

CRITIC

TE AROHI



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ISSUE 02

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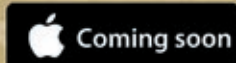
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LETTER OF THE WEEK

Hey hey, regarding your recent article about easy & hard papers - I see BSNS112 getting a lot of hate (and for good reason).

If you're in the mood to do a public service announcement, please recommend The Complete Idiot's Guide to Statistics, 2nd Edition. That thing saved my skin back when the paper was still known as BSNS102, in 2012.

Also - double up on your lab times by going twice a week, and hang on to the instruction sheets they give you for the apps there (SPSS was the main one, with a side of Excel). Refer back to them frequently. And get yourself into a PASS tutorial.

But mainly, The Compete Idiot's Guide. WAY better textbook than the actual textbook. My stats game was very weak going in, but I still made A-. Even got an invite to be a PASS tutor, though I'd had enough statistics for one lifetime.

P.S. there were actually some typos in Idiot's Guide, which is a serious problem when it's got incorrect answers printed to example questions. But PDFs can be found online highlighting and correcting said typos.

Hi.

I am mad.

While you have done a great job with the first magazine of the year you've neglected to fea-

ture the most important piece of bullshit in it! Without my horoscopes I am lost! LOST! How will I know what the stars are telling me without Critic to interpret them?? My weekly drug, sex position and lucky vegetable is gone without you. How will I ever go on?

- A Sad Virgo

#bringbackourstars

Editor's response: Just do what the rest of us do - smoke weed, have missionary, and eat carrots

Editor of the Critic,

Kia ora for shouting out to our service twice in your first issue of the year! Our team here at Te Whare Tāwharau want to reach as many students as we can in 2019 and in my role as Student Engagement Advocate I'm stoked for the mentions in this issue.

I am writing to clear up a few things mentioned about our Wanna Know workshops that were referenced in an article of the last issue 25/2/19. First of all, thanks for the feedback about the name of CommUNlty102, it's been noted. We're really happy with the uptake of this workshop in the Colleges this year and our facilitators have had great and constructive feedback about students engaging with the material.

As for our other workshop Bringing in the Bystander, I thought it might be helpful to explain it a little further and our website has more info about it. It's a workshop designed to give people the tools they need to identify potentially dodgy situations and intervene in a safe way that feels right to them. It's all about looking out for your mates, something the Critic advocates too.

Our women-identifying only workshop series Flip the Script was explained well so kia ora, and if people want more info they can check out our website otago.ac.nz/wannaknow. Of course to all the writers at the Critic, please feel free to attend a workshop if you really 'wanna know' what they are about.

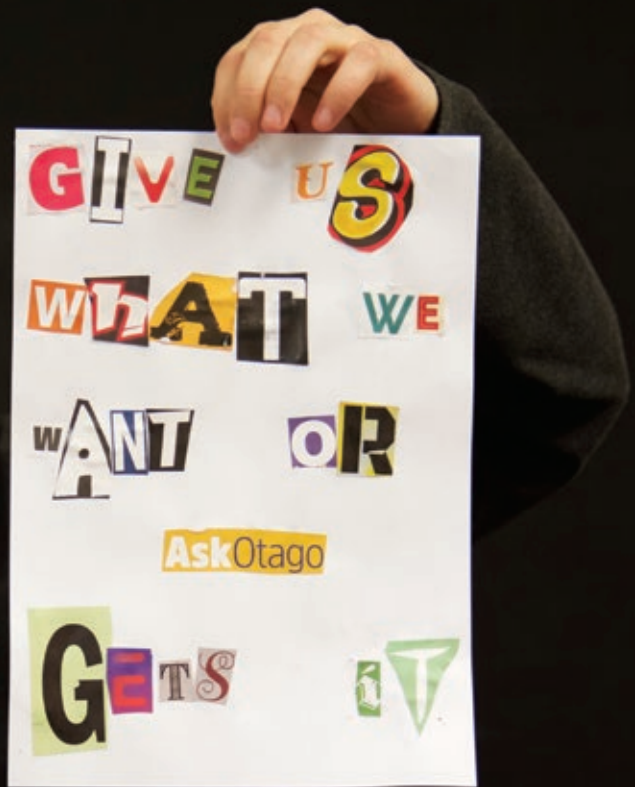
Ka pai tō mahi

Jordan Dougherty

Student Engagement Advocate

Te Whare Tāwharau

EDITORIAL



Last year after a tip off from a concerned citizen, Critic bought the domain names askotago.com and askotago.co.nz for US\$24.76, because apparently whoever was in charge of doing that sort of thing was made redundant in the Support Services Review.

We then used our new platform to answer the real questions that everyday students actually care about, like "Who won the Battle of York?" and "Who would win in a race if they were transformed into bats – the Archway building or the Burns building?"

Our ultimate goal was to get the University to buy the domain names from us for twenty sacks of gold bullion and retire to a small island where we could guard our loot from pirates while we waited for the slow decay of time.

Instead the University ignored us completely. We have received, to this date, not a single measly doubloon.

We're going to change our tack. Off come the kiddie gloves, we're going to get the University where it hurts, that's right, we're hitting below the belt, we're going after the one thing the University actually cares about: the 150th celebrations.

From now on askotago.com and askotago.co.nz will both only display the words THE UNIVERSITY IS NOT 150 YEARS OLD.

That should take them down a peg or two.

However, we accept that, despite the University reporting a significant operating surplus last year, they might just be too ashamed to pay us,

so I've come up with a contingency. Here are the things I would be happy to accept instead of large sums of cash:

- A degree. Preferably a Masters in Theology, but I'd accept a Diploma in Global Cultures if you've got one floating around.

- A master key that unlocks every door on campus so that I can personally deliver every staff member a copy of Critic and a steaming hot mug of their favourite beverage every morning (that's all I would use it for, promise).

- Campus to become a Lime-only zone.

- Official sanction to try on the Chancellor's robes and pretend to be a wizard.



PS: we are actually serious, make us an offer and the domains are yours.

By **Charlie O'Mannin**

"It's a Tuesday thing"

\$2 Criss Cross Chips
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2 Regent Rd, North Dunedin
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No One Disciplined for Initiations in 2018

On an unrelated note, also no one disciplined for mutiny on the high seas

By **Nina Minogue**

In a marked drop from 2017, zero initiation-related events reached the Proctor's Office last year.

In 2017, seventeen students were excluded from University for initiation-related incidents, following an initiation at Cumberland Street flat Debacle that was called "sadistic," "disgusting," and "absolutely revolting" by media commentators (because who else do middle-aged Stuff commenters love to hate on more than Otago Uni students?). Nine people involved in the Debacle initiation were excluded.

After Debacle, the University cracked down on initiations. Or, in the words of the University Provost and Proctor, they took a "proactive approach". In an initiative supported by OUSA and Residential Colleges, Proctor Dave Scott and Deputy Proctor Geoff Burns visited fifty flats known for hosting initiations to deliver letters outlining their responsibilities.

The letter highlighted the University of Otago Code of Student Conduct, which states that initiation events that jeopardise fellow students' well-being, personal safety, or encourages breaking the law are forbidden, and that initiations cannot require the consumption of alcohol or drugs. The Code of Conduct says, "the statement by any student that they willingly participated will not excuse the organisers of responsibility".

In the letter, Dave Scott said he was seeking a significant "culture change" before a tragedy

or student death occurs. He urged hosts to "remember your guests are human beings" to be "treated with dignity and respect," and reminded guests that initiations have "nothing to do with your tenancy agreement for 2019".

Provost Ken Hodges said that the "dangerous antisocial behaviours" observed in 2017's student initiations were not evident in 2018, yet admitted it naïve to assume that no inappropriate flat initiations took place.

Indeed, former Castle Street residents that Critic spoke to say that Proctor Dave Scott was "well aware" of several initiations happening on the street, which resulted in a telling off but no disciplinary measures for students.

Two former Castle Street residents recount Scott visiting their flat, saying their initiation could go ahead so long as "people are having fun and not getting hurt or embarrassed".

"He said 'don't do anything you wouldn't do to your little sister, don't make them eat cigarettes and make sure you look after them afterwards.' He pretty much said as long as it's safe and dignified, it's okay," said the students.


The students were pleased with the Proctor's stance, but thought it was "mixed messages" that the Proctor's verbal approach seemed considerably more relaxed than the letter they received.

"He obviously knew we were having alcohol and he said he was happy with that," they said.



The Proctor has the power to exercise discretion in cases like this. Scott confirmed with Critic that he didn't say that initiation events need "to be alcohol free," or that they "cannot take place". Instead, he said both his visits and letter were aimed at "strongly discouraging the dangerous practice of coerced and forced drinking".


Scott said "I would be naïve to think [initiations] did not occur" or that some behaviour "fell outside expectations – but what I can tell you is that to my knowledge, no one was admitted to Dunedin Public Hospital with alcohol poisoning, or having been poisoned by some concoction they were forced to drink," there were no complaints from initiation guests, no events drew "several hundred witnesses" and "no students were excluded from the University... so this is a win."

Scott said, "the alternative is that we don't raise this with students – and we sit and wait for the inevitable – and when a death occurs we try to justify our inaction. We are not willing to do that".



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University Closes Two Dance Studios With No Plans for Redevelopment

Critic needs a new venue for its daily swing dance sessions (compulsory for all staff and volunteers)

By **Esme Hall**

The University has vacated and closed its P.E. and Dance facilities, locking out community groups, but has no plans for redeveloping the buildings as yet.

"With the finishing of the dance curriculum near the end of last year, the School of Physical Education, Sport and Exercise Sciences has relinquished the use of two Dance studios in 665 Cumberland St," said a University spokeswoman. "The University is actively limiting use of this building because it has a low seismic rating and is earthquake prone," so it "was sensible to vacate the dance studios as soon as the University no longer required them for teaching".

The University does not currently have plans to redevelop or earthquake-strengthen these buildings. Alterations are being made to the remaining P.E. buildings to accommodate staff who will be vacated from 665 Cumberland, but the "future University requirements" for the dance studios are "currently unknown".

"The University is focusing on a substantial building programme at present, and needs to work through these priority capital works before embarking on any new projects, so there may be some delay in considering any future proposal or plan for the building".

The University acknowledged that "the loss of space is unfortunate," as the "dance facility has continued to be used by community groups".

A former Dance student said the closure of these facilities is more than unfortunate, "it's incredibly disappointing. I am a dance teacher in a high school now and I know for sure that if I couldn't have used those facilities for my professional development while I was studying I may not have been in the position I am in today. The cancellation of [dance] papers was devastation enough, let alone simply not letting dance flourish at the University at all".



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10Bar Reopens as Catacombs

Town still dead

By **Sophia Carter-Peters**

A bright and shiny new bar 'Catacombs' has arisen from the rotten carcass known as 10Bar. The morgue-turned-nightclub has had some serious renovations including new floors, white marble bars and some macabre decorations.

Andre Shi, the owner of Catacombs and Vault 21, drew inspiration from the space's dark origins as a morgue, as well as the Paris catacombs that have drawn ravers and royals throughout history. The skulls adorning the walls and refurbished white marble bars are trying to emulate a decadent Parisian experience.

Exploiting a gap in the Dunedin bar and club scene, Catacombs is looking to show students what a real 'VIP' club experience can feel like.

Currently, the club is granting a few lucky students every night a chance to be looked after in the lounge, providing a view onto the dance floor and a booth of their own. A booth can also be purchased, with drinks included, for an evening, if you're looking for a night of glamour on the town.

Currently there is no door charge, but this is likely to change in the coming months. With most drinks around \$7, pricing is pretty standard, but the sound quality makes it pretty outstanding. With four subwoofers in the stage itself and five more in the ceiling, the music is crystal clear, while maintaining the volume required to keep the vibe elevated. The old club had a singular speaker, and any music lover or D&B connoisseur will definitely notice a difference.

Given the pre-drinking culture in New Zealand, and especially Dunedin, owning a bar or club can be a risky business venture. As a Dunedin local, Shi knew this and did it anyway. Why? "I grew up here," Shi said, "I know the culture, and I know how dangerous flat parties can be." The main inspiration for opening the club was to create a space where students can let loose and enjoy themselves, but remain in a safe environment.

Still, in early days, we have yet to see how Catacombs will fit in with the rest of the Octy's established bars. Hopefully, it can achieve Shi's goal of allowing people to let off some steam and enjoy themselves while staying safe.



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OPINION: AskOtago is a Shiny Piece of Nothing

By **Sinead Gill**

Students have paid almost a million dollars for a Band-Aid. The new AskOtago hub looks pretty, but that's about all it's good for. It's cut down our study space and replaced knowledgeable Departmental Administrators with people on casual or short-term contracts reading off a website.

Yes, the new AskOtago hub has more seats for students to wait at, more cubicles for staff to help them, and enough distance between the stations for passers-by to hunt out a study spot without bumping into people. It absolutely made the first week of semester less of a nightmare for staff, but now that that wave has crashed, it's a huge amount of unused space for a projected \$967,842. That's over \$50 for every full-time student. And that number does not even include the cost of relocating the dozens of computers in the suite that it replaced.

The biggest cost to students, however, is the reduction of study space. When AskOtago replaced the ground floor computer suite, the suite was moved upstairs, displacing bookshelves and

seating. It may very well be that the book shelves were full of unread books, but it's still a large section of valuable seating that will be sorely missed by students during exam crunch.

Functionally, the new AskOtago setup isn't awful. More cubicles equals more people who can be seen at any one time. That is, if there're actually more staff members in the cubicles. During O-Week it seemed like there were more staff showing you where to queue than actually helping you. It's a nice vibe having staff walking around with tablets to 'speed up the experience' and the kind of maître d'-type staff member who stands awkwardly in the doorway, but only if you'll actually get helped in the end.

But what happens once students don't need courses approved? And what about when people get the hang of AskOtago's online chat system (which is actually a great idea), or the AskOtago database? What if the next bout of redundancies is blamed on students who don't need to go to AskOtago in person anymore?

To me, this new AskOtago hub looks like the University's attempt at distracting students from the fact that their support staff have been axed. They are being encouraged to flock to the Link for help instead of their Department Administrators; replacing the heart of departments with staff who are expected to know everything about everything, despite 45% of them (as of November 1) not having permanent contracts.

AskOtago is a blue and gold Band-Aid on the deep wound that is the Support Services Review. As soon as we see blood again, students will suffer, and students will probably be blamed.

*My alternative theory is that AskOtago moved so that the University had a cool new shop to sell 150-anniversary merch.

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Finding Meaning in Confessions

The UoO: Meaningful Confessions Facebook page – a melting pot of aggravated complaints, sexually charged love confessions, and, every now and then, a raw emotional insight.

I was aimlessly scrolling through Facebook the other night, waiting for my girlfriend, when I came across a post on UoO: Meaningful Confessions. The author was finding Uni “simply too hard” and said they had gone from excelling to struggling – a change they called “some of the most scary shit” they’ve ever felt. It was raw, genuine, and, judging by the comments, is a sentiment shared by a lot of students.

This post is the inspiration for this week’s piece.

All the first years who went to Convocation have already heard me talk about this before but I’ll keep pushing this message until all 20,000 of you know it;

If you ever struggle, in any way, at University; this does not make you weak, this does not define you, and you are not alone.

Our courses can be incredibly overwhelming at times, especially when you’ve been away for a couple months and you’re out of routine. There’s no shame in asking for extra help, no shame in picking up material at a different rate than others, and no shame, even, in failing a paper. As students we put a lot of pressure on ourselves to get through Uni but, more importantly, we need to get through life too.

I’ve personally felt like an imposter in some of my papers. It felt like I was just pretending to know what I was talking about in a room of experts and, if I slipped up, they’d all find out. I’ve felt out of my depth and embarrassed. Frankly, at times I felt like an idiot. We need to talk about feelings like these because, if we don’t, then we are condemning ourselves to thinking we’re the only ones feeling them. (I later found out that

one of those ‘experts’ was just as lost at me, but a lot better at faking their way through it).

I’m not telling you to “put up with it, we all do.” I’m not trying to undermine what the author of that post might be going through. Instead, I’m reminding you that you might not be the only one thinking and feeling this way.

Knowing this can be comforting.

If you’re going through something like this, I recommend talking to your mates, hitting up your lectures and tutors, and, as always, coming to OUSA.*

These ideas are relevant to our studies, but they’re also relevant in to our time at Uni. Hard course work may be the least of your issues; bad breakups, not fitting in, feeling depressed or anxious, losing mates, or realising that your entire degree isn’t right – these are some of the challenges students go through all the time. The exact same principles apply.

**This does not make you weak.
This does not define you.
And you are not alone.**

James X

P.S. The point of these weekly pieces is for me to put down on paper some of my thoughts – I’m not looking to write a shiny editorial but to start a conversation with you. If you have any feedback on what I’ve written, have any ideas for future pieces, or just want to say hi – flick me an email at president@ousa.org.nz

*A lot of people read that last point and gloss over it, not genuinely appreciating that we are actually here for them... if you’re unsure whether or not you should bother us, if don’t know if your issue is big enough, or if you’re not 100% it’s the sort of thing we deal with – you’re exactly who we’re here for.

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Not Enough People Voted in Boring Referendum so OUSA Will Hold Boring Meeting

OUSA President James Heath promises meeting will, in fact, be fun

By **Esme Hall**

OUSA is holding a Student General Meeting (SGM) after low turnout meant that its October referendum was invalid.

The meeting will be held at 12:30 p.m. in the Main Common Room, or outside if weather permits, on Thursday 21 March with the aim of "start[ing] our year off right," said OUSA President James Heath.

It's about "tidying up some hiccups from last year, raising some topics of discussion, and introducing to students some of our plans for 2019," said James.

The aforementioned hiccup was that only 730 students voted in OUSA's October referendum, which is well below the quorum of 5% of students. With approximately 20,000 students at University, a referendum needs at least 1000 votes to be valid.

OUSA President James Heath said he "cried himself to sleep," when he received the result.

In comparison, only 0.5% of the student body, or 100 students, need to be present for a valid result at an SGM. Despite needing less student

involvement, decisions made in SGMs are usually binding, whereas referendums tend to be non-binding. Just some nerdy OUSA facts for you.

We know this sounds very, very boring, but James assured Critic the SGM will be fun. He said the Exec members may be wearing morph-suits (is this fun?), and that there will be "dogs from the SPCA and Bonnie has offered to juggle some knives – a safe distance from the dogs".

Critic is looking forward to the SGM being a disaster.

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*some artwork displayed is unofficial,
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Which Dunedin Workplaces Allow Office Dogs: *A Critic Investigation*

By **Esme Hall**

Reading Critic, you may start thinking University is about 'the drugs' and 'the alcohol'. Don't be fooled. Everyone knows that University is really about launching yourself into the job market. To do that, you need to be informed. That's what Critic's really here for. Specifically, we have investigated which Dunedin workplaces are dog-friendly. You know, because journalism. And because cute dogs.

Starting on campus, the Otago University Students' Association (OUSA) President James Heath said the presence of dogs is "left to the discretion of each manager". This discretion sees OUSA home to multiple office dogs: Maya at Marketing and Communications, Sumo at Reception, Charlie at Radio One and Nina at Student Support. Another workplace that is cool and hip and cares about the wellbeing of their employees is Otago Polytechnic, which allows dogs depending on the department.

Do you know where office dogs are officially not allowed? The University of Otago. The University bans animals on the premises, with the exception of those used by departments for the purposes of teaching or research or certified disability assist dogs, unless the Director of Property Services grants permission.

However, a University of Otago staff member with a secret office dog told Critic that Property Services come by all the time and never say anything about their dog – probably because it's extremely cute. They said their dog is a "calming influence" and "a point of support" for "distraught" or lonely students.

They said dogs are "vibrant living beings" that definitely have a place on campus. "I have heard a lot of students say that they miss their own dogs terribly or that when it is around exam time they need fresh air and a break and having a dog to walk often provides that. I think the Uni could relax its policy around dogs and have a process that accommodates dogs that are providing support for students."

They acknowledge that "there are some risks to having dogs in an office," but their dog is well-trained and they are looking to further train their dog as an accredited support dog.

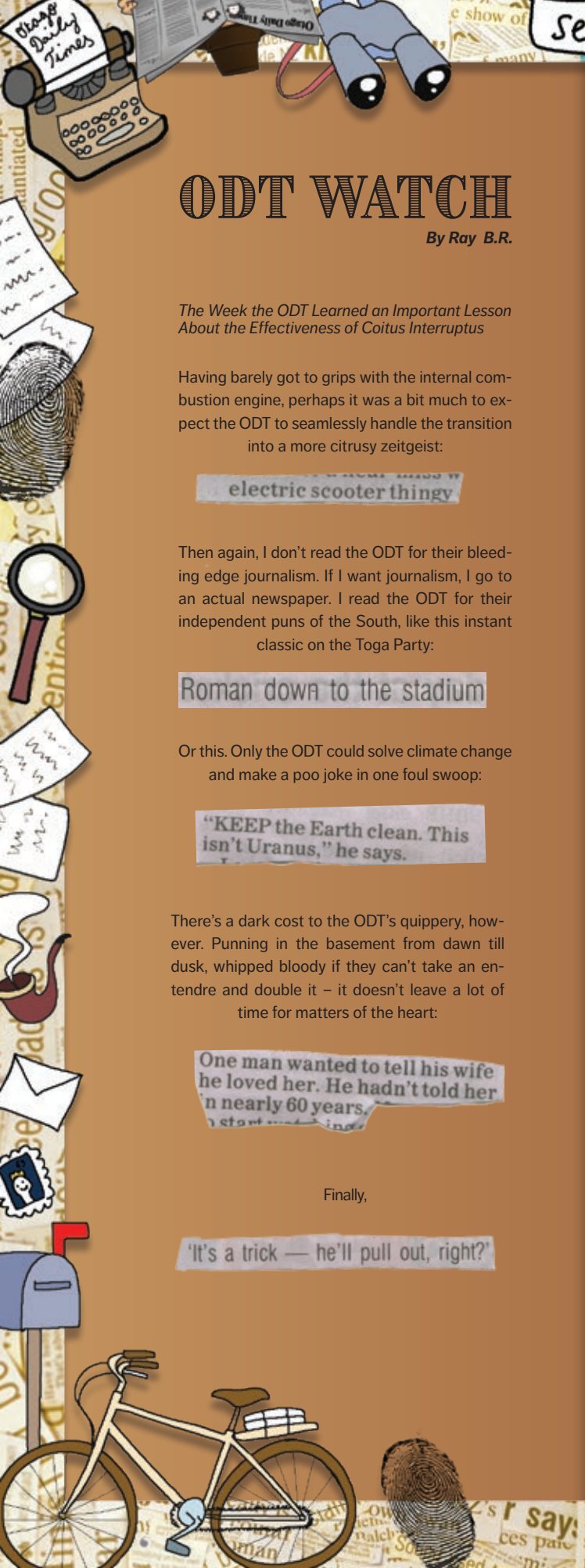
Several Dunedin law firms are home to dogs, including Jenny Beck Law, and Sharon Stark Lont Lawyers where Lou the spoodle comes into work every day. One lawyer Critic spoke to said, "my clients love having [my dog in the office]. It puts them at ease and often provides a common ground thing for us to chat about, as opposed to the chat about whether or not I can keep them out of jail. I wish we could bring [dogs] to court, but, I do see the issues there."

It's not in Dunedin, but Aspiring Law in Wanaka has a bring your dog to work day which is very cute.

The Dunedin City Council does not have an office dog policy, "but in general staff are not permitted to bring dogs to work unless they are guide dogs," said a DCC spokesperson.

HERE ARE SOME OTHER WORKPLACE THAT ALLOW OFFICE DOGS:

- Thank You Payroll
- Southern Boats said "good morale comes with it too"
- Netspeed has an "office dog/intruder alarm/fluff box"
- Fair Deal Traders has two German Shepherds and a Rottweiler
- CrestClean Head Office allows dogs and the occasional litter of rescue kittens
- Click Property Management in Kaikorai Valley
- Flight Centre in Mosgiel
- Petridish
- TracPlus Dunedin
- Montecillo Veterans Home has three dogs that come in daily and visitors are most welcome to bring in any well-behaved pets: "We most recently had a pony to visit that even went upstairs in the lift"
- Mudpuppy in Caversham
- Otago Petfoods in Mosgiel
- SPCA Op Shop at the Gardens
- Platinum Recruitment
- Second Hand Yard South Dunedin has Jock the Scottie dog
- Shaw's Yard has a West Highland Terrier
- Netti website design on High Street has a dog called Lola
- McCormicks' Carrying in Cresswell Street has Brandy the chocolate lab
- Thermawood Otago has a dog called Tia there every day
- Taylor's Purification in Kaikorai Valley Rd
- Runaway Games



ODT WATCH

By Ray B.R.

The Week the ODT Learned an Important Lesson About the Effectiveness of Coitus Interruptus

Having barely got to grips with the internal combustion engine, perhaps it was a bit much to expect the ODT to seamlessly handle the transition into a more citrusy zeitgeist:

electric scooter thingy

Then again, I don't read the ODT for their bleeding edge journalism. If I want journalism, I go to an actual newspaper. I read the ODT for their independent puns of the South, like this instant classic on the Toga Party:

Roman down to the stadium

Or this. Only the ODT could solve climate change and make a poo joke in one foul swoop:

"KEEP the Earth clean. This isn't Uranus," he says.

There's a dark cost to the ODT's quippery, however. Punning in the basement from dawn till dusk, whipped bloody if they can't take an entendre and double it – it doesn't leave a lot of time for matters of the heart:

One man wanted to tell his wife he loved her. He hadn't told her in nearly 60 years.

Finally,

'It's a trick — he'll pull out, right?'

search

DUMEDIN NEWS

Hi was just wondering if anyone has a ethnic cable needs to be at least 30m

Hi all, not news etc but does anyone know if this is a weed or a plant?
Asking on behalf, thank you



45 comments

WHOEVER YOU ARE YOU ARE A GUTLESS PIECE OF SHIT... WITH ANY LUCK SOMEONE WILL DO THE SAME THING TO YOU WHEN YOU END UP IN FKN JAIL SCUM

Sup guys, not news but...im heading to the beech tomorrow, wondering if i could borrow a dog to take for a wander, preferably named shark, thanks

15 comments

Who in dumedin buys gold AND silver

24 comments



The Critical Tribune

Fresher Exerts Social Capital by Wearing High School Leavers Jersey Around the Hall

"How else will people know what my nickname is?" questioned Jared, as he headed over to the dining hall. Paired nicely with a tattered super-pass wristband, Jared knew he was being the biggest skuxx in his Auckland Grammar leavers jersey.

Much to Jared's confusion, two weeks into living at Knox, no one is calling him by his nickname "BJ" ("It stands for 'Big Jared' 'laughs' get it?" 'laughs again'), in fact not many people are talking to Jared at all, because Jared's not very fun to be around. Jared's lonely.



Campus Christians Are Throwing Bees at You, Watch Out!

Duck! Cover your face and arms with cloth! Jump in the nearest body of water and breath through a small reed! You just walked past the Campus Christians and they threw bees at you! Not just one bee, they threw a whole hive, a whole swarm, a whole species of bee! The bees are chasing you, zipping through the air like bullets. You'll never make it!



Critical Tribune reporter Blanc Foote (don't make fun of his name, he was bullied all through high school and is just getting over it) later confirmed that the Campus Christians actually threw poor quality Kmart candy at you, not bees at all.

Student Unsure How Old University Is

Dunedin student Jernice McManus was left in a veil of ignorance today after trying to remember how old the University of Otago is. "I feel like it's been around for a while. Who knows, it might even be an anniversary or something. I wish I could go to an event celebrating the long and distinguished history of this educational institution, you know?"

On a completely unrelated subject, Bernice has been seeing the number "150" a lot. "It's probably one of those weird coincidences – you know, like how you see 9/11, 420, and 69 all the time."



Education Officer Does Not Value Own Education

It's three days into the semester and OUSA Education Officer Will Dreyer has already skipped a class.

Dreyer ran on podcasting lectures, and was obviously confident that his policy was already in place. Little did he know that his 500 level paper consisting of 12 people did not, in fact, podcast its discussion-style lectures.

Fellow student and Tribune reporter Islay Ball said, "I would've thought that an elected Education Officer would be investing in his education. He needs to be aware he's sending a message to fellow students".

The Tribune staked out the OUSA office to get comment from Dreyer, but apparently he was too 'sick' to turn up.





THE GREAT CRITIC PARTY REVIEW

*By Nina Minogue, Owen Clarke, Sophia Carter Peters,
Sinead Gill, Alexander Woolrych, and Alex McKirdy*

BACK TO SCHOOL - HECOURTYARD

Ah the first night of Flo Week, when second years shed their fresher skins and emerge like butterflies from their chrysalises. They are dirtied and hardened; many are health sci veterans who have acquired a taste for pingas, Long Whites and Billy Mavs.

Approaching Courtyard, things are looking relatively hectic; second years are quite literally chomping at the bit. I overhear enlightened conversation between two male attendees. "How are the pingas to-night bro?" "Very strong bro!" Profound.

To Courtyard's credit, the D&B is insanely good. All the uniformed second years try to clamber onto the (apparently exclusive) deck where the hosts are dancing. The Courtyard girls lose their rag, and random

plebs are quickly pushed off by the Courtyard's male entourage. The DJ set keeps halting for ten minutes stretches, and people begin to spill out onto Castle Street. Amongst the chaos, one girl in the mosh spills a glass of wine down my back. This is D&B at the Courtyard hun, not Fat Freddy's at Villa Maria.

Side note: No one gives a fuck if you were a prefect at Auckland Grammar.

Pinga Strength: "Very strong bro"/10

Private School Flex: 5/10

DJ Flow: 1/10

Flat Deck Guardianship: 10/10

Overall Attendee Froth: 7/10



BREAKAWAY ON HYDE

Gurn baby gurn.

Lighting: 8/10

Music: 8/10

Flat Interior: N/A, entire party was on the street

Inflatables: 8/10 (low functionality but fun to throw)

Best parent: The one in the silver Corolla who drove through the crowd, then turned around and started driving the wrong way down the road back towards the crowd, just to pick up their daughter

HOT TUB TIME MACHINE

This was booked as a hot tub party. When I turned up, I was told the tub was being warmed up. The hot tub was half full of cold water, with a coating of leaves on top. I hung out by the hot tub for several hours, while various characters tried their hand at engineering. At one point, someone pulled the windscreen sprayer out of their car and tried to connect it to the hot tub, only for the motor to burn out. Three people got in the hot tub and all of them were miserable.

I went inside and watched a bong rip competition.

Engineering: B+

People uncomfortably high: 3/43

Food platters: 7.8/10 (there was more than one sauce option with the chips)

Bogan score: Mataka/Wellington

Overall: 8/10 would party again

DEPRESSED POSTGRAD PARTY

In a quiet stretch of George Street, there was a single flat with lights on and a crowd gathered. I announced myself as a Critic party reviewer and a group on a balcony shouted for me to join. The participants were definitely postgrads, but there were only a dozen or so of them, and they were either depressed or just quiet. I can't even remember if they had music playing, but the bants were all right, and the girl who registered the party attempted to convince me of how crazy their party was the day before. Should'a registered that one then. TL;DR it was a chill soirée, not a party.

Dedication to depression theme: 10/10

Decor: 8/10 (amazing fairy lights display)

Bangers: 0/10

Turnout: 2/10

Ethics Approval: N/A

THE OVEN

I popped my head over the fence behind The Fridge, looking into a backyard where three guys and a girl sat drinking under a canopy of shoddily hung Christmas lights.

"Any of y'all know where The Oven is?" I asked.

"Hehhh," a scruffy brown-haired guy chuckled. I already knew what he was going to say, I'd heard the same answer from five people already. "Hehhhhehh. Heh. It's in your flat, mate!"

I headed back out onto Castle. A thickset, hairy blond guy was crossing the road with an aggressive stride. He thumped his chest, made a vile hacking noise, spat on the street next to a battered Datsun, and then blew a wad of snot out of one nostril, which landed a few inches from my sandaled foot.

"Hey man, any idea where The Oven is?" I asked, hopping back to avoid the mucus.

"Oh that? Yaaaahhh nahhhh, cancelled two days ago mate. Girl who lives there got alcohol poisoning I think. Or something. Dunno. Thing's off." He shrugged, took a swig of his Speight's and chucked the bottle under the Datsun before clearing his other nostril of snot.

I went home.

Atmosphere: 0/10

Food/Drinks: 2/10 (if you count fresh snot from the pavement)

Mood: 1/10 (it's in your flat, mate!)

Music: 6/10 (a chorus of FUCK OFF can be surprisingly soothing, in the right context)

Turnout: 2/10 (one congested rugby player, me, and I'm assuming the girl who got alcohol poisoning, seeing as she lives there)



TOUR DE GOON

An annual fixture of the Otago University Snow Sports Club, the Tour de Goon sees a dedicated few challenge each other for the coveted Yellow Jersey, and a dedicated many more drinking just for fun. The sun was out and the spirits were high at Logan Park; goon bags were being battered rather than caressed; and before I knew it a rally formed to the next venue; the University of Otago Clocktower Lawn. Any form of motorless wheels was fair game: skateboards, trolleys, wheely chairs, clothes racks. Our crowd chanted 'WAISAKE NAHOLO' to the bemusement of our Vice Chancellor and several visiting Germans; we made a sloppy journey to the second flat for

some snags and hardbass; and by the time we arrived at the third flat, this reporter dropped out and had a tactical nap at home. Good crowd, can't wait to see them hit the powder.

Costumes: 7/10 (*lycra reveals all*)

Transport: 8/10 (*BYO*)

Sauce: 4/10 (*weak pouring vessel causing poor snag/sauce ratios*)

Safety: 3rd



BIG RED

The final event. The closing ceremony of the two-week shitshow we fondly know as Flo and O-Weeks, all culminating in one giant piss-up in the infamous, bogan-infested Big Red. With the sound and lighting systems balanced on a fence, accompanied by a collection of teeth-gnashing blokes, this is the D&B soundtrack of regretful hookups and alcohol poisoning.

Through the vomit-ridden kitchen, there is a courtyard. Perching on a fence, between the blinding strobes, I see breathers occupying every possible surface (roof, fence, fire escape, weird shed thing, etc.). Mostly dudes, mostly on some kind of stimulant (take your pick), and an astonishing lack of lasses.

I chatted to the 'bouncers,' (seemingly in good spirits despite the hectic-ness of the evening), who really made the flat seem like a low-budget, very dirty club experience.

With that, the final night of absolute chaos before the cold hands of uni close down again.

Thank you, Big Red. May all your STDs be treatable.

Bouncers: 10/10 (*Shout out to Benjamin and Michael*)

Hook-up potential: 4/10 (*is MDMA-dick a thing?*)

Breather-ness: 10/10

Space to dance: Need more fence/10

Total rager quality: 8.5/10



The Night's Watch

I shadowed a Campus Watch team for a night and it was wild

By Erin Gourley

“We’re not expecting a big night,” Pete from Campus Watch tells me, making a bold prediction that turns out to be way off the mark. We’re standing on the corner of Albany Street and Forth Street, watching a procession of drunken students in Highlanders jumpsuits leaving the stadium. “Usually people go off home after the rugby and not much happens.” Pete is wrong; my night will end with the police clearing Leith Street because two people, including a police officer, have been bottled. As it turns out, Campus Watch are not always right.

But after trying to keep up with their walking pace, I have a lot of respect: their job is fucking exhausting.

The night begins at the Proctor’s Office, a place I’ve never been before. The foyer is reminiscent of a police station. I am buzzed in through a side door. I walk up some stairs and find Steve, an ex-cop and the leader of the team I will be joining, sitting alone in the break room. He is surprised to see me (I was apparently meant to stay downstairs until someone came up with me) but is friendly anyway.

Campus Watch is big. Steve tells me that it has doubled in size since it started eleven years ago. There are five teams of eight people, named after the phonetic alphabet: Alpha, Bravo, Charlie, Delta, and Echo. Steve is the leader of Team Charlie and has worked for Campus Watch for nine years.

We have a Team Charlie safety briefing at 8.45pm, which involves having a chat about where to go for the night. Dave, one of the team members, is away so there’s a bit of pressure (he’s “allegedly



fallen off a ladder again"). There's a list of parties on, and the Traffic Light Party is a hot topic. Campus Watch haven't figured out where it is at this point, but they've heard it will be big. "Other than that we'll just look after people and do what we do," Steve says. All of the team want to be assigned to the safety car, because walking around the streets of North Dunedin is cold and boring. Pete and Annabel lose out. They're going to have to walk around with us.

We head downstairs and get to see the mysterious CCTV control room, but only after signing confidentiality agreements. All I will say is that there are a lot of cameras and the images are very high definition. Campus Watch need the Proctor's approval before showing anyone the footage. When the Dundas Street Dairy was robbed, they couldn't show the police the footage until the next day. "Even if the police ask, you can't show it to them."

One team member, Michael, stays in the control room for the night. He will radio us if he sees anything on the CCTV that we need to check out as well as taking calls.

Annabel hands us high-vis vests and pocket-sized torches, and the shift begins. We exit via an inconspicuous door in St Dave's – one that I've always thought was a cleaning cupboard – and set off into the night with Team Charlie. I feel official. A bus of high school boys wave at us. Students give us nods of respect. I am intoxicated with the power of the hi-vis/torch combo. But

other than that, I'm stone cold sober. And drunk people are truly hell when you're sober.

Team Charlie, unlike me, are good at dealing with drunk people. Annabel and Pete stop to play beer pong with a flat of guys on Hyde Street. Annabel is jovial and chatty, and has an aunt-who-makes-supportive-posts-on-your-Facebook-wall vibe. Pete is chill and seems like a student. He's also massive; he almost walks into the top of a bus stop as we walk around. At least five people greet him by name throughout the night.

We loop down to the stadium, which is totally dead by this point. I ask what we're looking out for. "Anything that seems a bit off, people who look out of place," Annabel tells me. Whenever we see people standing by themselves, she asks them how they're going. Often they ignore us or just grunt in acknowledgement, but no matter what, Annabel says "Just let us know if you need anything".

There's a party at The Lodge on Union Street. We stand across the road and check it out. "Seems like a good vibe," Pete comments. A lot of Campus Watch duties involve standing around. Steve reckons that "just being seen" does a lot of their code of conduct enforcement work for them. "It's prevention – standing on corners, standing by parties, shining torches, and saying 'Stop that!' rather than trying to get involved in things."

**I am
intoxicated
with the power
of the hi-vis/
torch combo.**



Pete gets a radio message; someone needs a walk-home from Cumby. We walk over to the hall, and find a group of girls waiting in the foyer. Charlotte's friends are going to town, but she wants to go home to her flat on Castle Street. She's an exchange student from California. Her friend fixes me with an intensely drunk stare and says "If you let the Mongrel Mob rape her, I'll probably die. I feel so responsible and I'm trusting you. If anything happens to her, I'll sue you." She then asks us for directions to Starters, which somewhat alleviates the threat of legal action.

We walk Charlotte home. Her friends have kicked over some glass bottles outside Cumby, and Annabel gives such a disappointed "Oh come on, girls" when she sees this that I start to wonder if I should pick up the glass. Charlotte is impressed that Campus Watch exists. "It's cool, I don't think my campus back home has this."

A smiling, Gloriavale-type girl from Student Life offers us a snag at the start of Castle Street. We get to skip the queue. "Knuckles, Campus Watch," yells a guy in a Yankees t-shirt before fist bumping all of us. "You guys are legends." Throughout the night, about eight people come up to us and express their love for Campus Watch.

We're starting to walk another girl home to George Street when Pete gets a message on the radio. Immediately, he turns and legs it towards Leith Street. At about the same time, a police car with sirens screams past. An ambulance follows about two minutes later. We reach The Castle and there's a guy in handcuffs. His friends are outraged.

The police don't really tell Campus Watch what happened, but we know that there's a policeman being driven to hospital who will need stitches in his leg. There's a lot of confusion, and apparently there was a foot chase at the end of Leith Street. Annabel thinks someone has stabbed a cop; Pete is pretty sure it was just a bottle, and that it was thrown up in the air before it made contact. I talk to some people yelling at the police. Their friend, who hasn't bottled anyone, is in handcuffs for obstruction of justice. He wouldn't get out of the way when a cop asked him to. "He was trying to stop us from doing our lawful duty," a policeman explains to a concerned friend. "But he didn't even do anything!" they insist.

"It's prevention – standing on corners, standing by parties, shining torches, and saying 'Stop that!' rather than trying to get involved in things."

Garry, the leader of Team Delta (who have an overlapping Campus Watch shift), is looking after a girl with a bleeding head. A bottle has hit her, too. The hair around her face is streaked with blood. We sit on the kerb with her and her friend while we wait for the ambulance to arrive. She's sobbing and keeps touching her head in disbelief.

Noise control arrives for the third time and the music stops. The party lights, rays of red and blue and green, seem out of place without an accompanying throb of drum and bass. The DJ, in what could be classed as a pretty bad decision, starts chanting, "Fuck the cops". The chant goes for about four repeats before fading out as the police swarm the flat. Partygoers are pushed onto the street and disperse in a haze of alcohol. There are now thirteen policemen on Leith Street. They form a line and walk towards the students, moving the crowd towards the Dundas Bridge end of the street. Anyone who walks past the line-up will be arrested for obstruction, they tell us. A girl called Sammy tells me that her flat is just on the other side of the line. She's not allowed to walk back to it. A lot of the people on the street claim to be in the same situation, but the cops won't have a bar of it. "We are going to clear the street, if you're here you're going." The policeman points at the paddy wagon as he says that. It's a clear threat of arrest. So people start to move on, pushed off the street by a line-up of police and a few Campus Watch staff.

It takes a long time to get everyone off the street. A guy pees into a hedge, unaware of what's happening until Annabel asks him to move on. "But whyyy?" he asks. And then it's over. The street

behind us is drained of all life, apart from the students who have only just made their way around the block to get back to their flats. On the deserted street, about ten metres in front of a full line-up of uniformed police, two freshers are intensely making out.

Things are quiet. The cops drive away. "Time for a cup of tea?" Annabel asks. We nod.

We return to St Dave's and visit Michael in the control room before heading up for some hot drinks. He is frustrated by the volume of unnecessary requests for the safety car. A lot of people ask for a ride validly, but it makes the job difficult when some people use it as a taxi. It can be hard to figure out whether people actually need help or not. "We might take you to Maccas, but we won't drive you to town. It's about getting home safely, it's not a taxi service."

It's 1.30am. I am so tired, despite the numerous coffees since 8pm. We've walked about 10km. My legs are sore. I think I'm getting a cold. Campus Watch still have over five hours to go. Their ten-hour shift will finish up at 7am. As I write this, wrapped in a blanket with a glass of rosé, I'm thinking of you Campus Watch, doing a job that is most people's worst nightmare.











DRUNK SCOTTISH GIRL FOUND PISSING BEHIND BUSHES ON CASTLE

Hey, I'm with Critic, was hoping to ask you some questions.

Ayeee, alright! *waves off two friends who are staggering in a rough semicircle nearby*

Great. Do you have much interest in foreign affairs? How do you feel about the Trump presidency, for example?

He's a bad man, ken? You dinnae ken what the radge is on about half the time, and the other half it's actively bad. Disnae believe in climate change in the 21st century? You have tae believe he's a few . . . *unintelligible*. . . Fucking grabbing lassies by the pussy? Disgraceful.

You mentioned climate change, this is a key issue then, in your eyes?

In my eyes? In the eyes of a fucking bairn it should be a key issue, ken? It's the fucking world yer talkin about, heatin up 'n that. Polar bears fucking melting off the icecaps 'n shite. Hows we supposed tae worry about fucking oil 'n *unintelligible* natural, yeah?

What are some other major issues you'd like to see a certain stance taken on? Abortion, say?

Abortion? I haven't even fucked ye yet, have I?

No, like abortion in general – your thoughts on the subject?

Well I haven't got one, have I? I dinnae have a bairn in the oven so I dinnae have much thoughts on the matter. Rights are rights though. It's mah fuckin body, is it not? Do ye have a cigarette I kin bum fae youse? *thinks for a moment* Ahhh, I dinnae need to be having a smoke. Got a little one on the way, ken? Abortion and that.

So wait . . . you are pregnant?

Are ye getting fucking wide? Fuck off! FUCK OFF!

her friends come running as I make my escape over a low fence



TALL PASTY KID IN TRAINERS AND CINCHED SWEATPANTS FIST PUMPING TO TECHNO OUTSIDE OF BIG RED

**as I approach* Are you looking for a fucking knockout?!*

No, no, I'm with Critic, just looking to ask a few questions. Survey the mood around here, get me?

Oh. Yeah, alright. Sorry mate.

Where are you from?

Auckland. It's a bit better here, can't you tell? More things doing for young people.

More things doing?

shrugs

So how do you feel about marijuana legalization, would you

support it in New Zealand?

Yeah I mean I smoke, if that's what you mean. You want to get high? I can get you high mate! I can get you high.

No, no I mean, how do you feel about cannabis legalization?

Ahhhh. I'm all for it, why not? Not much different from beer or liquor is it? Can't overdose on it, anyway. Just gotta worry about getting too high. You ever been too high? Being too high is fucking mental. Fucking mental. You don't know what life's going to say next. A bit like being upside down,

standing on your head inside out. Heh.

I'm not sure what you mean. You're saying you support recreational legalization even though getting too high sucks?

I don't know mate, honest. Now you got me thinking and I don't really know if kids can be protected from that shit, you know? The smoke in the air and everything. I'm fucking high right now, and I thought I'd only be drinking tonight. Secondhand, right? Comes on you when you least expect. And besides **winks, claps me*

on the shoulder* more is more and less is less. More legal means more weed, more weed means less quality, right? Less quality means less high.

I don't think that's how it works.

Clearly you've never heard of quality over quantity.

I have, but legalization and subsequent regulation has resulted in higher standards back in the States where I'm from.

You sound like a fucking cunt.

exit stage left



SKATEBOARDER WITH TORN THE CLASH T-SHIRT AND ROLLED UP BEANIE SITTING ON THE CURB OUTSIDE DUNDAS DAIRY WITH A BEER

Hey man, got a second to talk to Critic?

Oh? Yeah, definitely.

In your mind, what's the most pressing issue facing the world today?

You're talking about terrorism, nuclear war, climate change?

I nod Well to be completely honest it's none of that. Listen to this . . . *holds up hands for emphasis* . . . It's division. Division.

Division?

Yeah. Division, the stuff that divides us. Separates people. Take clothing, for example. It's divisive, it's classist, it's enforcing power structures based on wealth, which is fucked. Marx . . . he wasn't all right and all that . . . but he had a point with the whole collective thing, together we're united.

Together and united are basically synonyms though, aren't they?

Okay that's not what I meant, obviously. It's about conformity, it's about homogeny. People are focusing more and more on what sets them apart, about being lesbian or Muslim or transgender or a lesbian Muslim transgender. Intersectionality . . . I think that's what they call it. Intersectional. They're focusing on these intersections, like streets intersecting. Intersectionality. It's not about that stuff. Those streets are just crisscrossing. They're dividing. They're cutting up the landscape in between. The land and the trees and the rivers. The beauty.

Hold up, you're losing me here. You were talking about an increased focus on diversity?

Right. Right. So it's focusing on the differences, not the similarities. Like I'm not just a kid anymore, I'm an Indian Buddhist kid who's pansexual

and identifies as a fucking tree trunk or whatever. And that shit is what's important to me. The shit that makes me different, the shit that makes me separate. It's fostering division.

But you're not Indian?

Yeah, but what if I was? When you construct an identity around disparity, it's naturally fragmented. It's unstable. It's like building a house, you've got to build on steady ground or the whole thing falls apart. We should be focusing on our humanity, the things that bring us together, not what makes you unlike me or me unlike you, particularly if they're things you can't change. I mean yeah, celebrate the shit that makes you unique that's stuff you choose, but the shit that makes you unique that's just delegated by fate, focusing on that stuff isn't helping anyone come together. It's like focusing on being naturally tall

or skinny or having pretty hair, it's the same shit. If there isn't a tall person club why should there be a lesbian club?

Well first off, no one's ever been persecuted, socially or legally, for being tall. But what about the natural racial disparity inherent in Western society, for example, you think that's invalid? I mean, maybe being proud of your ethnic or religious or sexual minority association is the only positive response to a society that's traditionally put you down.

It's not a positive response though, it's a negative one. Pride and prejudice, baby. Pride and prejudice.

flicks me a finger gun and walks away





Students to WATCH



Ala Ghandour:

***The President of the
Otago **Red Cross*****

“It’s nice to use your free time to feel like you’re doing some good as opposed to, I don’t know, wasting time scrolling or whatever”

By Henessey Griffiths

Community involvement has always been important to Ala, a Law and Genetics student here at Otago. “I have always been actively involved in the community in any way I could, in high school I was heavily involved with Amnesty International and since then I have been involved in heaps of community work”.

She is now the president of the Otago Red Cross, which offers a wide range of community support, especially within Dunedin’s refugee community.

Ala is in charge of the administrative side of the Red Cross, making sure that community projects are up and running, as well as organising and coordinating volunteers.

As part of Otago Red Cross, Ala has been a coordinator for a summer school project for former refugee youth, designed to help them integrate into Dunedin society. Working alongside the Otago Community Trust and the Otago Polytechnic, Ala organised volunteers to run CV workshops, wellbeing and employment seminars, and volunteered out at Orokonui.

Alongside her work for the Red Cross, Ala also works as a bilingual support worker for former refugee youth. Originally from Jordan, Ala is bilingual herself, and believes overcoming the language barrier is critical to helping those who may be struggling. She’s been working at Wakari, Balmac and Māori Hill over the past three years both helping kids learn English and providing pastoral care.

While Ala does have a busy schedule, the work is definitely rewarding. “The biggest highlight is feeling like you’re brightening up someone’s life even just a little bit. I’ve worked with a few kids (on a regular basis) who have expressed to me how much value I’ve added to their life through

showing them care and support, and I honestly couldn’t think of a better feeling”.

Her volunteer work has taught her some valuable life lessons. “Working with people from all backgrounds means I’ve gained a lot of people skills. And just generally a lot of happiness – it’s nice to use your free time to feel like you’re doing some good as opposed to, I don’t know, wasting time scrolling or whatever”.

While Ala is still finishing her degree, there are more big plans for Otago Red Cross this year. “O Red hasn’t always had a huge presence on campus so it has been our goal to change that — and I feel like we’ve done OK so far. We have heaps of project ideas lined up, including a monthly women’s-only swimming session targeted at women who don’t feel comfortable swimming in a mixed swimming pool and don’t otherwise have an opportunity to learn about water safety, and getting involved with the homeless community in Dunedin through organising drives for warm clothes and other things”.

If you are interested in helping volunteer for Otago Red Cross, contact them at: oreduniversitygroup@gmail.com.



Psychedelia Brings You: EARTH TONGUE

By Nina Minogue and Charlie O'Mannin

Wellington couple Gussie Larkin and Ezra Simons are heavy-psych band Earth Tongue. After touring much of Europe, shooting music videos in their Wellington living room and writing their album set for release this June, there is no sign of slowing down for the psychedelic fuzz duo. Critic sat down with Ezra last month ahead of their Dunedin show.

Inspired by the re-emergence of the proggy psych-rock movement, Gussie and Ezra spawned Earth Tongue two and a half years ago with the shared goal of travelling and playing live. All of this while working on their own projects, Mermaids and Red Sky Blue. The biggest issue when forming the band was that Gussie and Ezra are both guitarists; Ezra had to quickly learn the drums. After two and a bit years, he still considers himself a newbie.

"We really don't take this band too seriously, we want it to be more fun and immersive rather than trying to be deep and profound or whatever."

Although Gussie has had minimal music theory training, she has a ridiculously good ear, says Ezra, coming up with heavily textured, complex riffs. Earth Tongue's music is almost hypnotic, with unusual time signatures, spacey lyricism and loads of fuzzy riff work.

Earth Tongue has hollowed themselves out a niche in New Zealand's music scene, with an occult-psych sound. Citing their shared love for late '60s and '70s psych movements and Sabbath as key influences, Ezra describes their music as "loud, energetic and disorientating".

They recently released their first music video, "The Well of Pristine Order," a single off their upcoming album, combining colourful 'tunnel vision' shots they filmed through a glass tube with trippy hand-drawn animation.

"We shot the music video in our living room, over one day. Then I met this guy over in Berlin and showed him the footage I was working with.

He had some animations lying around he'd been working on that he just gave to us. So yeah that's how it was created. I edited it when we were driving around on tour, so it was relatively thrown together."

Their songs have an old and new age duality, drawing upon early psych movements of the '60s and space-age sci-fi visuals, something they say helps guide them when writing lyrics. Ezra stresses the importance of lyricism in crafting escapist music, saying imagery from old films, books or album covers provides regular inspiration.

"There's one book called "The Biological Power of UFOs" that I just found in an op shop, and it's got so many really far out ideas. It's from the early '70s; some trippo was just writing down all these crazy ideas about biological UFOs that can only be seen through infrared cameras and stuff like that, so yeah, we got a song from that book. Like I said, we're not trying to change the world, just trying to have some fun."



“We really don’t take this band too seriously, we want it to be more fun and immersive rather than trying to be deep and profound or whatever.”

After spending the last few months travelling and living in Europe, Earth Tongue is full of praise for what’s currently cooking in the New Zealand music scene.

“I do think that the standard in New Zealand is super high. Bands here are real creative and don’t really compromise what they want to do for commercial success. I think our isolation creates some really interesting bands that you don’t necessarily see overseas.”

Earth Tongue are currently on their New Zealand tour and following the album release plan to head back over to Europe where their UK based label is hosting a festival. Ezra says they’ll likely come back to New Zealand at the end of the year to play some more shows.

Keep your eyes out for Earth Tongue’s new album coming this June. You can check out their current work on Spotify or Bandcamp.



CALLING ALL TALENTED YOUNG ARTISTS

BE IN TO WIN AN iPhone X

The Ōtepoti Youth Vision has been developed for Dunedin with young people. The vision says, "In Ōtepoti (Dunedin) young people are valued, accepted and empowered to lead fulfilled lives, and wellbeing is nurtured."

We're on the search for the best artwork to showcase the Ōtepoti Youth Vision, which has been developed with young people for Dunedin. If you create the winning artwork you'll win an iPhone X and your work will be seen all over Dunedin – on posters, our website, Facebook and t-shirts.

ENTRIES OPEN MONDAY 4 MARCH

Entries open to anyone aged 12 – 24 years living in Dunedin.

ENTRIES CLOSE MONDAY 1 APRIL

LIMITED to 5 per person

MEDIUM

Your choice, e.g. a drawing, painting, a photograph... or surprise us!

HOW TO SUBMIT

Drop off your entry at any Dunedin Public Library or the DCC Customer Service Agency in the Civic Centre in the Octagon, with your name and contact details attached **OR** send an electronic file to Janine.hunt-ross@dcc.govt.nz, with "Ōtepoti Youth Vision competition" in the subject line. Please include a contact phone number and email address.

WINNER ANNOUNCED

Judging takes place on 8 April with the winner contacted by 10 April.

VISIT <https://www.dunedin.govt.nz/youth> to see the full wording of the Ōtepoti Youth Vision.

**Current Dunedin Youth Council and Youth Action Committee members and their families are not eligible to enter.*

The winning entry will be the property of the Dunedin City Council.



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THE SHAMBLES: FOR THE LAST TIME

By Esme Hall

The announcement that homegrown Dunedin band The Shambles are breaking up came as a shock to many people, but lead singer Max Gunn told Critic it's an exciting evolution in the musicians' careers.

"The band is breaking up for very positive reasons," said Max. "There's no dramas, no one is slamming doors or sleeping with each other's partners." Rather, "we've all been blessed with incredible opportunities in different places and the timing feels right to pursue them," he said.

"It's an incredibly hard thing to do as the band has been a massive part of my life and I've put so much love and energy into it. You become very close with everyone because making and performing music is a very intimate process."

Since the release of their album *Hungry Planet* in 2016, The Shambles have been an essential part of the Dunedin music scene and numerous bands with similar sounds have sprung up in Dunedin and Christchurch, like Marlin's Dreaming, Soaked Oats, Mako Road, and The Butlers. Many are managed by BirdsNest studio, which put together Nest Fest, a festival in the Hawkes Bay in January.

Max said being part of the rise of these independent bands has been the "biggest pleasure" of making The Shambles. "Looking at the Nest Fest line-up and seeing bands that didn't exist four years ago and are really excelling at what they're doing, that's was super fulfilling." It's an "awesome cloud to be on".

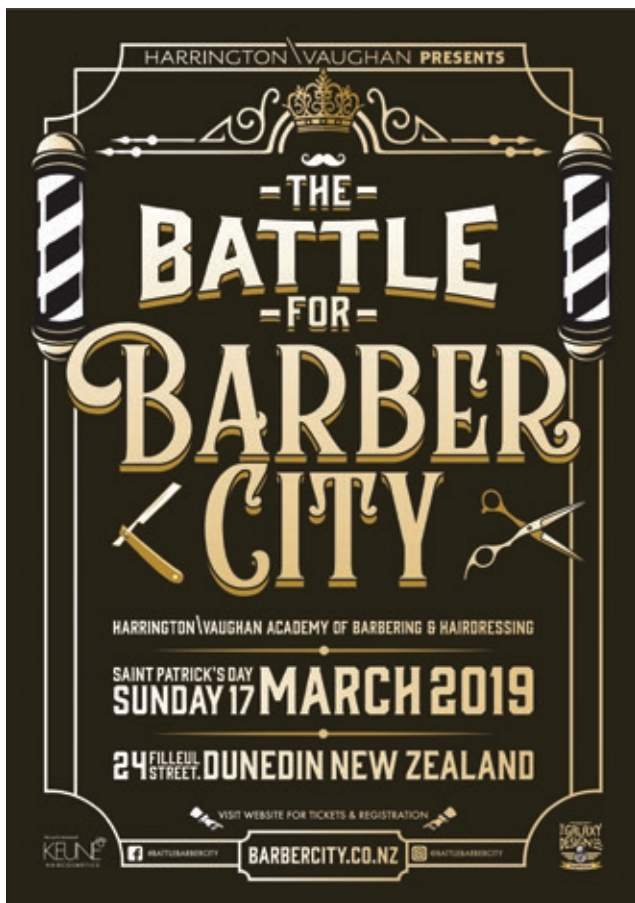
He feels a sense that independent bands can "do it now". "If you're in a band and you're enjoying making music, just go and make a cheap crappy recording and release it and book a few shows." "It can be a daunting thing when you have no fan base and no one's heard a song of yours, but once you say 'let's give this a go' it slowly becomes easier and you see that it's not so hard to ring a venue and book a show or a studio to arrange a day's recording. You progress and learn from actually giving things a go."

The Shambles has been Max Gunn's main project for the whole time he's been a career musician. He said it "encapsulates a beautiful adolescence of mine, musically, artistically and as a person, but I'm ready to evolve and transform a little bit". He had to remain "semi-tight-lipped" about the details of what's next, but confirmed he's working

on a debut solo album. "I have an incredible team around me who are opening some really special doors. This year will be a massive creative time for me personally. I have a really good feeling about it."

When Critic spoke to Max last year he said The Shambles had been working on an album, but it was not released. Their last single dropped in February 2019. But, he assures fans that the "song-writing will be used". Developing that album to the "next level" production standard they wanted "got cut short" when the band decided to move in different directions. It "wasn't a waste of time," he said. It was played at festival shows throughout the summer and will be used in the future.

He called their 'For The Last Time' tour a "bittersweet symphony," but said they were "excited to finish in song". The "last last" show is at Auckland's Mercury Theatre, where Max said his "grandparents watched shows when they were young". It's "fittingly significant" and will be a "special finale to a special finale tour". They wanted to "finish emphatically with an exclamation mark rather than fizzling out".

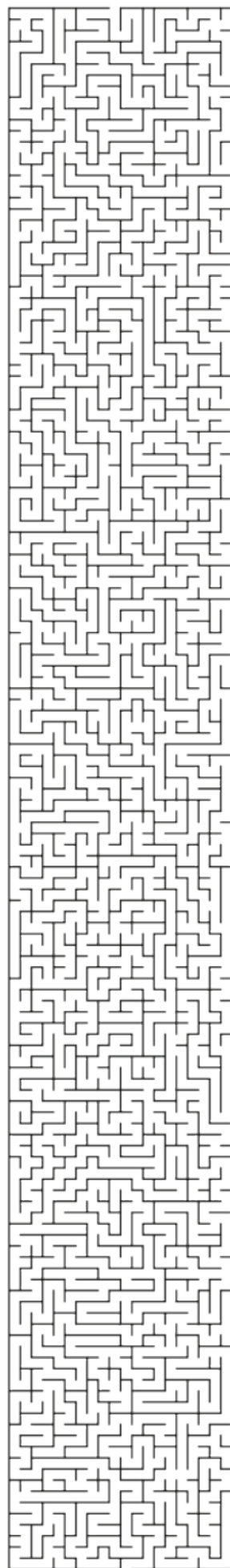


Presents

Top Ten ways to

Get in Your Lecturer's Good Books

1. Argue with them at every opportunity to show that you are a critical thinker and have moxy.
2. Straight up have an affair with them.
3. Claim to be a relative of their immediate higher-up and demand respect for it.
4. Lurk after class and talk to them all the way back to their office. And then throughout their lunch break. And then on the way to their next class.
5. Tell them "I'm your favourite student" as frequently as possible. Enough times, and they are bound to believe it.
6. Forge their signatures on adoption papers to become their child. Papers last a semester but nepotism is forever.
7. Grab a chair and sit on the other side of their desk, maintaining eye contact throughout the whole lesson. Lecturers love engaged students.
8. Alternatively, never come to class, but send them daily emails. They'll begin to look for you in the lectures, wondering where you are, missing you.
9. Volunteer to be the Class Rep but only throw social events for the class with the theme "we love [Lecturer's name]".
10. Say you're interested in postgrad.



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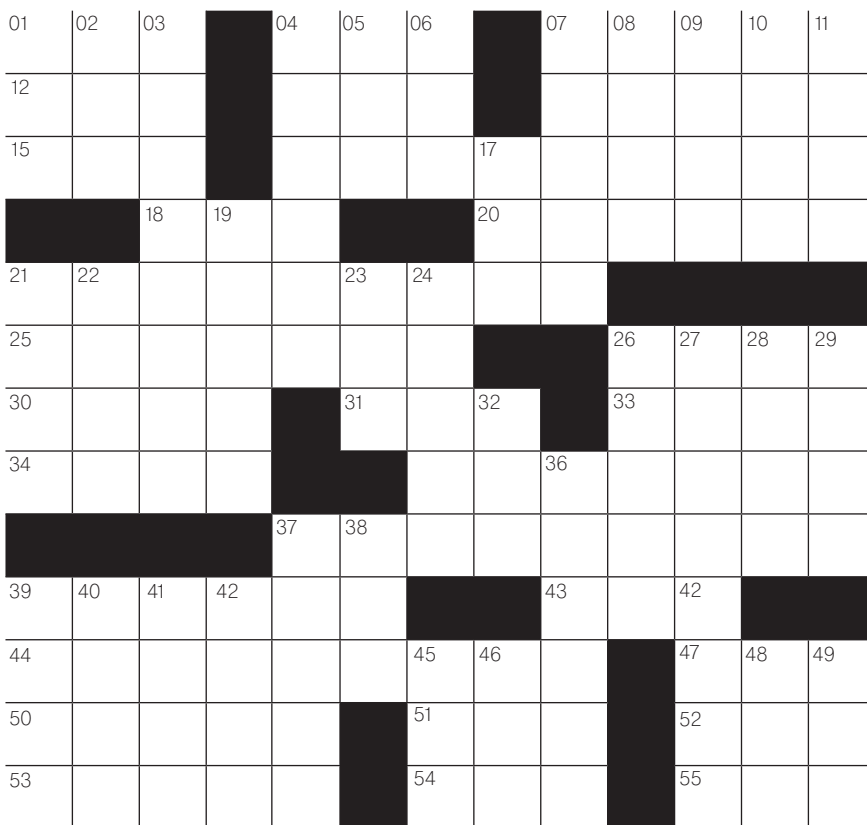
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AROSS

01. French preposition
04. Electrified atom
07. Player
12. FBI employee (abbr.)
13. Cloistered one
14. over
15. Cow's comment
16. Values deeply
18. Gun owners' org.
20. Loathe
21. Long-distance prefixes (2 wrds.)
25. Nuclear _____
26. Soft belt
30. Pen
31. Skirt border
33. Flat bread
34. Went fast
35. North African
37. Holiday hunter's prize (2 wrds.)
39. Biblical mountain
43. Apple colour
44. Card game for one
47. Gotcha!
50. Marry clandestinely
51. Angeles preceder
52. Hunting dog, for short
53. Change
54. Florida island
55. List abbr

DOWN

01. Water barrier
02. Sense of self
03. Caveman's time (2 wrds.)
04. Unbroken
05. Belonging to us
06. Wind direction (abbr.)
07. Freon and oxygen
08. Adjoin
09. Extra
10. Nights before holidays
11. Take five
17. Fruity refresher
19. Rushed
21. Circle segments
22. Gather crops
23. Impressed utterance
24. Gown
26. Bowling term
27. Large terrier
28. Bachelor party
29. Dangle
32. Wrestling pad
36. Religious dissent
37. Diner
38. _____ glance (2 wrds)
39. Not ashore
40. Rock's partner
41. Thanks _____! (2 wrds.)
42. Mellow
45. Kind
46. Salmon eggs
48. Bonnet
49. NBC's rival

EASY

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RAD TIMES GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY 7TH MARCH

GREG JOHNSON

Fifty Gorillas
Tickets from eventfinder.co.nz.
9 p.m.

MONTY

suburbia
10 p.m.
Tickets from theticketfairy.com.

DEVILMAN

Catacombs
with Stanza Blade x Joe the
Freakshow, Azifm B2B Uncle
Dabz, Opiate, and TUKAE.
9 p.m.

FRIDAY 8TH MARCH

DJ ST BERNARD - 'YOU SHOULD BE DANCING' TOUR

The Cook
Tickets from undertheradar.co.nz.
8 p.m.

THE MENTALIST COLLECTIVE

Dog With Two Tails
8 p.m.
Free entry.

RAMBLIN' ASH & DENNIS DUGAN

The Galley Cafe & Bar
8 p.m.
Free entry.

SATURDAY 9TH MARCH

WAITATI MUSIC & ARTS FESTIVAL

Bland Park
Featuring Julian Temple Band,
Koizilla, Oleh, Tahu & The Taka-
hes, Ayn Randy, Panther Claw,
Alizarin Lizard, and more!
11 a.m. to 11 p.m.
Tickets from iticket.co.nz.
No dogs. Kids under 14 free
accompanied by adult.

SIX60

Forsyth Barr Stadium
with Drax Project, SWIDT, JessB,
and Ill Baz.
5 p.m.
Tickets from ticketmaster.co.nz.

NICK KNOX

Dog With Two Tails
6:30 p.m.
Free entry

THE MOREPORKS

The Cook
Tickets from eventfinder.co.nz.
8 p.m.

SUNDAY 10TH MARCH

THE RETURN OF BEAT RHYTHM FASHION

The Cook
7 p.m.

SUNDAY JAZZ SESSIONS

Inch Bar
Hosted by Craig Sinclair and
guests. 5-7 p.m.



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FOR MORE INFO

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T M AUTOMOTIVE

\$52 Warrant of Fitness fee.

ROB ROY DAIRY

Free upgrade to a waffle cone every
Monday and Tuesday.

SUBWAY

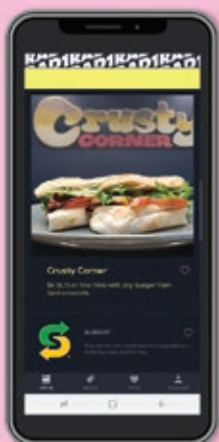
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BOOZE REVIEWS:

By Sinkpiss Plath

Rekorderlig Cider

Ah. Rekorderlig cider. Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Thou art more lovely and more temperate. Thou art like a juicy medieval farm girl with overflowing cleavage and a father who is away at war. She may not have basic hygiene, but the sweat and sweet juices of the day's labours have washed off on her. Each mouthful a tender gulp of life's nectars. You will marry by spring.

Strawberry and lime is a controversial flavour, much like anything New Age and attempting to be trendy. It seems almost too much to ask for a nice and normal flavour pairing, like apple and blackcurrant. Look, just drink the fucking strawberry and

lime and be grateful that it doesn't have kale or maple syrup or sweetcorn. Begone, hipsters.

Rekorderlig doesn't have a high alcohol percentage. I know, I know. If you want to get fucked up, this is not the cider for you. It'll set you back around \$6 for one bottle, for little more than a measly standard. However, if you want the slow caress of a fingernail down your thigh, tracing back and forwards, then... I suggest you get a sexual partner. It's been 3 years, Joe. She left you, it's okay. You need to get out there. Sorry, I know that was a misleading sentence.

If you want to drink something that will take the edge off a Thursday afternoon, so you don't think about your ex-girlfriend and the fact that she is almost definitely sleeping with that guy from her Instagram photos, then Rekorderlig is the one, baby. It cuts through the days where you just need a couple of standards to forget about the unbearable pain of existence. Life is long and hard. Cider is nice and tasty. Drink up, friend.

Taste Rating: 7/10

Froth Level: The first nude from a lover.

Pairs well with: Toe sucking, flower crowns, hot chips from a pub.

Tasting notes: A kombucha without the yeast infection.

ARE YOU?

- ✓ Aged between 18-55 years?
- ✓ A non-smoker?
- ✓ Not on any regular medication?
- ✓ In general good health?

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All studies are approved by a Health and Disability Ethics Committee administered by the Ministry of Health.

Local Alcohol Policy

Now you're back in town you might notice some changes to the way you buy your alcohol. The Dunedin Local Alcohol Policy (LAP) came into effect on 1 February 2019.

Some of the changes are:

- a 2.30am one-way door policy at all on-licence hotels, taverns/pubs and entertainment premises
- reduced hours for on-licence premises
- maximum trading hours for all off-licence premises.

What does this mean for you? Your favourite local venue might close sooner, and you might not be able to buy alcohol late at night (or early in the morning!). You also won't be able to enter bars after the cut-off time but those already inside can stay until closing time.

By planning your night out before you go, you'll still be able to have a great time with friends at your favourite bar or club.

Check www.dunedin.govt.nz/lap for more information.

DUNEDIN CITY COUNCIL
Kaitiaki - a haka a te tangata

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Food Principles (FOSC111) provides students a thorough basic knowledge, integrating the science of both food and consumers. Public awareness about the importance of eating a healthy diet, of keeping foods safe, and of maintaining sustainable food production has never been greater. This impacts on how food companies manufacture their products to maintain safe and sustainable food production, how consumers perceive and purchase foods, and how our senses and our brain guide eating behaviour.

The students will be exposed to the knowledge and tools required to combat current food issues such as allergens, sustainable meat and dairy production, and future foods for high protein and fibre-rich plant-based foods for health and well-being.

This paper is a prerequisite for students taking Food Science or Consumer Food Science as a degree but is also an interest paper that compliments many degree structures such as Law (Food Policy), Marketing, Commerce, Human Nutrition, all Health Sciences, and for anyone with an interest in food.

how to be a less shit COOK

By Gordon Oliver

Fennel and Beetroot Salad



It's round one of flat cooking and you're stepping up to the plate, literally. What are you gonna cook for your new flatmates? Your culinary reputation is at stake. How about some pasta with a tomato sauce? Congratulations, you've just made the culinary equivalent of a black and white striped shirt, a puffer jacket, a pack of Cruisers, and chat consisting of "Pretty lit ayy". Fuck off on out of here.

Try this on for size instead. Not only tasty, it's also vegan, gluten-free, sugar-free and should satisfy any weird diet your flatmate is trying this week.

Peel off the layers of the fennel bulb and cut each into bite-sized pieces. Keep the leafy top and save for later. Cut the squash and beetroot into chunks and place in a roasting dish. Slop liberally with olive oil and salt and pepper. Add a fuckbunch of thyme, fresh is best if you can get some from your dealer. Stick that in the oven for about an hour on 200C, or until the fennel is soft when stabbed with a fork. When you get it out of the oven, scoop the veggies into your serving dish. Save the oil from the dish, because if you've done this right the thyme and fennel should have infused into the oil. Add the lemon juice and mustard to the oil and mix well. Finely chop the spring onion and the leaves of the fennel that

you saved from before and sprinkle over the vegetables.

Bam! A fancy dinner. You can eat it hot or cold and it makes a great lunch.

Ingredients

- 1 Bulb of Fennel
- ½ a Squash
- 2 Beetroot (use a fancy variety such as golden or that one with the white rings, if you really want to impress)
- 2 Tbsp Lemon Juice
- 1 Tsp Mustard
- Thyme
- Salt and Pepper
- Olive Oil
- 1 Spring Onion



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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

JORDAN PETERSON

I entered the crowded restaurant red faced, partially because I was slightly late and partially due to preloading a jug of God's nectar. I was escorted to my seat and a few minutes later, my somewhat less-inebriated date arrived. Over a mojito and a meal, we discussed a variety of topics, including the rather punitive limit of one free drink, how political correctness was destroying society, and my recent switch to a totally carnivorous diet.

Given the aforementioned lack of free drinks, after dinner we opted for pint night at the Dunedin Social Club. This bland environment full of middle-aged white dudes was our comfort zone, and after she explained her kink for misogyny and white supremacy, I decided that there was too much order in the evening and it was time to cause some chaos back at mine. So we zipped down George Street on a Lime scooter back to my flat Shangri-La of beta male solitude.

We passed through my messy living room into my bedroom, which I had neglected to clean for a few days. As we undressed and prepared for a night of romance and fun, my date looked at me with her piercing brown eyes, leaned in close and whispered seductively in a croaky, Kermit the Frog voice "clean your room bucko". My dick stood up straight, my shoulders jerked back. I thought the chaos of Agnew Street last year was enough, but the precision of her speech, her desire to set my house (or at least my penis) in perfect order meant that I had truly arrived in the Pornhub section of the intellectual dark web.

We made love till dawn, the audiobook for "12 Rules for Life" blaring, and Sean Plunket's AM show interview serving as the soundtrack for some gratuitous hate-fucking as the Taoist concepts of ying and yang played out in naked glory. After a while we stopped, and after thanking me, my date took her Tory blue dress and handbag, petted my cat, and left me alone with a lot of chaos and a room to clean. Chaos, so much chaos. I nutterd due to the sheer level of disorder after a night well worth it.

Thanks bucko.

JACINDA ARDERN

After being stitched up by my mates,
I ended up on Critic's blind date.
Frankly I was nervous for this night,
But my angst was eased once I was high as a kite.
It's hard to find a pure man,
But when you find out they went to St. Marg's it's like, "oooh damn."
He was a punctual pat,
And was nice enough for an American chap.
But at the topic of MAGA hats,
I was mildly taken aback.
And then the mention of my ethnicity,
He blurted out riskily
A racist remark,
About me bombing his parts.
As a closeted fan of Jordan P,
He was really into equality
Margie Thatcher and Rob Ford too,
He had fallen in love with those dudes.
He didn't learn much about me,
Too interested in trying to show me his D.
He wasn't afraid to mention his past,
But boy did that conversation last.
I hope he took my therapeutic advice,
Otherwise a dose of LSD will have to suffice.
Mamacita's was a good place to set the mood,
But unfortunately no sausage accompanied my food.
The chat overall wasn't too bland,
But he must continue making good use of his right hand.

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

*Valid only at dinner time between Mondays and Thursdays.

MAMACITA
-TAQUERIA-

UoO Moaningful Confessions

SUMMER SPREE

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

You could say I'm a bit tame. With no outrageously raunchy O-Week tales from first or second year and not a lot of action throughout either, you could consider me an underdog in the game of love. I'm an independent woman who don't need no man, a busy gal and I have better things to do than chase a bunch of immature breathers around. Or at least that's what I like to tell myself.

My one break from work and study for the year came in the form of a trip back home for Christmas. I was pure fizzing to see family and friends, but eventually boredom overcame and Tinder became my entertainment of choice. The calibre of Christchurch men was drastically improved from the bogans left in Dunedin over summer and the matches started rolling in.

First to pull through was Alec*. Alec was a straight up hottie. Gorgeous face, absolutely ripped and chat to go with, he was a one night stand I could be proud of. With a couple messages during the day I can't say I was expecting a "still up" message at 2:28am. Fatefully, I had been woken by a drunk phone call from my friend and I drove to his, expecting an average hookup. Oh boy was I in for a ride. We go straight to his bedroom and after a few minutes of small talk we get down and dirty. Clothes got ripped off, hands slid down and he started to dirty talk. **HARDCORE DIRTY TALK.** He made me feel so dominated that I don't even know how I enjoyed it, but I sure did. After some passionate fucking, he started to go slow and inched downwards. I somehow got dirty talked into doing no-lube anal with my first tinder hookup and I won't say I didn't enjoy it. After a kinky shower together we fell asleep spooning, every girls dream. We woke up and had another intense morning fuck before I waddled my way home. Anal hurts folks, look out for your friends.

Second up was Leo*. Leo was not too shabby looking, 6'7 and had utterly mad banter. I decide it's a great idea to head round to his, the night after spending it at Alec's. After saying a brief awkward hello to his flatmates we head to his room, where

minimal small talk occurred before we end up on his bed. We start lightly tracing lines on each other's backs, giving me chills and making me super horny. Leo was cute and gentle and he starts taking my clothes off slowly and sensually. I can't say Leo was anywhere near as kinky as Alec, but holy fuck his dick was bloody huge. I took an absolute pounding that night but wound up a happy girl falling asleep in his arms. The asshole didn't tell me he was going to kick me out at 5am when he had to go to work but still, no regrets about getting fucked by a gentle giant.

Last but certainly not least was Oscar*. A few days after the other two adventures, Bay Dreams had rolled around. After the best day of my life, my friend and I realised that our accommodation just wasn't logistically going to work and we decided to attempt pulls, merely so we could have beds to sleep in for the night. We both manage to reel in some suckers and I end up meeting this boy in town. With my phone on 3%, I bloody prayed this guy wasn't a psychopath. He was staying in an AirBnB with his friends, loosely told me the address and explained we would have to walk for a bit until there was a taxi available. 40 minutes later a taxi finally stopped to us desperately waving it down and we both now knew each other's whole bloody life stories. We head straight upstairs and he immediately turns off the light as I sit on the edge of the bed. He walks across the room and gently kisses me while undressing me. Slowly kissing down my body he makes his way between my thighs and starts going down on me. As I feel his mouth throughout my whole body he looks up and smirks as he says, "Hope the walk was worth it". **DAMN RIGHT IT WAS WORTH IT, HOLY HELL I HAD NEVER CUM LIKE THAT IN MY LIFE.** Position after position, we must have made our way through half the Karma Sutra over the next few hours. He even made me late night tomatoes on toast, and I briefly fell in love before I forgot about him for the rest of my life.

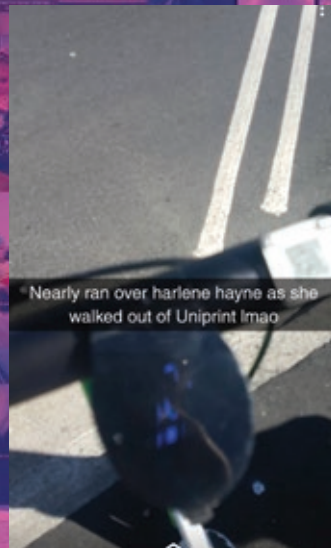
Would like to give a shout out to the boys involved. I couldn't have completed a slutty summer without you all, if you can consider 6 days a summer. But back to being a boss bitch, lots of love from your STD free gal (I got checked) xxx

Snap crack and popple us!

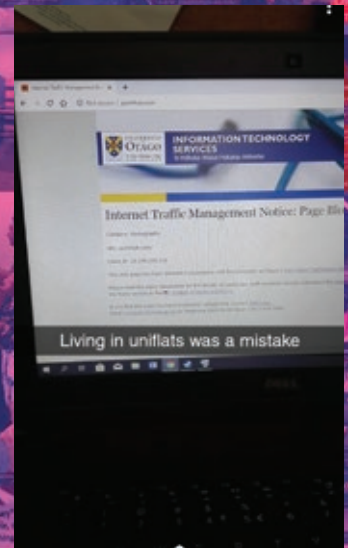
THE BEST SNAP EACH WEEK WINS A 24 PACK OF



Dunedin



Nearly ran over harlene hayne as she walked out of Uniprint lmao



Living in unifiats was a mistake



LiquorLand

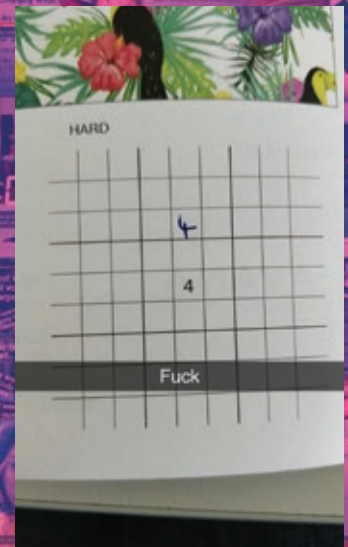
"Have you ever seen so much piss"



This is unprecedented
@gardensnewworld



James Heath watch

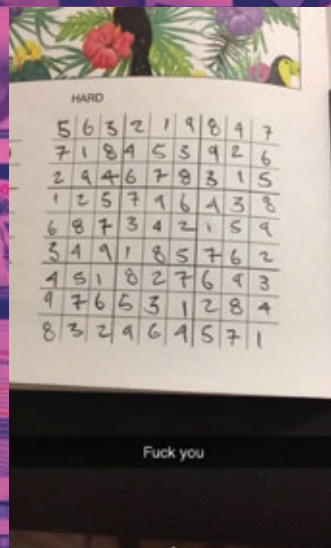


Fuck



When it's only a week but uni isn't working out so you decide to start an ASMR channel

WINNER



Fuck you



Bout to start my job as the new Vice Chancellor



The Mayor of Thames just called me fake news
🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔

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