories. I enjoyed reading about the journeys of the subjects of Swan's book.

Are books about the transgression of the gender binary sexy? I don't know. This book is sexually empowering, and it contains nudity. The energy is like “go out and be who you are, wear whatever you want, and fuck whoever you want”. It's definitely getting close.

In the third hour of wandering the aisles of scientific books, I stumble across the erotic photography section of the Science Library (TR681, for anyone wondering). Unsurprisingly, erotic photography is sexier than science. They all easily outweigh the real science books in sexiness, so I've limited myself to the top three of the section.

The Male Ideal by Reed Massengil

The Male Ideal documents the photography of Lon of New York, who took nude photos of male bodybuilders between the 1930s and 1960s. Which, if you share my aesthetic sensibilities, is the time in which male body builders were just insanely



good-looking men and didn't have too much muscle. What I'm trying to say here is that they look like Greek gods. If we wanted men to internalise insanely unrealistic beauty standards, they would be forced to aspire to the men in this book.

This is a book of insanely attractive men, photographed in tasteful black and white. Too much body oil and too many flaccid dicks, but you can kind of ignore it. Is it sexy? Yeah.

Nothing But The Girl edited by Susie Bright and Jill Posener

The Science Library does not mind whether you are attracted to men or women. It has photos of all naked people. *Nothing But The Girl* is full of lesbian erotic photography. No flaccid dicks! Hooray. But there is an entire page close-up of a vagina, which is the female equivalent.

The book contains a full range of erotic photography, from women in their underwear to full-on orgies. Overall, it's tasteful and subtle and you could possibly look at it in the Science Library without people realising you were looking at erotic photography. Until you turn to the full-page photo of a vagina.

Hard to Imagine by Thomas Waugh

Hard to Imagine catalogues and critically analyses about 80

years of gay erotic photography. Waugh notes that these images have played a role in "getting [gay men] together, as well as off". There are so many penises. All shapes and sizes, flaccid, erect, bulges, multiple penises all together, blowjobs, rimjobs, anal, orgies, all photographically depicted in black and white. There are even stills from porn videos.

This is sexy (although that's a borderline call given how many flaccid penises I flicked past). It's gay porn in a book, surrounded by an extended critical analysis of that gay porn. The pictures are inset in the analysis, which is a comprehensive exploration of trends in erotic photography and the disproportionate focus on censoring gay pornography. There's enough text that people would think you were just reading a book, unless they looked closely at the photos. In which case they would see a lot of dick. If you either want to look at a lot of dick and/or think about how that dick is photographically presented, this is the perfect Science Library book for you.

Note: Sorry to heterosexual people who don't like queer erotic photography, the Science Library does not have straight erotic photography. I wonder why, given the storied history of oppression straight people faced during the rise of photography in the twentieth century.



HELL SHELLS



THIS ONE TIME WHEN I WAS MUNTED ...

Students reveal decent yarns from big weekends

By Natasha Parrant

North Dunedin is recognised as a city that goes quite hard – a reputation that has been earned year after year. Sure, not everyone drinks, but a lot of students get amongst it..

Whether its O-Week, Re-O, Hyde, St Patrick's, Agnew, Courtchella, Backpacker's Ball, the Manor, your standard BYO or just an average weekend, there's always someone doing something that's considered extreme.

I decided to lurk around student flats to ask people about the drunkest and craziest stories that they've experienced during their time in Dunedin. All names have been changed to protect identity.





Maggie: I once shelved a cap up my asshole, vomited up, found my cap in my vomit and swallowed it down. I got with a fresher afterwards, kicked him out and let in another guy literally at the same time they saw each other pass the door. It's been a big week.

Lisa: I did gear at 5AM and had yarns in the lounge in Re-O Week last year and again this year. In first year, during O Week, I got with someone on the stairs and in the bathtub. Then my SR walked in and saw blood from my period on the bath, it was like a bloodbath. She just like slowly walked out and shut the door.

I sprinted down Castle Street completely naked..."

Marge: In second year, I had sex with a guy and didn't realise I had a tampon in, but he took it out and threw it on the floor. I also got with a virgin fresher.

Moe: I briefly popped into Melo Casa around 12AM and then back at 3AM. I ended up walking all the way back to mine early doors, and went to Moana Pool when it opened for a float around the lazy river.

Homer: I witnessed my friend peeing in the bushes by the Leith River in front of the clock tower. She lost her undies in the bush and was running around campus screaming while she was bare bottom, "I've lost my undies". She didn't want to get pee on her clothes, they were too nice.

Barney: At Hyde, I got caught with gear by the police and was going to be turned in, but got a warning instead. I wasn't allowed but I sneaked in anyway and got chased by security with a friend. We outran them though so I still made it to Hyde. In O-Week, I dragged a road cone home one time, but was too drunk to realise I did it until I saw it the next day. I stole a bunch of alcohol from people's flats once. I ran into prickly bushes and got massive cuts all over my thighs and legs during a Ball once. And I drank a whole bottle of spirits and a box at St Paddy's with a decent amount of gear, then ended up at Botanic Gardens without realising where I was or who I was with.

Bart: I fell into a bush and got kicked out of the RnV Soundcheck gig even though I knew the bouncer.

Millhouse: Sometimes when I smoke I think there are insects like spiders crawling all over my head.

Sherri: I finished a whole bottle of vodka for my red card and I loved it. 10/10 recommend.



"I once shelved a cap up my asshole, vomited up, found my cap in my vomit and swallowed it..."



“I forgot I had it in and had to go to Student Health to get it surgically removed.”

Nelson: I witnessed someone throwing out mull, a washing basket filled with vomit, a printer and a road cone out of someone else’s window, which landed onto the neighbour’s property. The road cone smashed the top of the roof and slid down, while the printer was so close to smashing their windows.

Terri: I was caught in bed with this guy but in his friend’s bed and so I sprinted down Castle Street completely naked. The guy I was with came running after me. He put me on his shoulders and took me home, but when I woke up the next morning, I had no clothes or keys and found my pants in a completely different guy’s room. My keys and everything else were in the guy’s friend’s room still. I also had sex with a tampon in when I was drunk. I forgot I had it in and had to go to Student Health to get it surgically removed.

There you have it, just an average night in Dunedin for some of our country’s future politicians.



PRETTY FLY FOR A WIFI

Judging the most creative streets around campus based on how good their wifi names are.

By Sinead Gill

It's that time of the year where your landlord (while simultaneously ignoring your texts about the broken freezer and mould) asks you if you want to sign on for 2020. But how do you know if you should stay in your shithole flat, or risk it all for greener pastures? Surely not with this guide. But in case this is all the research you plan on doing, here you go. Boring and over-done plays on the word WiFi (like the title of this article) don't count.

Leith Street(s)

- Skrrt skrrrt
- Leith me alone
- drown.me.in.the.leith_:(

Hyde Street

- Nofurriesallowed
- Hot singles in your area
- Hyde your kids
- Dora the internet explorer

Ethel McMillan/Benjamin

- ~~~~~just~a~friendly~worm

Clyde St

- Stop stealing limes
- Flat earth society

Howe St

- Ni Howe
- Helms Deep
- IwantKFC

Castle St

- Dave Scott surely not
- Send nudes for password
- Wifi beaters
- cuntsRus

Dundas Street

- RiseDownGamers

It's finally obvious why they put up the Dundas Street Wall - because Dundas

East residents need to be fucking contained. There were seriously several versions of "X is gay" or "X is a f*ggot" (but without the *). Is this Grindr without the app, or Kyle being edgy? I can't tell.

Forth Street

- Our couches pull out we dont
- Free gucci

Imagine all of the flats that are on these streets, and then look at the list of WiFi names again. What happened, guys? I refuse to accept that we students are so busy with studying and working that we don't have the time for wacky WiFi-related hijinks. Most of the WiFi names that popped up were [insert flat name and number], or the standard Spark[insert serial number].

You non-named WiFi people make me sick.



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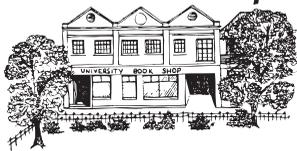


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STUDENT TO WATCH: KATIE WILLIS

University Book Shop



Dunedin's Finest Book Shop

PRESENTS STUDENTS TO WATCH

Katie Willis's life has been one big creative journey. She began creating and selling original prints, when she left highschool and began a degree in Communica-

tion Design at Otago Polytech with a focus on graphic design. An elective paper in her second year required her to create a product to sell, and, wanting to do something different than her usual prints, she began to create acrylic jewellery. It was a whim, but now it and Pudunkart, her brand, is her "complete passion".

Designing each piece is definitely a labour of love. Katie couldn't estimate how long the creative process takes in total. However, she said that when it comes to literally cutting the material, it's done in just 30 seconds, depending on

the shape. After the earrings are ready, she puts them in cute individually designed packages. Just a quick flick through her website makes it obvious how much care goes into every piece.

The inspiration behind her products is nostalgia. She loves pastel colours and the lolly designs, which reminds her of when she was young and would save up money to buy a dollar mixture. Now, people can buy a pair of lollies from their childhood that they can keep forever. Her personal favourite is this Bubble O'Bill. When she looks at her jewelry she can almost taste them.



Despite how professional and aesthetically pleasing her products and Insta is (@pudunkart), she said that for the most part she is just "winging it". Posting on social media, especially when experimenting with something new, makes her nervous. She said



“I just get so excited. It’s so crazy to me”

it can be a struggle to not take criticism personally, as “anything I create is me”.

Which makes it super buzzy when she sees people out and about wearing her products. She said that there is one lady in particular that always wears her stuff. “She must think I’m such a creep,

because I always stare at her,” she said. “But I just get so excited. It’s so crazy to me.” During her own graduation parade she stopped to rush over to someone wearing one of her broken earrings to offer to take it and repair it (which she did, the darling). She just wants to “make people happy”.

In future she would love to make Pudunkart full-time, so long as she perfected the balance between business and passion. Although her laser cutter is currently broken (giving her some needed time off in the process, though), once it’s back up and running she wants to look into figuring out how to customise cuttings, so that people

By Sinead Gill
who want to make things but don’t have the resources to can just use her stuff. In the meantime she’s busy with her day job as a Junior Designer for OUSA.

Instagram - @pudunkart

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TALLY HO! VOYAGING THROUGH THE NEW DUNEDIN SOUND

Critic interrogates drunk students in the line for Pint Night with pretentious questions about the Dunedin Sound because we're not like other boys and Pint Night is a bit shit.

What is your favourite Dunedin Sound band?

"Albion Abbey is pretty good"
"Hold up, I'll think of it. Three Quarter Marathon"
"Hot Donnas"
"The Verlaines"
"Oi nah my flatmates a DJ he drops a mean set"

"Coyote"
"Anything Drum and Bass"
"I fucking love The Shitz aye"

What are your thoughts on the new version of the Dunedin Sound? Do you find the Sound now to be derivative or distinctive?

"Like good, like kinda like underground music but like with like surfy undertones".
"Fucking Gregg's coffee"
"Grungy, but there is the surf rock side that I don't like"
"Soft grunge emo hippie"
"Umm like drum and bass, like

Macky Gee and Brett Collins"
"Wait is that like The Chills?"
"Hit or miss"
"Can you get me on the blind date?"
"A lot of it is post-DeMarco and trying to copy King Krule with an '80s twist"

What are your thoughts on the increasing closure of iconic gig venues such as Chick's and The Attic?

"I reckon that's like pretty shit cause like you want more of like local talent to show off their grooves. I can't describe it now

but I definitely follow. I'm trying my best"
"Oi it fucking sucks aye"
"I thought Chick's was a strip club"
"Sucks man. We were jamming there today, and it sucks because we can't perform there"
"Chicks was so sick; I really miss that place"
"It makes me sad, I think we need more places to go have fun as young poor students so there's a bit of solidarity"



Photography: Aiman Amerul Muner

By Henessey Griffiths

As you are probably aware, the Dunedin Sound was conceptualised within the wave of music coming out of Dunedin in the 1980s with the likes of The Chills, The Clean and Straight-jacket Fitz – what current Dunedin Sound band do you think best encompasses that style of sound?

"I gotta look at my Spotify. Alright, alright, alright, alright. Milpool. That's probably my favourite. I reckon out of all the bands in Dunedin, they've made the best music that's original

and sick as fuck."
 "The Chills"
 "Wollskull"
 "The old punk scene"
 "I think Soaked Oats and Marlin's Dreaming; there's a lot of cool things coming out that's really Dunedin right now"
 "All I can think of is Crazy Frog"

What do you think of surf rock in Dunedin? Can surf rock be classified as 'the Dunedin sound'?

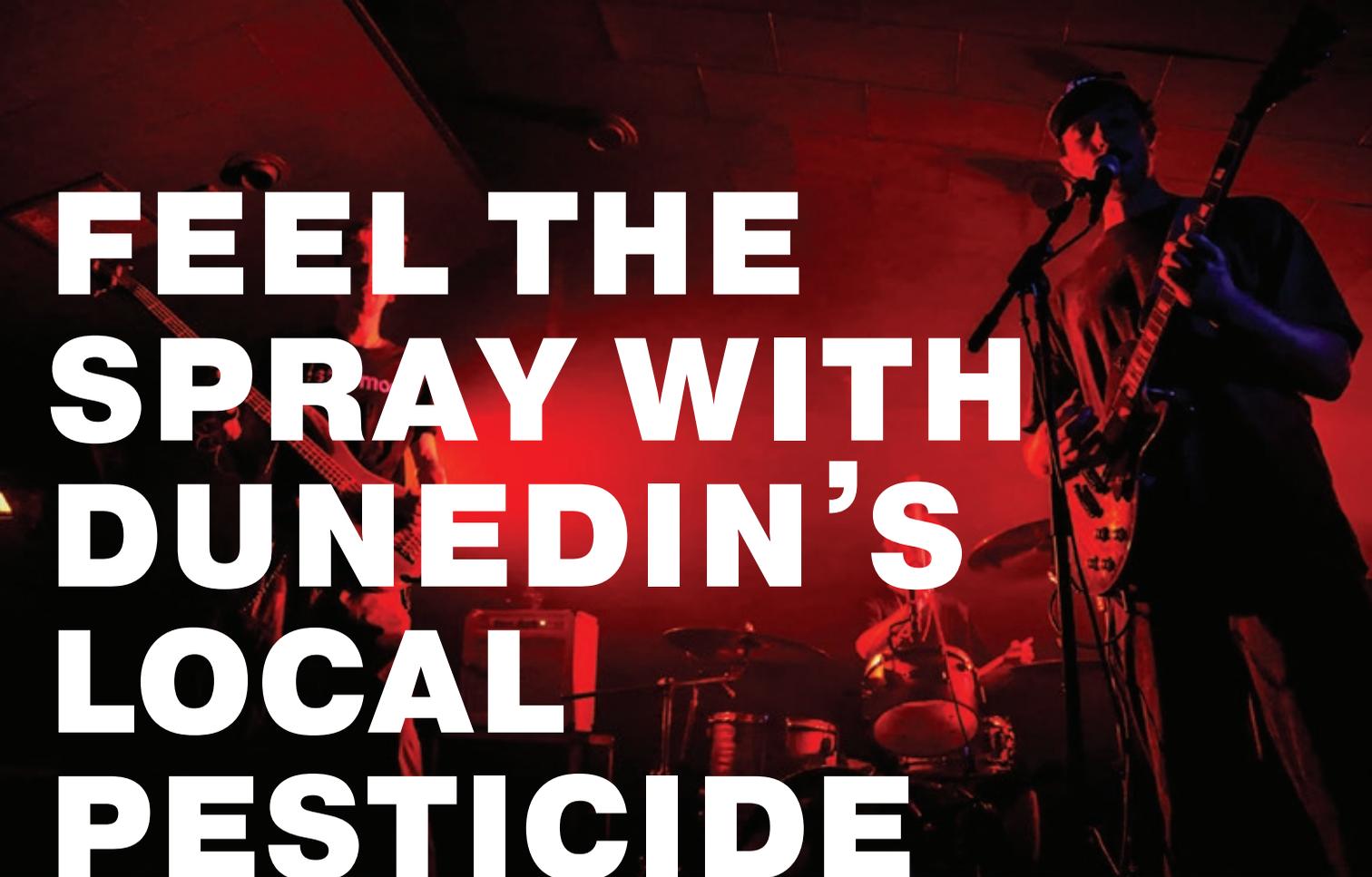
"Half and half. Half is like kinda yeah but half is like nah not really it's everywhere else in the world

like Australia and shit. Like it's cool and I like it but it's definitely not original".
 "Surf?"
 "Uhhhhh"
 "[inaudible yelling]"

Why are you at Pint Night tonight?

"'Cause I'm like quite on the piss aye and I haven't been to Pint Night in like a year and like the line is always shit and is too big but I'm here to check it out aye"
 "Girls, the kids are out to perform"

"My flatmate's tits are out, we're out here to pull – WAIT WHY ARE YOU WEARING MY BRA"
 "My flatmate is playing"
 "We just wanted to have a flat outing"
 "Wanted to spin some fire"



FEEL THE SPRAY WITH DUNEDIN'S LOCAL PESTICIDE

ENTHUSIASTS: FLYSPRAY

What does a vape store retail manager, bean soup merchant, and bouncy castle coordinator all have in common? They all share being local pesticide enthusiasts and members of the self-described "conspiracy punk safe kids" band Flyspray. Comprised of Jack Doublet on lead vocals and guitar, Peter Molteno on bass and production, and Tom Schultz on drums.

Flyspray's formation was not intentional. The band formed as a result of Peter and Jack recording a few demos at Peter's studio late last year and became Flyspray following the recording of their first single Pay You On Monday. After recording as a two-piece, Tom joined the band after "Peter came into Shosha and asked 'hey, do you want to bang on some drums?' and I thought why not". Each member of the band

comes from different musical backgrounds, bringing a unique flavour to Flyspray's sound. Jack's love for psychedelic rock, Peter's background in metal and prog rock, and Tom's years of Scottish pipe band sneer drummer and jazz experience all create the "dense but slightly moist to the bite" Flyspray sound. "We have a dynamic range between light and heavy sounds," Peter said. "We play heavy prog rock for people

By Henessey Griffiths
to thrash too, but still maintain an accessible aesthetic for people to enjoy."

"Our sound is a nice amalgamation of all of our different tastes and skills."

The band has been hard at work for the past seven months, playing a range of live shows and releasing their first EP StormBrain on June 17. Each song has a distinct



Photos: Scott Kingsbury

and different sound; with the likes of Pay You On Monday revolving around borrowing money from your mates to buy a gram, to New Mercedes being about Jack's experience working at a Poultry farm over the summer. Creating such a dynamic range of work was no easy feat for the band. The EP was formed in the space of a week but went through rigorous refining before being released. "I think I remixed the whole thing twice; each individual song went through many iterations. They're all good songs and we evolved

faster. We tried to find our footing sonically but there was a point where we just wanted to get it out there," said Peter. The response from the EP was overwhelming, with Tom describing how "When [we] saw Flyspray on the Radio One Top 11 chart, that's when it actually felt real".

After playing their biggest event at Health Sci Flyspray at Starters Bar at the end of the semester, they're now working hard tearing up the local gig scene. As Jack describes it, "My favorite brand of Flyspray is

Mortein, because we bring the Raid in our stage presence every time we perform".

"It's fun playing such heavy shit but seeing everyone having a good time and getting responsibility aggravated at our gigs," Tom said. Alongside a range of gigs coming up in the near future, the band is planning on releasing a small three-song EP sometime soon, and a fully-fledged album before the end of the year. "The album is on a backseat, trying to chill out, just need to write lyrics,"

Jack said. For now, the band is still marinating in their flavor of an "overcooked chicken wing covered in lime and chili that's been sitting at Willowbank all day – but it hits the spot just right. Just remember to stay safe, drink lots of water, and pay your ticks on Monday."

You can stream StormBrain on all available streaming services, and keep up to date with Flyspray on Facebook and Instagram [@flyspray_](#)

“My favorite brand of Flyspray is Mortein, because we bring the Raid in our stage presence every time we perform”

Thinking about your study options for 2020?

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Student Development
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1869-2019

University of Otago and OUSA present
the 2019 University of Otago

Blues and Golds AWARDS

Nominations now open!

For more information, and to nominate, visit
ousa.org.nz/recreation/blues-and-golds



ousa



Aquarius

Jan 20 - Feb 18

Mercury retrograde is nearly over. Chahoo. Make the most of it by moving the furniture around in your room. Show off to your flatmates when you are finished.

This week's old wives' wisdom: pull out that grey hair and 5 more are gonna grow back. Trust me.



Aries

Mar 21 - Apr 19

Just because you made prolonged eye contact at Starters doesn't mean it's meant to be.

This week's old wives' wisdom: collect an acorn and hold it in your pocket to stay young forever. Alternatively, fail BSNS 112 for the third time.



Gemini

May 21 - Jun 20

This week all your flat meals are gonna turn to shit. There's nothing you can do about it. Acceptance is key.

This week's old wives' wisdom: an apple a day keeps the doctor away. (Tbh doesn't matter if you eat the apple or not - Student Health never have fucking appointments.)



Leo

July 23 - Aug 22

The planets have really aligned for you this week. If you look up at the stars, you'll see they spell out the words: Dunedin Casino. Bet it all on red, baby.

This week's old wives' wisdom: Avoid pregnancy by sitting in Moana pool's spa for an hour. Risk contracting an STD instead.



Libra

Sept 23 - Oct 22

Have a flatmate you hate? Slowly start adding more and more salt to their meals to increase their blood pressure.

This week's old wives' wisdom: never fear, your second semester beer belly is actually just a very small watermelon that grew from a seed you swallowed 5 months ago.



Sagittarius

Nov 22 - Dec 21

Jupiter moves into your social sphere this week. It said that your friends are talking shit.

This week's old wives' wisdom: shaving makes your hair grow back thicker (probably why these freshers be having the stupidest fucking moustaches I've ever seen).



Pisces

Feb 19 - Mar 20

Start training to do one of those cool front flips on the ground to make friends and influence people.

This week's old wives' wisdom: that 10 you just pulled last night? Yeah they're actually a 6. Eat some carrots to improve your eyesight.



Taurus

Apr 20 - May 20

Women love you, fish fear you

This week's old wives' wisdom: make sure you dry your hair before you leave for your lecture; otherwise you'll definitely catch a fucking cold.



Cancer

Jun 21 - July 22

Host kick ons this week and some incredible things could happen to you (or not, but it's your turn to fucking host anyway).

This week's old wives' wisdom: spicy food causes ulcers. As per, stick to the mild butter chicken and garlic naan this week.



Virgo

Aug 23 - Sept 22

It's up to you this week Virgo. The horoscope gods said so. Do a ritualistic snow dance in the lounge and you could singlehandedly bring snow to the mountains and save the Queenstown economy.

This week's old wives' wisdom: pluck a literal hair from a dog and you will cure a lifetime of hangovers.



Scorpio

Oct 23 - Nov 21

The sun moves into your financial sectors this Monday. Capsicums are like four dollars at the moment. Say fuck it and put it in the trolley anyway.

This week's old wives' wisdom: crack your knuckles in your lecture one more time and you can choose to get either arthritis or ringworm. Fact!

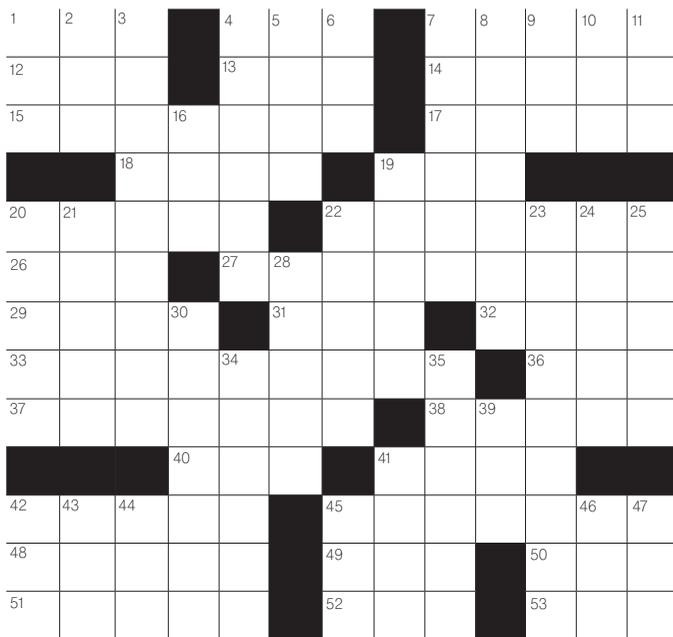


Capricorn

Dec 22 - Jan 19

Say James Heath three times in front of the mirror and he won't appear.

This week's old wives' wisdom: if you swallow your gum on the rark this week it will stay in your stomach forever. Sorry, I don't make the rules.



- AROSS
1. Stately tree
 4. Edge
 7. Magazine edition
 12. Hawaiian necklace
 13. Mess up
 14. Go-getters
 15. Musical works
 17. Silly
 18. On top of
 19. Male descendant
 20. In a while
 22. Narrates again
 26. Astonish
 27. Inedible mushroom
 29. Unchanged
 31. 2nd amendment lobby
 32. Beget
 33. Temporary
 36. Mogul _____ Turner
 37. Ted Kennedy, e.g.
 38. Unwraps
 40. Mr. Franklin
 41. Pronounce indistinctly
 42. "_____ of Two Cities" (2 wds.)
 45. Former (hyph.)
 48. Fictional book
 49. Food fish
 50. It follows Oct.
 51. In want
 52. Couple
 53. Wow!
- DOWN
1. Raised railroads
 2. Zodiac lion
 3. Revolutionary War militiaman
 4. Witty reply
 5. OPEC member
 6. "_____ Doubtfire"
 7. Fools
 8. 14-line poems
 9. Neptune's domain
 10. Coffeepot
 11. Wind dir.
 16. Imitate
 19. Family car
 20. Edures
 21. Knowing
 22. More unusual
 23. Dawdling
 24. Sophia _____
 25. Winter toys
 28. Scallion
 30. Made possible
 34. Rock band _____ Dan
 35. Ohio port
 39. Situate
 41. Skier's surface
 42. Raggedy _____
 43. Sock tip
 44. Wide street (abbr.)
 45. Fall mo.
 46. Bossy Stoooge
 47. New Year's _____

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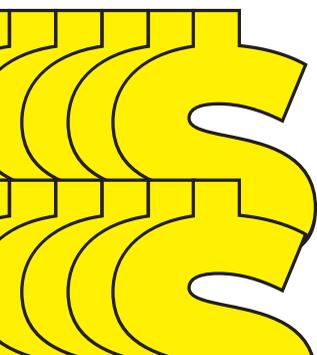
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8				9		6
5	2		6			8

TOP 10 REASONS TO DRINK IN YOUR 30S

1. You watch your friends have kids and although you couldn't imagine anything worse, you start to realize the reason you don't want kids is because you grew up knowing that you were an annoying piece of shit that was a total hassle, so that's what kids mean to you now.
2. You hate that you no longer have the intense willpower to restrict your food the way you could at 19.
3. You don't know if it's worse to be thought of as "not hot", or just not even thought of anymore.
4. All the good romantic options are married, or divorced (for good reasons) with kids.
5. Your physical mobility sucks balls and you can't even pirouette even though you did 15 years of ballet.
6. You realise that home ownership is never going to be as easy for you as it was for someone on one income in 1991. Getting a PhD income or being in a relationship is literally the only way you're going to own a house that's not in the outskirts of Palmerston (the Palmerston North of the South).
7. It's so much harder to have a reliable drug hook-up in your 30s.
8. You're in an unsatisfactory relationship but can't afford to live alone and you can't bear to flat with multiple people ever again.
9. You never lived up to the "gifted" label some cunt of a primary school put on you, and now feel eternally guilty and worthless.
10. Life feels like one big to-do list because you're trying to make the most of the few years you have left whilst compensating for the worthless cunt you have turned out to be thus far.
- 11 (bonus). You were born just too late and just too early for free tertiary education, but just at the right time to be completely financially screwed over by your parents generation which consists of slumlords looking after their "nest eggs".



EQUIVALENT ITEMS OF HARLENE HAYNE'S SALARY

1. 196,969 x 5 pack noodles
 2. 2167 ounces of marijuana
 3. 20,312 boxes of Billy Mavs
 4. 4,333,333 minutes on a Lime scooter
 5. 325,000 McDonalds cheeseburgers
 6. 503,875 Bic pens
 7. 34,228 boxes of Durex classic condoms
 8. 520,000 boxes of Space Man Candy Sticks
 9. 144,444 flat whites
 10. 25,000 12 packs of Long Whites
 11. 20,000 1kg of salmon fillets
 12. 1.35 Jacindas
 13. 13 professional racing camels
 14. 43,333 dildos
 15. 360 flights around the world
- Disclaimer: These are very rough estimates. We do not like maths.*



RAD TIMES

GIG GUIDE

CHECK OUT R1.CO.NZ FOR MORE INFO

WEDNESDAY 31ST JULY

OPEN MIC NIGHT W./ BOAZ ANEMA

DOG WITH TWO TAILS
8PM
FREE ENTRY

SKY MACHINE

U-BAR
W./ CHRIS WILLIAM
9PM
FREE ENTRY

DYLAN LARDELLI

MARAMA HALL,
UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO
1PM. \$3 STUDENTS / \$7
NON-STUDENTS

OPEN MIC NIGHT W./ SAMARAH

LINWOOD
INCH BAR
8PM
FREE ENTRY

THURSDAY 1ST AUGUST

DOCUMENT ONE (UK)
STARTERS BAR
TICKETS FROM TICKETTAILOR.COM
9PM

JAZZ IN THE POCKET

DOG WITH TWO TAILS
8PM
FREE ENTRY

FRIDAY 2ND AUGUST

RADIO ONE 91FM PRESENTS:

LEISURE - 'TWISTER' ALBUM
RELEASE SHOW
FEATURE EVENT @ STARTERS
BAR
W./ JACK BERRY BAND
TICKETS ARE \$20 + BF
FROM EVENTBRITE.COM.AU

BETTY APPLE (TAIWAN)

THE COOK
TICKETS FROM

UNDERTHERADAR.CO.NZ

8PM
JOHN WHITE AND KAHU
DOG WITH TWO TAILS
8PM
FREE ENTRY

JULIAN TEMPLE

STARFISH CAFE & BAR
8.30PM
FREE ENTRY

IAN MUNRO

CATACOMBS
TICKETS FROM EVENTBRITE.CO.NZ
10PM

SATURDAY 3RD AUGUST

HA THE UNCLEAR

THE COOK
W./ HOT DONNAS AND REZZY
CROOKS. TICKETS FROM
UNDERTHERADAR.CO.NZ
8PM

HOT BOY SUMMER W./ SANDBOARDS AND SIMON

STARTERS BAR
8PM. FREE ENTRY BEFORE 10PM,
\$5 AFTER

LIVEWIRE

MORNINGTON TAVERN
8PM
FREE ENTRY

SUNDAY 4TH AUGUST

KATHARTICUS

DOG WITH TWO TAILS
2PM
FREE ENTRY



FANCY A SUMMER OF SCIENCE THAT COMES WITH A PAYCHECK?

Come and learn about the Summer Studentship Programme at Plant & Food Research.

WHERE

University of Otago
Union Common Room
Union Building

WHEN

14 August 2019
4.30pm - 6.30pm
Drinks & nibbles
will be served



Pursue a career in engineering technology through professional practice



Bachelor of Engineering Technology

Majors: Mechanical, Electrical or Civil Engineering

Develop an understanding of the principles and practical application of modern technology in an area of specialisation, and in year three you'll participate in an industry-based project to gain work experience within the industry. You'll also gain skills in economics, communications, critical thinking, problem solving, engineering project design, and project management.

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Welcome to Diversity Week, I look forward to seeing you celebrating the beautiful range of students in our community with us, and learning new perspectives!

Learning isn't just for the excitement of new connections, though; we can all learn to understand where we have privileges, and to listen to people who don't share them. It can help to consider what we might call non-political, which others can't take for granted. As someone white, listening to students of other cultures is key to understanding the range of student experiences – Te Roopū Māori's video for Give Nothing to Racism is an important example. Similarly, people who aren't queer might not understand why gender-neutral bathrooms are important, because they might not realise how unsafe gendered facilities can be, especially for trans people.

Speaking of bathrooms, last week Critic decided to publish a "review" which encouraged students to consider disabled bathrooms on campus for hook-ups. This came out the same day the Union lift – i.e. the only accessible

route to OUSA's offices, including Critic – was out of order. As nice as not being a killjoy might be, it epitomises privilege to look at facilities specifically for disabled people and not consider those people when deciding to use them anyway.

'Bathroom politics' are already familiar to many, including parents whose prams won't fit in cubicles, trans and non-binary students for whom these are the only individual, non-gendered facilities, and as sustainable choices increase, people with periods who need to empty and rinse their menstrual cups. All of these present options for Critic to rebuild some good faith by covering, and I hope we can all learn from their oversight.

If you're new to disability issues, I suggest stopping by the Link on Tuesday 10am-2pm to meet some amazing volunteers who will be raising awareness.

Kerrin R-S 20

WHAT'S HOT AT OUSA

RADIO ONE 91FM & NZ ON AIR PRESENT THE 2019

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HEATS 9TH & 16TH AUGUST | FINAL WEDNESDAY 21ST AUGUST

1 91 FM

NZ On Air

ousa

Harry Potter Quiz Night

14th August | 6pm | Starters

PRIZES	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD
	\$200	\$75	\$50

MORE INFO AT ousa.org.nz/recreation

1 91 FM

ousa



By Sinkpiss Plath

Let me recount exactly what happens when you consume Pepe Lopez Gold Tequila. One shot, and you forget about the rush you feel when a Masterchef Mystery box is unveiled for the first time. A second shot, and you forget about George Calombaris's bald head dripping with sweat anytime he eats spicy food. A third shot and you forget about Matt Preston and his love for cravats. You will never see the bare flesh of his neck. By now you get the gist, so listen in closely. Continue down this path for an evening and there will come a time, maybe on your 12th shot, or your 19th, that everything be a wonderful black haze. Embrace that darkness. Revel in it. It's okay to grieve, to allow yourself to feel the full range of your emotions, and then nothing at all. You're human. You'll wake up tomorrow with a raging hangover but it'll be a new day and you can get through it. It's what the boys would have wanted. Oh and watch out, you'll probably have shat the bed.

Taste Rating: 0/10

Froth Level: Black-outs, a dangerous level of vomit, white girls yelling "Tequila!!!!"

Pairs well with: A tragic life-altering event that you must immediately suppress.

Tasting notes: A light, fruity syrup of golden amber, which shall be ruined forever by your one evening of impulsive drinking.

BOOZE REVIEWS

PEPE LOPEZ GOLD TEQUILA

My dear readers, recently I found out some devastating news. Masterchef Australia has lost its three beautiful judges: George, Matt and Gary. For those of you that are fans of the beloved cooking show, this will come as a blow that may never be truly recovered from. With the weight of these unbearable circumstances, I went on a search for booze that will most likely kill me, or at the very least heavily comatose me. Friends, I think I have found what I am looking for in Pepe Lopez Gold Tequila.

Pepe Lopez Gold Tequila is a death trap, a lethal machine. It will knock you out stone cold, like your lecturer wearing tight jeans. You'll wake up in the gutter of Archway 1 with no memory. What I get up to when I'm blackout is none of my business. Little rat brain, take the wheels. The tequila is light and golden, the bartender's hand is heavy and the bass is more dropped than an infant child. This drink will get you where you need to go. In my case, the Leith.

STARTERS
WHAT'S GOOD

WED: UNITED IN DIVERSITY:
THE BIG QUIZ OF THE YEAR (SIGN UP REQUIRED) | 6PM - 8PM

THUR: POKER NIGHT | 7PM - LATE
DOCUMENT ONE | 8PM - 12PM

FRI: LEISURE | 8PM - 1AM

SAT: HOT BOY SUMMER
W/ SANDBOARDS & SIMON | 8PM - 1AM

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

ELTON

When I found out that I was gonna get to be part of the historic Critic Blind Date, I was pumped. Free food and a chance to meet a cutie? I'm in. So in preparation I douched, wore a sexy turtleneck to hide my hickey from the night before and guzzled too much vodka in 15 minutes, then I was ready to go.

So I rock up to find my date is already there and the good news is, I didn't know him, which was surprising considering there are only about 3 gays in Dunedin. The bad news is I immediately knew I was not interested. He started his uni degree when I was 10 and hadn't drunk any alcohol before coming, which breaks Blind Date etiquette. But hey, I was ready to make a friend!

We eventually get talking, I'm pretty sure we discussed queer issues and other gay shit, but honestly most of the date is a blur. Not because I was drunk, but because I was a bit bored. I'm interested in having a laugh, not a thesis on queer identity. But the gay community is too small to be a dick and leave, so I stayed and chatted until it was time for Mamacita to close. Upon leaving he offered to drive me home, and it was pouring with rain so of course I accepted.

So we get to my flat and he switches the car off, and in the awkward silence I say "so, do you want a tour of my flat?" Now I'm not dumb, I know what that is code for, but it was the only thing my intoxicated brain could come up with. So in we go, he meets my flatties, and we eventually get to my bedroom where he sits on my bed. Here is where I broke the news that I was giving him a literal tour and kicked him out. So if my date is reading this, sorry for leading you on, you seem like a nice guy. Anyway, cheers Critic and Mamacita's for the feed.

FREDDIE

My inbox buzzed three days earlier: you're on the blind date this week. I still managed to arrive on time on the night, only waiting ten or so minutes for my date to arrive. Meanwhile, I kept my Snapchat story updated for expectant friends.

The biggest shock of the night was that we didn't recognise each other, which must be a gay first in Dunedin's history. We hit it off well straight away though, chatting about politics, queer identity, coming out stories, and our passions, while forgetting that we needed to order.

As we settled on the priciest menu items that a vegetarian and a vegan could muster (cheers Critic for picking up the tab), the discussion shifted to years at uni, and we quickly discovered the age gap. Clearly bored of repetitive fresher-versus-third-year fuckfests, Critic was going for the Daddy angle by setting me up with a guy nearly a decade younger. Conversation flowed well throughout the evening. We found out that we both worked for OUSA (a coincidence I promise, not nepotism), we swapped dating app stories, and were later subjected to the awkward friendly reminder by our waitress that the restaurant was about to close, in order to boot us out.

The looming post-dinner-plans question was upon us; we both had 21st birthdays pencilled in, but it suddenly transpired that he had a cold and needed an early night in. Being a good friend, I offered to drop him home, and so I got invited in to see the place. He popped a couple of Strepisils in front of me and coughed a bit in order to drop the hint that he wasn't interested in anything further, but my asexual ass was kind of grateful that there were no sexexpectations. I went to the 21st.

\$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 Meaningful Confessions

It was my 20th birthday. I was probably the most smashed I have ever been; to the point where I am legitimately surprised that I remember this much. I went to town after a few too many brews (and far too many cones) with no ambition to go home with anyone, but once being introduced to this guy through mutual friends we hooked up in 10Bar (rip) and went back to his (rather nice) flat. I was pretty curious, because as we walked, he told me even if we were going back to mine he needed to stop by his flat to get something so we may as well go to his (and it was closer so drunk me agreed).

We got there, went into his room and he immediately turned on some music. 'Mood music' as he put it, but I don't think I would ever have classified Childish Gambino as mood music. Candles were lit (again to 'set the mood'), and the 'thing' he needed to come and get was

revealed: stimulating lube. He went down on me with the lube and it was rather hot and he had no idea where to put his tongue so we started to fuck and it became very very clear he didn't know what he was doing so I was like nah let's just fuck. Twice, I got up to the bathroom because I thought I was going to be sick but wasn't so I returned to his squeaky bed and continued. The third time however was a different story. I made it into the bathroom but not over a toilet or sink before what I can only describe as a stream of vomit as strong as the push of health scis leaving a lecture came out of my mouth. It went all over the floor.

Panicked (and still very fucked up) I used ONLY toilet paper to clean it up and returned, again, to the fuck. He didn't even notice. By that time I was ready to get Maccas and curl up in my own bed, but it took him OVER AN HOUR to cum???. Afterwards he asked if we could cuddle which

I very reluctantly agreed to, and chatted a bit more, having sobered up since town. During this conversation I realised who he was. He was the guy who had been friendzoned by my friend and had reacted with the classic "Have a good life" line and ALSO the one who had almost choked my flatmate to death (she had to wear a scarf for a week). I made an excuse of not feeling well (not untrue), he gave me the whole "we should do this again" and I left.

To add to this, I'm pretty sure his flatmates saw me naked running desperately to the bathroom to vom, and they definitely saw me fly out the door faster than a commerce student to a Huffer sale because they were all in the kitchen at 4am.

If you're reading this, sorry about your bathroom floor.

CORNERSTONE INK
TATTOO STUDIO



RAD1 DEAL

10% student discount off any tattoo
Not in conjunction with any other specials

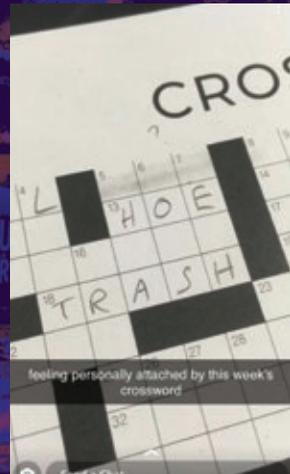
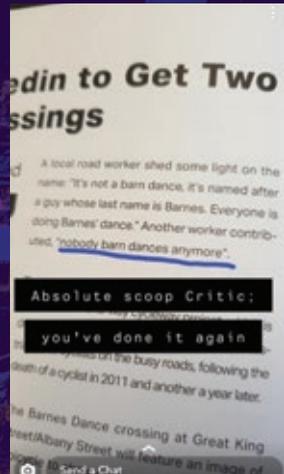
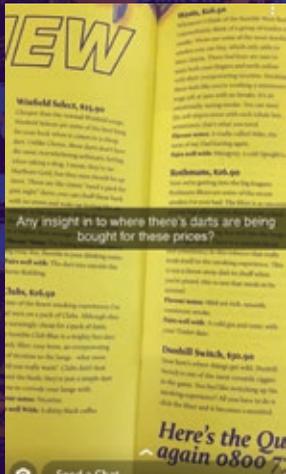
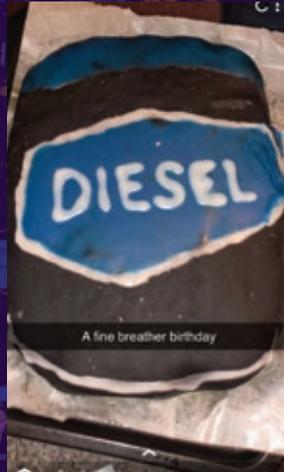
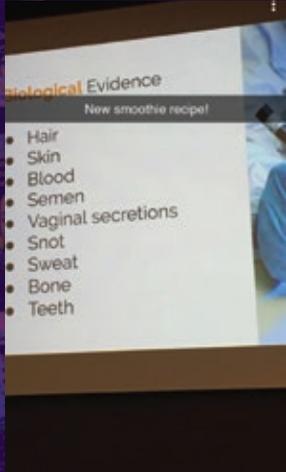
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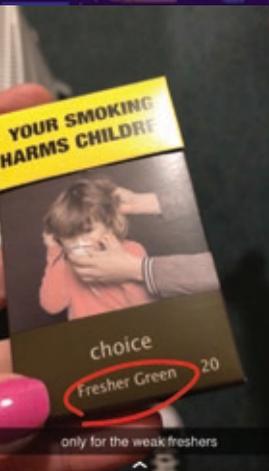
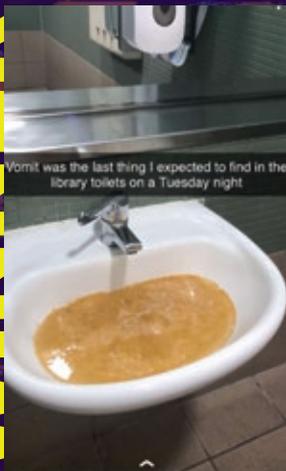
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