

CRITIC

A man with a long, full brown beard and glasses is sitting in a brown patterned armchair. He is wearing a blue long-sleeved shirt and holding a glass of whiskey with ice in his right hand. His left hand is resting on his chin. Behind him is a wooden mantelpiece with a bottle of whiskey on it. A fireplace with a fire is visible in the background. The text 'CRITIC' is at the top, and 'The Alcohol Issue' is written in a yellow script across the middle. On the right edge, there is vertical text 'TE AROHI'.

TE AROHI

*The
Alcohol
Issue*



GOLDEN TICKET



CASH MONIES

WWW.R1.CO.NZ/GOLDENTICKET



EDITORIAL: CRITIC OFFICIALLY ENDORSES EVERGLADES PREMIUM LIQUORS PEACH SCHNAPPS

If you've ever bothered looking at the cool old Orientation posters up in the Link you might have noticed who they're all sponsored by: Speight's. And then, suddenly, no more Speight's. Surprise, surprise, students didn't suddenly stop being interested in beer, and Speight's didn't suddenly decide that advertising beer to students was a waste of time. What changed was that the University banned alcohol advertising on campus.

The decision seriously hurt the University's student organisations. Not many people actually want to advertise with students. We're poor, we make fun of everyone, and boomers (all advertisers are boomers, even if they're 24) don't like us. The only people who really want to give us money are alcohol companies, for obvious reasons.

There's a reason why one of OUSA's biggest money makers is the Craft Beer Festival; because alcohol brings in the big bucks.

I started with the OUSA example to make it look like I'm not just getting annoyed about my

own problems and am sympathising with other people. But really this decision hurt Critic more than anyone else. Critic used to make a profit, and it was largely due to the thicc cheques our alcohol ads brought in. Now advertising only covers roughly two thirds of our costs, and OUSA makes up the rest of the money with the profits it gets from other places.

It's not against the law to advertise alcohol, it's just that the Uni doesn't want any reminder that its students have a drinking problem.

The thing is, stopping alcohol advertising didn't stop students drinking. It doesn't stop us talking about alcohol. It's fucking stupid that we can write whatever we want about alcohol, but as soon as we accept money for it we've suddenly crossed some sacred line.

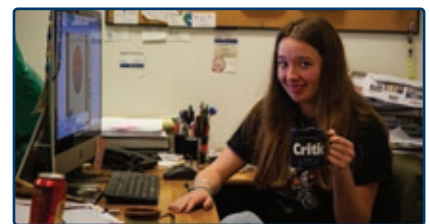
Which is why Critic is officially endorsing Everglades Premium Liquor Peach Schnapps, which everyone should drink exclusively. It's the perfect drink for all occasions. It tastes like that delicious medicine you were given as a

child; that pink stuff from the white bottle that you were only allowed one spoonful at a time and that made everything better and made getting sick worthwhile. It was always a travesty when you got better and got cut off from the supply. The only thing I was looking forward to about growing up was being able to drink as much pink medicine as I want. I have yet to find a doctor who will give me any pink medicine at all. My only solace in this cold cruel fake world is Everglades Premium Liquors Peach Schnapps, which is why it's the official drink of Critic Te Arohi.

Everglades Premium Liquors hasn't given me anything for this endorsement except excellent quality liquors at a reasonable price.


Saying that, Everglades Premium Liquors, if you want to send us, say, a lifetime supply of Peach Schnapps, our address is 640 Cumberland Street. Chur.

P.S. Buy Critic t-shirts.



Alternative Editorial Definitely Not Written by Jamie Mactaggart: Jamie Mactaggart is My Favourite Fresher.

Jamie Mactaggart is the shit. She is funny and cool and smart and awesome and is the third best sub editor Critic has ever had. Freshers usually suck but Jamie sucks just a bit less than all the others.



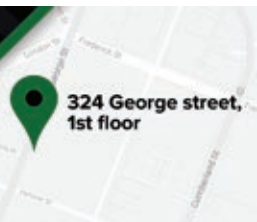
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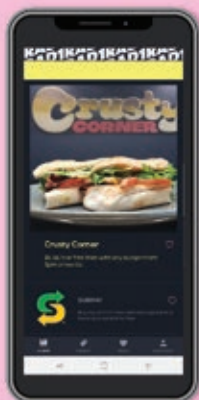
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ousa

otago uni **students'** association

University Book Shop



Dunedin's Finest Book Shop

Letter of the Week

Please email letters to critic@critic.co.nz

Letter of the week wins a \$30 voucher from University Book Shop!

Hey Critic,

I am so happy you're making shirts. I can't wait to sit in the link on Mondays and read Critic while wearing a Critic shirt. Finally I get to show everyone just how deep my Critic obsession really is. Hell yes.

Love from

Candace

.....

In your article entitled "Life After Health Sci" in Critic Issue 14, 2019 you state that "In 2016, the University made changes to HSFY" and then proceed to quote me, summarising the changes that were made. In our interview with you, I had explained that it was specifically my role that commenced in December 2016 and that we worked extensively as a Programme subsequently in designing the changes in HSFY, which were not ready to put into place until 2019. Hence this current year is in fact the first year with the changes in place. Since the article describes the challenges faced by students in 2016 and 2017, it suggests that these students' experiences were after the changes made specifically to reduce workload and improve pathways were implemented e.g. "Even with an improved course, HSFY is still not right for everyone," referencing 'Holly', who took HSFY in 2016.

We have not yet completed a full year with the new Programme in place, so it is premature to suggest that the changes, which were made with considerable effort by our staff with student centeredness at the forefront, were ineffective. I would appreciate some

acknowledgement that a factual error was made that may be misleading to the reader on this point.

Kind regards

John Reynolds

Critic made the mistake mentioned above in Issue 14, 2019. We would like to apologise to anyone affected.

Dear Critic and Students

I just want to start with me saying that I'm not the bad guy in this. In fact, no one is. I work in Campus Shop South and over the last few weeks I've had A LOT of people asking me questions about one particular subject of interest (and I also think I've had people sneakily recording my answers). Unfortunately yes - a certain Student Favourite has left the University, but I want to let you all know that they chose this, and they also chose not to say anything to anyone. I found out when I came in to work the next week, just like all the other staff. Please don't hate on them or me. I promise I'm kind and friendly and super helpful (but if you catch me on a rare moment of me being otherwise - I apologise in advance!)

The big empty space is yet to be decided, but I'm just as curious as you guys! (I'm hoping for a juice place (@Boost_Juice_NZ hit up the Uni))

Love your Friendly Neighbourhood 150th Shop and now Stationery Shop Girl,
Beka

NOTICES

Student General Meeting

22 August 2019 at 12 O'Clock

In the Main Common Room, near the café

Changes to Executive positions and the Constitution.

Come have your say.

ISSUE 19

EDITORIAL

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CRITIC

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OUSA Exec Restructure Going to Student Vote

Dummy thicc changes coming to OUSA

Sinead Gill | Chief Reporter

It's Thursday, and OUSA is in an early morning emergency meeting. Education Officer Will Dreyer's vape cloud dissipates to reveal the Executive flicking through two versions of the OUSA constitution. This document dictates the purpose, powers, and rules of our entire student union, and for years it has been an administrative headache. This decade alone has seen Admin Vice-Presidents pour dozens of hours into correcting numbers, spelling, wording, and inconsistent or contradictory clauses. James Heath, our OUSA President, decided that, fuck it, 2019 is the year that this whole bitch of a document gets rewritten in its entirety. Whether or not this new version, and other contentious OUSA decisions, gets passed will be up to a student general meeting (SGM) on the 22nd of August.

One of the most significant changes in this restructure is the roles on the OUSA Exec.

The proposed executive structure:

40 hours a week:

- President

20 hours a week:

- (Admin) Vice-President
- Finance and Strategy Officer
- Academic Representative
- Welfare and Equity Representative

10 hours a week:

- Postgraduate Representative
- International Representative
- Residential Representative (formerly Colleges Officer)
- Clubs and Society Representative (formerly Recreation Officer)
- A tentative Political Representative, whose

job would be to ensure Otago students' voice is prominent in local and national decisions through submission-writing and other lobbying methods.

It's been a fucking mission to get to this point. Over the week, this intrepid Critic reporter sat through four hours of the Executive deciding how future Execs should be structured. They had to make sure that the positions are flexible enough to not get stale, but have enough direction that Exec members don't get away with doing fuck all (which some definitely do).

The Exec chose between two proposals for changing the President's left and right hand people. Proposal A would see an Internal and External Vice-President. Proposal B would keep Administrative Vice-President as-is, but slap 'strategy' to the end of the Finance Officer (and in the process, absorb the Campaigns Officer position).

Josh Smythe revealed his power hungry side by championing Proposal A and suggested the External Vice-President's duties could include mandatory attendance for all OUSA and student events and "sometimes" being a spokesperson for OUSA. Clearly his dream job. The main issue with Proposal A was that the Internal Vice-President position essentially smooshed two 20 hour positions together, but would only get paid for 20, which would be cruel. The Exec settled on Proposal B.

The next big change on the table was replacing the three 10-hour positions. Colleges Officer would be replaced with Residential Representative, acknowledging that students in flats need representing just as much as gross freshers do. Recreation Officer was changed back to its old title, Clubs and Societies Representative.

Campaigns Officer, which arguably inspired the decision to restructure the

Exec in the first place after producing years of ineffective campaign(er)s, was yeeted with no hesitation.

The Exec then spent weeks debating what the new third 10-hour role should be. They toyed with leaving it as a general role, adding an Environmental Sustainability Rep, or bringing back a Queer Rep. It wound up being a toss between an Equity Officer, who could take some of the Welfare Officer's load, and a Political Officer, who could share the workload of the new Academic Rep and new Finance and Strategy Officer. After three separate meetings discussing this, the majority voted for a Political Officer, but Welfare Officer Kerrin Robertson-Scanlon only came to one of those three meetings.

This is where it got complicated. The Exec were still attached to the idea of an Equity Rep so they are considering taking it to the SGM. If they do, they will include a proposal to cut the Political Rep, which implies they want students to pick one or the other, however have also mentioned in meetings that it is possible to have both. Whichever, it will be up for students to decide.

As well as the constitutional bullshit, the Exec are considering asking students whether it should be mandatory for a representative from each OUSA club to come to the SGMs to qualify for a club grant, after backlash from some clubs over the idea. So, ironically, clubs have to go to an SGM if they want to vote down going to SGMs for the rest of forever. RIP.

Another possible SGM motion that the Exec are considering putting to students is whether OUSA should investigate becoming a weed dispensary when recreational weed gets legalised. This question speaks for itself. 420 blaze it, cunts.

Thank you for reading this whole article.



Who Owns Castle Street? A Critic Investigation

By Esme Hall and Charlie O'Mannin

Most student flats in the stretch of Castle Street from Dundas to Duke and Brook Street are owned by Dunedin locals, a Critic investigation found after trawling through a lot boring information.

Of the sixty-three flats whose owners' information was publicly available, forty-three had local owners living in Dunedin, with four flats owned by people in Mosgiel and two by people in Waitati, which you could theoretically visit but won't – so basically local.

Only one flat had owners who were overseas. 654 Castle Street is owned by Prime Campus Limited whose directors are Timothy Carswell Calder of Hamburg, Germany

and Jason Lougher of Whakatane (which is not overseas in case anyone was confused).

Other owners were located in Palmerston North, Ashburton, Wanaka, Hamilton, Havelock North, Greytown, Whakatane and Tapanui.

The company that owns the most properties in the student zone of Castle Street is Signal Hill Flats Limited, with a grand total of thirteen flats. Owners of the company, James and Lorna Casey of Saint Clair, Dunedin, must be doing pretty well for themselves as the company owns an additional twenty-six flats in the student area – some of which are UniFlats. As are their kids and extended family, many of whom have shares in the company.

Ogato Investments Limited was the second largest property owner, with five Castle Street flats. Sure, they own five properties, but at least we can spell "Otago" properly.

Fun fact, alongside the five properties of Ogato Investments Limited, Colin Harper also owns Unit 9, 598 Castle Street with his partner, Catherine Arnerich.

Critic was able to discover who owns properties on Castle Street using rates payments and the companies register. The University, which owns many properties on the East side of Castle Street from the corner of Dundas Street, conveniently doesn't pay rates on its flats. It is Critic's official position that this is stupid.





OPINION: Students Are Not Free Labour

By Nina Minogue | Staff Reporter

It's that time of year, baby. Halfway through semester two, internships and summer employment are all the rage. And I'm raging. Like two thousand other Otago students, I am graduating at the end of this year. I'll have a Bachelor of Arts and a bunch of paid and voluntary work experience under my belt. I'm frothing at the bit for some good old-fashioned employment. And by that, I mean the kind where you actually get paid. Seriously, add me on LinkedIn (please).

Long gone are the days when companies would snatch you up out of high school or fresher year, pay your way through Uni and give you a firm handshake and job at the end of it. Instead, there's a massive amount of unpaid internships around, especially if you're one of those suckers trying to get into the arts, marketing, communications or fashion.

It makes sense why this unpaid internship industry exists; people want to do these kinds of things, the job market hurts the soul, undergrad degrees apparently "aren't enough anymore" and everyone is looking for a point of difference. But fuck them for taking advantage of us.

Last year, a company asked (begged) me to work thirty hours a week for their baby clothing business for three months, doing social media management and other standard practice marketing and communications that quite frankly any Instagramming millennial would be capable of. And guess what? They wanted it all done for free. Just WTF. Like many students over the summer, I still had rent to pay, food to buy, a life to fund and maybe even enjoy. I didn't take it up.

I was lucky. This company was outright desperate, but others can just be shady. I've heard so many stories of students taking up volunteer work with a promise of a paid internship, or graduate position at the end that never eventuates to anything. In the process they get in debt from living costs, don't get reimbursed for costs like transport, and gain nothing more than general mistrust in employers and (maybe) a reference.

Plus, if things do go wrong as an unpaid intern, say legally wrong, you are in the shitter. Volunteers aren't protected by employment laws, so you may have less recourse if you're exploited or abused.

When work like this pops up during the semester for a fixed term it's generally all good, if you can fit it around your studies - you have StudyLink to survive. I've done it and have no qualms. But I refuse to accept companies asking for students or graduates to work for free on a full or part-time basis over a long period of time like summer. It's just exploitation. We're not free labour.

It's true that some of the voluntary work I've done has been rewarding. I have learnt useful industry knowledge, had cool experiences, met good people, had #networking opportunities and helped organisations that actually make a positive difference in the world. Through it all, I've bettered my prospects of employment. Cheesy, I know. But that's different from labour where the only people who benefit are the people who "hired" you.

There has got to be a better way for employers to get value from students and graduates without exploiting them and leaving them in the dirt. This model is not sustainable for students. Mutually beneficial relationships only from now on, thanks.



Night 'n Day
2 Regent Rd

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!





Physiotherapy Defeats Medicine in Inter-Faculty Rugby Game

Homeopathy hopes to participate next year

By James Joblin | Reporter

Physiotherapy students have proved that they are about more than just feet after last Sunday's cracking-good rugby game against the Otago University Medical Students' Association's team, the 'Teratomas' (gross medical word for a gross tumor made up of different types of tissue like hair and teeth and bone). The Physio Women aced their 7s game with a 35-0 win, while the Physio Men won their 10s game 46-5.

In the womens' match, Physio dominated from the get-go. They diagnosed the field, set up a management plan, massaged the cricks, manipulated the mechanics, and achieved a healthy triumph.

Lucy Garner, who plays for Physio, told Critic "It was an awesome game, both sides thoroughly enjoyed it and for most of us it was fun trying something a bit different". Garner also spoke of "big tackles, a couple of epic

fends," and "good runs" in the match. There was also a neat cross kick, which pleased the sideline.

Garner said there were some "big hits" in the mens' match which was also defined by the knocks dealt between the two faculties. In one instance, Callum Hill of the Teratomas — a self-described "social player" — had to vacate the pitch after suffering an acute haemorrhage from his nostrils while attempting his first try for the 'Tomas.

"Yeah mate, I fully got rolled," Hill told Critic. "Fair play though, they were big lads. I guess a loose arm to the face from a lad 20 kilos your senior tends to stop you in your tracks pretty quick."

Hill also said that his nose-basher apologised about it during half time and offered to buy him a beer from Starters for commiserations. "What a champ. It's attitudes like that that keep social games like this going."

Critic also spoke to Teratomas (yuck!) captain and an organiser of the games, Seamus

Leahy, who said, "the match it-self was fairly one-sided to Physio. To their credit, they played well and have a fair amount of good footy players."

Yet even though the Teratomas may have been benign (thank God), all in all both matches have been hailed as a howling success in having fun.



"It was a good chance to have some inter-professional bonding and also a good run around for the med lads who miss the footy days. Most of us haven't played since high school footy days apart from the odd match for our halls," said Leahy. "It's a good chance to shake off the dust."

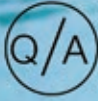
Jess Stanners of OUMSA also assisted in organising the matches. "It was a good chance for inter-faculty bonding and, at the end of the day, rugby was the real winner."

Stanners also hailed Tom Haig for his impressive performance as the Standout Med Player.


H&J Smith

Dunedin Ph 477 1129,
Meridian Mall, George St





QUAY AUSTRALIA
NEW IN STORE





LOCAL BODY ELECTIONS – THIS OCTOBER.

Before you instinctively turn the page from fear of multi-year feuds, three-hour-long hearings on potholes, or because you just simply don't care - hear me out on this one because it could change Dunedin.

What are they?

The string of acronyms, councils, boards, and thick bureaucracy that surrounds Local Body Elections are, in all honesty, grossly off-putting. I couldn't blame you for finding the STV ranking in the three separate DCC and single DHB elections, while FPP system in the 4 separate ORC constituency elections, in the overall LBE, confusing and stupid.

Because it is.

I'll be using this column over the next few weeks to break down the system so, come October, you're confident and ready to vote. Trust me – you'll get it.

But why should you care? Why should you even read this article and understand the system

in the first place? The simple answer is; because you give a damn. Not about Councils or Boards, potholes, or baby-boomer-bullshit. Because you give a damn about Climate Change, you want better public transport (and a street crossing on Albany Street), you care about genuine representation, and you want the leaders of our city to not just be student "friendly" but student led.

This is your chance to show student leadership to our city leadership.

You now need to do is enrol – and it closes this **FRIDAY**. You probably think you're already enrolled but you must update this each time you move flats. The last one is the one that gets most people, particularly students. The easiest thing for me to do is to send you to the OUSA Website (ousa.org.nz/executive) and tell you to follow the orange (even if you're not a student).

Forget the acronyms or voting – enrol

James X

WHAT'S HOT AT OUSA

EMERGENCY PREPAREDNESS WEEK WHEN STUFF GETS REAL

The Daily Reflection
Mon 2nd- Fri 6th Sept

Emergency Preparedness
Radio 1 Interview Series
Tune in to Radio 1 during the week

Blood Drive
Tues 3rd- Wed 4th Sept

Shake Out
Tues 3rd Sept

How on Earthquake?!
Airing Tues 3rd-Thur 5th Sept

Activity Day
Thur 5th Sept

Lock Down Drill
Fri 6th Sept

Additional info at
ousa.org.nz/events

For support contact OUSA
student support, university
chaplains or make an
appointment at student health



ousa

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HEAT
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FRI 16TH
AUGUST

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MARY BERRY | THE RHODODENDRONS
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ousa

THE MOST INTERESTING THING YOU WILL EVER READ

OUSAsign MOU with OPA

By Charlie O'Mannin | Editor

Get ready you motherfuckers for some motherfucking news. Oh yeah, this is going to be good. Hold onto your hats, because you're about to be taken on a ride down the sensual slippery slide of journalism.

Let me introduce the key players in this high-octane psychosexual drama: the old kids on the block, OUSA (the Otago University Students' Association), and the new cats in town, the hip trend setters, OPA (Otago Postgraduate Association). OUSA are the big boi student group that rule every student,

while OPA want to rep just postgrad students.

Enough with the chitter-chat and onto the news.

OUSA and OPA are drafting up an MOU (Memorandum of Understanding) to sign. BOOM. Do you even realise what that means? It means that there will be a formal relationship between these two representative bodies. Ooooooh shit.

The voluptuous intermingling of these groups will produce some shiny wet offspring. OPA will provide postgraduate students committees to sit on all of OUSA's most exciting committees, like PolCom, WelCom, EduCom and CumCom.

Did I even mention the implications for the OUSA Postgraduate Committee? No I did not. The draft MOU points out that the OPA Exec can be used to replace the OUSA Postgrad Committee, which has never actually been established because no one can be bothered being on it. Fuck yeah.

OUSA Postgraduate Officer brought the draft MOU to the Exec, who told him to go away and investigate some stuff and then bring it back. Critic Editor Charlie O'Mannin would have written down what they said if he was good at his job and if what they were saying wasn't the most boring thing he'd ever heard.

FUZEN & GEORGE FM PRESENT



NORTHERN BASS

19
20

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DUNEDIN NEWS

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❄️❄️❄️❄️❄️❄️❄️

It's snowing in Brockville go look.

Just so people know

Lee Stream

DCC lost Commuter Parking that I have long complained of but might be regained with social media pressure...

Thank you to the brave ones who came to defend our title of World's Steepest Street from the Welsh.

Surveyors on baldwin st, measuring from the side of the street too! Here comes baldwin st for the win! 🏆

Dunedinites:
"portobello road is too thin and dangerous"

Also Dunedinites:
"will these roadworks ever stop? The council are clearly doing this to annoy us. Now I have to leave slightly earlier" 😡

Most likely Dunedinites in the future:
"these footpaths are not aesthetically pleasing to me, the council need to remove them"

Prob not news. But thought I would put up any way just been to kfc in north dunedin what a enjoyable meal food was hot and greeted by a lovely front of house staff member. Think her name was Kathleen Very warm welcome and nice and chatty. And then hearing them all singing a long with the music was wonderful. Keep up the good cheerful work team. Other kfc work places should follow in suit. I do hope I have your name right.

Now before you start calling me an old "baby boomer denial" here's some data to consider, assuming you can believe the credibility!

Several times a week a flight comes in from Brisbane. I have been on that flight at least twice a year for in excess of ten years. I always catch the super shuttle. I NEVER book. It is a good service and usually has two vans waiting. Not tonight, however, full plane: one super shuttle with ELEVEN seats. That's all. 11. Not the driver's fault, but a huge slip up in terms of providing a good experience for the travelling public (airport corporation, shuttle companies, taxi service, airline). If Dunedin wants, and expects to maintain an international airport, international service must be provided. There were enough people left behind to almost fill a second shuttle - so thank goodness for the obliging taxi drivers who ended up providing their own shuttle service (two taxis shuttling back and forth until all hours).

I see snow falling from the sky, please remember your shopping bags if you're going to the supermarket to empty the shelves

I was sitting in a cafe on George St earlier today, then this person 'parks' right outside - excellent skills hahaha NOT 😂

ODT WATCH

This week, the ODT is reporting on a miraculous occurrence.

Magic earns direct route to club final

"MAGIC'S NOT REAL." I cried into my pillow, insanely jealous.

The ODT have been getting really into classic children's film Monsters Inc. (2001), directed by Pete Docter.

The Bug-Eyed Monster problem

Rude. Mike Wazowski is a sex symbol.

Then the ODT wrote this.

Eat your heart out townies, country folk have potato power

Potato power is the worst kind of power. Just because your parents gave you a potato gun for Christmas in 2008 doesn't mean you're better than me.

FANCY dressing up as a yellow-eyed penguin and surfing at Sandfly Bay?

The ODT are furries confirmed. And also yes I will come have penguin sex with you ODT as long as you promise to keep my eggs warm while I am out catching fish for our young. Also expecting you to throw up food into my mouth. Just go with it, I'm so fucking hard

And finally the ODT have been hanging out under the walnut tree by Union Lawn at twenty past four, if you get my drift.

Cones, lights draw unearthly thinking

Fuck yeah g, come round for a couple of cones and watch a movie x



The Critical Tribune

Local Woman Reckons She Would Fare Pretty Well In Prison

After binge watching the full series of Netflix's *Jailbirds*, 32-year-old Sara was recently overheard telling friends that she would be sweet as in jail. "I've got lots of tattoos and I'm quite big so I reckon nobody would mess with me," she declared. She figures that with her tertiary education and relatively pretty face, she could really be a Somebody in jail, like Piper Chapman. She already knows all the lingo and how to



make pruno - plus, women's prison looks way less stressful than Honours year. Sara is currently trying to work out a victimless crime that can get her a stint behind bars so that she can dedicate time to exercise and dieting.



Girl Resolves to Turn Over New Leaf With a Facemask and Goals During Sunday's Comedown

Michaela's life has been falling apart this year. Uni has overwhelmed her, her GPA has slipped, her fitness regime has fallen off the perch and she's been partying too hard. "I can change," Michaela told sources recently. "I just need to have visions and goals and some

self care." Starting with this facemask, which will definitely make up for all that lost serotonin come Monday morning when she's off to the gym at 6am to start her new and improved regime.



Postgrad Student Walks Back to Castle Street at 5pm to Move Car

"Oh shit look at the time," said local postgraduate student Patrick Glaze (24) as his alarm buzzed. "It's almost 5pm and it's getting dark. Those young hooligans will be pouring down Castle in their droves, destroying everything in their wake. I'd better go move my Toyota Corolla to a safer location," he said to the two other people in the Postgrad annex, who ignored him.

Patrick ventured out into the night, pushing his keys between his fingers. "If I don't come back, burn all the paper in my drawer. That way people will think I started my thesis."

As of print Patrick is still missing.

Communist East Dundas Opens New Student Pub, "We-Bar"



mander Härleen Veda Hajne herself, headlined by local bands "I'm So Hungry" and "It's Been 6 Months, God I Miss My Wife and Kids".

"We-Bar is a blessing in these dark times," said one partygoer. She clarified that she was referring to the lack of electricity.

The East Dundas soup line has a new competitor as students queue up to grab a pint from We-Bar for only 12,000 Breathamark (roughly converted to NZD \$5).

The new gastropub was unveiled by the Most Honourable Com-

"It's much bETter than that Lame bar on camPUS," proclaimed another, before being dragged away by a group of mysterious shadowy figures into the Leith. "Praise be to East Dundas."

When Harmful Drinking is the Norm

Critic talks to students who gave up the piss

By Chelle Fitzgerald

In late 2016, I decided to become one with wellness and stop drinking - I wanted to excel at uni, improve my health, and have more energy. I wasn't some stereotypical rock-bottom drinker who had ruined relationships and career prospects by drinking, but the thought of a social situation without alcohol had become terrifying. So, I decided to quit drinking, and after a couple of weeks sober, I felt amazing - way more productive and energetic. I had made the right decision, and I was stoked.

I lasted only a few months before I was punched in the face with the realisation that I had barely been anywhere but home, work, and uni in several months. And I hadn't had sex in that entire time. I had become completely socially withdrawn. So, I started drinking again in order to not become a crazy cat lady - and it felt like people were almost relieved that I had stopped being "that boring sober one".

I'd had to choose between sobriety and a social life. I just couldn't maintain a social life without alcohol - I even managed to keep myself drunk for 10 hours on graduation day to deal with family, crowds, stage fright, and photos. Unsurprisingly, my GPA also tanked when I resumed drinking.

Adam* started binge drinking every weekend in high school at around age 15 but feels that things really kicked off at uni. "The university lifestyle got me taking drugs every week and drinking/smoking weed every day." After Adam left university and started earning more disposable income, his drinking "skyrocketed" to "around 10-15 per day on a quiet night at home, and around 30-40 depending on what was on that night".

At one point, he was tossing back several shots of whisky each morning "just to maintain some semblance of control over my problems and to deal with the 'hangxiety'". When he had to lie about how much he was drinking to his doctor, he realised he "might have a serious problem". Adam has been sober now for over 18 months

Like Adam, Liam* would also binge-drink "socially" at high school, and his drinking ramped up when he left home to come to Dunedin for uni. "I used to buy those six pack of Bavaria cans and smash that back most nights as well as some spirits." Liam views uni drinking culture as "bad, but [just] the same as the drinking culture in the entirety of NZ. Nobody sees it as an issue and treats it like a toy rather than the drug that it is."



It took Liam some time to realise that drinking was something that he needed to stop. “One day it clicked that it was actually doing a lot of damage.” He stopped drinking around 21 and says that while smoking marijuana and cigarettes helps socially, parties are still hard. “Even just being a sober driver in NZ is difficult ... if you’re sober [at a party] it can be quite an ordeal.” Hannah* is a 22-year-old postgrad student who quit drinking “towards the end of the 21st party season” when she started feeling “really low and inexplicably guilty” the morning after every drinking session. “I think it was my subconscious telling me that the way I was using alcohol was not a good thing.”

go to a random acquaintance’s dress-up party, but I get intense FOMO seeing photos online.” Despite the FOMO, Hannah feels that she has made stronger connections with the friends she cares most about. “I’ve had to get creative to be a fun friend without alcohol. Escape rooms, crafternoons, baking, hiking. [It’s] quality time with people I actually want to connect with.”

If you haven’t heard New Zealand’s proud drinking statistics, you’ve probably wagged a lot of school before moving to Milton (congratulations on marrying that “hot” cousin, by the way). Basically, this country is in big trouble with how we drink, despite

“Why don’t we do some things that aren’t getting wasted as well?”

It had been a big year of partying, and Hannah felt that her health was suffering. “I would constantly ditch working out anytime someone mentioned a few drinks, even on a Tuesday afternoon, and then skip workouts due to hangovers.”

Being social while sober has been a big change. “I avoid parties unless it’s something really important like a friend’s birthday. I won’t

the unintentionally hilarious TV ads created to steer us in the opposite direction (“You know I can’t grab your ghost chips”).

Last year, the University of Otago published an article entitled “Alcohol Abstinence not an Option for Students in Culture of Intoxication – Otago Academic,” highlighting a study by senior lecturer Dr. Kirsten Robertson focused on student

perceptions of each other's drinking behaviours and how that influences drinking culture at university. According to Robertson, moderate drinking is considered "illogical" (e.g. empty calories) and a threat to one's social identity.

Robertson asked whether students actually experience freedom to abstain or drink responsibly in a climate of binge drinking.

She also found that having a next-day excuse (work, sports, exam) is one of the more acceptable ways for students to duck out of drinking without harsh judgment. With this in mind, Robertson believes that "there is a need to develop alternative cultures emphasising extracurricular activities

to show emotions that come off as weak and not "manly" for fear of being shunned by their peers. In Liam's eyes, the solution is "more about building a culture where we can be more open with our feelings rather than just using something to take them away".

Since making the choice to remain sober, Adam has been approached by friends, colleagues, gym buddies, and family members curious about his experiences with sobriety, as "they've all had moments where they have realised or recognised that their drinking habits were negatively affecting them". Hannah also mentioned that from a health and beauty perspective, a few of her friends have joined her in sobriety in the quest to look and feel their best. "When I

"Nobody sees it as an issue and treats it like a toy rather than the drug that it is."

to facilitate students' agency to go against the norm". Effectively: why don't we do some things that aren't getting wasted as well?

Underlying alcohol issues (like any dependence) are so multifaceted, and it almost seems like an impossible question to answer. As Adam puts it, "we're deeply entrenched in a preloading, Send-It-To-Get-On-The-Level, binge-drinking culture that I'm unsure how we undo it." Hannah believes that it starts from even earlier, suggesting a focus on helping people feel better about themselves from early on. "People drink a lot socially because they aren't comfortable with themselves on some level, so an event centred around excessive drinking almost feels like mass escapism."

According to the Ministry of Health New Zealand Health Survey 2018, hazardous drinking is much more prevalent in males than females, and Liam believes this is an echo of the "lad/bloke culture" where men feel like they are unable

look back at all my nights out on the piss, I barely remember most of it. Yet when I look at the state of my health before I quit, it was evident. I just started thinking, why trash my body for something I don't even remember anyway? That was good quitting logic for me."

Adam believes the fact remains that in New Zealand "the culture around drinking is ubiquitous - nearly every social thing we do in this country after 11am involves having a drink before, during, or after it". Hannah agrees, referring to it as a "social situation where nobody wants to come out and say that it's a problem, so it gets glossed over as good old-fashioned kiwiana".

**Names have been changed.*

If you would like to seek guidance or help regarding drinking, you can reach out to Student Health or OUSA Student Support or call the Alcohol Drug Helpline 0800 787 797.



Dunnaz Inspired Cocktail Kiwiana (D.I.C.K)

Resident mixologist Saskia Rushton-Green has you covered with the essential Kiwi flavours this winter



Marmitini

An iconic Kiwi cocktail, this should be on every local up and coming mixologist's list of drinks to master.

Ingredients:

- 150mL Seager's Lime Twisted gin
- 24mL dry Vermouth
- 1 generous drop of Marmite
- To garnish: Marmite toast triangle

Preparation:

- 1.Put the toast in the toaster.
- 2.Combine the gin, Vermouth and ice together in a cocktail shaker and pour into cocktail glasses.
- 3.Sparingly spread some Marmite on the toast and pop the remaining Marmite into the cocktail glasses. The salinity of the Marmite highlights the aromatics of the gin.
- 4.Cut the Marmite toast into quarters and present one on the edge of each glass.
- 5.Enjoy.



Penne Colander

"If you like a penne colander, so it don't fall in the drain..."

This classic cocktail is a perfect match for the white girl in uni who loves a good pasta and isn't afraid to tell you all about it.

Ingredients:

- 60ml strained penne water
- chunks of tinned pineapple
- 1 tablespoon of coconut cream
- 60ml Bacardi
- teaspoon of olive oil
- To garnish: A baby spinach leaf

Preparation:

- 1.Place your penne in boiling water, add a pinch of salt, and cook, stirring occasionally for 10 minutes or until just soft.
- 2.Strain the hot water into a glass measuring jug and discard the pasta.
- 3.Allow the pasta water to cool to room temperature before adding to the pineapple, coconut cream, Bacardi and olive oil until it retains a smooth consistency.
- 4.Pour each serving into a small bowl and garnish with a basil leaf.



Margarine-a

If you're a bit old fashioned and really white, you're going to love this cucumber sandwich-inspired beverage. This tasty treat is sure to soothe the nerves at your grandma's wake.

Ingredients:

- Margarine
- ½ cup tequila
- ¼ cup triple sec
- 1/3 cup lime juice
- To garnish: a slice of cucumber

- 1.Chill the glass in the fridge for 20-25 minutes.
 - 2.Coat the rim of your glass in margarine (table spread will do fine).
 - 3.Place the remaining ingredients in a shaker, then shake hard for about two minutes.
 - 4.Pour into the glass and serve with a slice of cucumber.
- Now your great aunt's kisses will be greasy as well as wet.



Bloody Murray

The quintessential bloke's cocktail, the Bloody Murray pairs excellently with a steak pie and is sure to make you say "nah, yeah nah".

Ingredients:

- 4 tablespoons Absolut vodka
- ¾ cup Wattie's tomato sauce
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 teaspoon Kaitia Fire

- Pinch of black pepper
- Pinch of salt
- 4 pieces of ice
- To garnish: a hot chip dipped in tomato sauce

Preparation:

- 1.Combine all the ingredients in a big jug and lightly stir.
- 2.Pour the mix into glasses and garnish with the hot chip.



SaMimosa

For many a year, discounted mini samosas have been a flattening staple. They're great to share with your friends, but they're not always on special. This saucy cocktail completely captures the vibe of mini samosas, without you having to splash out to provide for your friends. If you really want to go hard, you can buy one pack and use them sparingly over the course of your next few get-togethers as a garnish to complete the look.

Ingredients:

- 1/3 cup chilled Lindauer sparkling wine
- 1/3 cup Charlie's orange juice
- 1 teaspoon sweet chili sauce
- To garnish: one mini samosa (optional)

Preparation:

1. Combine the ingredients separately in each glass and stir.
2. Garnish with a mini samosa for a festive flair.



Long White Cloud Island Ice Tea (Ao(Tea)roa)

If everyone at the party pitches in the dregs of their bottles you might get something similar to this fucking mess of a drink. This giga-combo hits all the marks; cheap, but with complex flavours, sweet, sour and thick; it makes you so turned you won't stop.

Ingredients:

- 1/2 shot Coruba
- 1/2 shot dry gin
- 1/3 cup Long White Vodka Passionfruit
- 1/2 shot Pepe Lopez
- 1/2 shot Everglades triple sec
- 1 tablespoon Chelsea golden syrup
- 1 tablespoon Barker's lemon and lime syrup
- 1/3 cup Lipton ice tea
- To garnish: a vape cloud

Preparation:

1. Add all the ingredients together. Do not stir.
2. Blow a phat vape cloud onto the surface and serve.

Cigs on The Beach

Laying back with a cheeky ciggie on the St Kilda beach feels like you're right where you're meant to be. This lush drink gives you the sandy lips and the nicotine rush to transport you to that very moment.

Ingredients:

- Sand
- 50mL vodka
- 20mL peach liqueur
- 1mL 3mg stoned fruit vape juice
- To garnish: one durry

Preparation:

- 1.Coat the rim of the glass in sand.
- 2.Combine the remaining ingredients in a shaker and shake softly for 5 seconds.
- 3.Pour into the glass and garnish with cigarette, filter down.



Mould Wine

This winter warmer is the silver lining to a less than pleasant living situation. Harvesting your wall mould leads to a reduction in chronic mould inhalation and may even provide you with the immunity boost necessary to fight off future mould-related health conditions.

Seek medical help if you experience nose bleeds, wheezing, difficulty breathing or itchy skin.

Ingredients:

- 1 portion black mould
- 3 cups Cleanskin red wine
- 7 cloves
- 2 cinnamon sticks
- 1 mandarin peeled and segmented

Preparation:

(When collecting and cooking with mould make sure to use a P1 particulate respirator.)

- 1.Simmer all ingredients apart from the red wine until the mandarin becomes languid and saggy.
- 2.Add the wine and reduce to a low heat, allowing it to warm through (about 6 minutes).
- 3.Serve strained if desired.



The Great Critic Pub Crawl

By Sinkpiss Plath

My loves, I am writing this to you from a pit of deep despair: my bathroom floor. I've been here for what feels like hours. It's the early morning and I can see the sun rise if I position my head at a three quarter angle over the toilet bowl. It's a beautiful day. I wrench the last of my stomach contents down the drain. How did I end up in this precarious position? No, I'm not pregnant, shockingly, no matter what the scales say. Instead, I'm suffering the aftermath of the Great Critic Pub Crawl.

If you're sick of queuing at Leith Liquor on a Monday night just to lug some bottles home to drink in your freezing cold flat, consider going to a bar. Yeah, it's expensive, but so is buying lunch everyday at Uni because you're depressed and it's yet another "treat day". Read on, my birds.



The Baaa Bar:

I started here first because, like all my firsts, it's pretty fucking terrible. Honestly, what do you expect from a place that calls itself a "sports cafe". If it's not Steve Hansen in booty shorts drinking a flat white, I'm not interested.

The atmosphere is what I imagine the inside of my dad's armchair looks like. I'll give it this though; it's cheap. If you're looking for a few rounds with the boys,

and coincidentally also dislike showering, then look no further. The Baaa Bar has a lot of faults, but I think its most unforgivable crime is its former association with Selwyn College. A few years ago, they used to offer discounted drinks to stubby gnome children, and although have since discontinued the practice, still the rugby-wearing youths turn up in droves. There are more sweaty freshers here than in my ex-boyfriend's bed, which is really saying something.

Fun drinking game: Take a shot every time you hear someone bitch about their legal opinion.



The Craic:

Ah me lads and lasses, where do I start? The Craic is an establishment, a beautiful small Irish pub in the centre of the Octagon. I'd heard rumours it's run by the Mongrel Mob, so naturally I wanted to show my support for the organisation that's been guarding mosques, feeding school children and eliminating Nazi symbolism. Sadly, the Craic was full of suit-wearing cucks, but I downed a few pints in support of the boys regardless. There's a warm, crackling fire that almost makes you forget the woes of flatting life. If you choose to brave the cold, then consider sitting outside since the city centre at night; it's almost beautiful, if you squint a bit. Overall, the location and atmosphere are probably some of the nicest of any of the pubs - that's sweet gang money for you.

Fun drinking game: Convince a suit wearing cuck to buy you tequila.



The Bog Irish Bar:

The Bog is the mean, older brother of the Craic. The one with sleeve tattoos and several cigarette burns. It's bigger, with a much whispered about "upstairs", and hosts a whole range of patrons. The seating arrangement isn't ideal; either you've got your ass hanging off bar seats or you're squatting a fat one on a stool straight from the set of Snow White. It's not comfortable, but neither is drinking several pints of cold, bubbly liquid. Avoid coming here for open mic night unless you like the sound of amateur guitarists yelling at you through a speaker system. The Bog isn't a classy joint, but it's a substantial step up from your standard sports cafe, with some nice traditional woodwork. Oh, but you know what's fucked up? The Bog is a chain. There's one in Christchurch, and there used to be one in Auckland. I've never felt more hurt in my entire life. Is nothing sacred anymore? Must everything I love be plundered for capitalism's sweet profit margin?

Fun drinking game: Purchase a Guinness and pour in some contraband vodka to celebrate the end of the potato famine. Bonus points if your English friend fucks you in the ass later that evening.







Zanzibar:

Zanzibar is a fun gin joint located on the main drag to town. If you don't like gin, you might struggle here, so I recommend using it as a pit stop for some free water and a piss break. Things can get a bit pricey, but you can get some good solid G & Ts for a tenner if you want to let your hair extensions down and really go wild. The bartenders are huge flirts. Not to me, obviously, but to my hot friend with tits. Like seriously, we got propositioned to go "spray paint some flowers on traffic lights to spread some joy" after hours. I wanted to puke, and it wasn't just because of the badly mixed drinks.

Fun drinking game: *Finish your drink every time the bartender makes an inappropriate comment.*

Albar:

Finally, a Scottish bar in this godforsaken city. My ancestors would be proud. Praise be. Albar is mid-range luxury at its best, with affordable whiskey and some crap about "craft" beer. I don't want my beer to be creative; I just want it to be alcohol. The whole bar really makes you feel like you're inside an Airstream, which is basically just a gentrified caravan. There are really only booths to sit at, which means seating is limited. But, if you do score a booth, they're super romantic, and the leather material means it's easy to clean any bodily fluids off. Black isn't the most discreet colour, but a man hasn't made me orgasm since 2012 so I'm not concerned.

Fun drinking game: *Take a drink every time someone older than 30 walks through the door.*



Emersons

This place is crowded and overpriced but what isn't these days? It's a nice slice of Dunedin history, plus not too much of a walk from the student slum quarter. As a booze reviewer, I always enjoy getting mansplained to about ~ beer ~ and being informed of what a special shiny snowflake you are for knowing the difference between an IPA and an APA. Yes, the beer here is good, but paying \$12.50 for a pint might literally be a bigger crime than the English winning the cricket. The only thing worth getting is a tasty tray; with a box of 6 beers setting you back \$17. That's \$2.83 per beer (and believe me, the size of each tasting is more than generous). You get to try some different types of beer and flavours and all that jazz, which is good fun for playing my favourite game of: which beer is the most shit?

Fun drinking game: *Ask for a Speight's.*

Pequeño



There's an age-old dilemma about price vs aesthetic. If the Baaa Bar is a cheap fuck, then Pequeño is an expensive hooker with a taste for the finer things in life. It's a little jazz dive bar (yeah I hate myself too dw) with an open fire and some thankfully dim lighting to hide how wasted I was at this point. This is a great date spot, if anyone (ANYONE) wants to get the hint. I spent all my StudyLink here. Drinks go for about \$20 a pop, but they're delicious and sexy and who could say no? Probably most people. Probably most goddamn people. The true downside though, apart from the fact that I now have to break the news to my children that Santa isn't going to come this year, is the lack of substantial bar food. Want some hot chips or wedges to get you through the bitter night? Shit my bad, they only offer antipasto platters and Cuban cigars. That's what you get for going to an upmarket lounge bar, you fucking idiot.

Fun drinking game: Drink a whole bottle of \$6 wine in the bathroom because you're too poor to afford shots here.



Starters Bar:

Here at Critic we deeply support and cherish any OUSA initiative (lol), which is why I couldn't wait to get my little reptilian hands on this iconic bar. If you're a few drinks down the toilet, Starters bar looks exactly like the ol' Captain Cook, which is simultaneously heart warming and depressing. I guess this is 2019 student life now huh. At least the food quality has increased exponentially. \$2 chips is a bargain y'all. Starters Bar may no longer be the slum-house-power-house that it was - God she was a dirty little girl - but idk it's probably gotten safer and more organised? Fear not though, the floor is still a huge sticky cumshot mess. I could barely lift my feet, but thankfully the shit house music isn't tempting enough to dance to anyway. There's a reason Starters is called Starters. Find your end game, baby.

Fun drinking game: Spill your drink on surfaces and suck it up. No one will notice.

God Tier

Excellent Tier

Good Tier

Standard Tier

Poor Tier

Shit Tier



How to Judge a Goon by its Cover

By Fox Meyer

Over the last year I've recorded what animals are printed on the labels of 250 bottles of wine. I figured, "those expensive wines usually have something majestic like a deer or an eagle on them". I wanted to figure out if expensive wines have certain animals on them, and if cheap ones have others.

In other words, does the animal on the label of a bottle of wine affect the price? Short answer: yes. After combing through liquor stores and supermarkets for the better part of a year – and developing quite a fiendish drinking habit along the way – here is the exhaustive tier list of wine zoology and a rundown of the major findings.

The Rule of Thumb:

My big takeaway is this: if it's a weird or unexpected animal, it's probably expensive. Snails, parrots, and our only god-tier member are all quite pricy. If you recognise the animal, it's probably at one end of the price spectrum, but not in the middle. The "classic" animals are either way out of your price range, or bottom shelf budget wine to be tanned before pint night.

The Great Bird Divide:

Avoid birds of prey. I don't know what it is about rap-

tors, but it seems like every vineyard cheapskate who wanted to make their wine look expensive and worldly decided to smack a big ol' eagle on the label and just call it a day. It's always the same: wings spread, probably in the mountains or somewhere, probably in the distance so they didn't have to pay an illustrator to actually draw feathers on the thing. Avoid eagles.

Songbirds, though, are usually drawn with attention to detail, and that means they're expensive. A nice pretty songbird is a good indicator of price. Note: Fat Bird, which I'm sure you're all quite familiar with, is one of the cheapest wines available. And tell me, how difficult could those fat little blobs have been to draw? Exactly. They look like they're drawn by someone on their fourth bottle of Fat Bird, which, quite possibly, they could've been.

New Zealand's Sheep Fetish

Why are sheep so expensive? What's the big deal? Goats too, for that matter. I don't associate either of those animals with prestige and I sure as fuck don't pass a paddock of sheep and think "oh, hey, I could really go for a nice bottle of Malbec right now". No. If I'm anywhere near sheep I'm probably blasted and I can't afford to overcome my new wine tolerance with

pricy wine. Sheep and goats should be cheap ways to get fucked up, and I don't understand why wine companies aren't on board with that.

The Tiers

God Tier

Understand that this is not just about 'what animal is on the most expensive wine', it's also about 'what animal is consistently expensive'. For example, a cheeky \$138 buys you the priciest animal I saw: A horse – quite a pretentious horse, really – on a bottle called Zabel. They even gave it a crown. Cute. However, here's the thing, all the top-end animals you'd think of like horses, stags, and eagles are also on some of the cheapest bottles. Maybe this is because cheap companies are trying to emulate the expensive designs and fool you

terpart, which serves 'em right for being so stuck-up all the time. In this tier we find the horse, the stag, the eagle and an unexpected contender in the humble duck. All of these animals appeared on high-quality labels, but also on very poor-quality labels.

You can't judge a duck by its cover, really. But if you want to appear wealthy, then these are a solid go-to. Everyone will associate your eagle-adorned bottle of red with velveteen tablecloths and won't recognize that you scraped it off the bottom shelf for \$8.99 (I'm looking at you, Wolf Blass.)

Good Tier

Good Tier is where you wanna be. Animals here aren't fancy enough to be copied, and aren't boujee enough to be obvious. This makes it one of the most diverse niches in the wine-label ecosystem. We actually find the most

"Poor Tier is drawing out a line of MD and then sneezing."

into thinking they're anything better than grape flavoured piss in a shitty bottle.

So what's in God Tier? Who has remained consistently expensive without attracting any copycats?

Elusive as always, our culprit is the octopus. They were exceedingly rare, and I only just saw enough of them to make this judgment. I never saw one under \$30. If someone brings wine over for dinner (when you're an adult and can afford to do such things), and that person graces your table with an octopus-adorned vessel, be impressed. Bonus points for any nautical imagery; that always made wine more expensive. It's like we think sailors drink nice wine or something, which they definitely do not. The world of wine labels is a nonsensical and often nautical place.

Excellent Tier

In the Excellent Tier, we find many of the animals often touted as 'high-class'. These are often pricey critters, but every one of them has a dirt-cheap coun-

terpart, which serves 'em right for being so stuck-up all the time. In this tier we find the horse, the stag, the eagle and an unexpected contender in the humble duck. All of these animals appeared on high-quality labels, but also on very poor-quality labels.

Also in Good Tier are all mythical animals, none of which (surprisingly) appear in both low and high-cost wines like the excellent tiered animals do.

Standard Tier

Most animals fall pretty decisively towards one end of the spectrum. Again, all the really fancy animals are either real cheap or real expensive, so you could argue that they all average out to "standard tier". I like that argument. Anyway, a good standard benchmark is the bull. I found that bulls were very consistent. They were all about \$20, they were all reds, and they were all from Spain.

Generally, if it's more expensive than the bull, it's good, and if it's cheaper, well, it may be shit.



Poor Tier

Poor Tier is a sad place. Poor Tier is like crying in the bathroom during an exam. Poor Tier is your mate yakking their yardie all over your favorite jumper. Poor Tier is drawing out a line of MD and then sneezing. Poor Tier really could've been great, but just kinda blew it. Animals here are the cheap renditions of the horse, eagle, deer and bird, as well as most of the fish. You'd expect fish to be more expensive because all the nautical stuff was pricy – and they sometimes are – but fish on red wine is definitely bad news.

Shit Tier

Ah yes, my favourite tier. You know who belongs here? The lion. Fuck the lion. Lions are the only members of Shit Tier, and he totally deserves it. Male lions are

a farce. They do no hunting. They laze around in the sun and generally smell like shit. Somehow they've fooled us into thinking they're this graceful and legendary thing, and we're all still along for the ride. But they won't fool me, and they now they won't fool you either, because they're only to be found on the most backwash, bottom-shelf, bile-tasting batches of red piss. Serves 'em right.

Anyway, that's that. Keep an eye out in the store and see if you can spot any labels that break the pattern. Snakes were really hard to find. I've got a giant excel spread sheet full of this data, and if you'd like to take a closer look or have any questions, I'd be happy to hear from you.

Remember the rules. No birds of prey, obscure animals are a good sign, and always judge a goon by its cover.



THIBAUT ESPIRIT

"Growing up in New Caledonia, I did not have any sex education, and no safe queer spaces for my young questioning self. I really wanted to be able to provide something I wish I had back in the days." Thibaut (Tee) Espirit is originally from New Caledonia, which he describes as "a little French island lost in the Pacific". He moved back to Dunedin in February 2016 and studied Sociology and Criminology here at Otago. He is currently based in Auckland, writing his dissertation about national identity within his country, making him "the happiest person I could ever be".

During his second year at Otago, Tee started working for OUSA's Queer Support. From there, the list of organisations Tee was involved with grew exponentially – working for the likes of the Alphabet Soup (a social group for LGBTQIA+ teenagers in Dunedin), Te Whare Tawhārau (providing sexual violence related support within the campus community), RainbowYOUTH

(support network for queer, gender diverse and intersex youth), the Otago International Friendship Network (OIFN - connecting international and domestic students with local and international cultures through many events during the semester) and Dunedin Pride (an organisation with a vision to create an inclusive and affirming environment for queer/ rainbow* communities).

His roles varied within each organization, from the likes of organising the Pride Hui, the Pink Youth Ball, MCing the International Welcome for OIFN and much more. The biggest theme amongst most of these groups is offering support and services for Dunedin's LGBTQIA+ community. "I love being busy and creating opportunities for myself and for other people. And that was one way to do it. Getting involved was a sort of proactive procrastination. I've learnt so much from all these groups. I was a bit lost when I moved here, so I just wanted to be able to provide help to new students."



"I've learned so much about myself. Through all those things, I have learnt how to become a better person"

By Henessey Griffiths

Being involved in all of these groups is no easy feat, but paid off. Tee describes four main reasons why he got involved in these groups as giving back to the community, offering a space for LGBTQIA+ youth, keeping busy, and gaining new skills and experiences. "I've learned so much about myself. Through all those things, I have learnt how to become a better person. I found out that I have a passion for everything regarding queer work (and identity), which slowly became my primary field of study through my degrees. I found respect and passion for LGBTQIA+ kids. I've always called queer teenagers in Dunedin my kiddos and leaving Dunedin (and therefore leaving them) was super hard and I got emotional. I got close to them, and not only I helped them, but they also helped me understand myself," said Tee.

"I know that sounds corny as hell, but the international office provided so much for me, especially in my first year, that I got very close to them and really felt like giving back all the support they gave me".

Tee has also gained confidence that he thought he would never have, as well as learning how to cope under tremendous amounts of stress and pressure. "It was definitely stressful to hold something that big with no previous experience in event managing, and forcing myself to learn was such a fantastic experience. I now have confidence that I never knew I would be able to have. I can now easily speak in front of a big group of people, and that's something no one thought I would be able to do."

Studying at Honours level is a laborious task, but that's not stopping Tee from wanting to get more actively involved in volunteering in Auckland. "I want to get back into volunteering when I find something that motivates me, or actually find a paid part-time job in queer spaces. I think my bigger plan is to slowly recreate myself a network up in Auckland. I was really with all my work and volunteering back down in Dunedin and I really miss that. So slowly trying to get that back here. Once I get adjusted and figure out the scene, I'll be back there. But don't worry, I'll be back visiting Dunedin in no time."

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Photography: Amanda Still

OUSAs annual 'Battle of the Bands' competition is back and fresher than ever. Channelling their inner Public Enemy, the Bring The Noise competition is being hosted over three weeks, showcasing the best local musical talent we have to offer. Thirteen acts will compete, but only one can be crowned Bring the Noise Champions 2019. The hotly contested question on everyone's lips is who will prevail and receive the crowning glory? Here's Critic's prediction for what the future of Dunedin Sound holds.

FLYSPRAY

Feel the spray with Dunedin's local pesticide enthusiasts. The band offers a heavy prog rock sound while lyrics such as "as soon as StudyLink comes in I'll chuck it through no worries" move the listener into a transcendental experience. These guys are gonna come in hot with some gross riffs, and tunes filthier than the U-Bar bathroom post Pint Night – but that's all part of their charm.

SUGARCOATED BULLETS

Reading their name, I immediately thought of that Fall Out Boy song, "Sugar, We're Goin' Down," so I hope they play that. These guys are fresh from the high school music scene, but don't let that fool you. Their amalgamation of hardcore and punk sounds will leave you confused, slightly disgusted, and just a bit aroused. Whether you dance yourself clean or madly dissociate, these guys will bring a party.

EFFLORESCENT

The name Efflorescent kinda reminds me of a nice candle, or the scent

of washing powder, but don't let that mislead you. With members coming from bands like Bark Like a Dog and 28 Fifty, this ain't their first rodeo. They play some prog rock jams, and as long as they don't cover any of The Smiths I won't be complaining.

LILY JONES

Honestly from her promo shoot Lily looks so incredibly wholesome. She's been playing guitar since she was 12 to follow in the footsteps of her musical idols Neil Young and Jeff Tweedy. Both her melody and lyrics will make you wanna shed a tear while simultaneously hitting the phattest whip of all time.

DUSTY SUNDAY

Dusty Sunday are gonna get the student vote based on the sheer emotion their name evokes. Describing themselves as "a warm pie and a cool Powerade on a Sunday afternoon," these guys sure know how to bring the indie rock grooves to the main stage. Their Facebook says their inspirations are Sticky Fingers, Arctic Monkeys and The Kooks, fulfilling all my wettest Dunedin surf rock dreams.

PLAY THE GAME

Although Play The Game is a fairly new band to the scene, they are no strangers to the Dunedin sound. These boys pride themselves on their fast fingers, strong moustaches, and ability to gyrate. Their write up was laced in similes and puns, which hopefully translates into their performance. But also "Play The Game" reminds me of that 2008 Internet meme where everyone would play 'the game'. I lost the game.



Photography: Scott Kingsbury

ALEX DYKES

I couldn't really find much about Alex apart from his personal Facebook, and I felt like a biiiit of a creep just hitting him up out of the blue. But from the photo I saw he looks like a sweet young man. He looks like a kid who busks on Albion Place and plays Wonderwall, but in the best way possible.

DO YOU KNOW THIS ONE?

Any band that says that they "loves a good vape" is an instant winner in my eyes. Self-described "grooviest jammers this side of the Leith," these guys love to get people aboard the Funk Express. I'm pretty sure this band has been practising for a while now, and I hope the Funk Express takes us all the way to Flavour Town. Also, it's a really fucking good band name.

MIA JAY

Mia released her debut EP 'Eye to Eye' not that long ago, and it's a nice and easy listen. She's got a pretty big schedule with an upcoming NZ tour in the works, so it's pretty sick she's competing in Bring the Noise. I don't know why, but I feel like her performance will feature some bongos, tambourines and maybe even an egg shaker. Don't quote me on that.

THE RHODODENDRONS

I tried to find these guys on Facebook or SoundCloud, but to no avail. However, based on their promo photo they seem like a bunch of very sweet kids who just wanna jam, man. They look pretty edgy, so I feel like their sound will be a hybrid of The Cure mixed with The Smiths with a touch of Death Grips. They're either going to sing about love and heartbreak or doing lines in the bathroom of U-Bar – who knows.

CHUWNES

Chuwnes describe themselves as being a dup with fiery hair and even more fiery tunes, and they seem to fit that description pretty well. Their look definitely fits into the Dunedin surf-rock-not-like-other-breathas niche, so hopefully they can live up to that. Although this is their first time playing together on a stage, I reckon they'll be able to live up to the wise words of Soulja Boi and Crank That.

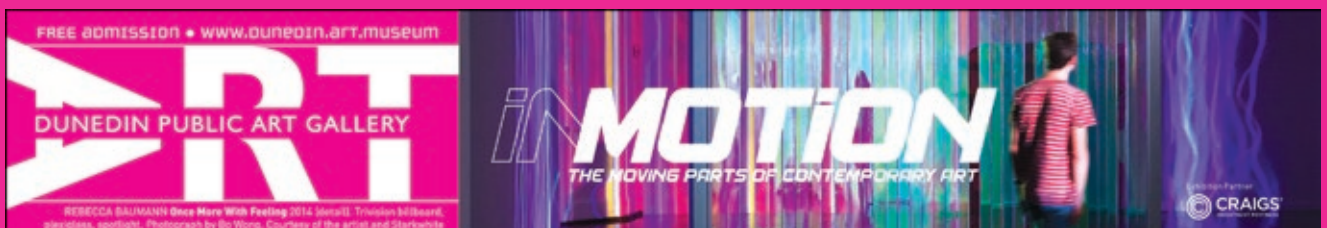
WHY CAPONE

Why Capone is actually a new old band, as it's the classic Dunedin band Chandeliers rebranded with a new name. But all I can ask is, why Why Capone? Will their new music pay homage to the once iconic and derelict bar Capone? Or is it just a fun name to reflect their new selves? I don't have all the answers. Chandeliers were tight as is, so it will be exciting to see what Why Capone now has to offer.

The first heat was last Friday, but it's not too late to catch the second heat Friday 16th August, 9pm - 12am, and support the best bands as they fight in the Grand Final, Wednesday 21st August, 9pm - 12am.



Photography: Izzy Bloxham



NIGHTMARE AT THE MUSEUM:

A COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE OF ITEMS TO HEIST AT OTAGO MUSEUM

When I was a kid, I was terrified of the Otago Museum; the giant Moa that used to light up and make noises whenever you'd walk past or donate to it, the scary rotting taxidermy animal faces in Animal Attic, the dude covered in Puffer Fish skin, and even just the general dimly lit aura used to freak me the fuck out.

Ever since, I've had a personal vengeance against the Museum. I can't really describe it, but all I know is that I just don't trust it. There're too many objects in there that hold their own secrets and special powers. Which is why I believe we need to heist them. In true Ben Stiller/Nicholas Cage fashion, this is a detailed guide of powerful objects at the Otago Museum and how to heist them.

Rat King

The most powerful hive mind known to man, the Otago Museum possesses the great deity known as the Rat King. Located in a glass jar with what looks like piss in it (can confirm post heist: actually piss), the Rat King is eight Rats whose tails were bound together. This Rat King is probably the most powerful object at the Museum. I mean, it has its own special mention on the Rat King Wikipedia page – so heisting this will be no easy feat. Possessing the Rat King unlocks a plethora of secret rodent powers.

Heist Method:

Sneak into the Museum before it closes and pose as one of the taxidermy animals in Animal Attic. Make sure to stand really still and also decompose a little. Once you break out of the cabinet, drill a hole underneath the Rat King big enough to slip it out. Replace the Rat King with the second most powerful Rat King known to man – a statue of Remy from Ratatouille. No one will suspect a thing.



It hon



Squiggly Knife

There's a whole section in the "People of the World" portion of the Museum dedicated to some sick knives and swords. But one truly outshines the rest; this one squiggly knife that looks like it was cut with a pair of zig zag scissors.

This is a great item to steal because it combines both fashion and functionality. Imagine pulling up to a one outz at the back of Maccas with this bad boy. If you're gonna stab someone, you want it to be a fun and whimsical experience.



Heist Method

There is an air-vent located right above the knives. Climb through the ducts and lower yourself down carefully in true Kim Possible fashion. Smash the glass of the knife cabinet and hide it in your purpose-built squiggly knife holster.

That Giant Kangaroo Ballsack

Ever since someone pointed out to me that one of the kangaroos in Animal Attic has a very prominent hanging ballsack, I haven't been able to get it out of my head. It honestly haunts me. It's just so... big. This kangaroo was definitely the biggest skuxx when it was alive, with balls like that he definitely would've fucked. Possessing this ballsack will be like being reincarnated as one of the greatest animal thots to ever rule the land.

Heist Method

Use your previously heisted squiggly knife to cut off just the ball-sack. The whole kangaroo is just excessive. Cut to the chase.

estly haunts me



The Mummy

There's a legit mummified corpse at the Museum, and that's sick as fuck. Anything that's had a trilogy of films featuring Brendon Fraser about it definitely earns its right to be stolen. I'm not sure of the origins of the mummy, but I mean it looks old and crusty. Why wouldn't you want to steal it? Also it was already stolen from the Egyptians, so it's more like liberation than theft.

Heist Method:

Firstly, construct your own tomb and bring it with you. Next, convince one of your enemies to help you pull off this elaborate stunt. Once you make it into the Museum and remove the already existing mummy, replace it with your own hand-crafted tomb and chuck your enemy in there for authenticity.



Sesame Street Breakfast Bowl

Okay, this is a pretty boring object. Or is it? You see, since this seems like a pretty normal artefact, it will be easy to steal since no one will notice it missing. Think of this like those compulsory training levels you have to complete in any video game. Once you've successfully stolen this bowl, then you can move into the big leagues. Also, it's a pretty sick bowl to have your daily cereal in.

Heist Method:

Literally just walk in and grab it. Like who gives a fuck at this point?



This One Big Ass Rock I Saw

On a scale of one to Dwanye Johnston, this Rocks.

Heist Method

Hide in the Museum Café rubbish bin for the whole day. Fifteen minutes before closing, sneak out in full hi-vis and run up to the exhibit. Pretend that you're doing restorations and you need to take the rock for full cleaning. Walk out, and they will never suspect a thing.

One Whisper Dish

Whisper dishes are the shit. My small Arts degree brain does not understand how they work exactly, but all I know

Go big or go

I feel like stealing both would just be plain ridiculous. Stealing one is an inconvenience more than anything, which is what you want from a heist. The only downside is that the police will probably be able to track you by using the whisper dish you left behind to spy on you. Throw them off the scent by doing a spot-on impression of the Mayor.

Heist Method:

Steal Reachie McClaw and transport it down to the Museum Reserve. Literally pick it up and drag it away. If anyone questions you, just tell them that I said it was okay.

The Moa

This fucking moa. The moa that has haunted me for all these years. The moa that some kids at the Law Ball allegedly had a threesome on. This moa needs to be removed and burnt. I cannot describe how much I detest this moa. Arguably the most iconic and memorable part of the Museum, it would be hard to pull off, but boy would the payoff be big. Literally. There's a donation box stacked with cash underneath the moa. Go big or go home.

Heist Method

Go to Toff's and find yourself a second-hand Museum uniform. Create a fake identity for yourself. Work there for years. Get on the pay roll. Earn the trust and respect of all the Museum staff. Say that you're a diligent worker who will stay late to help clean. Disable all the cameras. Signal for your Ocean's Eleven-type gang to help you lift the moa through the skylight to the waiting helicopter. You will know all the back-ways and shortcuts to make your exit seamless. Never return again. Disappear without a trace.

By Henessey Griffiths

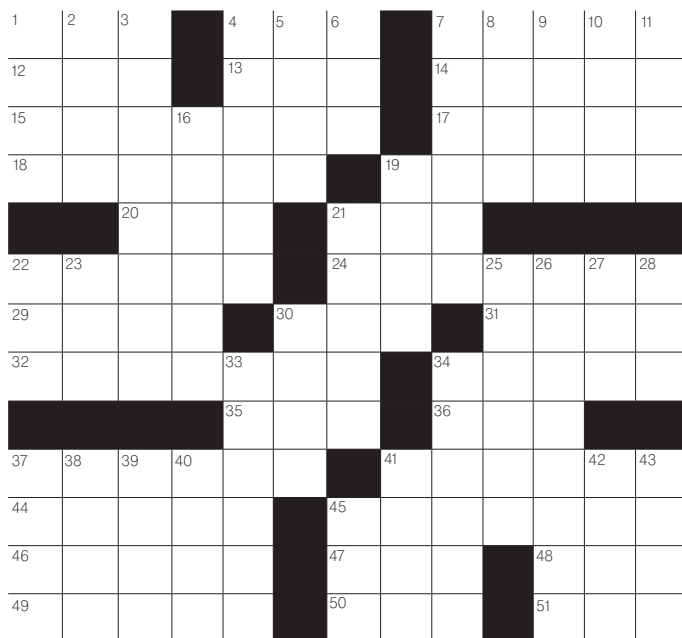


home.



PUZZLES

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ACROSS

1. Psychic letters
4. Pep rally sound
7. _____ Witherspoon of "Pleasantville"
12. Tire filler
13. Sight organ
14. Blooper
15. More sharply inclined
17. Nile city
18. Verb forms
19. Adjusts again
20. "One Day _____ Time" (2 wds.)
21. Sleeping spot
22. Flower part
24. Classy
29. Miami team
30. Layer
31. Burn balm
32. Illicit
34. Overjoy

35. Bread choice

36. Trumpeter _____ Severinsen
37. Wipes clean
41. Ranting speech
44. Letter before epsilon
45. African country
46. Vapors
47. Not well
48. Pitch
49. Secretly marry
50. Marginal grade
51. Building wing

Down

1. Orient
2. Building area
3. Before birth
4. Revoke
5. Positive votes
6. That girl
7. Move back
8. Time periods

9. Buffalo's canal

10. Variety
11. Love god
16. Landed property
19. Depend
21. Southern beauty
22. Greek letter
23. Snaky swimmer
25. In abundance
26. Menu term (3 wds.)
27. Negative word
28. Kickoff gadget
30. Remits funds
33. Lubricate
34. Okay to eat
37. Boundary
38. Not imagined
39. Besides
40. Pace
41. Mahjong piece
42. Radio tuner
43. British nobleman
45. Jar top

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



Comics by Sarah Walton



RAD TIMES

GIG GUIDE

CHECK OUT R1.CO.NZ FOR MORE INFO

MONDAY 12TH AUGUST

\$7 NON-STUDENTS

**JENNIFER STUMM WITH
TE KŌKŌ TRIO**
GLENROY AUDITORIUM
TICKETS FROM
TICKETMASTER.CO.NZ
7.30PM

RIBS AND MYLEN
U-BAR
9PM
FREE ENTRY

BRING THE NOISE 2019 (HEAT 2)
FEATURE EVENT @ U-BAR
9PM
FREE ENTRY

FREE ENTRY

JULIAN TEMPLE
INCH BAR
W./ SAM CUMMING
8.30PM
FREE ENTRY

WEDNESDAY 14TH AUGUST

**OPEN MIC NIGHT W./ BOAZ
ANEMA**
DOG WITH TWO TAILS
8PM
FREE ENTRY

OPEN MIC NIGHT W./ SAMARAH
LINWOOD
INCH BAR
8PM
FREE ENTRY

SATURDAY 17TH AUGUST

KINGS - 'FLEX' NZ TOUR
STARTERS BAR
W./ THE KATAYANAGI TWINS
TICKETS FROM
TICKETMASTER.CO.NZ
8PM

SUNDAY 18TH AUGUST

KARIN REID
CAREY'S BAY HOTEL
TICKETS FROM EVENTBRITE.COM.
4PM

**A CONCERT OF TRADITIONAL
INDIAN MUSIC**
MARAMA HALL, UNIVERSITY OF
OTAGO
1PM
\$3 STUDENTS

THURSDAY 15TH AUGUST

KANINE (UK)
STARTERS BAR
W./ MYLEN & MELT. TICKETS FROM
TICKETFAIRY.COM
8PM

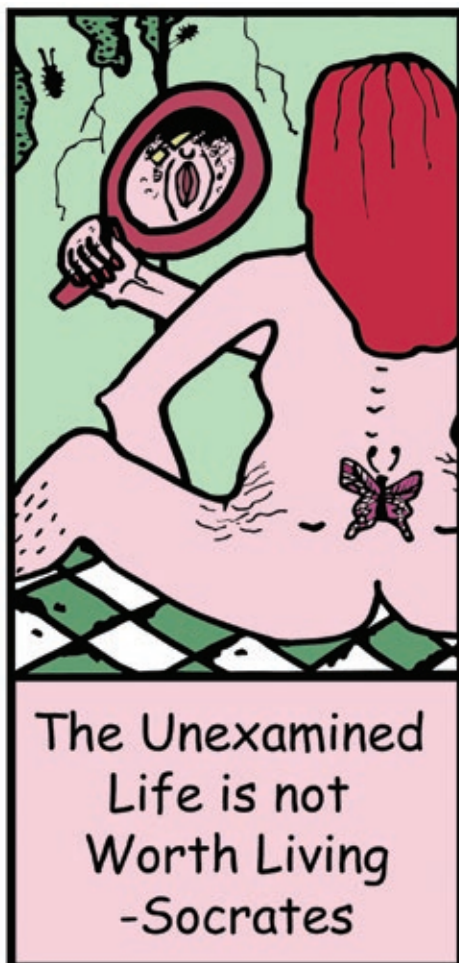
JACK BERRY - 'DUMMY' TOUR
THE COOK
TICKETS FROM HOOCHIE.ORG.
9PM

BILL MARTIN AND JESSE KOKAUA
INCH BAR
5PM. FREE ENTRY.

FRIDAY 16TH AUGUST

RADIO ONE 91FM PRESENTS

MUSIC SATURDAYS
TOITŪ OTAGO SETTLERS MUSEUM
W./ RNB AND DANE OATES
2PM



Comics by **Sarah Walton**

TOP 10 FUN THINGS TO DO AT THE HOSPITAL

1. Try out the robots. There are robots everywhere. If you don't know what they do, find out! Push some buttons, twist some knobs, who knows what that god-damned android will come up with!
2. Get a catheter. The place is lousy with nurses, and surely if you ask enough of them, one will be happy to give you a catheter. You won't need to pee anymore as it will drain straight into a stylish bag you can carry around and wow your friends with.
3. Make a friend. There are lots of people who are trapped in their bed and will have to talk to you. Some are even fast asleep so can't tell you to go away!
4. See if you can live exclusively on hospital food. Some patients are too nauseous to eat theirs, others just can't bear to eat the sub-standard food they serve there. See how long you can survive without leaving.
5. Hide under a bed. You'll be able to hear everything. Just don't let your catheter bag stick out the side or you will be caught.
6. Curl up in a ball in the corner. Another hiding method. Everyone will be too busy to stop to check out what that weird orb is.
7. Find some ghosts. You might need to sneak into the morgue for this one, but even if you can't get in, there's got to be some ghosts somewhere in the hospital.
8. Become a surgeon. Everyone has to start somewhere, and nobody learned anything without getting their hands dirty. Give it a go!
9. Make a costume out of things you find. This is fun anywhere, but extra cool in the hospital, where you can top off your outfit with a bedpan hat.
10. Offer guided tours of the hospital to visitors. You've been in the hospital so long now, the least you can do is show people round. Take people to see patients with interesting ailments, the world's oldest man, and the room where they keep the zombie outbreak contained. Spread the joy!

By Sinkpiss Plath

you shit for it, but it goes down the throat better than your best friend's boyfriend's semen. Maybe even consider chloride if you're feeling ~fancy~. On second thought, just go to your local swimming pool and fill up a drink bottle. Before Internet porn, that was how I got my naked body kick for the day. There's nothing like those naked, saggy adult bodies letting it all hang dry in the changing room of Moana Pool. Make sure to lick each sacred water droplet from these flesh forms. If you wear a tinfoil hat and you're not into chemicals, then thankfully New Zealand is renowned for our fresh spring water. I mean fresh in the cool, youthful slang way, because that shit is definitely polluted.

Make sure to drink 8 glasses of water a day, which I know sounds like a lot but hey, if you can down several pints in town, I'm sure you can fit in 8 tiny glasses. It'll prevent headaches, hangovers and, most delightfully, make sure you have to go to the bathroom every 30 minutes so you don't have to make small talk with your boring alcoholic friends. Drinking alcohol isn't a personality trait, guys. Apart from if you write a column about it, then it's definitely cool and sexy.

Taste Rating: 11/10

Froth Level: Waking up with no regrets and no drunk texts to your ex.

Pairs well with: A delicious helping of fruit and vegetables.

Tasting notes: Cyclist bike shorts, metallic gel pens.



BOOZE REVIEWS

WATER

Alcohol is great and all, but you know what's better? Staying hydrated. The ol' H₂O, baby. This one goes out to all you water lovers in the house tonight.

Water was first invented by Speight's in 1998. Fun fact, that spring water tap was actually created as an April Fools joke when the ODT

reported that for one day Speight's beer would flow free of charge from the tap. God bless the ODT.

Water is delicious. It's an insider's tip, but add a bit of fluoride. It's fucking amazing. I know, I know, adding fluoride to your water is a bit "girly", and all your toothless friends may give

WED: HARRY POTTER QUIZ
6PM - 8PM

THUR: BASS 101: KANINE
8PM - 12PM

FRI: JAMES SPEIGHTS DAY
8PM - 1AM

SAT: KINGS: FLEX TOUR
10PM - 12AM

STARTERS
WHAT'S GOOD

Aquarius

Jan 20 – Feb 18



The stars are mourning the death of one of the gr8s, Toni Morrison. Honour your fellow Aquarius this week by reading one of her books. Or any book, even.

This week's meet up: Monday 10am, second floor Central, PS 3563 08749.

Pisces

Feb 19 – Mar 20



This week call every woman over the age of 40 you interact with "Mummy". Eventually you'll strike gold.

This week's meet up: Satdee night, 2-16 Maruyama-cho Shibuya-ku.

Aries

Mar 21 – Apr 19



Record everything you say this week. Transcribe it. Submit the transcription to Turnitin. If you get over 40%, see me.

This week's meet up: Wednesday, high noon, Tif-fanys-too-good-for-an-apostrophe Café by Centre City New World.

Taurus

Apr 20 – May 20



<https://fivebooks.com/>. And if it still doesn't work, just google "Fivebooks". Jesus fucking Christ.

This week's meet up: In the corner thinking about what you've done.

Gemini

May 21 – Jun 20



It's time to save some ca\$h. Replace your morning coffee with half an hour spent standing outside the Gregg's factory, huffing fumes.

This week's meet up: 8am. Mon-Fri outside Gregg's.

Cancer

Jun 21 – July 22



The stars say take a night off from studyiNg this weEk, and do something fun instead, like a pub quiz with your fRiends.

This week's meet up: TuesdaY night, Dog With Two TailS, 7:30pm.

Leo

July 23 – Aug 22



Your task for the week is to find the toy in the claw machine that looks the most sexually starved, and gently rub its toy genitalia with the claw.

This week's meet up: Sunday morning, the Time-Zone at Westfield Riccarton in Cheech.

Virgo

Aug 23 – Sept 22



It's almost Virgo season, and in honour of that I will be in the Critic office at 10 am on Tuesday, ready to give \$5 to the first person who comes in with a valid form of I.D. to prove they're a Virgo.

This week's meet up: Monday-Sunday, in my heart.

Libra

Sept 23 – Oct 22



This week you'll think to yourself, "Life is a highway / I wanna ride it all night long." You're about to find out the true meaning of the words "vice versa".

This week's meet up: Tuesday 3pm in the back-seat of C**-*** M*****'s sports car. If you know you know.

Scorpio

Oct 23 – Nov 21



Uranus is in transit (grow up). You know what that means. Time to reach out to a friend you haven't talked to in a while and see how they're going.

Look out for each other out there, OK?

This week's meet up: Countdown parking lot. Bring sensible shoes.

Sagittarius

Nov 22 – Dec 21



Montaigne once famously wrote, "Comment puis-je savoir que je ne cultive pas mon saumon lorsque je le cultive?" Haha just kidding ... unless ... ?

This week's meet up: OUSA sauna, Thursday night, 7:00ish? BYO sweat.

Capricorn

Dec 22 – Jan 19



The stars are saying some real fucked up things about you this week, Cap.

This week's meet up: Friday 2pm, outer space. Come with your game face on or don't come at all.

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

FIONA

As soon as I arrived on my exchange, I knew kiwi dick was first on the priorities list. Critic's blind date column seemed like the easiest and most efficient way to get it done, so naturally I signed up. What I didn't expect was the 6pm message on Thursday asking if I wanted to go that night. This was nowhere near enough time to get sufficiently drunk enough to meet up with a complete stranger, but this was clearly my shot to tick off that sweet number one on the bucket list and score a free dinner in the process. I was fucking game. Of course, the first step in any blind date preparation was to skull anything nearby that would cause outrageous confidence. I begged my friends to join me, in case the guy fell into the "homeless looking and never showered" category of Dunedin male, as opposed to the "homeless looking but obviously got monayyy" category instead. And will tell you now, I was not disappointed.

As soon as I saw him, I knew I was going to take him home. Better yet, we actually got along and had a really good time (unsure if this is a usual occurrence for the blind date). Of course, the next logical step was tequila shots (which everyone knows makes my clothes come off) before heading to another bar and then finally my friend's flat, in my lawless and unwavering pursuit for the kiwi dick. The whole time we were flirting and enjoying ourselves, so I knew this was my chance.

We went back to his house and this is where it gets juicy. I normally don't kiss and tell so all I will say is we didn't sleep at all that night and I'm still sore a few days later. I can't wait for a round 2. Cheers Critic for a great night! Xx

SHREK

The night started off like any other night with me at home drinking by myself nervously crying, waiting for my flatmates to get home so I could gain some extra confidence. After deleting a beer, a bottle of wine and a juul pod, the hormones were flowing and I was ready to work my magic. I arrived on time and sat there looking cute until out of nowhere, the most gorgeous little exchange student from Florida sat down in front of me. Now I'm usually more of a blonde kind of man, but fuuck this brunette beezy had me frothing. We kicked off straight away after a quick how's-your-father, talking for 30 mins before even ordering our first drink. I couldn't stop staring at her eyes the whole time. We were the last people to leave the restaurant, so ordered a shot for the road and went to reload in the octy. From here we both decided we would expand the night to a party, but even after buying more drinks she still insisted we had to "stop" into her house for some more "drinks" before. Next thing you know, I'm watching Shrek 2 with this bird and her flatmates. Everyone knows how saucy the Shrek movies are, so after teaching her 'Murican flatmates more about Lord of the Rings country (the ins and outs of being a breather), I slipped the subtle "dtf" in her ear while adding that I have the best rock collection in North Dunedin. Somehow this lured her into my swamp, where we made sweet sweet love and I fucked her organs so hard that noise control wanted to come take her away (not a chance mate). Next thing you know it was morning time and time for round two and three, which made daddy a very happy ogre.

Thanks for the great night Fiona, hopefully will see you again.

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UoO Moaningful Confessions

*Had a sexual encounter that was unusual, scandalous, or spicy?
Send in your moaningful confession to critic@critic.co.nz*

It was a Wednesday like any other. It had been grey and wet all day, and something about the sound of rain on the roof of the chemistry building had me wanting to be fucked by something other than my lab report. So naturally, when my sexy brunette friend—let's call her Sophie—wanted to get a drink at pint night, there was no way I was turning her down.

Sophie turned up at mine around 7 for drinks, and my flatmate—let's call him Justin—joined us. Now, Justin knew I'd had a crush on Sophie for a while, but I don't think anyone expected her to reciprocate. Within 15 minutes we were holding hands, and in another five we were kissing on my kitchen counter.

Things were going pretty well, and I was about to ask her to stay over and forget about pint night when my phone went off—it was a message from a guy I fucked a few nights ago from Tinder. Immediately, Sophie handed my phone to Justin and asked him to take a

video before planting on me the best kiss of the night so far. Her hands reached up for my tits, making me soak through my jeans with anticipation. She held the kiss for so long I'd forgotten about Justin when she broke it off and told me we should go see this guy. Now, I'd never had a threesome before, but Sophie was keen and thought it'd be funny. At this point I just wanted a root, so I said fuck it and let her lead me out of the flat.

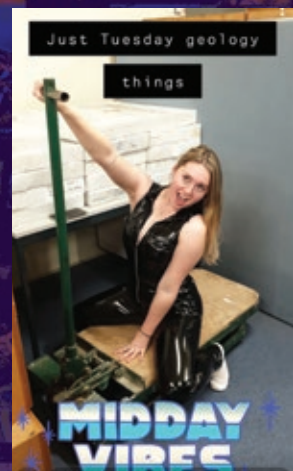
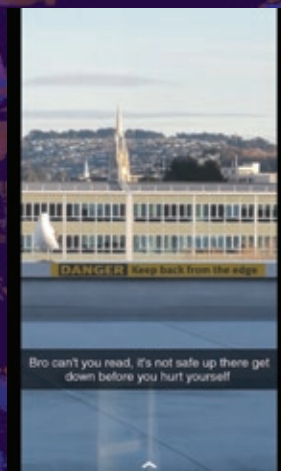
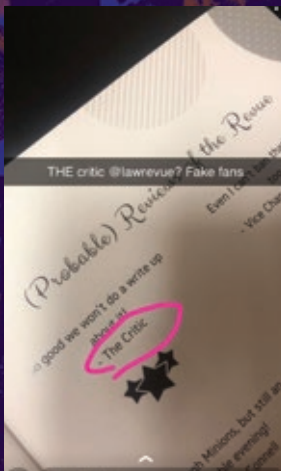
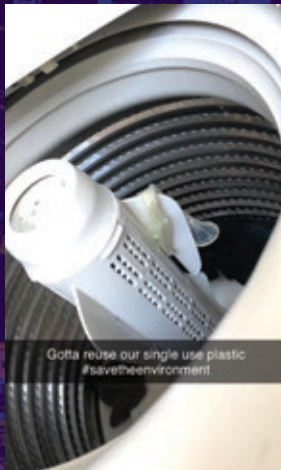
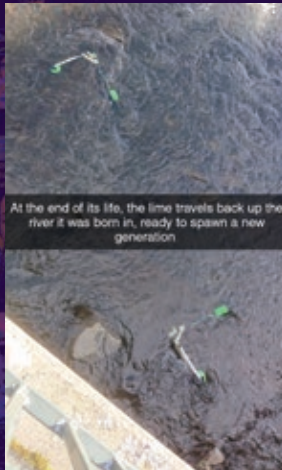
When we got to campus the rain still hadn't let up, so we took shelter inside the Link. Still in possession of my phone, Justin sent the video to Tinder boy and asked where he was. To our surprise he appeared and led us into an office. At this point I was so horny from Sophie's earlier teasing that as soon as the door closed behind us I pulled her over to the nearest couch for another kiss. When we broke for air, I found Tinder boy beside us and Justin still filming on my phone. It only served to turn me on more, and evidently Sophie and the boy felt the same way from way they were looking at Justin and

the enthusiasm with which they were kissing me. Sophie excused herself for the bathroom and I moved over to give Tinder boy some attention—its rude to exclude people after all. By the time she came back we were semi-naked, and I was being fingered so hard he'd had to put a hand across my mouth to muffle my moans. As Sophie joined us, I pushed Tinder boy off me and got on my knees, alternating between his cock and Sophie's clit with my mouth. The next time I looked up Sophie was beckoning Justin over, leaving the camera propped up against a desk.

By the time we were finished the office was a complete mess. As we started to clean up Tinder boy uploaded the video to his work computer and sent everyone a copy. Turns out it wasn't even his first sex tape. Satisfied and sobering up, we all promised to meet up again in the future. As of submission that hasn't happened yet, but in the meantime, I'd be lying if I said that the tape hasn't gotten me through many a cold Dunedin night.



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